

Deafness Can Not Be Cured

By local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by the use of the Eustachian Tube. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets 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 can not 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.

The Travels of Derelicts.

The New York Tribune. The distance which derelicts traverse is much greater than is generally supposed. A careful record of observations has resulted in the preparation of a chart which shows that the bulk of a schooner, the Fannie E. Wolston, has drifted, during the last five years, more than 10,000 miles. This calculation is based on forty six reports of its having been sighted. Another derelict, which began its wanderings in 1891, drifted about 3,500 miles up to the time it was last seen, when it had been adrift 615 days. The W. L. White, another floating terror of the sea, roamed over the North Atlantic for 310 days, covering in that time about 6,000 miles.

Next Time You Go West

Take the Burlington Route's "Black Hills, Montana and Puget Sound Express." Leaves Omaha at 4:30 p. m. daily. Fastest and best train to the Black Hills, northern Wyoming, the Yellowstone National Park, Helena, Butte, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma. For rates, time table, etc., apply to the local ticket agent or write J. FRANCIS, G. F. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

The April Review of Reviews on the severity of the winter just passed, in the southern latitude of our own country and in the British Isles. The reception of a snow storm of Washington in New Orleans late in February and the freezing over of the Thames show London Bridge in the same month are two events which fully justify the Review in pronouncing the winter of 1895 a most unusual one for recent years, and a rebuff to the "old-fashioned" cold weather.

Figs have been washed, but none have been cured of their love for mud.



KNOWLEDGE

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.

Many men of many minds say that

CLIMAX

Beats all other kinds

Climax Plug is much the best chewing tobacco made. It's Lorillard's.

The Man With a Memory

Just before Sherman advanced on his Georgia campaign, a man supposed to be a rebel spy was one day arrested in a rebel camp. He was in a Federal uniform, but his look and his language were unmistakably Southern. He claimed to belong to a regiment in another camp about two miles away, and he was sent to the guard-house until his assertion could be verified or disproved. I was officer of the day at camp that day, and that is how I came to learn so many of the particulars of the affair I am relating. It was in the camp of a Wisconsin regiment that the spy, who gave his name as George Swift, was arrested. He had come there ostensibly to visit friends, but some of the boys had seen him slyly taking notes, and he had asked such questions as no private Federal soldier would have any use for. It was pretty generally understood that the Confederates were using every exertion to secure knowledge of Sherman's strength and movements, and the boys had no sooner got the idea that the stranger was a spy than they gave the information to me, and I put him under arrest. I saw at a glance that he was of Southern birth. This was not so much against him, for at that time we had plenty of Tennessee and Kentucky men with us.

"What command do you belong to?" I asked.
"The—th Illinois," he replied.
I asked what brigade and division, who was his Captain and various other things, and he returned what seemed to be straight answers to every question. When I asked who he had come to visit in Wisconsin regiment he was lame. He mentioned the name of a man no one had ever heard of. It was on this point alone that I held him. A messenger was at once sent after the Illinois Captain named, and in about an hour he appeared. The supposed spy was taken to the tent of the brigade General, and as soon as brought face to face with the Captain he saluted and said:

"Captain Morton, the people here seem to think I am a rebel spy."
"And who are you?" queried the Captain, plainly astonished.
"Do you ask that?" reproachfully inquired the man. "Who should I be but George Swift of your own company?"
"You can't be, I never saw you before in my life."
"Why, Captain Morton?"
The two men looked at each other as if doubting their own senses, and the General asked of Swift:
"How long have you been with his company?"
"Four months, sir. I came down as a recruit from Pekin."
"Who is your Orderly Sergeant?"
"Sergeant White, sir."
"Who are your commissioned officers?"
"Captain Morton, First Lieutenant Green and Lieutenant Davis. The latter is home on furlough."
"How many men in the company?"
"Fifty-eight, sir."
"Who are your tent mates?"
"Oscar Jackson, Thomas Parker and John Pridgeon."
"Well, Captain," queried the General, as he turned to Captain Morton. The Captain was clean beat. He had seen sure that no such man belonged to his company, and yet the spy had answered every question as straight as a string.
"I'll stake my life that I never saw this man before," the Captain finally answered, "and I know every man in my company by name."
The spy was ordered to strip to his shirt, and for the first time his coolness seemed to desert him. He reproached the Captain for permitting this indignity, but slowly disrobed. In one of his boot legs was a pocket, and in this pocket we found a paper bearing figures as follows:

A..... 1d..... 27
L..... "..... 1,000
C..... "..... 1,000

There were four or five sets of these memoranda, running from one to "4d." When asked to explain the meaning of them, he said they were some examples in algebra he had been working out with the boys. In a few minutes we were satisfied that the paper read: "Artillery in first division twenty-seven pieces." Then "I" stood for infantry and "C" for cavalry. We were satisfied, and yet we were not, for as soon as we made it out the way I have given it to you, Swift said:

"General, Captain Morton does not seem to be a good hand to remember names. Will you please send for the Orderly Sergeant and my tent mates? If I can't show by them that I have been with company G four months you can order me hung as a spy."
The cool proposition staggered the General. Had we discovered the paper in the man's pocket instead of his boots he would have been allowed to walk off. That discovery looked suspicious, and he was ordered back to the guard-house and the persons sent for. Two hours later he was confronted by the Orderly Sergeant.
"Sergeant, do you know this man?" asked the General.
"No, Sir."
"Isn't he a member of your company?"
"No, sir."
"You are dead sure of this?"
"I am, sir."

Swift actually grinned as if it was a good joke, and said:

"Perhaps I have changed skins with somebody since I came out of camp this morning. Sergeant White, your given name is Thomas. You came from Chicago. You have been twice wounded. Your father was to see you last week. You got love letters from your girl in Galesburg. You are thirty-two years old. You have a brother Ben a Company E. Hear me call the roll of our company: Allbright, Allison, Andrew, Arkwright, Beiment, Benner, Boswick, Carter, Corliss, Costigan, Crawford—"

And then he rattled forty or fifty names as fast as he could speak, and he gave them all correct, too. The Sergeant looked from his Captain to the prisoner, and then pinched himself to see if he was awake or asleep. "I—I never saw him before," he finally stammered, "but he must belong to the company."
"Yes, he certainly must," added the Captain.
"Well, take him back to camp with you, Sergeant," said the General. "Hold on, though, didn't we send for his tent mates?"
"They are here, sir."
"Well, we'll see if they recognize him."
The three men were brought in and inside of five minutes Swift was a doomed man. He had come into camp four or five days previous, claiming to be looking for a friend, and had bribed the boys to let him into the tent. He made his excursion through the division from this point. He must have been a man with a wonderful memory, and had gained oceans of information with out seeming to pump anybody. He tried to brave it out against the three men, but other members of the company were sent for, and his nerve at last gave way. A court martial was convened, and four days after his capture Smith was hung. While he died game and would admit nothing, it was satisfactorily settled that he came from Johnston's army and that he was old in the business. I was at the foot of the gallows as he mounted it, and when the noose was put over his head I heard him say:
"Gentlemen, it's a d-d fine morning to start on such a journey as mine."—New York Sun.

Superstitions About Insects.

From the New York Graphic.
The koran says all flies shall perish save one, the bee fly.
It is regarded as a death warning in Germany to hear a cricket's cry.
The Tapuya Indians in South America say the devil assumes the form of a fly.
Rains, in some parts of our own country, expected to follow unusually loud chirping of crickets.
Flies are sometimes regarded as furnishing prognostications of the weather, and even of other events.
Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, believed that spiders indicated gold, where they were found in abundance.
Although a sacred insect among the Egyptians, the beetle receives but little notice in folk lore. It is unlucky in England to kill one.
In Germany it is said to indicate good luck to have a spider spring his web downward toward you, but bad luck when he rises toward you.
The grasshopper is a sufficiently unwelcome visitor of himself in this country, but in Germany his presence is further said to announce strange guests.
A Welsh tradition says bees came from Paradise, leaving the garden when man fell, but with God's blessing, so that wax is necessary in the celebration of the mass.
The ancients generally maintained that there was a close connection between bees and the soul. Porphyry speaks of "those souls which the ancients called bees."
It is said that upon the backs of the seven-year locust there sometimes appear marks like a letter of the alphabet. When this looks like a W it is thought that war is imminent.
German tribes regarded stag beetles as diabolic, and all beetles are detested in Ireland, more especially a bronze variety known as "gooldie." It is also believed that to see a beetle will bring on a rainstorm the next day.
There are said to be no spiders in Ireland, nor will spiders spin their web in an Irish oak nor on a cedar roof. A spider is said to have saved Mohammed from his pursuers by spinning its web across a cave where he sought refuge. The same is said of David in the Cave of Adullam.

A Fight With a Bull.

Watkinsville Enterprise.
A. L. Smith, who lives about three miles from town on the Athens road, had a serious encounter with a Jersey bull a short time ago. Mr. Smith was walking through his pasture when the bull made a dash at him, knocking him down, and when he arose the bull downed him again. This time, however, Mr. Smith succeeded in getting up, when he jumped a fence that was close by and thus escaped from the enraged animal. Mr. Smith examined himself and found that he had received a broken finger and several bruises in the encounter. He then seized a fence rail and jumped the fence, when the bull made another wild rush at him, but with a well-aimed blow he felled the animal to the ground and belabored him to such an extent that when he arose, Mr. Smith says, he was completely conquered. The bruises which Mr. Smith received in the encounter are fast healing, and he is receiving the congratulations of his many friends as the champion "bull-fighter" of this section.

Segato's Ghastly Table.

Fifty years ago or thereabouts Giuseppe Segato, a Florentine physician, announced that he had discovered a way of petrifying the human body so as to preserve its form without change of appearance. He submitted specimens of his work to the grand duke of Tuscany, who thought well of the discovery, and offered to buy it from Segato. The physician refused the offer, and while he waited for a higher bidder, either suddenly or after a very short illness. He never revealed his process, and his secret was buried with him.

The following description of Segato's best known specimen, first published about a year ago in a medical journal, has since appeared in almost every newspaper in the country:
In the Pitti palace, at Florence, is a table which for originality in the matter of construction, and ghastliness in conception, is probably without a rival. It was made by Giuseppe Segato, who passed several years of his life in its manufacture. To the casual observer it gives the impression of a curious mosaic of marbles of different shades and colors, for it looks like polished stone. In reality it is composed of human muscles and viscera. No less than a hundred bodies were requisitioned for the material. The table is round and about a yard in diameter, with a pedestal and four claw feet, the whole being formed of petrified human remains. The ornaments of the pedestal are made from the intestines, the claws with hearts, livers and lungs, the natural color of which is preserved. The table top is constructed of muscles artistically arranged, and it is bordered with upwards of a hundred eyes, the effect of which is said to be highly artistic, since they retain all their luster, and seem to follow the observer. Segato died about 50 years ago. He obtained bodies from the hospitals and indured them by impregnation with mineral salts.

Curiosity led the present writer, when in Florence recently, to obtain a view of this curious piece of furniture. What he saw was so entirely different from what he had been led to expect, that he is moved to tell the readers of the Sun about it.
In the first place, the "table" is not in the Pitti palace, but in the anatomical collection of the new St. Mary's Hospital; there the present writer had an opportunity of examining it, in company with Dr. Stanislao Bianchi, who is in charge of the collection.

The "table" is oval, of what looks like mahogany; it is about 18 inches long by 12 wide, and consists of a top only, it has no appearance whatever of ever having had a pedestal. The human mutilations on it consist of a thin of small sections or slices about 1-64 of an inch thick, which are veneered upon it; some are diamond shaped, some oval, others square, with surface like fine grained wood, all arranged in a symmetrical rectangular oblong design; there is a border around it, presenting at first sight the appearance of a checker board. Some of these veneers, by the effects of dampness, have become detached; one or two have fallen off altogether. Prof. Bianchi pointed out that these were small bits of organisms of the human body, such as the loins, kidneys, liver, spleen, lungs, skin, all of natural color, and that probably, in order to get them of small size they had been taken from boys' cadavers. There were, however, no human eyes in the border or anywhere else.

Dr. Bianchi showed other specimens of Segato's process—a female scalp of perfectly natural color, with long flowing hair attached; a woman's breast, fair and white, perfectly life-like. In these cases the parts preserved were like medium pasteboard in thickness and firmness. He showed also petrified reptiles, fish, and separate parts of the human body, all prepared by Segato, and doubtless submitted by him when he offered to sell his secret to the Tuscan government.

It was difficult to get an expression of opinion from the doctor about the value of Segato's process, and the consequent importance to science of its loss. "It has not been discovered since; it is a pity that it still remains unknown," was all that the kind and courteous professor would say on the subject. "Segato asked rather a large price, perhaps, but he knew his own business, doubtless."
The "table" is not seen by many visitors to Florence, or even by many Florentines; the custodians of Segato's specimens, even if they do not discourage sight-seers, certainly evince no great enthusiasm for the objects of their care.—New York Sun.

A Humorous Senator.

Senator Evarts has a command a contentions humor that is rarely hinted at in such of his oblong periods as are most familiar to the public. A correspondent says that he remarked of Rhode Island that "it was settled by the Dutch; the Yankees settled the Dutch;" and of certain Christians who landed in New England: "They praised God and fell upon their knees—then they fell upon the aboriginals." The ex-Secretary also sent to Bancroft this letter:
"Dear Bancroft: I am very glad to send you two products of my pen to-day—a barrel of pickled pig pork and my eulogy on Chief Justice Chase. Yours, "EVARTS."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

is the purest and strongest baking powder made. It has received the highest award at the U. S. Gov't official investigation, and at all the Great International Expositions and World's Fairs wherever exhibited in competition with others.

It makes the finest, lightest, sweetest, most wholesome bread, cake and pastry. More economical than any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Flying Under Water.

When the penguin in the London zoological garden is fed, the fish are thrown into the water, and the bird, which cannot fly in air or swim on the surface of the water, at once plunges in, and is transformed into a swift and beautiful creature, beaded with globules of quicksilver, where the air clings to the close feathers, and flying through the clear and waveless depths with arrowy speed and powers of turning far greater than in any known form of aerial flight. The rapid and steady strokes of the wings are exactly similar to those of the air birds, while the feet float straight out, level with its body, unused for propulsion, or even as rudders, and as little needed in its progress as those of the wild duck when on the wing. The twists and turns necessary to follow the active little fish are made wholly by the strokes of one wing and the cessation of movement in the other; and the fish are chased, caught and swallowed without the slightest relaxation of speed, in a submarine flight which is quite as rapid as that of most birds which take their prey in midair.

Like a Machine.

Which keeps in order runs smoothly and regularly, so the towels keep up their action if measures are taken to keep them in good working order. This infers, of course, that they are out of order. The surest recourse then is to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a laxative mild but effective, which is also a remedy for dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney trouble.

He always does his best who always does all he can.
The less blood there is in a sermon the more compliments the preacher will get.

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

It is well to have a noble purpose, but oh! perform the doing of it.

"Short Journeys on a Long Road"

is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.
A copy of "Short Journeys on a Long Road" will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Lions Ate the Bear.

London Daily News: From Lemberg our Vienna correspondent learns that a terrible battle has been fought at the railway station at Rawaruska. A menagerie was being conveyed by rail and when the train stopped at the station a great noise was heard. The guards went to the wagons containing the wild beasts and found the wooden partitions which separated three lions from three hyenas broken down and the animals engaged in battle. One bear was missing, the lions had eaten him, skin and all. They had bitten another bear's paw off and a hyena lay dead on the floor. Two lions in a neighboring compartment remained calm. No one dared to interfere between the fighting beasts until the owner arrived in a sledge and separated them—not before he had been bitten by a bear, however. He claims damages from the railway administration because the partitions gave way.

FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT PAIN CAN BRING

ST. JACOBS OIL

As CURE IS KING; Alike with ACHEs in Everything.

A GREAT COUGH REMEDY.

Perhaps you may think that Scott's Emulsion is only useful to fatten babies, to round up the angles and make comely and attractive, lean and angular women, and fill out the hollow cheeks and stop the wasting of the consumptive, and enrich and vitalize the blood of the scrofulous and anæmic persons. It will do all this—but it will do more. It will cure a

Hard, Stubborn Cough

when the ordinary cough syrups and specifics entirely fail. The cough that lingers after the Grip and Pneumonia will be softened and cured by the balsamic healing and strengthening influences of this beneficent food-medicine, namely, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

Refuse substitutes. They are never as good.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

A Word About White Clover.

Professor Henry of the Wisconsin station is credited with the following: It is not advisable to sow white clover alone on land for hog pasture, but a mixture of several grasses, such as two bushels of blue grass, one bushel of orchard grass, one peck of timothy and four pounds of white clover seed. Sow this on three acres of ground, with a very light seeding of oats and barley, or better still, without any grain at all. It is suggested that the land be not pastured until the sod is well formed, and if the grass runs up tall that it may be cut for hay. No stock should be turned in on the field until the second season, unless a few weeks in the fall while the ground is dry. Thick seeding is urged.

Make Your Own Bitters:

On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Stekete's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. 35c. at your drug store. Address Geo. G. STRATZ, Grand Rapids, Mich.

If a woman has a nice looking pocket book to carry, she doesn't care whether she has any money or not.

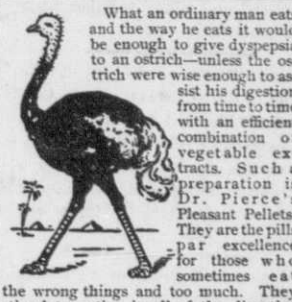
Notice.

Drs. H. H. Green & Sons of Atlanta, Ga., are the greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Cure more patients than the entire army of physicians scattered over this beautiful land of ours. A valuable discovery outside any medical book or published opinion. A purely vegetable preparation. Removes all dropsical symptoms rapidly. Ten days' treatment mailed to every sufferer. See advertisement in other column.

Only a brave man is afraid of a ghost of a murdered opportunity.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MacWiglow's SORCERER STRIP for Children Teething. Bright things are not always good things.



What an ordinary man eats and the way he eats it would be enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich—unless the ostrich were wise enough to assist his digestion from time to time with an efficient combination of vegetable extracts. Such a preparation is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are the pills par excellence for those who sometimes eat the wrong things and too much. They stimulate action in all of the digestive organs. They stop sour stomach, windy belchings, heartburn, flatulence and cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache and kindred derangements.

Once used they are always in favor.

Ely's Cream Balm

WILL CURE CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 16 Warren St., N. Y.