AUNT JEMIMA'S QUILT.

A miracle of gleaming dyes. Blue, scarlet, buff and green; O mo'er before by mortal eyes Such gorgeous hues were seen! So grandly was its plan designed, So cunningly 'twas built, The whole proclaimed a master mind-My Aunt Jemim i's quilt?

Each friendly household far and wide Contribu'ed its share; It chronicled the country side In colors quaint and rare. From belles and brides came rich brocade Enwrought with threads of gilt; E'en buxom widows leut their aid To Aunt Jemima's quilt.

No tapestry from days of yore, Nor web from Orient loom. But paled in beauteous tints before This strange expanse of bloom. Here glittering stars and comets shone O'er fl wers that never wilt; Here fluit red birds from worlds unknown. On Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Oh, merry was the quilting bee, When this great quilt was done; The raft rs rang with maiden : lee, And hearts were lost and won. Ne'er did a throng of braver men In war clash hi t to hilt, Then sought the smil-s of beauty then Round Aust Jemima's quilt.

This work of art my aunt esteemed The glory of the ag : No poet's eyes have . ver beamed More proudly o'er his page. Were other quilts to this compared, Her nose would upward tilt : Such impudence was seldom dared O'er Aun' Jemima's quilt.

Her dear old hands have gone to dust That once were lithe and light; Her needles keen are thick with rust, That flashed so rimbly bright. And here it li s by her behest, Stained with the tears we spilt, Safe folded in this cedar chest-My Aunt Jemima's quilt. -[Samuel Minturn Peck, in New England Magazine.

LOWRY'S WIDOW.

BY FRED L. FOSTER.

It was certainly very unfortunate for Lowry that he should " have died at that particular time. Had the unwelcome event occurred a month before it would not have mattered so much; but now, just as he had struck it rich and had written East for his wife to come on and share his good fortune, it was, to say the least, very exasperating. But he was dead, beyond a doubt, and likewise variously scattered, the result of too close intima--cy with a premature blast.

The miners gathered up his visible remains and buried them with que solof the widow.

here's to the widder!"

what way he imparted the melancholy The fascingtion that Mrs. Lowry had information his companions never could exercised upon Jerry, and all in the short learn.

depressin', I'm tellin' you."

all who saw her.

out from the room.

hastily arose and went to her room.

talking to Jerry, and dubiously shaking love and liquor. his head. "Now, where did she git impressed Jerry most painfully.

'Fac' is," he replied, "these here women back with an oath, and at the same time is 'stonishin'; me an' you don't know no he heard an exclamation of surprise. more 'bout 'em than they do of tun'is, A man stood before him and in the drif's and winzes. I reckon that big bright starlight Jerry could see that it trunk of hern was full of clo'es an' she was Bradford, the gambler. Jerry's come pervided for ever' contingency. Of hand went to his pistol. "What you course, she couldn't a knowed as how doin' here, an' at this time o' night?" Lowry had flunked till I told 'er; an' she yelled Jerry, in a voice like the explodid carry on amazin', I tell you.'

That mourning costume was the seed from which sprang curiosity, doubt and finally suspicion. Mrs. Lowry took pos-and striking him a blow in the face that session of the little cabin in which her sent him sprawling. But even as the husband had lived, and there she slept blow was struck Jerry thrust his right. and did her own cooking. She seldom hand upward and forward, there was a showed herself except to attend to busi-blaze of fire and the still night became ness in connection with the sale alive with the reverberating echoes of a remains and buried them with due sol-emnity; then they waited for the advent showed a feverish anxiety to close. But Headlong

exclamations of astonishment and de- out into the night. The stars were shinlight, pressed forward to the bar. "Fellers," said Jerry, with the air of mountain atmosphere; the air was cool one who had just discovered a rich and sweet, and high up on the mountain "pocket" of the yellow metal; "fellers, side the tall pines were peacefully dreaming in the shadows. But the glories of

An hour later Mrs. Lowry accom- the night had no attractions for Jerry. panied Jerry to Jim's cabin, and on the His mind dwelt solely upon the widow, way up the trail he broke to her the sad and irresistibly his feet turned up the news of her husband's death. But in narrow trail that led to her cabin.

space of one week, was a thing that he

"Fac' is, fellers," he had said in reply could not comprehend. Her beauty, her to their questions, "it makes me creepy magnetism, the scent of her clothing, to think about it, she took on that terrible; but I let 'er down easy as posser- with which she invariably addressed ble. Thought she faint sure, 'special' him, all had conspired to infatuate him when I showed her where Jim was completely. For the last three days he chucked. Her carryin' on was mighty had gone about under a spell; had he

been hypnotized he could not have been The next morning the widow, who more completely subject to her influence. had sat down at the supper-table the The thought of her going away was to evening of her arrival in a gown of soft- him something worse than death. The toned gray that at once took all the camp, the mine, the blue sky above boarders captive, surprised every one by him, all his surroundings, had appearing arrayed in a somber robe of merged themselves into that one mourning. Her face was pale and sor- woman, and with her exit they rowful, and there was a sadness in her would melt away and leave him voice that excited the deep sympathy of the centre of a black and dismal void. Such was his feeling; and, being by na-All but one. Bradford, the "gentle- ture unintelligent and coarse, it served man gambler," whose dark eyes and only to madden and brutalize him. It long black mustache had dawned upon was a short time in which to be metamorthe camp a few months before, wore a phosed from a freeman into a slave, from scowl as he got up from the late break- a thoughtless, contented, hardworking fast table. He had caten slowly, if in- miner into a worrying, surly. miserable deed he had eaten anything at all. The miners had breakfasted long before; only a few business men, gamblers and idlurs ware at the table idlers were at the table, and one by one -that he was about to lose her. But men they finished their meal and departed, of intelligence, refinement and wide exuntil only he and the widow remained. As he passed her chair on his way out had their heads turned in even a shorter he stopped and hurriedly whispered: time and have done even erazier things "Fool! what are you doing with that than he. He no longer puzzled himself dress on? Were you supposed to know over the question of her identity. Was that you were a widow when you she in truth Lowry's widow? He did started? And if not, how do you ex- not know, but neither did he now care. pect to account for that dress between | Had he seen that face before? Possibly, last night and this morning?" Then, but if he had it was now a matter of inwith a suppressed oath, he strode angrily difference to him when or where or under what circumstances. He could not let The widow looked frightened. She her go away, or if she went he was determined to go with her. And so he The landlord, out on the porch, was stumbled on up the trail, aflame with

It was hours past bedtime and there them duds?" he said in a manner that was no light in the window as Jerry made the turn in the trail that brought The latter slowly worked his jaws, ex-pectorating in gloomy silence. At last, he collided with an object; he started

sion of a blast.

"You sneaking spy, take that!" cried

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BABY'S WISH2S. Somebody thus describes a baby's wants: I want that long sunbeam

--- I wish I could walk I want the canary

---- I wish I could talk! I want to roll over.

-I think I will try! I want my dear mamma,

--- I'm glad I can cry! [St. Louis Star-Sayings.

TEACH THE CHILD A SONG.

Encourage your little ones to sing. Music lessens care and heartache. Often the words of a song, the sweet melody, linger in the heart after the voice silent, and keep alive the courage which has almost died; anxiety and heart pain returned .- [St. Nicholas. cause heart disease, and after that quickly comes death. Song sweetens toil, and it is imperative that parents and teachers should aim to increase this means of happiness for the children, if for no other reason than to strengthen their minds and hearts for the labors to be borne in mature years.

THE GRACE WAS TOO LONG.

There is a little chap up on Price Hill who will make trouble in religious circles some of these days if he is not systematically trained in "the way he should go." He was over at his grandfather's for dinner yesterday, and sat buckled in the old high chair ready for the onslaught. His grandfather, a reverent old gentleman, and one of the worthiest of the world, bent his snowy head and began his usual lengthy grace. Sammy never relishes those famous graces at best, and when, just in the middle of this extra long one for company, the old gentleman paused deliberately and yawned several tedious times, the infant could staud it no longer. Leaning over, he tapped him on the arm with his big spoon and whispered energetically:

"Det a move, dranpa-det a move for dracious sake-I's hungy as a bear !" Grandpa "got a move."-[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

THE SPIDER'S ENEMY.

A writer gives an interesting account of the curious habits of the ichneumonfly of Ceylon, the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color, and in form resembles a wasp, with a marvellously thin waist. It makes its nest of well-worked clay, and then goes out on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment. A scientific sting injects some poison which effectually paralyzes the luckless spider, who is then carried off to the nest and there fastened

with a dab of moist clay. Another and another victim is brought f the widow. But not without much misgiving. How would they meet her? And who of their is here, and half the camp were mad-to the men, and half the camp were mad-single cry—"O, God!" And there he legs in a vague, aimless manner, but can plan afford no resistance. This done, the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more clay and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner, and closes; then she adds yet another cell, and so proceeds till her store of eggs are all provided for, and, her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure. Indue time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a larder of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive, and his juices afford nutriment for the ichneumon-grub, till it is ready to pass into its chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly, fully prepared to carry out the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders, and to fulfil the purpose for which they have been created, according to ichneumon belief. -[Leisure Hour.]

fork, the old man gradually raises the end of the spear. Out comes a black nose, then there is a flapping and splashing of fins and powerful tail, and the first salmon is caught. Quickly the old man draws the fish to the side of the canoe, lifts it on board, caught and held firmly by the stout jaws. "It is released, and lies upon the bottom of the canoeonly a four-pounder. Only a fourpounder, the smallest one of the whole crowd, when plenty of them looked as big as stove-pipes! And there was one, much bigger than any of the rest, which looked fully four feet long. Sometimes, when those big fellows do get caught, the spearman lets go entirely, and when the fish is exhausted with the violence of its efforts, it may be easily drawn in. It would be hard to say which is more excited over the capture-the stranger, who never saw such a thing done before, or the old man, to whom all the enthusiasm of his younger days seems to have

as he would lift a load of hay on a pitch-

WITHOUT A LARYNX.

Remarkable Effort at Speech With a Closed Windpipe.

Fourteen months ago Dr. J. Solis-Cohen of Philadelphia, in an operation for the removal of cancer, cut away his patient's larynx and closed up the windpipe. The man breathed through a tube inserted in the operation of tracheotomy. He has recently acquired speech with his windpipe closed. Dr. Solis-Cohen is the throat specialist of Jefferson College, and the operation of cutting away the larynx was performed at his clinic. The man on whom the operation was performed was then and is still an inmate of the Philadelphia Hospital.

Six months after the operation was performed Dr. Solis-Cohen noticed the man making guttural sounds. Wondering how they were made, he examined the movements of the man's mouth, and the process of the sound's formation was explained. The man drew the air into his mouth and down his throat to where it was sewed together, and then, com-pressing it, forced it out between the throat muscles, which, acting as the vocal chords, produced the sounds.

At the annual meeting of the Ameri-can Laryngological Association in New York Dr. Solis-Cohen exhibited the man to the best known throat specialists in The United States. They pronounced it one of the most wonderful feats of modern laryngological surgery. The man sang for them, and talked so that they could distinctly hear his voice thirty feet away. Dr. Solis-Cohen had intended to exhibit the man's larynx, which was removed whole and preserved, to the association, but, unfortunately, it arrived too late.

Dr. Solis-Cohen, who asked for an account of the case, said : "I found the man in the Philadelphis Hospital over a year ago suffering from cancer of the larnyx. The disease had advanced to such a stage that it was necessary to adopt heroic measures, and I determined to out istol shot. Headlong down the steep trail, over to this chamber of horrors. Then the larnyx out. As patients in such cases usually die after the operation of pneumonia caused by the mucus and pus running down into the ynx I opened his windpipe and inserted a tube, so that he could breathe. Then I sewed it up tightly between the aperture and the larynx and performed the operation. No mucus could possibly get down into the lungs, and I was well pleased with the result of the operation. Of course, I never anticipated this curious result. The wounds healed nicely, and all communication between his lungs and mouth ceased. One day about six months ago, when I was talking to him in the hospital, I noticed he was attempting to talk, and was succeeding in making some sounds. Asking him if he could do this at will, he replied that he could, and so I encouraged him to continue his efforts. He gradually learned to use his throat muscles with better results, and now, considering the condition he is in, talks remarkably well. The aperture in his throat, too, healed nicely, and he only uses the tube in the daytime now, taking it out when he goes to bed at night. The man is a teamster, about 50 years old, and, up to the time of the development of the cancer, was a healthy man,--[New York Sun,

TRUMPET CALLS.

flam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

> CTIONS are deas in motion. BACK BITERS have sharp teeth. EVERY enemy the Christlan has is a giant. GOLDEN ODDORtunities fly low, but they fly swift. THE first thing

man ever needed was a Savior. IT takes a knowledge of God to tell

maa what he is.

SAYING good-bye to our sins one at a time is slow work.

THE man who is resting in God is always busy for Christ.

WHOEVER opposes truth is bound to come out a loser by it.

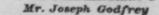
THE place for the revival to begin is in the preacher's heart.

MEN are most like Christ when they are suffering for him.

THE man who thinks as Christ did will try to do as Christ did.

The Queerest of Railroads.

One of the queerest railroads on this continent is the Salisbury and Havey, in New Brunswick. It is but twenty miles long, and although it connects with the Intercolonial Road, an admirably constructed line, it is confessedly unsafe. A printed notice hung up in the cars cautions passengers that it is well to get out and walk on reaching a certain bridge, and it was long the custom to push the cars over this crazy structure before the mighty engine was trusted upon its rotten timbers.



" 10,000 Needles

Seemed to be sticking in my legs, when I was suffering with a terrible humor, my legs being a mass of running sor-s from kness down. I was urged to take MOOD'S SAR-SAPARILLA and is a short time I was Hood's parfills Cures

porfectly oured. I am an eld sallor, aged 74, in the best of health, thanks to Hood's." Jos. Generaty, Sallors' Snug Harbor, Staten Idand, N. Y. Hand's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, as

embarrassing task of informing her that dred thousand, if a cent, and which she was a widow?

They talked it all over that night in front of Pete Simpson's bar. "Fac' is, fellers," said Ore eyed

Jerry, the autocrat of the camp, as he turned his solitary optic on the crowd, Leave it to me, fellers, and I'll let 'er do vn as soothin' as possible." And with a deep feeling of relief, that found expression in another round of red liquor, the miners left it to Jerry.

In due course of time a letter addressed to James Lowry in a shaky, femopened by Lowry's self-appointed executors. It was from Mrs. Lowry, and from it they learned that she would not arrive for several weeks.

One day, about six weeks after the re- for him aloue. But with his companof a dress inside. At once all was excitement.

"She's come!" they exclaimed. "Where's Jerry?"

Jerry, who was seated at a table in the barroom, reluctantly laid down a "pat hand" and reached the outside in time to assist the lady from the stage, awkwardly lifting his hat as he did so.

"Mrs. Lowry, I reckon," said Jerry, as she alighted.

The lady threw back the veil from her face, smiled and answered :

"Yes. Where's my husband?"

The crowd that had gathered inquisifell back astounded; not at the question, but at the woman who asked it. Lowry was tifty years old, if a day, at the time he was so unceremoniously fired out of existence. He had never spoken much about his wife, whom he had left in the East fully ten years before, yet from familiarity with Jim's age, his homely face, and still more homely ways, the miners had formed the impression that his wife appearance. But here she was before them, a woman of possibly thirty, plump and shapely, with a face that was simply bewitching. She was absolutely her eye and mouth that seemed to indicate that she knew it.

The smile disappeared and she looked Jerry somewhat anxiously. "Why start on her return trip East. isn't Mr. Lowry here to meet me?" she asked.

There was a painful pause. The min-ers looked at Jerry and Jerry looked at his boots.

an' I'll take you over to see Jim later."

soom that had been fitted up for her knock some sense into him."

Lowry had fortunately located in her name, she could have married any one of

"Fac' is, it's a tough job, but it's got to be done, an' I'll do it, if it takes a leg. right-hand man, was alternatively exul-tant and depressed. He became her right-hand man, was alternatively exul-tant and depressed. He became her John, what has happened?" And thus deepest shaft on the mountain side if she had asked him to; and yet he was much of the time troubled and perplexed. Gradually he became imbued with the idea that he had seen Mrs. Lowry before; but where or when, he vainly cudgeled inine hand and postmarked Harrisburg, his brain to remember. And so he went Pennsylvania, arrived in camp and was about, doing her bidding, feeling amply rewarded by the smiles she showered upon him, her light, jesting talk, of which he only was the recipient, and her friendly, familiar ways, that were kept

ception of this letter, as the stage rat- ions he had become moody, taciturn, tled up to the single so-called hotel of even irritable. He neglected his claim, the little Tuolumne mining camp, the loungers on the porch caught the glimpse Jim's cabin, choring for the widow, running errands and negotiating with Tom Carroll, the wealthiest mine owner in all that region, for Mrs. Lowry's mine.

From an offer of \$50,600 Carroll stuck.

"It's like stealin' it, an' you know it," exclaimed Jerry, wrathfully.

"It's all I can stand," was the bland reply. "If the widow can get more, all right; I shan't begrudge her the money.'

And Carroll turned away. The widow was eager to accept the amount offered.

The crowd that had gathered inquisi-tively, but respectfully, about the stage fall heads astronomed at the stage derry. "It's a fortun' in itself. You can get what the mine's worth if you don't rush so blame' fas'. You got all summer before you. Ketch me lettin' that swindlin' Carroll get away with the mine like that; it's worse'n stage robbin'l'

But the widow was obdurate. She must return cast; she needed money at the bar. "Fellers, fac' is, women is unonce; she had left a dear sister almost must be a woman of forty or forty-five the mine if she kept it; and if Carroll Examiner. on her death bed; she couldn't manage and equally angular and unimpressive in should change his mind she would not probably be able to sell it at all-a dozen other reasons that came promptly and plausibly from her persuasive lips.

And so, exactly one week from the day

ions let him severely alone. For three prairie fires. The heath hen used to be hours he sat at a poker game, and during luck; since the widow came he's got to ficed to Mammon" during one nesting be a blinkin' ijet. He ought to swaller season, and even allowing for exaggera-With apparent reluctance Mrs. Lowry a few ounces of of nitro-glycerine an' tion the extent of the slaughter is beyond followed the hotel proprietor to the then set down hard on a rock; it might question. The remedy is not easy to

The shock of the blow and of his fall and the report of the pistol instantly cleared away the fumes from Jerry's the magnates of the camp off-hand with- brain; but before he could arise he heard. in two days after her arrival, if she had been so disposed. Jerry, whom she had selected as her slave, and would have jumped down the calling and running in a few seconds Mrs. Lowry was down the trail stooping over the two prostrate forms sobbing, moaning and crying for help.

Jerry, ashamed, half-frightened, closed his eyes and lay quiet. The widow, shuddering, gave him a glance and then flung herself upon Bradford's body. And there she lay fondling his bloody face, mingling her frantic kisses with curses upon the man who shot him, until at last she fainted.

Jerry was no coward ; but the unexpected meeting, with its tragical result, had unnerved him ; he got up and stealthily hurried away. Besides, her words had cut him to the heart. Her curses, her scorn, her vindictive raging -these he could not stav to face.

Suddenly he stopped and abruptly flung his hand to his head. Like a flash that face and form were again before finally rose to \$70,000, and there he him, but in other surroundings than these

> "Great flumes !" he exclaimed, as he gazed blankly up at the stars; "it's Mandie Le Brunt, the sharpest female in all Sacramento!

> The papers were not made out the next day. That morning a woman, closely veiled, climbed into the out-going stage at a point below the camp; and that very afternoon another woman, plainly dressed, with streaks of gray in her hair and a face that indicated years of patient toil and sadness and trouble, was gently assisted from the stage at the hotel door. And it was Jerry who helped her to alight.

> "Fellers," he said, as a few moments a dozen or more miners crowded up to certain, but they can't fool us allers. Here's to the widder! "-[Sau Francisco

Exterminating Our Birds.

Mr. John Worth, in The Nineteenth handsome and there was an expression in of her arrival, the bargain was conclud. Century, gives some striking facts about ed. The next day the papers were to be the rapid extermination of the birds of prepared and the transfer duty made, and North America. The advent of the plough the following day Mrs. Lowry was to and the frame hut of the settler is gradually driving the feathered tribe from its Jerry was in an ugly mood that even-ing, and even his most intimate compan- old haunts, and what nests are spared by the plough are too ten destroyed by seen in autumn in packs of from 100 tc his boots. "Fac' is, ma'am," he finally said, as he slowly twirled his greasy hat with one hand, "Fac' is, Jim's—a ailin'. Bin workin', you know, gettin' ready fer you, an'—an'—sorter down with a fever or somethin'. Fac' is, he's—but say! You must be tired an' hungry; thurs's a room 'er you in this here hote! all that time he did not utter a word, 200 birds in each; now the number in a weeks before and sacredly kept unoccu-pied evar since, while the crowd, with from the gaming table he stalked straight store. Ar. Worth suggests an act of Congress to prevent bird destruction throughout the United States.

SPEARING A SALMON.

All being ready, the old man steps aboard with the spear, and takes his place in the bow. The torch in front is lighted, and with a crackle like the frying of grease the flame leaps' upward, and with its yellow glare lights up the bushes, the nearer tree-trunks, and the surface of the water. Quickly stepping in also, the stern-man, with a long pole in lieu of paddle, gives a push or two, and the canoe glides out on the surface of the pool. But it is too quickly done, for the pool, shallow there, is lighted to the very bottom as with the light of day, and several huge black objects move away into the deep and somber places. With a splash the spear is quickly thrust down into the water after a departing shadow, but it is too late. Then the canoe is cautiously driven toward the deeper place at the head of the pool, and as it nears the other end, one, two, six, ten, twenty great shadowy

forms dart, one after the other, toward the foot of the pool, past them. Down goes the spear, not with a splash, but with a steady thrust. It strikes the bottom, but the fish is already several feet away, and it is drawn back empty. Several times this happens. Has the old man lost his former skill? Soon he suspects that the new pole, like a bright streak moving toward them, frightens them.

A new supply of bark is needed, so they return to the camp. The spear is held over the fire until it is blackened from end to end and is no longer conspicuous. So confident is the old hunter of getting a fish, that he makes ready to eat him at once. He pokes up the fire, throws on some fresh wood, and sets a kettle of water to boil. He peels some potatoes, which he has brought along perhaps for the very purpose), and puts them into the water.

Meanwhile the salmon have recovered, doubtless, from their first scare. So, with a fresh supply of torches, they start tween December, 1763, and December again,-this time with more deliberation, 26, 1767. It is the parallel of latitude for the long black pirogue has not en-tered the length of itself upon the pool, tered the length of itself upon the pool, north. The line as laid out began at before down goes the spear. Hand over the northeast corner of Maryland, and hand it is pushed, and, it seems, will | runs 244 miles due west. The importnever stop. It reaches the sandy bottom and sticks there. It sways as if some-thing is tugging at the end of it. Then, ritory before the war.-[New York Sun.

A FOSSIL FIND.

Discovery of a Wonderful Mammoth Reptile in Colorado.

That mammoth fossil discovered on the banks of the Montezuma Creek, in Colorado, is not a myth. 'The work of excavation is now going on under the direction of an agent of Yale College, which has secured the remains. The reptile (for so it is classed), judging from its vertebræ, ribs, etc., must have been at least 100 feet long. The ribs measure 18 inches in width. The bones were embedded in a hillside of coarse sandstone, and distributed over a space of 600 feet. Some of them have been taken out weighing a few pounds and others hundreds of pounds. Prof. O. C. Marsh, of Yale, writes to

the Colorado Sun as follows: "If anywhere near as large as represented the animal is probably a dinosaur from the jurassic, perhaps similar to the one I named atlantosaurus, which was found near Morrison in your State. Other specimens nearly allied have been found near Canyon City in the same formation. Other large reptiles have been found in the cretaceous especially in Colorado and Wyoming, but none are known from the carboniferous. I have myself never been in the immediate region where the new fossil is said to have been found, but the jaurassic is well developed east and north of there, making it probable that it may exist in the locality named .-[Portland Oregonian. -

"Mason and Dixon's Line."

It is the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland and Virginia, surveyed by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon be-39 degrees, 43 minutes and 26.3 seconds ance of the line was due to the fact that



Positively cure Bilious Attacks, Constipation, Sick-Headache, etc. 25 cents per bottle, at Drug Stores. Write for sample dose, free.

J.F. SMITH & CO., From-New York.

German Syrup

JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."-Take no substitute.



SCRATCHED TEN MONTHS

me to scratch for ten months, and was cured by a few days' use of S.S.S. M. H. WOLFF, S.S.S. Upper Mariboro, Md.



I was cured some years ago of White Sw my leg by using S.S.S. and have had no mptoms of re S.S.S. turn of the dis ease. Many prominent physicians at me and failed, but S. S. S. did the work.

PAUL W. KIRKPATRICK, Johnson City, Tes Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY,