To My Joy

Hood's Sarsaparilla overcame the effects of the grip, cured me of dyspepsia, and

nervous prostration. I treated with three different doctors without realizing relief. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and shortly my appetite was improved and my rest was not so much broken at night, getting up in the morning greatly refreshed. After taking three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was entirely cured and today feel as well as ever in my life." R. B. BANGSTER, Kensett, Arkansas. Get Hood's because

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is the Only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Minister Who Held the Southern Conspiracy in His Arms

Just after the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, Dr. Savage, a strong Union man, was at on of his appointments to baptize some children. There was a large crowd, and a Southern matron brought her four children to the altar.

"Name that child," said the Union preacher, laying his hand on the child's head.

"Simon Bolivar Buckner," was the reply, which caused a smile to come over the congregation, but the brave preacher went on with his duty.

"Name that child," taking the next in order.

"Pierre Gustav Toutant Beauregard," and the smile grew into a snicker, whil Dr. Savage became red in the face. He baptized the young namesake of the engineer soldier, and went on with the ceremony.

"Name that child," he gasped, reaching for the third.

"Albert Sidney Johnson," came the answer.

The smile became audible. Heaving a sigh of relief he took the fourth, a little girl, whose gender he fondly supposed would preclude a continuation of heroic reproductions and said: "Name this child."

"Mary Stonewall Jackson Lee," came the response that set the congregation into a roar, while the Union parson thought he had held in his arms the whole Southern Confederacy.—Troy Times.

Lizards One Hundred Feet Long.

One must stretch his fancy almost to the breaking point to imagine a lizard 100 feet in length, but that such creatures formerly existed in the United States there is not the least doubt. The remains of such enormous reptiles have been found in Colorado, Arizona, Oregon, Montana, South Dakota, Maryland, Virginia and the two Carolinas. They belonged to a family of extinct reptiles known to the geologists as dinosaurs, and the remains found in the marl beds of the last four states mentioned above prove that the Western varieties were much larger. Prof. O. C. Marsh of Yale college, found dinosaur remains in Colorado from which he restored a skeleton upward 125 feet in length; the largest found in the Eastern marl beds was less than fifty feet in length.—St. Louis Republic.

Trips Undertaken for Health's Sake Will be rendered more beneficial, and the fatigues of travel counteracted, if the voyager will take along with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and use that protective and enabling tonic, nerve invigorant and appetizer regularly. Impurities in air and water are neutralized by it, and it is a matchless tranquilizer and regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. It counteracts malaria, rheumatism, and a tendency to kidney and bladder ailments.

An Electrical Fish.

Among the fishes which are capable of giving severe electrical shocks the torpedo, or electric ray, a member of the skate tribe, stands out prominently. This fish has a couple of complex batteries lodged in the sides of its headparts and the discharge of these organs is fraught with dire effects to the animals which may chance to come in the way of this living magazine. The electricity is generated by the nervous system; that is to say, so much nerve force when passed through or into the electrical organ is converted into electricity. Prof. d'Arsonval of the College of France tells us that in the case of a torpedo measuring in diameter thirty centimeters the shock given by this animal amounted to twenty volts. He lighted up several electrical lamps by the discharge from the fish and this discharge was powerful enough in some cases to carbonize the lamps. It is said that a powerful torpedo may give a discharge measuring 120 volts. This of course is more than sufficient to kill prey of ordinary size.—Chicago Daily News.

Practice Makes Perfect.

"Yes," observed the master of ceremonies, "you weep to the jury beautifully, but let us again rehearse your glare at the defendant."

By dint of much drilling the affair passed off creditably and was described as one of the prettiest home divorces of the season.—Detroit Tribune.

Very Hard Up.

Willis—I'd hate to be as hard up as Broker seems to be.

Wallace—What leads you to think he is hard up?

Willis—Why, he's been to see me ten times this week to get that fiver I borrowed from him six months ago.

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A Troublesome Girl.

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

"No, to myself, also. Could anything be more murderous than the way Mr. Morgan treated that last scherzo? It was horrible. Yet I endured—I lived. I am now talking to you!"

There is nothing beyond a pretty compliment to his superior powers as accompanist conveyed in these last words; but Dartford, who has been a good deal spoiled by a certain class of women, mistakes her.

"Do you think I am not sensible of that?" says he with considerable empressement and an earnest look that has done considerable service off and on. Miss Fairfax stares at him, and then, as if a little uncertain as to his meaning, but charitably supposing that it is not nonsense, but an absurdly humble tribute to her genius that has actuated the enigmatical reply, says kindly:

"Well, it's very good of you, I'm sure."

"Eh? What?" says he, pausing as one might who is partly deaf and has failed to comprehend. If he had been enigmatical to her, she has been doubly so to him!

"You are very good, too good," persists she, secure in her own reading, and feeling so ashamed of such praise from a man who really understands music. After all! What is she?"

The world has yet to prove her a genius, or merely talented.

"Oh, ay! just so," says Dartford, still at sea; and now with his usual beaming smile that has so little in it. "By Jove! it's the first time I've been told that!"

Somebody coming up to Eleanor at this moment, and touching her arm, she impatiently turns to her right. Dalrymple, his face paler and sterner than usual, is standing beside her.

"Mrs. Maxwell is so anxious to hear Lord Dartford sing that your grandfather has sent me to you to—to ask him to do so."

There is something in the grave reproach that is so very near to anger in his eyes that enrages Miss Fairfax, she gives him but curt reply.

"Certainly," she says. "He is so kind, so agreeable always, that I am sure he will not refuse."

She turns a cold glance from Dalrymple to let a beaming smile fall on Dartford.

"Have you heard?" she says. "Mrs. Maxwell will be unhappy until you have sung to her. Go. Put her out of pain. Sing to her."

"Not to her, to you," says he softly—so low that Dalrymple cannot hear the words, but can mark the lover-like look and attitude, and can feel the pang that contracts his heart.

"It is a compliment!" says Eleanor, prettily, but utterly without sentiment, and presently Dartford's well cultivated voice is sounding through the room. He has chosen a quaint little love song, as simple as possible, and into the last verse he throws as much devotion as he dares, hoping Eleanor will accept it for herself.

> "So that our hearts be one,
> So that our love be true,
> The world may laugh or frown
> For me and you.
> Men may be wise or fools,
> Stars may die out above,
> We ask of life no gift
> But love—but love!"

It is a distinctly passionate little effort on Dartford's part, but, unfortunately, Mrs. Maxwell, a little, light-hearted, half-pretty woman of thirty-five or so, has a passing tendresse for him, and who had asked him to sing, takes the devotion, the words, the subdued passion, entirely as her own.

"What a heavenly song!" says she, waylaying him as he rises from the piano, and, bending forward, in a little fashion of her own, to glance up at him from under her lashes. "And how true! Oh," rapturously, "love, love!"

"Love—that makes the world go round," says he curtly, making a pretence of filling up her sentence. "That is about as near rubbish, you know, as they make it nowadays. It's money money that makes the world revolve. That's the true axis. You take my word for it."

There is something a little brutal about the man—a little vulgar. Having thus, without regard to the smallest courtesy, "choked off" as he would himself have said, this woman with whom he had dallied many an hour and oft, he crosses the room to where the latest fancy sits smiling kindly at old General Maxwell.

"I am telling Miss Fairfax that she has been a little unkind to us tonight," says the general, looking up at Dartford. "We so seldom have the chance of hearing her divine interpretations of our favor'tes that she should not grudge us a good deal of her violin when we do meet. And you, Dartford, I have heard you accompany her. It was a treat. Might," turning gallantly to Eleanor, "an old man plead for such another perfect half hour tonight?"

"You have a silver tongue, general. What is it I could refuse you?" says Miss Nell, sweetly. "Are you i' the vein, Lord Dartford? Come, then, we will do our best to charm this cleverest, if kindliest of critics." She smiles down at the general, who, in truth, has a fine knowledge of music, and a love for it passing all others.

Moving across the room beside Lord Dartford, she happens to pass her cousin, and, mindful of his warning of the morning, the malicious sprite that has kept closely at her side all the evening prompts her to throw him a defiant word or two.

"We are going to give you something to dwell upon," cries she, with radiant sauciness, looking back at him over her shoulder, while, with one hand lifted, she trifles with the amber beads around her neck. "Something to remember. Don't lose a note. I feel I am going to excel myself! Lord Dartford has inspired me!"

THAT TROUBLESOME GIRL

It is an audacious little speech, and but for the extreme childishness that characterizes her, might be termed bold. It makes her nothing, however, save a naughty child. Dalrymple returns her provoking gaze steadily, with an unsmiling eye. He is worth ten thousand Dartfords, but, unfortunately, is so much in earnest that he gives himself away a good deal, and permits her to see only the uncomfortable side of him. Beyond the glance he makes no reply.

"You are so entirely a person to be congratulated on every point," says Dartford, as they move on, "that one crumpled rose-leaf cannot afflict you greatly. I should say that cousin of yours is it."

"How?" says she with suspicious innocence, looking quickly round.

"Surly beggar, eh?" says Dartford, secure in the knowledge that she had given Dalrymple a rather angry look when he had refused to answer her.

"I think I have gathered from him that you are not a very intimate friend of his," says she, coldly, annoyed without knowing why. Truly, she tells herself, Dartford though unrivaled as times, and of course it is always in bad taste to abuse one's relations to one's face.

"What shall it be?" says she, looking down at the heap of music on the stand near the piano.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dalrymple Sees Too Much and Too Little.

> "This, this has thrown a serpent to my heart
> While it o'erflowed with tenderness, with joy,
> With all the sweetness of exulting love,
> Now nought but gall is there and burning poison."

"What you will," returns he, and presently something is chosen, and melody such as is not often heard in private life is swelling the air. Conversation languishes, and though Mrs. Maxwell, who is angry, tries to keep it up, soon dies away altogether. Everybody gives him and herself a more comfortable shake into the chair occupied and prepares to listen with a glad heart.

All except Dalrymple! His heart seems on fire. To see her there, so thoroughly bon camarade of that contemptible libertine, makes his own honest blood boil in his veins. It certainly wouldn't have boiled at all had the "libertine" been talking to any other girl; it probably would not so much as reached a tepid heat; but that he should dare to aspire to Eleanor leaves only one desire—that the good old dark ages were once more here, when to run a fellow citizen through the body would be accounted as a mere casualty—a necessary hint—a playful reminder that your patience had a limit and no more.

In truth, it seems to Dalrymple that he cannot bear to look at her, standing there with her violin pressed against her shoulder, though in reality she is as fair a thing as Nature ever made, "a sight to make an old man young."

She is standing a little forward in her white gown with one hand and arm raised. Her small, haughty head is thrown a little backward, and sideways, as if naturally inclining toward the beloved instrument. The lovely pearls around her neck gleam and rise and fall with each soft breath she draws, emitting tiny scintillating sparks of light. She is playing now at last with a verve, an abandon, that thrills the hearers and betrays the genius that is hers; music's own soul, without which it knows no real life.

Her playing is remarkable, even in an age where one insists on perfection or nothing; and her companion does her justice. Dartford indeed expresses himself not only with force but with feeling. Strange anamoly in a man to whom heart is unknown. He accompanies her, indeed, with such taste, with such sympathy, that one might readily believe that at least the shadow of his pretty companion's mantle has fallen upon him.

Having begun, and ravished the ear with Rubinstein, they pass on to lighter, more frivolous themes, and at last Eleanor, as if stung by Dalrymple's late censorous glance to a thoroughly childish display of recklessness, passes into a movement low, seductive, entrancing, the very food of love. She has selected it out of pique, regardless of consequences, and ignorant of Dartford's feelings toward her. It is unmistakably a love song, of the passionate Portuguese type, and exquisitely rendered as it is holds the room spellbound.

Then follow some charming bits from Wagner; something of Eleanor's genius seems to have entered into Dartford, because he plays now as he never played before, with a spirit, a brio hardly to be rivalled. Into his touch, too, he has thrown that suspicion of maliciousness that has actuated Eleanor all through; it is as though he had caught it from her.

And now it is over, the last long-drawn note has sounded, and silence, too poverty-stricken, succeeds. Eleanor lays aside her violin in a little abrupt way, and with shining eyes and faintly flushed cheeks moves among her guests. There is a suggestion of triumph—but triumph unsatisfied—in her whole air. To Dalrymple, still watching her, it appears as if she disdains the compliments pressed upon her and pines for a larger ground. After a vague word or vague smile to those who insist on laying their homage at her feet, she turns aside and says a word or two to Dartford as though he alone really can understand or appreciate. As a fact, she is so far artist at heart that praise from the outsiders, the uninitiated, is as nothing to her, and she is too young, too untutored to pretend a gratitude she cannot feel. In Dartford, who is really a musician, whatever else he may be, lies her sole interest for the moment. He has been the sharer of her victory, the partner of her success, small though she counts it; and as such is given for the time being a high place in her favor.

That Dartford should understand the position is inevitable. Accustomed to be smiled upon by women, he accepts Eleanor's brilliant glances as distinct encouragement, and having finally decided on reforming himself and giving to her the joyous task of reforming the rake, decides on making her a formal proposal before the night is over.

Together he and she pass through the rooms to the conservatory beyond. She, impatiently anxious to escape from the laudations she scorns with all youth's intolerance; and he, eager for the moment when he shall hear the pretty "yes" that will put an end to his rather disreputable bachelorhood.

It is half an hour later. A century, as it has seemed to Dalrymple, who is consumed with jealousy. A good long hour to Mrs. Maxwell, who is secretly furious at Dartford's defection and eager for an occasion to be revenged upon her rival, as she has grown to regard the unconscious Eleanor; some ground indeed for her suspicion has been given her by the fact that since Miss Fairfax and Lord Dartford entered the conservatory thirty minutes ago, they have been lost to other society but their own. Such a flagrant breach of manners on the part of her hostess deserves, in Mrs. Maxwell's opinion, instant punishment, and so with a rather nasty little smile she now rises, and sweeps down upon Lord Carbyne, making her adieus in a very determined fashion. It is still distinctly early, but that she has refused to consider it so, is evident.

"Yes, it grows chilly, and the general's throat is so troublesome. No, no, please do not disturb Miss Fairfax. You will say good night to me for her, will you not? I feel sure he must have good reason for depriving us of her society for the past hour, and I would not for worlds be the cause of—. Now I beg you will let me steal away without compelling her to do the usual thing. I adore unconventional people myself, they are so satisfying. One never knows what they are going to do next. Good night."

"One moment," says Lord Carbyne, in his coldest, haughtiest tone; "Noel," to Dalrymple, who is standing near, and who is regarding Mrs. Maxwell's little smiling face with ill-suppressed anger; "tell Eleanor to come at once and bid Mrs. Maxwell good night; you will excuse her, I am sure," with a courteous, if rather forced, smile, to Mrs. Maxwell. "When she gets on the subject of music she forgets all things."

("Even her manners") is on Mrs. Maxwell's flippant tongue, but she reserves it, and, satisfied with having brought the attention of the entire room to the fact that Miss Fairfax has been for the past half-hour, tete-a-tete with a man of Dartford's reputation, and so far charmed with him as to be forgetful of even the commonest etiquette, subsides into a lounging chair beside her host, and consents to let the general's throat take its chance.

Dalrymple makes his way into the smaller conservatory that leads into the larger one beyond, and, not finding Eleanor there, pushes aside the heavy curtain that divides the two rooms, and advances slowly.

Tall, flowering shrubs stand here and there, behind which cushioned lounges have been arranged. On one of these, at the farthest end of the conservatory, a slender figure, gowned in white satin, is seated—the lace flounces of her dress gleaming like snow against the dark background of myrtle leaves.

It is Eleanor. She is hardly seated, indeed. She has just risen—one hand pressing against the arm of the lounge—her attitude suggestive of sudden surprise—her face uplifted to Dartford, who is bending toward her—an impassioned glance within his eyes.

Something—he never knew what—compels Dalrymple to stand still, as his eyes light upon the tableau. He is too far away to note the glance in Dartford's eyes, to read the expression in Eleanor's. It is an instant's halt, but long enough to work a world of mischief. Even as he gazes, Dartford stoops swiftly downward, his arm goes around Eleanor's slight form, his head bends toward hers—he—

It is all over in a second. As though shot to the heart, Dalrymple turns on his heel, lifts the curtain and stands outside it once again, his pulses beating to a suffocating degree, his face like death. He had feared—but he had never quite believed—until now! The end had come too abruptly.

(To Be Continued.)

"OUTSAT" THE MULE.

An Alabama Man's Method of Besting His Animal.

I came upon a mule and a cart and a man. The wheels of the cart had sunk down into a mud hole, and the mule stood with head down and ears lazily working to and fro. As for the man, he lay on his back in the shade of a tree, and seemed to be taking solid comfort.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as he sat up and looked at me.

"Mewl has balked,' 'he slowly replied.

"You mean that he has refused to pull the cart out of the mud?"

"'Zactly."

"But it's a big load and a small mule," I urged. "Why don't you give him some help?"

"It's agin my principles. I've yelled at him, and I've licked him till I'm tired, but I'll be dog-oned if I'll take anything off that load or boost that cart! No, sah—we stay right here till the pesky critter gits up and humps hisself and pulls that cart out of the mud!"

"Then you are not in a hurry?" I queried.

"No, sah, no hurry 'tall,' 'he replied, as he hitched back to get more shade. "My son Dan is plowin' out co'n with the cow, an' the old woman is fixin' up the fences, and I've got a gallon of whisky and a pound of terbacker in the cart. It's a question of bein' sot, an' if I can't stay sot longern 'n a $30 mewl then I'd better move out of Alabamy."

Five days later I met the man at Greenville and asked him how the "sotness" came out.

"Oh! yes!" he replied, with a grin. "Wall, I camped right thar fur two days and nights, a-singin' hymns and restin' up an' hevin' a good time, an' then that mewl, a-seein that when it cum down to sotness he wasn't in it with me, took right holt an' pulled that cart outer the mud an' galloped all the way home."—Detroit Free Press.

POISON IVY.

It Has Caused More Suffering This Year Than Usual.

The spread of poison ivy in our neighborhood has been noted by people who know the plant and have fallen into the way of walking or driving through the suburbs. It is rife in upper New York, in New Jersey and on the outskirts of Brooklyn. It is easy to get rid of while it is young and small, but ere long it will speed over many miles of roadside and will be hard to eradicate. The plant is not troublesome to some, and there are men who handle it without fear of consequences, but others are so sensitive to its subtle exhalations that they cannot even pass to leeward of a patch of it without suffering afterward. The poison ivy is a tough looking plant with leaves growing in threes, a circumstance that enables one to tell it from numerous innocent vines that have their leaves in fives. It fills some waste places and makes a pleasant show with its greenery, but surely the English ivy and the clematis and the woodbine look as well, and even the prevalent cat brier, though a hard thing to fight through, will only scratch, while the ivy will beget inflammation and boils. It is said that light complexioned people are more subject to its poison than those who are dark. Men in this state and in Pennsylvania report a curious experience in an annual recurrence of the unpleasant symptoms, though they are sure that they had not touched the leaves in the year between the attacks. The possibility makes the [illegible] on ivy a worse neighbor than e[illegible] and it is suggested that those [illegible] have tolerated the plant on their pr[illegible] ises—especially does this apply to street and highway commissioners—should betake themselves to an ax and hoe and torch and root out the offending weed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HER DERELICTION.

The New Woman's Fault and Her Atonement for It.

"Laura," said the husband of the Emancipated Woman sternly.

"What is it, dear?" asked the latter in a conciliatory manner, for she saw that trouble was coming.

"Laura, in the last three weeks I have given you three letters to mail, addressed to dear papa. What have you done with them?"

"Mailed them, of course," replied the wretched woman in a determination to bluff it out if possible.

"Laura," the husband went on, "that is not true. I received a letter from papa to-day in which he says he has not heard from me for a month, and anxiously asking if anything is the matter. Now you have got those letters somewhere about your clothes, if you haven't lost them. I know just as well as I know that I am standing here that you never mailed those letters. Now go through your pockets and see if you haven't got them."

The Emancipated Woman began to look through her pockets, and soon turned out the missing letters, which she laid on the table, with the remark: "Well, I could have sworn that I put those letters in the letter box at the corner."

The man sneered. "You can't trust a woman to do anything," he retorted. "Hereafter I'll mail my own letters, and I won't occupy your very valuable time with such errands. Before you go I want $10 for household expenses."

The Emancipated Woman meekly laid the money down on the table and went away with the remark that she would leave the office early in the afternoon and come after her husband to take him to the matinee.—Harper's Bazar.

Devices in Georgia Clay.

The Georgia manufacturers' building is ocular evidence of the industrial progress of this state. It is a large, handsome structure, with a high, curved roof that makes the place cool and comfortable on the hottest day. The arrangement is excellent and the display very praiseworthy. One of the most important is in clay products, including sewer and drain pipes, chimney pots, kitchen ware, bricks, terra cotta and improved building materials. The manufacturers have the advantage of clay deposits which are pronounced by Dr. Day of the Smithsonian institute as being excelled by none and equaled by but few, and those chiefly in the far East. So fine is the clay that they can make brick at the lowest prices of a quality equal to that of first-class brick in other parts of the country.

A very pretty idea on the part of the Georgia potters is the reproduction of form, color and ornamentation that were employed by the redskins of the state before the discovery of America. Several of the tribes were proficient if not very skillful in the potter's art, and turned out bowls and ewers of graceful forms, neat finish and very pretty, although simple decorations. Many of the ancient pieces of clay work are preserved in the museums of the state, and quite a number are on exhibition at the fair. So excellent is the imitation that it is very difficult in some instances to tell those which were made yesterday by the modern methods from those which were produced by Indian squaws two and three hundred years ago.—Atlanta Letter.

A Heavy Row.

"Henry, you look worried; what is the trouble?"

"I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon."

"Heavens! How did it happen?"

"Why, I went to the bank this afternoon, and the bank clerk, after adding up the ledger, told me my account was overdrawn."—Erie Messenger.

KLEPTOMANIA FAST DYING OUT.

Fad That Ran a Swift Course Seldom Found Now by Big Storekeepers.

There is growing evidence that kleptomania was a fad. The attempt to classify it somewhere among the psychological mysteries will not hold in the face of the experience of a State street merchant, who knows how to observe and has plenty of opportunity to indulge his knowledge. He said:

"It's a funny thing to me, but it is certainly true, there has been a marked falling off in kleptomania in the last year. I noticed it in my store, and for a time thought little of it. One day another merchant on the street said he had found the same thing, and then I began to inquire. All had the same story to tell, kleptomania was becoming extinct.

"This doesn't mean," he continued, "that people are becoming any better or that they are stealing less, for, as to that, the returns are about the same year in and year out. What I refer to is the petty thievery by people who do not need what they steal and in many instances do not know what to do with the things after they get them. For a time, a couple of years ago, there was such a flood of that sort of robbery in the stores that the proprietors were about driven to despair. You can imagine the predicament of being confronted by a woman whom you know to be wealthy and of good social standing and yet know she has secreted in her muff or under her cape a piece of silk or other fabric from the counter. When you meet an indignant denial it is hard to go on and force a search. That thing grew to be so common that in most of the big stores one woman was kept fairly busy searching the kleptomaniacs who were brought back to her."

"Did you arrest them?"

"No, except in rare cases. We employed detectives of both sexes to watch for them. When a woman was seen taking anything from a counter the detective would approach her and ask her to step to the rear of the store, as the proprietor wished to see her. The request was made with such politeness that the woman would not be sure it was for the theft, and in nearly every instance would comply at once. Then it was a simple matter; the article stolen would be found, the woman would resort to tears, explain she did not mean to take it, had acted on impulse, and all that sort of thing, and offer to pay for it, and generally show an abundance of money. We would seldom press the case any farther. Some of these women became such slaves of the fad that they were watched always when they came to the stores. The kleptomaniacs were the most difficult thieves to guard against, for they bore no outward sign of their affliction. The ordinary thief, who steals to sell again, can be more easily marked and guarded against.

"But it is dying out, and in the last year there have been only rare cases of kleptomania discovered in Chicago. I have come to think it was more of a fad than an affliction, adopted by a certain class, who liked the excitement of trying to steal a thing without getting caught, and yet secure from prosecution or publicity, if they should be caught, by their ability to pay for what they stole."

MESABA MINES AGAIN DISAPPOINT THEIR OWNERS.

Some of the Actual Results of the Iron Mining Season of 1895.

The owners of the Mesaba iron mines in St. Louis county have fared badly for the past two years, most of the time conducting their business at a loss. Last year heavy losses were suffered by the capitalists who own the mines. They entered upon the present season with rosy hopes. The season's ore was sold in the months of April and May, as usual, at prices [illegible] ton, [illegible] ore. [illegible] take [illegible] ptem- [illegible] ores [illegible] t for [illegible] con- [illegible] figured on 80 cents as the cost [illegible] lake freights, but lake freights have advanced in an unprecedented way, and are now and for some time past have been ruling at $1.50 per ton, so that much of the ore that was sold for from $1.80 to $2.50 is being delivered in vessels which cost the mines $1.50 per ton. A mine selling its ore in the early part of the season, for say $2.25 to $2.50 per ton, must now pay $1.50 per ton for lake freights, leaving only 75 cents to $1 for mining and for rail freights to Duluth. As the rail freight alone is 80 cents and the commission, insurance, interest, etc., 20 cents, it will be seen that the cost of mining is a dead loss and the ore is given away. The rosy hopes of the spring, therefore, have met only disappointment, and the miners are now figuring with much anxiety on the net results of the year's operation.

MONEY THAT IS TO BURN.

Confederate Bills Used Largely in Making Electric Light Carbons.

"Did you ever know what has become of the greater part of the Confederate paper money with which this country was flooded some years back?" asked a local business man who had just returned from a trip to the Atlanta exposition. "No? Well, neither did I until I struck Atlanta a few weeks ago. In that town I found an old man who makes a business of quietly gathering in all the Confederate bank notes he can find. You know the stuff was issued by the ton during the war, and there is any quantity of it still floating around. When the old man gets a big bundle of the paper he sends it to Edison, the inventor, who pays a good price for it. Edison uses it to make carbon for incandescent lamps. The paper upon which the Confederate notes were printed was made of the pulp of sea grass. This branch of the paper making industry has since become a dead art, says the Philadelphia Record. Sea grass paper when chemically treated by Edison has been found to make the best sort of carbon for incandescent lights, and so there is always a demand for the Confederate bills."

Pocket Electricity.

A correspondent asks if it is not practicable for a person to carry enough electricity and use it for the purpose of heating the body by means of electric heating apparatus placed under the clothing. We presume it is. A few 200-ampere-hour cells scattered among the pockets, connected in series, ought to do the business. They would probably weigh 500 pounds or more, and to this must be added the weight of the heat apparatus. The latter need not necessarily be in the form of a street car heater; it could be spread out on a flat surface. It would not look well, for instance, to carry a box-shaped heater across the stomach. Care must be taken to prevent short circuiting, which might result in roasting to death.—Electrical Age.

Too Easy.

New Boarder—What do we get for dinner to-night?

Old Boarder—This is the night we usually have chicken.

New Boarder—That's not half bad. Do we often get chicken?

Oul Boarder—Oh, about three times a week.

New Boarder—Well, by jove! that's pretty fine; but I don't see how Mr. Skimper can afford it.

Old Boarder—Oh, it's the same chicken.—Exchange.

He Was Good.

"Was your husband good to you during your long illness?" inquired the kind lady who was making a charity call.

"Oh, yes, indeed, ma'am!" replied the poor woman, "as good as he could be—he was more like a friend than a husband."

Red ink was formerly made of a solution of Brasil wood, combined with alum, tartar, water and gum.

Salt has been used with success by some physicians for the cure of neuralgic troubles.

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

Truly Oriental Plot as Worked Out in Real Life.

Information has just been received of a tragedy in real life that surpasses the imagination of the novelist. It would appear that a Brahman, traveling between Chittur and Nemara, was belated on the road, and asked for shelter for the night at a house, where he was received by two Nair women. He intrusted to the elder sister 1,000 rupees for safe keeping.

This roused her cupidity and induced her to propose to her younger sister to make away with the unsuspecting guest and pocket the money. The latter, however, stoutly refused to take part in the crime. Later in the night the husband of the elder woman arrived on the scene, when he readily fell in with the proposal of his wife. In the meanwhile the younger woman determined to avert the murder, roused her unsuspecting guest, who was sleeping in a veranda, warned him of his danger, and locked him up in a cullum attached to the house.

The brother of the two women returned toward midnight and, fatigued leased by his fair rescuer, and words shut, quietly lay down and slept on the mat vacated by the Brahman. Soon after the would-be murderers, utterly unconscious of the change made in the occupant of the mat, settled the sleeper with one blow of the rice-pounder and buried the corpse in the dark, without knowing their fatal mistake, and effaced all traces of the blood that was spilled and retired to their guilty repose.

In the morning the Brahman was released by his fair rescuer, and words cannot describe the surprise and horror that overcame the murderers when their supposed victim appeared before them and demanded the money. Dumb with horror, the money was restored to the Brahman, who gave information to the police of his intended murder. While police inquiry was in progress it transpired that the brother of these women had mysteriously disappeared. The police, accordingly, made a vigorous search and unearthed the corpse of the deceased and found some traces of blood-stain at the door step, which had not been wholly removed.

The police have accordingly arrested the culprits, and the matter is under police investigation. To conclude the interest of the narrative, we have only to add that these revelations have impressed the Brahman with a due sense of the extent of the danger he had escaped and the magnitude of the service rendered to him by his rescuer. He, therefore, made her a present of the 1,000 rupees, which was the original incentive to crime on the part of the murderers.

BRITISH COLORS.

Last Time They Were Captured by An Enemy Was Memorable.

The last occasion upon which the colors of a British regiment have fallen into an enemy's hands was, says one of Messrs. Cassell's publications, in the Afghan war of 1878-80. It was after the battle of Maiwand, when a last determined stand was made by 100 officers and men of the Sixty-sixth regiment. They fought on until eleven men only were left and a dog.

Lieut. Barr fell dead across his colors, and Lieut. Honeywood, although wounded early in the engagement, struggled to the garden where the final stand was made, and he was shot down while holding the color high above his head. The dog fell into the hands of the Afghans, but was recaptured and subsequently returned to London, only to meet his death by being run over in the street.

What Electricity Is Doing.

The Mining and Scientific Press thus sums up the uses to which electricity is applied. It enters into the preparation of what we eat, drink and wear, and there are many articles of utility now produced by its aid. The residents of many cities in the United States have their homes protected, lighted and heated by electricity. They go to their places of business in cars run by electricity, the elevator by which they reach their offices in high buildings, or the machinery in their factory is run by electricity. The bell which summons them to church is rung by electricity and the church organ is played by electricity. Electricity brings the news to them from all parts of the earth; stamps their letters, automatically sounds the alarm in case of fire, rings the door bell, cooks the food and fans them while eating it. When they go to the dentist their teeth are drilled and filled by electricity, and miniature electric lamps are now constructed for the use of doctors in diagnosing diseases. The patient swallows a lighted lamp, which illuminates his person so as to enable the physician to make a correct diagnosis. The barber cuts or singes the hair by means of electricity, the streets are lighted and the farm cultivated by it. By means of it we can talk to our friends 500 or 1,000 miles away and hear their voices as distinctly as though they were in the same room. There are now some eighty-five electric railways in the United States and 9,000 miles of track employing 23,000 cars.

The Healthiness of Yawning.

A celebrated Belgian physician says that yawning is an exceedingly healthful function generally, besides having a very salutary effect in complaints of the pharnyx and eustachian tubes. According to the results of late investigations, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck. It is recommended that every person should have a good yawn, with stretching of the limbs, morning and evening, with the purpose of ventilating the lungs and tonifying the muscles of respiration. An eminent aurist says that patients suffering from disorders of the throat have derived great benefit from it. He makes his patients yawn, either by suggestion, imitation, or by a series of full breaths with the lips partly closed. The yawning is repeated six or eight times, and should be followed by swallowing. By this means the air and mucus in the eustachian tubes are aspirated.

Private Electric Elevator.

A well known electrical authority has pointed out that it is now as easy and cheap to have an electric elevator in a private house as in a large office building. Stairs are literally a barbarism to which women frequently owe ill health and to which many delicate persons may attribute the deprivation of the full enjoyment of their homes. The cost of operating an electric elevator in, say a five-story house, making fifty or sixty trips every day, will not exceed $3 or $4 per month. The devices for operating these elevators have been so improved that an invalid or a child can manage them. The old lever arrangement can be dispensed with and the elevator ascends or descends on the pressure of a button. It will stop only at each floor and will start only when the elevator door is closed.

A Pin Machine.

Among the operative exhibits shown in Machinery hall at the Cotton States and International exposition is a pin machine. It is in two parts, the first of which makes pins and the second sticks them in paper. This is done in full view of the visitors. A slender thread of brass wire is started in one end of the machine. It is cut, pointed and head put on, and the completed pin is dropped into a bath which plates it with white metal. From this receptacle the pins are dropped into a sifter, which carries them rapidly to the sticking machine, where they are stuck in regular rows in the paper, and a complete paper of pins is turned out. The mechanism of the machinery is delicately elaborate, and it is one of the most interesting exhibits in Machinery hall.

Trying to Reform New Women.

He wept bitterly.

"Never, my child," he faltered, through his tears, "marry a woman to reform her."

The cigar stub upon the center table made him sick at heart, while the smell of tobacco on his new lace curtains was simply horrid.—Detroit Tribune.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Worse Than Disinheritance.

Her Father (suddenly)—Young man, do you play poker?

Her Young Man (nervously)—Y—Y—that is to say, no, sir.

Her Father (regretfully)—I am sorry. Some of us were going to have a little game to-night, and we should have liked one more to take a hand.—Somerville Journal.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Changed.

"You have given me the marble heart," he hissed.

"Certainly," she coldly rejoined. "What did you expect? Mexican onyx?"

There was a chill glitter in the eyes of his bride as she reminded him a poor man could not be fastidious.—Detroit Tribune.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Found Guilty.

"Here is a cigar," said the dealer, "that I would like you to give a trial."

"All right," said Watts, "hand it over."

It was handed over.

"What do you think of it?" asked the dealer.

"It doesn't deserve a trial," said Watts. "It ought to be lynched."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

All the Difference in the World.

"Are the abbreviations proper?" asked the young woman.

"It depends," replied the mother, "on which you have reference to, the English language or a bicycle costume.—Washington Star.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

A Good Excuse.

Mistress—This passes all bounds, Anna. Last night you had three soldiers in the kitchen with you.

Cook—Yes, ma'am, but the hussar had had his supper before he came.—Soldatenfreund.

Mothers appreciate the good work of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken, sleepless and nervous.

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

When you come to realize that your corns are gone, and no more pane, how grateful you feel. All the work of Hindercorns. 15c.

Couldn't Do It Again.

The black-hearted pirate, with a knife between his teeth, boarded the passenger ship.

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted.

The passenger hanging over the rail smiled feebly.

"I think I did, not less than an hour ago," he said, gaspingly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Sicien and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

A Touch of Nature.

Mr. Meek (on street car)—I find that I have no money to pay my fare this morning.

Conductor (bluntly)—The old story won't go here. Pay or git.

Mr. Meek—It wasn' t a pickpocket. My wife went through my clothes before I got up.

Conductor (sympathetically) — All right. Pay next time.—New York Weekly.

Changed, Yet Unchanged.

"Ten years ago," said the contemplative gentleman, "I was a bachelor and hustling for a wife."

"And now?"

"And now I am not only hustling for my wife, but for her mother and two of her aunts."

He sighed.

Marriage Rate of College Women.

The marriage of college women is a subject that has lately called out many statistics and much subsequent speculation.

Miss Millicent W. Shinn has been carefully gathering together statistics from the women's colleges in America, and she finds that the ultimate probability of a college woman's marriage is below 55 per cent, as against 90 per cent for other women—not quite two-thirds as great.

College women marry most in the Middle West, and least in the North Atlantic states, and Miss Shinn declares that the reason is not that they crave a public life, but largely because they are employed as teachers in girls' schools, a station in life more inimical to marriage than any other save that of a nun.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

In An Awful Situation.

"I'm in a quandry,' 'said the eminent official.

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife.

"They are talking about having a prize fight under my very nose. I've got to do something or the law-and-order element will be after me."

"Well, issue a proclamation forbidding it."

Yes—and if Ido that they'll go and have the prize fight somewhere else."—Washington Star.

Bashful.

"I—I like you, Mr. Lake," the maiden blushingly admitted, "but I hate to leave papa and mamma."

"Goodness gracious, girl!" exclaimed Mr. Lake of Chicago, in his breezy way, "haven't they had the pleasure of your company for more than twenty years? And now, when I ask you to be my wife for mebbe a year or two, you go and kick!"—Indianapolis Journal.

An Artist's Enthusiasm.

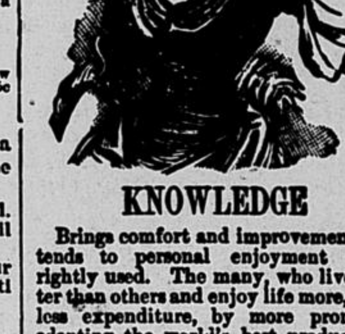
"There is only one thing," she said to her dearest girl friend, "that makes me doubt Herbert's affection for me"

"What is that?"

"He thinks that some of the snap shot photographs he has taken of me are good likenesses."—Washington Star.

Swabian Simplicity.

Inspector (looking into station waiting room)—Any more for Ulm, Biberach? The train's just gone."—Deutsche Warte.



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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

CONSUMPTION.

Its Treatment and Cure.

NATURE'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR AN IMPOVERISHED CONDITION OF THE SYSTEM—KICKAPOO INDIAN SAGWA. USED FOR GENERATIONS BY THE INDIANS. THEIR ROBUST CONDITION A NEVER-FAILING ENDORSEMENT FOR THEIR WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

CONSUMPTION has been declared by the leading physicians of the day to be due largely to a condition of the system whereby it becomes impossible to obtain perfect nourishment from food. As soon as the system refuses to receive the necessary life-sustaining elements the patient begins to "lose flesh," and at the same time all of the life-giving organs of the body become weaker and weaker, and gradually failing to perform their natural functions, death is the result.

Sufferers from this most dreaded disease should on experiencing any of the ever accompanying symptoms, such as a general feeling of lassitude, sallow complexion, decrease in weight, sleeplessness, night-sweats, nervousness and susceptibility to colds, immediately take Kickapoo Indian Sagwa. This now famous medicine has been for centuries regularly used by the Indians. Their freeness from this, as well as all similar diseases is ample proof of its great merits. When it is remembered that this is skillfully compounded of roots, barks, gums and herbs of the forest and contains no poisonous ingredients whatever, it will be seen that no harm can possibly attend its use; and the simple manner in which it accomplishes its wonderful results will prove to the sufferer that he has found at last that which will give to him a new lease of life. Kickapoo Indian Sagwa accomplishes its good work by invigorating the stomach, kidneys and liver, purifying the blood and building up the entire system, so that the great organs of the body can perform their work in perfect harmony, and a speedy return to health in every instance will result. Kickapoo Indian Sagwa

for sale by all druggists at $1 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists.

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WANTED—Any lady wishing to make some money quickly and needing steady employment should work for me selling ... Address A. H. DAN, M. D., ... Columbus, Boston.

... Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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Cement Coated. Price subject to market changes. Send Cash with Order.

8d	$2.85	3d	$3.45	10d case	$3.05	10d finish	$3.15
6d	3.00	10d floor	2.90	8d case	3.15	8d finish	3.30
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Cement Coated Nails drive easier, will not pull out. They are waterproof.

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