

"Do you believe the theory that character is determined to some extent by what we eat and drink?" "I do." "Then a person who drinks sage tea is likely to develop into a philosopher, I suppose."—Boston Globe.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 50c per bottle.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the airs of a saint.—L'Avator.

The True Laxative Principle Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral-oil solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father, of virtue.—Sir P. Sidney.

Tobacco-Twisted Nerves. Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It is not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac, sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

In the North Atlantic States a little over one-fourth of the population is of foreign birth.

Notice. I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Optum and Whisk/ habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 331, and one will be sent you free.

Detroit, Mich., has now a three-cent trolley line, with forty miles of track.

Hindereen is a Simple Remedy. But it takes out a crum, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c at druggists.

Love is simple in sentiment and complex in action.

We have not been without Lizzio's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIO FERRAZ, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

Heroism—the divine relation which, in all times, unites a great man to other men.—Carlyle.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first trial. Marvellous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 161 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

If the Mediterranean should evaporate to the extent of 100 feet Italy would be joined to Africa.

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

The personal pronoun "I" should be the coat-of-arms of some individuals.—Lilivaro.

Keeps You Poor. Indigestion keeps men poor. It mingles the clearest brain. You think it is something else, but—time flies in ten—the trouble is in the digestive tract. One Rixons' Tablets gives relief, and their occasional use keeps you right. Ask your druggist for them.

The Indian name Ammonocous means "Fish Story River."

Dr. KIMBLE'S SWAMP-ROOT cures all kidney and bladder troubles. Pamphlet and One Rixons' Tablets free. Laboratory, Birmingham, N. Y.

The most amiable people are those who cast wounding the self-love of others.—Brydner.

Mothers Who Use Parker's Glycer Tonic find that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress.

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heaven in his soul.—Becher.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

"Some folks maintain," remarked Bass between puffs, "that in the next world we shall follow the same occupations as in this." "And in this world," said Mrs. B., "you are smoking incessantly."—Boston Transcript.

Tired Women

Nervous, weak and all worn out—will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is full or bilious it will cause queer feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

SOUTHERN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

LYNCHBURG, VA.

NEARLY 100 STUDENTS LAST YEAR. Thoroughly PRACTICAL Commercial Course, with complete Banking and Office Department. FORTY-AND TYPE-WRITING. Tuition free. Both sexes admitted. No vacations. Expenses moderate. Write for catalogue and journal.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Surpassing Splendor."

TEXT: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard."—I Corinthians ii, 9.

"I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to her heavenly home, and as it is not nature as well as Christianly appropriate that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in 1st Peter, I have chosen:

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonderland. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one separating the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out, and contended the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on the other across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tax from all Nations.

The birth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous decorations. Columns and statues and temple bewildered the beholder. There were marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, the rushing waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these fountains, twisted into wreaths of architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules, the shielded Corinthian brass, the yellow terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthiars," patrolled the streets, and no one dared to deface, no pedestal overthrow, no base reliefs touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1000 slaves waited at an shrine), and a citadel, thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rusties who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that the world has ever known, and they had seen the most magnificent things that the world has ever known. They had heard the most beautiful music that the world has ever known, and they had seen the most magnificent things that the world has ever known. They had heard the most beautiful music that the world has ever known, and they had seen the most magnificent things that the world has ever known.

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LIFE WITH THE HOBOES.

What the Tramp Eats and the Eccentric Togs He Wears.

As a rule, the "poke out" beggar has but one meal a day, and it is usually breakfast. This is the main meal with all vagabonds, and even the lazy tramp makes frantic efforts to find it. Its quantity as well as its quality depends largely on the kind of house he visits. His usual breakfast, if he is fairly lucky, consists of coffee, a little meat, some potatoes, and "punk an' plaster," as he calls bread and butter. Coffee, more than anything else, is what every man of his kind wants early in the morning.

The clothes of the "poke out" beggar are not much, if any, better than his food. In summer he seldom has more than a shirt, a pair of trousers, a coat, some old shoes and a battered hat. Even in winter he wears little more, especially if he goes South.

While I lived with him I wore these same "togs." I shall never forget my first tramp suit of clothes. The coat was patched in a dozen places, and was nearly three sizes too large for me; the vest was torn in the back, and had but two buttons; the trousers were out at the knees, and had to be turned up in London fashion at the bottom to keep me from tripping; the hat was an old Derby, with the crown dented in numerous places; and the only decent thing I had was a flannel shirt. I purchased this rig of an old clothes man, and thought that it would be just the thing for the road, and so it was, but only for the "poke out" tramp's road. The hoboos laughed at me and called me "hoodoo," and I never got in with them in any such way. Nevertheless, I wore it for nearly two months, and so long as I associated with lazy beggars only, it was all right.

It is by no means uncommon to see a "poke out" vagabond wearing some sort of garment which belongs to a woman's wardrobe. He is so indifferent that he will wear anything that will shield his nakedness, and I have known him to wear the world at his feet. One day I saw a fellow who had lost his shirt somewhere and for almost a week went about with only a coat between his body and the world at large. Some of his pals, although they were of his own class, told him that he ought to find another one and the more he delayed it the more they labored with him. One night they were all gathered together at a "hang out," not far from Lima, Ohio, and the odd fellow was told that night they would take away his coat also. He begged and begged, but they were determined, and as he did not show any intention of doing as he was bidden, they relieved him of his jacket. And all that night and the following day he was actually so lazy and stubborn that he would not yield and would probably be there still, in some form or other, had his pals not relented and returned him the coat. As I said, he went for nearly a week without finding a shirt, and not once did he show the least shame or embarrassment. Just at present I understand that he is in limbo, wearing the famous "zebra"—the penitentiary dress. It is not popular among tramps and they seldom wear it, but I feel that the old rascal, in spite of the disgrace and inconvenience that his confinement brings upon him, is tickled indeed that he is not bound to find his own clothes.

Something of a Coincidence.

A ludicrous incident recently took place in Liverpool. There are two brothers who parted many years ago when boys—one of them going to America to seek his fortune, and the other remaining in Liverpool to make it. They have both been eminently successful in that respect, and not long ago the brother in America determined to visit the brother in England.

The time of his visit was settled by correspondence, and the American set sail. The Englishman is a notorious wag, and arranged that an acquaintance should meet the American as his brother and conduct him to the hotel. The American, who was also a great wag, on the trip decided to play exactly the same joke on his brother, asking an acquaintance whom he met on the ship to personate him for a few hours.

The acquaintance entered into the spirit of the joke, and when the vessel arrived at Liverpool he was found by the personator of the English brother and driven to the hotel. The real American brother followed more leisurely, chucking over his joke.

In the meanwhile the English brother had also gone to the hotel, bursting with merriment over his joke. It happened that the two real brothers met in the lobby of the hotel, and though they had been parted so many years, they knew each other.

At first, with blank amazement they greeted each other; and then, as they explained their mutual jokes, laughed long and heartily. But the climax was yet to be reached. An explanation in regard to the gentleman who had personated them, and who were now, as they imagined, playing a huge joke on each other, showed that they also were brothers, who had been separated from boyhood, but who did not know each other when they met. The first pair of brothers hurried up to their sitting-room, and after the situation had been explained all round, the comedy of errors was pleasantly ended by an old-fashioned English dinner.

Tradition asserts that a certain oak tree of Palestine grew from a sprout which Cain, planted on the day before he killed Abel.

REVEALED IN A DREAM.

How a Doctor Diagnosed a Case and Cured His Patient.

One of the most unaccountable adventures in the phenomena of the lives of the physicians ever recorded was related by Dr. Charles Bockman, of Astoria, L. I., at a meeting of the American Medical Society in this city Tuesday afternoon. The scientific men present were much interested in the strange freak of nature the practitioner disclosed. They believe it new and valuable evidence regarding the much-discussed opinions on the conditions of the mind or brain in sleep, which is also a subject of strong human interest.

"It seems to me," said Dr. Bockman, after introducing the subject to his listeners in a formal manner, "that it is a truly remarkable occurrence when a physician makes a clear diagnosis of a mysterious malady in dreamland. Yet I have done so—and done so to my utter amazement. When, purely characteristic instinct, I examined into my dream and found it as a spokesman of fact, I was stricken speechless, but since I have come to the conclusion that the phenomenon is not mysterious or even strange, I was called to attend a little baby suffering the most rigid spastic convulsions, the cause for which I found impossible to discover. I first saw the poor little infant on Sunday and by Tuesday had become perfectly nuptious as to what to do for it, further than to administer temporary relief. I thought of nothing else than the poor little one's sufferings all day Monday, and retired that night with the child's remarkable symptoms mentally photographed on my mind.

"Tuesday morning when I arose I had been to see the little patient in a dream; had discovered the trouble and conceived a simple treatment for its cure, which I had administered with entire success. Upon calling at Mrs. Lockwood's, the child's mother, this morning, I stepped to the corner of the room in which the cradle stood, and raising the infant's foot observed the little rose-colored spot I had seen in my dream. In an instant, almost before I knew what I was doing, I drew a slender pointed lancet from my pocket and quickly punctured the spot, when out came a needle three-fourths of an inch long, head first."—New York Morning Journal.

"My mamma got over so many falls when she was learning to ride the bicycle yesterday," explained the little girl to the caller, "and that's why she's so long coming down. She's got the blues all over her."—Chicago Tribune.

A PARALYTIC CURED.

His Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation is Cured—The Method.

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He went to bed one night about six years ago, seemingly in robust health. When he awoke his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves.

The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting particulars in his own way:

"The first shock came very suddenly while I was asleep, but it was not lasting in its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and drenched with rain, I went home to a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless.

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, although it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took warning, for, in all probability, a third would carry me off.

"Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to no effect.

"The only thing I found that helped me was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I verily believe that if it hadn't been for those pills I would have been dead years ago.

"I still have a slight reminder of the last attack six years ago. My left arm is not as strong as the other and my left foot drags a little, as the paralysis had the effect of deadening the nerves. But I can still walk a good distance, talk as easily as ever, and my general health is splendid. I am really over seventy years old, although I am generally taken to be twenty years younger than that.

"The Pink Pills kept my blood in good condition and I believe that is why I am so well, although other ailments may help.

"I have thought of it a great many times and I honestly believe that the Pink Pills have saved my life."

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a perfectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached an age when many retire from active life. His experience is well known to a great many people in Boston, where his constant cheerfulness has long been the boast of his friends. He says that in his opinion both his father and his grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been obtainable at that time.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Whenever any little thing happens to a man, he says it hurts just as if some one had cut his heart out with a knife.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MONKEY HAD A SPREE.

Performed Some Acts That Were Not on the Circus Programme.

An incident not on the bills occurred during Ringling Brothers' circus performance the other day. During a number on the program in which the several rings and stages of the show are used by a series of trained animal acts, a troupe of monkeys were performing in the ring, when a tall young Vermont, with just enough of mountain dew under his belt to make him rather numerous, threw a half pint bottle of liquor into the arena.

The Onward March

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

After you have waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Attention: It may be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of those who have recovered.

It is much easier to pass a good resolution than to enact it.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

As Paddy-Rookli vanished behind the dressing-room he let out a yell that would have done credit to a Kansas farmer full of "boot-leg whiskey."

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