A Consoling Thought.

Professor (disgustedly)—It's hard to any knowledge into your head, skull is so thick.

Pupil—But, remember, professor, for same reason it will be hard for the wledge to ever get out.

The unmarried men are becoming coy and more timid every day, the unmarried women are become more aggressive and bolder.

Misery by the Wholesale,

that chronic inactivity of the liver gives rise. Bile gets into the blood and imparts tint, the tongue fouls, and so does the sick headaches, pain beneath the right and shoulder blade are felt, the bowels constipated and the stomach disordered. The proven remedy for this catalog of evils is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine long and professionally recommended and sovereign also for chills and fever, ness and rheumatism.

A man who can't sing and will sing ought muzzled.

WRENS, GA.

Having obtained a box of TETTERINE of Hodges & Wright, of Louisville, Ga., which I used in a case of itching piles of five years' standing, I spent $50 for different kinds of medicines and the skill of doctors, all for no relief until I got the TETTERINE. I am now well. Great thanks. Yours, W. R. KING.

Small for 50c. in stamps by J. T. Shupp, Savannah, Ga.

A hog may be a squealer but he never anything away.

Three Persons Burned to Death.

At 4 o'clock Saturday morning a the Atlantic block on First street, Jamestown, N. Y., resulted in the of three persons, Walter L. Sessions of Panama; August W. Jordan, unknown, but believed to be connected in some capacity with the York Central railroad and Sadie of Buffalo. The building was used for illicit purposes. The woman was one of the inmates and the men who lost their lives were strangers.

Nicaragua Commission Delayed.

Word has been received in the office the Nicaragua Canal Commission in New York City that the expedition to Greytown is to sail on Sunday, December 5. C. S. Wheeler, who was assistant engineer of the Sault Ste Marie canal, has accepted the position chief engineer to the commission. was the filling of this position which occasioned the delay to the expedition.

Corean Railroad.

Mr. G. E. James, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has a contract for building 30 miles of railroad in Corea. The road will connect Seoul, the capital of the kingdom, with Chemulpo, the principal seaport in the Yellow Sea. This is the first railroad in Corea.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila, Pa.

A faint heart is considered an easy mark the leap year girl.

Most people neglect doing to-morrow what have put off doing to-day.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

People like to listen to advice only when it confirms their own opinions.

Lone Star Tobacco—The Best.

Snake Sledge Cigarettes.

The Common Goal.

Harry—What's the great aim of modern life?

Jerry—To be rich enough to get everything one doesn't want.—Brooklyn Life.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Big Bridges.

The following table gives the lengths of the principal bridges in various countries: Tay, Great Britain, 9,696 feet; Forth, Great Britain, 5,552 feet; Moerdyck, Holland, 4,820 feet; Volga, Russia, 4,715 feet; Weichsel, Germany, 4,346 feet; Theon, Germany, 4,172 feet; Strandez (Elbe) States, 3,580 feet. The greatest single span of the Forth bridge is 1,725 feet; and of the East River (Brooklyn) bridge, 1,601 feet between the towers.

RODS for tracing or locating Gold or Silver Ore, lost or buried treasures. M. D. FOWLER, Box 337, Southington, Conn

5 CENTS LOOK AT THESE Rolled Plate Cuff Links. Send 5 cents in Stamps to DUMBELL LINKS. CATALOGUE FREE. D. M. Watkins & Co. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

OPIUM, MORPHINE, WHISKEY, Cocaine, Tobacco and Snuff-Dipping Habits permanently cured by HARMLESS HOME TREATMENT. My book, containing full information, mailed free. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Room 4 Isabella Building, Chicago, Ill.

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of scrofula, eczema, boils, sores, eruptions, etc., prove the claims made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best of blood purifying medicines. And it's cures that count. The story of these cures told by the cured is convincing. We send the book free. Address Dr. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Tough on the Doctor.

Doctor—I'm surprised to see you out so soon.

Patient—Yes; the dog upset the medicine you left for me.

There may be lots of nice men in the world, but the bill collectors don't meet them.

Courting after marriage. Applying for a divorce.

VICTORIA'S LOVERS.

Unhappy Young Men Who Lost Their Hearts to Their Queen.

Queen Victoria had some unfortunate lovers in her day. Her first lover was the late Lord Elphinstone, a tall, singularly handsome young Scottish peer, who was sent to Madras as Governor to get him out of the way. Her next was Lord Fitzallen, another six-footer, a splendid young officer of the First Life Guards, afterward Duke of Norfolk; but he was a Roman Catholic, a fatal objection. His family sent him abroad, and, falling ill at Athens, he married the daughter of Admiral Lyons, British minister there, and sister of Lord Lyons, remembered as minister at Washington.

Her third lover was Lord Alfred Paget, one of the Marquis of Anglesea's splendid sons, an officer in "the Blues," standing about six feet two, who is the father of Capt. Paget, married to Miss Minnie Stevens, and who was then the Queen's equerry-in-chief. This love affair was regarded as so dangerous that King Leopold of Belgium, the Queen's uncle, was called in. The result was that Prince Albert was sent for next. Albert was at that time a courteous, quiet, accomplished prince. Over the chimney place of his student chamber there hung one of Chalon's exquisite drawings of Victoria, a fair and graceful young girl. Albert had long been taught to look upon Victoria as his wife-to-be, and he responded quickly to the summons. The affair was quietly managed by Leopold. In the court circle column the Prince's name found rather an obscure place, and as the Prince and Queen went out the evening after his arrival for a saunter in the woods, their stroll was unobserved except by the select few who were in the secret. The next morning, however, the London Times announced, "Her Majesty is about to lead to the hymeneal altar his royal highness, Prince Albert of Gotha and Saxe-Cobourg." And thus began Victoria's last love affair.

Woman and the Camera.

Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston, the photographic artist, writes, in the Ladies' Home Journal, on "What a Woman Can Do With a Camera," telling the requisites for artistic and financial success in the pusuits of photography as a profession. "It is a profession," she strongly contends, "that should appeal particularly to women, and in it there are great opportunities for a good-paying business—but only under very well-defined conditions. The prime requisites—as summed up in my mind after long experience and thought—are these: The woman who makes photography profitable must have, as to personal qualities, good common sense, unlimited patience to carry her through endless failures, equally unlimited tact, good taste, a quick eye, a talent for detail, and a genius for hard work. In addition, she needs training, experience, some capital, and a field to exploit. This may seem, at first glance, an appalling list, but it is incomplete rather than exaggerated; although to an energetic, ambitious woman, with even ordinary opportunities, success is always possible, and hard, intelligent and conscientious work seldom fails to develop small beginnings into large results.

"Good work should command good prices, and the wise woman will place a paying value upon her best efforts. It is a mistaken business policy to try and build up trade by doing something badly cheaper than somebody else. As to your personal attitude, be business-like in all your methods; cultivate tact, an affable manner, and an unfailing courtesy. It costs nothing but a little self-control and determination to be patient and good-natured under most circumstances. A pleasant, obliging and business-like bearing will often prove the most important part of a clever woman's capital."

Morphine Habit in France.

The injection of morphine is a habit that is, unfortunately, on the increase in France, especially among the middle classes. On statistics furnished by the pharmacists it is estimated that there are in Paris at least 50,000 victics of the morphine habit, the majority of whom are women.

MALAY'S DEADLY WORK.

WITH CREESE IN HAND HE RUNS AMUCK ON BOARD A SHIP.

Five Men Killed and Two Badly Hurt in Ten Minutes — Slashing Right and Left With His Terrible Weapon, He Takes Possession of the Vessel.

"In four voyages to the East Indies, two of them to Malay ports, I have seen but one instance of that native performance called running amuck. Fortunately I saw it from a position of perfect safety, but the sight was enough to make me steer clear of all Malays afterward, and any vessel that has them on board," said Erdix Deering, who as boy and man sailed many seas in deep-water ships. "It was in 1865, when I was a boy on my first voyage on the ship Harry Warren, which sailed from Boston to India with a cargo of ice. We were lying at anchor in the roads off Madras, unloading our middle-deck cargo into lighters, and a hundred vessels of all nations were anchored about us, discharging or taking on board their cargoes. The ship nearest us, about two cable lengths away, was the British ship Mahratta, which had come from Singapore in ballast with a crew of Malay Lascars. It was one day at noon that, as our crew lay round under the awning in the forecastle waiting for orders to turn to, one of the sailors sitting on the capstan sung out:

"'Hi, mates! Just look over to the lime-juicer! They're having some kind of a rumpus there! See 'em going! I believe it's one of those Malays running amuck!"

"We all jumped to our feet and looked at the Mahratta, and some of us ran up into the rigging to get a better view. From the topsail yard I could see all that was going on on the deck of the British ship. Amidships a Lascar, naked to the waist, was slashing and stabbing at a European officer who had tried to grapple with him, while everybody else in sight on the ship was running fore or aft or taking to the rigging. On the quarter-deck the Captain was hurrying two ladies down the companionway into the cabin, supporting in his arms one of them who had fainted. As the officer fell lifeless to the deck, the Malay bounded past him following three sailors who had run aft, along the port gangway, upon the poop. As he ran he swung before him a long, slender knife, its crooked blade curving in and out like the writhings of a snake. He overtook the rearmost man on the poop and cut and stabbed him, as he had done with the officer, until the man fell. Meantime the second man leaped overboard, preferring to take his chances with the sharks and water serpents to remaining on board, and the third man ran across the quarter deck and up into the mizzen rigging like a cat. The man in the water swam for our ship, and some natives in a lighter picked him up ahead of the sharks.

"The Malay left the man he had killed and looked around as if for fresh victims, but he himself was the only living person in view on the decks. He ran fore and aft, searching, but found no one, and he tried the cabin door, but it was closed fast. Then he went to the nizzen rigging and started up the ratlines after the man who had taken refuge there. When the Malay had got as far up as the mizzen top the man he was after took to the topgallant fore-and-aft stay and began to go down it, hand over hand, toward the mainmast. The Malay kept on up to the topgallant cross-trees, and began to follow the man down the stay.

"There was something frightful in the relentlessness of his pursuit. He had got about ten feet down the stay when the Captain appeared on the poop with a revolver and began firing at him. One, two, three shots he fired and the Malay kept on down the stay. He was two-thirds of the way to the foot when, at the fourth shot, the arm that held the creese fell helpless by his side, though his hand still clutched the weapon. He clung to the stay by one hand and his feet and kept on down it almost as fast as before. A fifth and sixth shot, and at the last the Malay stopped still, then fell like a lump of putty to the deck, full forty feet below. Whether he was dead when he struck the deck I do not know, but the mate, who must have been watching from his room, ran out from the cabin to where the Malay was with a handspike and made sure work of the fellow before he could rise. Then the Lascars came running from the forecastle and down the rigging, and with capstan bars, belaying pins, and knives struck and thrust at the dead Malay until if he had had a dozen lives in him they would have been hammered out of his body before the officers could restrain the excited sailors.

"Our Captain got the full story of the affair from the Captain of the Mahratta the next day. The Malay had been brooding and sullen for days before, though no one knew what his grievance was. On this day as the men were piped to dinner he had gone into the forecastle, got the creese from some place where he had it concealed, and had furiously attacked his mates without a word. They raised the cry 'Amuck! Amuck!' and scattered, but not until three of them had been killed or mortally wounded, and two more of them seriously cut by the creese. Running forward, he had encountered the second mate, and the rest of the affair I saw. Five men dead and two badly hurt by the Malay, and himself killed at the end, was the record of ten minutes' business in running amuck. Malays in mine after this? No, thank you."—New York Sun.

Germans in Berlin.

Only a third of Berlin's population are natives of Germany.

LIFE IN SKAGWAY.

Lively Scenes in the Town Nearest the Klondike Gold Fields.

There is no shady side to life at Skagway; everything goes on in broad daylight or candle light. After supper every tent is lighted up, and the streets are crowded with muddy men in from the trail. The "Pack Train" is filled with people, among whom I recognize several of my friends, who are draw hither, like myself, by the spectacle. The tent of this, the biggest saloon in town, is thirty by fifty feet. Entering through a single door in front, on the right hand is a rough board bar some ten or twelve feet long, long, with some shelves against the rear wall, on which are a few glasses and bottles. The bartender, who is evidently new to his business, apologizes for the whisky, which is very poor and two-thirds water, and sells for twenty-five cents. Cigars of a two-for-five or five-cent sort that strain one's suction powers to the limit are sold for fifteen to twenty-five cents each. They keep beer also, on tap. After the lecture we received on the steamer from the United States customs officer, we are at a loss to understand how whisky can be sold openly under the very eyes of the officers. But that is a story by itself. Along each side of the tent are three-card monte, rouge et noir, and other layouts, but not a faro lay-out in the place, nor in the town. The gamblers are doing big business.

A big strapping fellow in a yellow Mackinaw jacket trying his luck at craps is pointed out as having just come in over the trail from Klondike. Whether he had any dust with him I cannot learn, but he was in fine health and spirits. Every man whom I have yet seen from Klondike has had a splendid complexion, and seems strong and robust. This fellow has a voice like a lion's, deep and resonant. Surely the Yukon cannot be so terrible if it does this to men, or else its tale of death is that of the weak and sickly. As they used to say of the Kanakas, they were all strong and healthy because they were thrown into the water by their mothers almost the day they were born—consequently none but the strong survived.

Across the street the sound of a piano and the moving figures of men and women through the windows remind one that there is a dance tonight, as on every night. This piano is the only one in town, and its arrival is said to have been an event. The four women in the place are not even of the painted set; even paint might have covered up some of the marks of dissipation. Clumsy boots beat time on a dirty floor, but not with much enthusiasm. — Harper's Weekly.

A Phonograph For the Sick Man.

Mr. Simons, who lately passed through a period of critical illness, is now convalescent, although still unable to leave the hospital.

While he was fretting over a lack of entertainment a friend thought of the phonograph. Mr. Simons was moved into a private room at the hospital and a phonograph with a megaphone attachment was put to work for his benefit.

He would lie there for hours at a time and listen to brass bands, comic orators and vaudeville singers, and, although he would have preferred a real performance in a theater, he enjoyed the entertainment very much.

One of Simon's friends gave a dinner party and he received an invitation, although it was known, of course, that he could not attend. But the convalescent was not to be robbed of all the fun. He sent a phonograph to the dinner party and had the stories, the laughter and the music recorded on the cylinder and he got them all second-hand next day. Then he had a phonograph sent to his office, and it took the street noises and the talk of his employes, and when he heard these he was homesick for the roar of wheels on the granite blocks.—Chicago Record.

The Boy in the Bundle.

An Iowa boy recently passed through an experience which he will not forget if he lives to the 100 years old. He is only five years old, and one day when his father went to the wheat field to drive the harvester he took him along and perched him on the high seat at his side.

For a time all this was very interesting, but presently the little fellow grew tired and began to squirm and complain. And then, just as his father was leaning over to look more closely at some of the machinery, off tumbled the little fellow to the conveyor. He shrieked just once and his father tried vainly to stop the horses. But before he could even slacken the speed the boy had been driven up through the elevator canvas with half a bundle of wheat, the binding twine had twisted swiftly around his neck and legs and he was rolled out on the wide carrier securely bound in a wheat bundle. He was almost choked and there was a tiny bit of skin torn from his shoulder, but otherwise he was unhurt when his father cut the string and helped him up again. But a worse frightened boy would have been hard to find.—Chicago Record.

Ships Made Invisible.

The French naval authorities have long been in search of a color which will baffle the searching eye of the electric light. The shades of black and gray in which their ships are painted are scarcely distinguishable in daylight; but to the search-light they are all too evident. An ingenious inventor has, however, at last discovered a paint which renders the vessel coated with it absolutely invisible under the strongest light, and it is said that torpedo boat No. 61, at the recent naval manœuvres at Brest, circled and darted through the luminous zone without once being seen by the enemy.

An Odd Scraper.

A curious instrument possessed by everyone in China above the extremely poor is the tongue-scraper. The people may or may not have brushes, but they are sure to have a tongue-scraper. This scraper is a ribbon of silver or gold with a ring at one end by which it is suspended when desired. The cheapest are of plain metal, more expensive ones are engraved, while a few are jewelled at either end. Like hairpins, they are sold by weight, plus a small charge of workmanship.

Danger in the X Ray.

Fine complexions, according to a recent sensational announcement, can be made by an application of the X ray. Prof. Elihu Thomson, the electrician, says this is not true, and that to prevent serious physical injury the ray must be used at some distance from the body, with an exposure of not more than from 15 to 30 minutes. Not long ago he tested the power of the ray on his little finger, held close to the tube for 12 minutes. Redness and irritation quickly followed, the nail fell off later, and the flesh looked like it had been scalded. The scar still remains, at the end of eight weeks. Enough is known of the ray to warrant the rule that it shall be handled only by the expert.

The Princess Chimay is in trouble again in Berlin. Apparently she is determined to be a model young woman in everything but deportment.

The Fighting Bells.

One of the family of the "fighting Bells" of Augusta County, Va., has died at the homestead at Long Glade at the age of 80. He was Alexander R. Bell, one of five brothers who together had nineteen sons that fought in Capt. Cushing's company of the Fifth Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, and were nearly all killed in battle or died of wounds.

A man or woman who reads poetry, will finally attempt to write it.

Buried with His Money on Him.

Not long ago a miserly person, who had been teased almost to death by his heirs, endeavored to cheat them out of his money. Before he died he left positive instructions that he should be buried in a certain suit of clothes. His wish was carried out, but after the funeral his surviving relatives could find no will and no money. Finally one of them suspected that the old man had served them a shabby trick, and suggested that the body be exhumed and the clothing examined. This was done, and the coat, waist coat and trousers were found to be lined with Bank of England notes.—

Lazy People.

The laziest people on earth live on the Sandwich Islands. None of the natives do any work to speak of. Nature gives them enough to eat without any considerable labor, and they seem contented with what they thus receive.

BEWARE OF MORPHINE.

Mrs. Pinkham Asks Women to Seek Permanent Cures and Not Mere Temporary Relief From Pain.

Special forms of suffering lead many a woman to acquire the morphine habit. One of these forms of suffering is a dull, persistent pain in the side, accompanied by heat and throbbing. There is disinclination to work, because work only increases the pain.

This is only one symptom of a chain of troubles; she has others she cannot bear to confide to her physician, for fear of an examination, the terror of all sensitive, modest women.

The physician, meantime, knows her condition, but cannot combat her shrinking terror. He yields to her supplication for something to relieve the pain. He gives her a few morphine tablets, with very grave caution as to their use. Foolish woman! She thinks morphine will help her right along; she becomes its slave!

A wise and a generous physician had such a case; he told his patient he could do nothing for her, as she was too nervous to undergo an examination. In despair, she went to visit a friend. She said to her, "Don't give yourself up; just go to the nearest druggist's and buy a bottle of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will build you up. You will begin to feel better with the first bottle." She did so, and after the fifth bottle her health was re-established. Here is her own letter about it:

"I was very miserable; was so weak that I could hardly get around the house, could not do any work without feeling tired out. My monthly periods had stopped and I was so tired and nervous all of the time. I was troubled very much with falling of the womb and bearing-down pains. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; I have taken five bottles, and think it is the best medicine I ever used. Now I can work, and feel like myself. I used to be troubled greatly with my head, but I have had no bad headaches or palpitation of the heart, womb trouble or bearing-down pains, since I commenced to take Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman. The use of one bottle will prove what it can do."—MRS. LUCY PEASLEY. Derby Center, Vt.

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the dread of the cotton grower, can be prevented. Trials at Experiment Stations and the experience of leading growers prove positively that

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There are in the southern part of South Carolina cattle ranges as large as many in the great West, covered with cattle as wild as any that ever roamed over the prairies.

GEORGIA TO THE FRONT FOR TRUTH.

Mrs L. A. Horton

Ranger, Ga., writes: Twelve years ago I had Heartburn, Kidney Disease, Constipated Bowels, Glimmering Before my Eyes, Belched up Gas, and other troubles. Was completely run down and in bed most of the time. Had a Doctor attending me, but nothing did me any good until I quit everything else and used Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, which completely cured me. I have tried "Black Draught," but think Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine is ahead of that or any other medicine.

Palpitation of the Heart.

Whenever one becomes sensible of the beating of their own heart, they are liable to be frightened and imagine they have some form of heart disease. If they really have palpitation, Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine is a certain cure for it, but in the majority of such cases the trouble arises from some form of gastric difficulty. The stomach, distended with food and gases, will derange the heart in some persons, while indigestion with its many variations is responsible for very many so-called heart troubles. The digestive organs need to be stimulated by the use of Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, when the general health will improve and the heart renew its normal action.

J. E. Greene

Athens, Ga., writes: In 1872 I had suffered for years from Bilious Headache, Dizzy Spells, with Black Spots before my eyes, Bad Taste in mouth, very little appetite. Two Packages Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine cured me, and for 10 years I never had an annoying symptom. From living on river I contracted Malaria, which it is now curing. I have used Zeilin's "Red Z" and Thedford's "Black Draught" and found such a difference between them and M. A. S. L. M. that I did not like them at all.

Spread the News. Tell it far and wide that a medicine composed of cheap material and improperly compounded is a dangerous thing to fool with; the old proprietors of the article now called "Black Draught," and J. H. Zeilin & Co., proprietors of an imitation called "Simmons Liver Medicine," both have injunctions against them, enjoining them from using the words composing our trade name, but we learn those articles have been sold as "just the same" as ours, while neither of the proprietors in their advertisements claim theirs to be the same as ours.

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