After several years of exorbitantly large profits the manufacturers of bicycles have been compelled to very largely reduce their prices. The public actually refused to longer pay \$100 for a machine which can be built for

one-quarter that amount.

A few makers saw this some time ago and put on the market chcaper machines at very greatly reduced prices which so cut into the business of the higher priced manufacturers that in pure self-defense they were compelled to bid good-bye to their old high prices.

Why should not the same thing oc-

eur with type-writing machines? They no doubt cost considerably less to produce than bicycles, and yet some of them are selling at the ridiculously high price of \$100. It is fair to infer that a machine which sells at \$50 costs

that a machine which sells at \$50 costs close to \$15 to manufacture.

If a few large department stores in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc., would arrange for large quantities to be manufactured for them by some one outside of a Trust the prices would come down to reasonable figures as have those of bicycles.

Built of Mother of Pearl.

One of the oddest of the many odd habitations to be found all over California belongs to a Chinese fisherman. It is part natural and part the work of of the house is a small cave in one of the many rocks that stick up all over the beach. The other part is a sort of wooden shed which has been built in front of this opening. The timber used is of the roughest kind, but the aesihetic Chinaman overcame this objection covering the whole outside with abalone shells, the hollow side being turned out. He evidently did his work many years ago, when the shells were plentiful and had scarcely any market value. Every shell used has been de-stroyed, as one or more nails have on driven through them according to their size. Some of the shells are magnificent in color and enormous in size. There is one at least fifteen inches in diameter, and a duplicate in good con-dition could not be bought in San Franshells, if they were not punctured with nail heles, would readily sell for from three to five dollars apiece. But that size cannot be had in the market now, and would be difficult to find on the rocks of any part of the coast. The general effect of the house, when the sun strikes it at the proper angle, is fazziing. The polished, pearly surfaces sparkle with astonishing brilliancy and flash with all the colors of the rainbow. It is a pleasing and surprising sight and the only pity is that so many heantiful shells were destroyed to pro-

Didn't Know Real Difficulty.
Diogenes looked a trifle bored at the question. "Of course," he said, "when I got that lantern and started out to serch for an honest man I was young and inexperienced. Up to that time—"
He gazed furtively over his shoulder,

'My wife had never sent me to hun for anything in the top right hand drawer of her bureau Na"-New

An insurance policy often makes a man more valuable after death than during life.

Next to an Approving Conscience,
A vigorous stomach is the greatest of mundane
blessings. Sound digestion is a guaranty of
quiet nerves, muscular elasticity, a hearty sippstite and a regular habit of body. Thoughnto
always a natural endowment, it may be acquired through the agency of Hostetion's Stomach Bitters, one of the most effective invigorants
and blood fertilizers in existence. This fine
tonic also fortifies those who use it against malaria, and remedies bisiousness, constipation
and rheumatism.

As pathetic a thing as one sees is a boy try-ing to be a dude on a \$2 a week salary.

Comfort Costs 50 Cents.

Irritating, aggravating, agonizing Tetter, Eezema, Ringworm and all other itching skin diseases are quickly cured by the use of Tet-terine. It is soothing, cooling, healing. Costs 50 cents a box postpaid—brings comfort at once. Address J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

Oho.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarch Cure is fakon internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surinces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold
by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The man who does the shouting is often rilling to let somebody else do the work.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children sething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma on, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c.a bottle You may lose your temper, but others will

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous ness after first day's use'of Dr. Klino's Grea Rerre Restorer. 22 trial bottle and trentise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phita, Pa.

Some people give so much good advice to others, they have none left for their own use.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equa as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Amorr, 883 Sen eca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1891.

What an immense amount of laziness there is going on in the name of poor health.



She-"What do you think of the way speak German?" He-"Oh, it beats Dutch."-Yonkers Statesman.

"Has Dr. Nansen any social standing?" "Dear me, yes. He moves in the highest circles."—New York Sun. He-You girls seem to be awfully fond of sweets. She—And you men seem to be awfully fond of sours.—Corell Widow.

Stern father-I hear you were out ambling last night. Is it true? Gay outh-No, sir; I was ahead.-New York Journal.

Beggar-Please, sir, I'm so exhausted I can't get my breath and— Gentle-man—Here's five cents; go and buy one.—Harlem Life.

Mr. New Hub--What does it mean when a bride promises to obey? Mrs. New Hub-Simply that she prefers not to make a scene.-Puck.

The doctor-It's twins, str. Young husband—I might have known it; it's my wife's theory that two can live as cheaply as one.—Tid-Bits.

"Treddle is jealous of his prerogatives, isn't he?" "What makes you say so?" "He got angry the other night and told me not to be a fool."-New York Sun,

"Do you think Skimer can make a living out there?" "Make a living!
Why, he'd make a living on a rock in
the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."-Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Spat-Your husband is an inentor, I believe? Mrs. Spotter-Yes. Some of his excuses for coming home late at night are in use all over the country.-Philadelphia North Ameri-

"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat. "No, thank you," said the girl with the skates on her arm; "I've been skating, and I'm tired sitting down."-Yonkers Statesman.

"If I didn't love my husband, I'd stab him to death!" exclaimed the warm-blooded lady from New Orleans. "I wouldn't," said the Chicago woman;
"I'd get a divorce and stick him for altmony."-Town Topics.

"And how did he die?" asked the lady who had come West to inquire after the husband she had lost. "Er-by request, ma'am," said the gentle cow-boy, as mildly and regretfully as possible.-Indianapolis Journal.

"Who is that young woman near the other end of the table talking about correct taste in art?" "Which young woman? There are several." "The one with the wooden toothpick in her mouth."-Chicago Tribune:

"Do you see anything coming our way?" asked the morning star of a companion. "Not yet," was the reply; "but I see a servant below there who is about to light her kitchen fire with kerosene."-Yonkers Statesman.

"It's perfectly absurd, this clamor about our hats. People who can't see over them would better not go to the theater." "I know; that's what I told my husband, and he said, 'All right, we won't go'; and we don't."-Bazar.

Simonsby-I have a chance to marry two girls; one is pretty, but a mere butterfly, as it were, and the other, though plain, is an excellent housekeeper. Mr. Rus of Chicago—Take the pretty one first.—Indianapolis Journal.

"How long have you been on this route?" asked the drummer of the conductor on a primitive Southern railroad. "Ten yeahs, suh." "Indeed! You must have gotten on several miles south of where I did."-Detroit Free

A young student lately presented himself for examination and ignomin-lously failed. To his family, anxious hear of his success, he telegraphed thus: "Examination splendid; profes sors enthusiastic. They wish for a sec-ond in October."—Tit-Bits.

Paul Revere's Weathtrook. You remember, of course, all abou Paul Revere and his wonderful ride—

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere." Well, some workmen have just been taking down a funny old weathercock from the steeple of an ancient Methodist church in Watertown, Mass, It was over two feet high, with a pewter body and a copper tail, and tradition says that it was made by Paul Revere when he was a young man. It will be pre-served by the historical society of the town, and if you ever make a visit there you may pay your respects to Paul



FIELDS OF ADVENTURE

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA

A Maine Woodsman Resorted to the Lasso to Subjugate an Infuriated Wildcat—A Crippled Boy Raced With Fire Down a Mountain to Save Human Lives When Zenas Pillsbury, of South Presque Isle, Me., left his home on Friday for a trip through the woods over Potawash Mountain to the valley, where he has a burting ledge his wife where he has a hunting lodge, his wife

"Zenas, you'd better take the big rifle along

"What for?" asked Zenas, who has been in the woods long enough to wish to be rid of firearms when they haven't any pressing use. "It's close time on moose and deer."

"I know," said the wife, "but on last Wednesday Henry Brooks got a bear over on the mountain, and they're ugly this time of year."
Pillsbury laughed at the woman's

fears and tramped away with a small coil of rope over his shoulder and a knife in his belt.

By noon Pillsbury was well over the

range, and was passing down the far-ther side into the valley, when his ears caught the sound of something that resembled the purring of a cat. He turned quickly to the right to look straight into the face of an "Indian devil," which is the woods name for a member of the cat tribe, panther-like, that sometimes drifts south from the great Canadian forests and kills sheep and runs away with children in North

Maine towns.

When Zenas was a young man his father had taken him West to grow up into a stout lad, who could ride a buckor lasso a steer at a gallop. Consequently in this critical moment Pills bury's nerve did not leave him. Looking the big cat in the face, swiftly he took down the coil of rope from his shoulder and, quicker than it can be told, made a slip-knot and a noose in one end of it. Then he began a gentle dance before the eyes of the beast, who gazed at him in a sort of fascination. Pillsbury's arm swung 'round and 'round, faster and faster until the long noose stood out stiffly and sung like a lash as it flew through the air.

Then Pillsbury cast it. The noose settled over the small head of the animal and was drawn fast so suddenly that escape was out of the question. The cat leaped backward with a snarl of anger, and bit at the choking line in

tree, with plenty of space about its foot. Toward that Pillsbury looked, and, when the cat was snarling at the rope, he leaped for the tree, the cat following. Pillsbury ran around the tree trunk with his end of the rope, and was close in the rear of the cat when the latter turned quickly and made for the man. This was just what Zenas wanted.

He pulled in his end of the rope, and

the cat was hung fast. The more the cat pulled and dragged to get at Zenas, the harder Zenas held the rope. For more than an hour man and cat swung about the tree trunk.

At first this was fun. But when the operation had continued for an hour

the woodsman became weary. To end it, only fight or strategy remained, Fighting a wildcat with a small knife isn't pleasant business, and Pillsbury chose the other method. Taking a grip on the rope, which field the cat around the tree, he picked up the slack and made another moose. This he cast made another noose. This he cast deftly over the head of the animal and drew it fast, still keeping his hold upon the main part of the rope. Then he dropped the rope and ran swiftly until out of range of the animal's claws. The cat was secured. Pillsbury left him there and went on to camp.

When he came back in the afternoon

the cat was gone, and so was the rope. -New York Press.

A Boy Hero With Wooden Legs Not far away from the Virginia line up in the mountains, thirty-five miles om everywhere, as a book agent once said of that part of the country. This bit of a boy about threet weeks ago heard that forest fires were sweep-

ing everything that would burn before them along the Virginia side of the mountains. One afternoon he climbed through the snow to the top of the mountain, one of the steepest of the Cumberland, and took a view of the fire-swept country below him. He was surprised to find the fire so flerce, and, as he watched, Tim saw that the red tongues were creeping on toward a little log cabin in which lived two old and helpless women, the Ober sis-ters, and their blind and crippled brother, who is one of the oldest men over on the other side. The lad realized that the house was a long way from any other farmhouse and knew that the people in the humble cot would find themselves powerless if they were left in the cabin until the they were left in the cabin until the fire got to their home. Without think-ing of how much suffering it meant to his poor aching limbs, Tim started down the rugged hillside on his peri-lous journey of heroism. He had a race with the fire, and twice fell from exhaustion and almost despaired of saving the old folks. But his indomi-table courage never flagged and he kept going. He reached the old homekept going. He reached the old home-stead just as the prairie fire was at-

acking the old frame crib.

He hurried into the house and inormed the old and thoroughly frightened people of their danger. It only took him a few minutes to hitch the forse to the sled, and the old man was helped on to this. The four drove on shelter at the nearest neighbors, leaving the fire to do its worst. The home of the old people was partly burned during the night, but the boy had gotten some of the neighbors to go and fight the fire, and they were able to save most of the cantents of the house.—Providence (R. I.) Jour-

daughter of a backwoodsman, tall and well formed, lithe as a panther and with the rustic beauty coming from a healthy outdoor life.

She lives with Charles Talsen and his wife in a cabin two miles from this place. They had wandered nearly half a mile from Talsen's home when Miss Moore sat down to rest beneath a shade tree while Elsie ran off to gather a bunch of daisies which she

saw nearby.
Suddenly Miss Moore was startled by a child's shriek of terror and in-stantly she ran toward the spot where the child had disappeared behind a thicket of laure!. When she reached thicket of laurel. When she reached the spot where Elsie lay on the ground she saw an immense eagle of the species which infest the Allegheny wilds, endeavoring with its great claws to drag the child from the

tround. The brave young woman never hesi-tated, but rushed forward to save her little cousin. As she approached the eagle rose, but suddenly swooped down upon Miss Moore and sank its claws in her right shoulder. It was

claws in her right shoulder. It was now a fight for her own preservation, and she grappled with the great bird. She was badly torn by the eagle's claws, but finally succeeded in grasp-ing it around the neck, and this, by strenuous efforts, she broke. Miss Moore was bleeding from many wounds, but, fortunately, none were serious, and she started home with Elsie, dragging the eagle with her. The bird measure eight feet from tip to tip.

The Century is a "Big Game" num-per, and one of the articles is "Hunting the Jaguar in Venezuela,"written by William Willard Howard. Mr.

There is no recognized way of hunting tigers with guns. Sometimes the hunters go out on horseback, particu-larly in the cattle districts of the Orinoco llanos and the valley of the Amazon, with dogs and Indian servants to drive up the game. Ostener the hunter lies in wait for the tiger to

approach a tethered calf.
When several hunters with guns go
out together there is serious peril, as
an incident I have in mind will show. A Venezuelan man of affairs, whom I know well, went to visit a friend on a coffee plantation, and incidentally to try a new rifle. The host called in two neighbors, and arranged a hunt. When the hunting party left in the morning the host's two young sons remained at home with three servants. Late in the afternoon, when the party re-turned, neither boys nor servants were to be seen. As the hunters roamed about the plantation, looking for the boys, they heard a crying in the top of a slender tree. The boys were in the tree, white with terror.

"What is the matter?" called the father. "Why are you in the tree?" "The tiger! the tiger!" shricked the boys. "A big female tiger is at the bottom of the tree." The tiger had been unable to climb so slender

The father pushed his way quickly through the bushes to shoot the tiger before it should escape. His friends followed slowly. In a few moments a shot was heard, and then a wild scream. The hunters rushed forward. Their friend and a big tiger were rolling on the ground together. They fired twelve times, as rapidly as they could work their magazine-rifles and

then tiger and man lay still.

Four bullets had entered the tiger and eight had pierced the body of the

A Bicyclist Lashed by Snakes. Alfred Allen, who canvassed for subscribers for weekly newspapers at Binghamton, N. Y., had a queer experience. He travels through the country on a bicycle and was riding down a hill on the road between Montrose and Great Bend, Penn., when he ran into a lot of rattlesnakes. saw the reptiles in the road ahead, but was going so fast that he could not stop. He realized that he stood a pretty good chance of being stung while going past them, as a rattlesnake is as quick as lightning to strike. The noise of the wheel had put them on the defensive and the rattles were giving that well-known warning to keep

away.
Allen saw that he was in for it, so taking his feet from the pedals and putting them up as far as possible he went coasting down the hill at a lively rate. As the bioycle passed the snakes twenty heads darted out and Allen soon felt them whipping him about the back and legs at every turn of the wheels. He became so excited that he paid little attention to the handle The wheel soon shied to one side of the road, dumping him over an embankment. When he got his equili-brium he picked up the wheel and found entwined about the spokes and sprocket chain a mass of dead rattle-snakes, crushed and torn into ribbons. He did not attempt to dislodge them, but waited until a farmer came along and took him and the wheel to Great Bend.—New York Sun.

'Alaska Indians Go Into Business.

Rev. John Duncan, missionary to Metlakahtla Indians in Northern Alaska, is not having things all his own way in the matter of trade up north. The Alaska Miner says that, the missionary may have builded bet-ter than he knew. Several Indians, acting in the spirit of emulation, have started stores of their own, and in some instances carry a stock of \$6000 to \$10,000. There are six stores of this description on their isl-

These educated Indians have arrived at the conclusion that there is money in commercial life, and have decided to compete with Mr. Duncan and his Portland capitalists. Mr. Duncan has met this competition, first by selling flour at \$1.25 a sack and then raising dock rates to \$3 per ton upon all goods not landed for his store. The ndians have determined to build dock of their own, and have announced that they will complete it this summer and allow any one to land there who

wishes to. This is no idle boast, as they have plenty of money and can pay cash for work they don't do themselves. Edu-Miss Bertha Moore and her little cational and religious movements on the island are being overshadowed by commercial matters. Rich free-miliment on the great black forest the other mountainside near Germanic, Penn. in the great black forest the other morning. Bertha Moore is the typical Chronicle. HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Gravy Receptacie. English houses is a gravy receptacle with underneath spirit lamp. The delicately seasoned sauce intended to be served how is decidedly unpalatable cold. To avoid this is the low wide silver pitcher with close-hinged cover fitted over the tiny lamp, and proving an ornament rather than otherwise to the modern table.

The Knack of Beating Eggs. A person who asserts that few cooks understand the knack of beating the whites of eggs says that the best beater is a wire whisk. Have the eggs cold, and add a pinch of salt to them before commencing to best. They should be light and dry, and that means to put air into them. So, at each stroke with the bester lift it from the eggs, and the work will be quickly accomplished.

Ideal Stuffing for a Fowl. A cooking-school teacher directs her class in cooking not to stuff a fowl for roasting according to any of the ordi-nary recipes which call for warm water with the crumbs, and which make a sort of poultice most objectionable to many tastes. Instead, she tells the pupils to mix one cup of stale bread crumbs with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one drop of onion extract, one-half teaspoonful of celery-salt. If too dry, add the yolk of an egg. Sweet marjoram and thyme may be used, and are preferable to sage.-New York

Danger in Naphtha

The free use of naphtha, it is known, is efficacious in preserving carpets from moths in closed houses, but this wholesale use of it which is necessary is not without serious danger. The fatal burning, last spring, of two la-dies from the igniting of the naphtha fumes in a drawing room saturated with the liquid for protective purposes is still a sufficiently fresh tragedy to enjoin caution. The house had been made ready for the summer closing, the inmates expecting to leave by an early train, but the lighting of the gas when evening came precipitated a casualty that changed all summer plans. A carpet dealer says that if the camphor balls of commerce are crushed fairly fine and spread under the edges of carpets and heavy rugs when they are overhauled in the spring, they may be left with confi-

Velvet in Table Decoration.

Velvets are now utilized by artistic hands for table decorations. The beautiful mirror velvets are so delicately soft, and come in such charming tints, that they make really a prottier back-ground for flowers than silk. A spring dinner table was decorated with silver gray velvet and daffodils. The shim-mering velvet was arranged in grace-ful, loose folds. The flower dishes were of glittering cut glass, and asparagus was mingled with the daffodils. Silver candlesticks and yellow shades were used. Other good combinations are straw-colored velvet, with sprigs of the fragrant pink arbutus and white china candlesticks and pink shades and pale blue velvet with white jonquils that have golden eyes. Searlet tulips and maiden's hair fern in low silver dishes with a ground of pale green velvet, would look well grouped out a silver lamp with a white shade. -St. Louis Star.

Rhubarb Tapioca—Soak overnight two-thirds of a cupful of tapioca. In the morning drain; add one cupful of water and cook the tapioca until it is water and cook the taploca until it is clear; add a little more water if necessary. Then add a sup and a half of finely sliced rhuberb, a pinch of salt and a large cup of suzar. Bake in moderate over an hour. Serve warm or cold and eat with sugar if liked very sweet. Very nice,

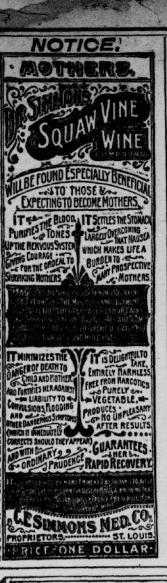
Strawberry Omelet-Whip up five ggs with half a saltspoon of salt, pour into a buttered fryingpan; when the eggs begin to harden, fill the centre with one box of strawberries that have been picked over, washed and sweet ened with half a cupful of sugar, pulverized, or a little more, if the berries are very tart; roll into shape, dish on old platter, sprinkle the omelet with pulverized sugar, place in hot oven to brown slightly. Serve immediately.

Mutton Baked with Mushrooms-Use one pound of cold cooked mutton, either boiled or roast, cut in thin, nice slices; sprinkle over them one-half easpoonful of salt, one-fifth teaspoon ful of pepper and a pinch of cayenne, and lay half of them on the bottom of a pie dish. Cover them with a cupful of mushrooms, which have been peeled, washed and sliced. Lay a ta-blespoonful of butter in small bits over them, add the rest of the sea soned mutton and pour over all one quarter of a pint of good gravy, or stock. Cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven an hour. A toothsome

Lemonade Syrup — Lemonade is economical if the opportunity of mak-ing a lemon syrup is seized when lem-ons are cheap. Grate the thin yellow ons are cheap. Grate the thin yellow rind of twelve large lemons over six pounds of granulated sugar. Add two quarts of water and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to a boil, and boil until it thickens, skimming as fast as the scum rises Add the juice of the twelve lemons an simmer fifteen minutes longer. Bot-tle and cork it tightly, and keep in a cool place. Two tablespoonfuls of this syrup will make a delicious glass of lemonade. A very convenient form in which to provide lemonade for pic-

Remarkable Timepiece.

If Talton, the Empress of Abys-sinia, does not know the exact time of day it is not the fault of France. The government of that country has just presented Menelek's imperial spouse with a timepiece, remarkable not only with a timeplece, remarkable not only for the precious metals and gems used in its manufacture, but also for the intricacies of its mechanism. It can repeat the miniftes as well as the hours, and indicates the days of the week and of the month and the phases of the moon on a callender gauged to run months. several centuries.





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