

How to Remain Young.
Strive always to be calm; be cheerful and sleep well;
Delight in music; much with little children dwell;
With moderation eat; salute the opening day
With glad "Good-morning" be it rosy dawn or gray;
Thy burdens bravely bear, yet unke thou no delay
To help a feeble brother on the rugged way;
Think not too much of self, nor idly fret and grieve
That thou must all earth's wealth and beauty some day leave;
Trust thou in God; and in the holy foot-steps tread
Of those who live forever, tho' men count them dead.
Way;
Wise as the serpent, and yet harmless as the dove—
Be thou like Christ in heavenly patience and love.

LOVE'S COMING.

If a loving countenance, beaming with good humor and intellect, and exact symmetry of figure, constitute beauty, then Jennie Selby was beautiful.
Jennie was completely happy, and this feeling communicated itself in a measure to her parents, when they contemplated their youngest child, who they hoped would cheer their declining years. They had two sons, likewise, the eldest being married and engaged in the same business as his father, and on the high road to mercantile affluence. The second son was at college, not having completed his 17th year.
Jennie Selby was in her 19th year, when one summer afternoon her father drove up to the house, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Lamberson. On beholding the stranger a cold thrill, which she could neither account for nor suppress, crept over her heart. On retiring to dress, she chided herself for the folly, and endeavored by her attention to her father's guest during the evening to atone for what might have appeared to him the coldness of his first reception.
Reynold Lamberson had spent the best part of 20 years in one of the West India islands, where he had patiently and indefatigably worked his way to the summit of affluence. At the time we introduce him he might have been 45 years of age, but his robust constitution appeared to have suffered little either from time or the effects of a warm climate. In person he was tall, gaunt and remarkably ungraceful, and his face was what would have been considered as decidedly commonplace. But he had a warm heart, a kind nature and a tale of sorrow or distress never fell upon his ear when his hand was not proffered to the stricken one, backed by his purse. He was one of the few men who could accept a favor and feel no humiliation, for it appeared to give him pleasure to do good. His connection with Mr. Selby had been of a mercantile nature, and of such a kind as to imprint on the heart of that worthy gentleman no small idea of the goodness of his esteemed correspondent.
Jennie Selby could hate no one. It was not her disposition to be unkind, yet she could not avoid a feeling of uneasiness whenever Reynold Lamberson was alone with her. One day Mr. Lamberson was absent until evening, and when he returned he informed the Selbys that he had purchased an adjacent property to their own. It was a magnificent place, far superior to the home of Mr. Selby. He moved into it, had a housekeeper and servants sent to him, and soon made himself at home. Never a day passed, however, that he did not visit the house of Mr. Selby.
Jennie Selby finally got enough accustomed to Reynold Lamberson's presence to avoid the dislike he had at first inspired. That gentleman had done all in his power to make himself agreeable, and if he was not blessed with personal charms his estimable character was not to be overlooked. Jennie was certain there was something excellent in Reynold Lamberson, because her father set so high a value on his friendship.
About this time young Freeman Selby came home from college to spend his vacation, bringing with him a friend named Perry Dana. It was no wonder that a good-looking and talented young man like Dana should captivate the heart of Jennie Selby.
To say that Dana was a passionless person would not have been correct. Still, there was a certain coldness in his nature that was insensible to the warmth of love, and though he might prove a tolerably sympathizing friend, he never could play the role of a lover. Poor Jennie Selby did not, or would not, see this.
So day by day went on, and only found her more interested in her brother's friend. But there was a heavier sorrow soon to come to the Selby home, and Jennie was to feel its bitterness more than any member of the family. Her brother had returned to college, and with Perry Dana. Not a word of love had been spoken by the young collegian during his stay, and yet he had taken moonlight walks, read poetry and even composed a sonnet for Miss Selby, and at last had gone away, leaving a void in Jennie's heart that could not be easily filled.
Jennie's father suddenly found himself stripped of all the steady accumulations of an industrious life. The family would have had no home had not Reynold Lamberson stepped forward and purchased it for them from Mr. Selby's creditors. Jennie's gratitude was intense. In the first moment of

her delight she imagined all was regained when that beloved spot was saved. In her ecstasy she wandered round the pleasure grounds with the air of a child. At one of these times she was standing by a favorite rose-bush, when Reynold Lamberson came striding down the walk which led to her retreat, swinging himself along, as it were, by the vibration of his arms; his large hands, every finger of which seemed in motion, outspread as though anxious to grasp whatever might come within reach. Jennie's first impulse was to avoid him, but gratitude toward one who had rescued her father from ruin forbade her, and when he came to the spot where she had sat herself down, there was nothing in her heart but a generous feeling toward the man who had done so much for them all.
Her little hand was clasped in his; she looked up into his face, and as the tears sprang to her eyes, she exclaimed: "God bless you, Mr. Lamberson!" and then her head fell upon his hand, which he had grasped, and her hot tears trickled over its rugged surface.
When Jennie recovered from her agitation the ungainly figure of Reynold Lamberson was kneeling before her as a suppliant for her love. Poor Jennie had not the most remote idea of how she returned to the house. She found herself in her own chamber weeping bitterly.
Weeks rolled away, and Reynold Lamberson came not as was his custom to the house of the Selbys; but he wrote letters to Jennie that breathed a spirit of unbounded generosity.
It was during this period that Jennie Selby first began to think of sacrificing herself that prosperity might fall upon the gray hairs of her parents in the evening of their life. Her eldest brother had been closely connected in business with his father, and he, too, with his wife and children, had been engulfed in the misfortune that had swept over his father's house. Reynold Lamberson was rich enough to advance him sufficient money to save him from poverty and ruin.
It was no wonder, then, that all the Selby family should look with favor on the suit of one who had so opportunely come to their assistance in the day of their trouble. Mr. Selby was not a man to bear up under any great misfortune. His heart seemed broken within him, and he moved about his home a mere shadow of his former self, scarcely noting what occurred about him. His wife showed more fortitude; at the first she did what to discharge all the servants, that a strict economy might rule in her house. But a concealed mental malady was preying upon her, as well as her husband, and though she carried a brave mein and cheerful front, she could not wholly shut out the truth from Mr. Selby's eyes.
All this and the dreadful future—the descent of her parents' gray hairs with sorrow to an untimely grave, all might be removed by a few strokes of the pen of Jennie Selby. The struggle was severe, but the die was finally cast. The letter was sent, and there was no recall.
Jennie has informed her parents of Reynold Lamberson's offer of marriage and of her acceptance of the same. Little did her parents imagine the sacrifice that young heart was making that they might enjoy repose.
Reynold Lamberson was sitting in his luxurious study when he received Jennie's reply to his letter. He read it without a muscle of his face moving, and when he had concluded perusing it rose, and taking his hat, walked over to Mr. Selby's house. He met Jennie at the door with a sunbonnet in her hand.
"I was merely going out to cut some roses for my mother's table," she said. "I think the presence of flowers has the power to dispel a great deal of gloom, and my poor mother is so fond of them."
Reynold Lamberson's face was more grave than usual, and Jennie could not fail to notice it. He replied in a voice that seemed so husky that Jennie looked up in his face in wonder.
"I will go with you," he said. "I have something to say to you, and I am glad that it will occur in the open air, for I would not of choice speak it within doors."
Jennie walked down the steps with Lamberson by her side. Her heart beat wildly; she felt there was something coming for which she was not prepared. They came to a seat by some shrubbery. Lamberson pointed to it, and said: "Sit there."
She took her seat mechanically, and without raising her eyes awaited his words.
He did not offer to sit beside her, but stood with folded arms and hearing chest, looking down ere he spoke. At length he said:
"Perhaps you have considered me ungenerous in asking you to marry me under the circumstances which have so unfortunately occurred. I am well aware that my personal appearance is not likely to aid my suit. You are beautiful, I have scarcely a claim to common good looks. But I have a heart—a heart that loves with a devotedness you little dream of. I do not expect you to love me, but if you ever become my wife I predict that my homely face will grow brighter and better looking to you every day you live beside me. I will win your love by kindness, and there is scarcely a heart that can long withstand a pure and unselfish devotion. Having said this, I have only one more remark to make. If you dislike me so much that it will give you pain to become my wife, I will here this moment release you from your promise, and, leaving you, never look upon your face again."
Jennie Selby rose and stood beside him. Taking his broad hand in her own, she said:

"As heaven is my witness, I will try and do my duty by you. I have no wish that you should suffer on my account. We cannot always control our feelings. You know this as well as myself. I am willing to trust to time and to yourself to work a change in my affections. This is all I can promise. Can you take me thus?"
"I can," was the reply.
The beautiful Jennie Selby is now the wife of Reynold Lamberson and her parents believe their daughter is as happy as she assures them that she is. —New York News.

EQUINE DENTISTRY.

An Interesting Branch of Veterinary Surgery—How it Works.

The average life of the horse in this country is twenty to twenty-five years; usually the horse's teeth last through his life, wearing down, however, with increasing age. Only the lower jaw of the horse is movable, and its motion in feeding is sideways. The incisors, or front teeth, which the horse uses in nature for biting off its food are comparatively little used in captivity; in which condition the horse's food is of such a character as would call for the use of grinders only, that is the molars, or back teeth. The incisors, however, though not used in mastication, continue to wear down from attrition, as they are brought together by the movement of the jaw with the constant use of the molars. Cribbers and wind-suckers wear down the incisors and break off the edge from them. One way in which the cribber can be told is from these indications. It is by inspection of the incisors, with the amount of wear to which they have been subjected, the age of the horse is determined.
In the male horse there are back of the incisors, and between them and the molars, tusks or canine teeth, like the tusks of a bear, which the horse uses for offense and defense, and it uses its incisors also for biting and fighting. The bit generally rests against the two front molars and the under jaw, which are sometimes worn away by a pulling horse; when a horse grabs the bit he takes it between the front molars of the upper and lower jaws.
Horse's teeth are rarely filled. There is seldom occasion for it; decayed teeth in horses are unusual. Sometimes a horse breaks off a molar in such a way as to leave a cavity in which food might lodge and rot the tooth. Such a cavity might be filled with amalgam or with gutta serena, and the manner in which the teeth are used tends to keep the filling in place. More often found than decayed teeth are dead teeth, which are teeth that are no longer nourished in the usual way. A dead tooth may have the same effect that the presence of a foreign body in the jaw would have; it may cause ulceration of the bones of the face, reduce the horse in health, and impair its value so that it may be necessary to extract the tooth; if the tooth is extracted in time the horse is all right.
Extracting a dead molar, or, as is comparatively rarely done, a decayed molar, is an operation for which a considerable amount of preparation is required and one often requiring great strength on the part of the operator, as well as a certain knack of handling the forceps. The tooth is long and firmly imbedded. The horse's jaws open back to a point, and the molars are near the back of the mouth, where the space between the jaws is small, and where the tooth is most difficult to get at. In proportion to its size, the jaw of the horse is more fragile and easily broken than the jaw of a man.
The horse probably does not suffer great pain from the extraction, but it resents the treatment, and it is necessary to secure it firmly; it is put in stocks or thrown. The contrivance called the stocks is a portable stall, with movable bars, which can be so adjusted about the horse that it cannot move. It is used for other purposes also, for instance, in clipping horses' tails. If not put in stocks, the horse is hobbled and thrown, and so secured that it is firmly held. Sometimes chloroform is administered to the horse, not so much with a view to deadening the pain as to relax the muscles. The horse is placed only about half under the influence of the anaesthetic. The horse is very sensitive to its influence; the use of it is attended with risk, and care and careful attendance are necessary in administering it. Sometimes the pain is deadened by injecting cocaine into the gum with a hypodermic syringe, or the gum is treated with a sponge dampened with cocaine.
The horse's mouth is held open with an instrument. The beak of the forceps has a cutting edge, thus making it possible to settle the beak firmly down about the tooth. The tooth may come out comparatively easily; sometimes a tooth is loose, but it is more likely to be firmly held in the jaw. Sometimes when a tooth can not be pulled out with the forceps it is taken out with the forceps used as a lever. A block is placed for a fulcrum on the tooth next in front. Sometimes the horse's jaw is trephined. A piece of the jawbone at the base of the root of the tooth is removed from the outside. It may be that with an opening at the root the tooth can be drawn; if it cannot be it is knocked out from the under side. When trephining has been performed the cavity around the roots of the tooth is scraped out and freed from all diseased matter.
The necessity for having a tooth extracted arises comparatively seldom; probably not one horse in a hundred ever has a tooth pulled; 90 per cent. of the teeth that are pulled are molars. The charge for extracting a molar is usually \$25; for extracting an incisor from \$5 to \$25.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The United States Civil Service Commission has given out figures which, though still subject to slight change, represent approximately the present extent of the classified service. The whole number of persons in the Federal service, including the legislative and judicial branches, is about 200,000. The civil service act declares that officers not in the executive branch, or any person employed merely as a laborer or workman, shall not be required to be classified, nor, unless by direction of the Senate, any person who has been nominated for confirmation by the Senate. Within the executive civil service there are now estimated to be 178,716 officers and employees, 84,527 of whom are classified under the civil service act, embracing all except officers appointed subject to confirmation by the Senate, laborers and similar employees, and fourth-class postmasters. On the unclassified list there are 66,725 fourth-class postmasters, 4,815 officers whose nomination is subject to confirmation by the Senate, including Presidential postmasters, 8,628 laborers, and several thousand other employees, the majority of whom have an annual compensation of less than \$300. A large proportion of this latter class are clerks at unclassified post offices. Within the classified service the total of officers excepted from examination remains 781, of whom 570 are assistant postmasters. Of the places within the scope of the merit system there should be included in addition to the total given 5,063 mechanics, etc., at the navy yards and naval stations, originally covered by Secretary Tracy's regulations, but brought within the classified service by the executive order of Nov. 2 last. The merit system, therefore, now includes, approximately, 90,000 places.

The National Bureau of Education has just issued a pamphlet on professional education, which contains a number of interesting statistics. It shows that in the various medical colleges of the United States there are 22,887 students; while in the law schools of the country there are only 8,950. From these figures it would seem that, in point of numbers, the medical profession was much stronger than the legal profession. Such, however, is not the case. The last government census shows that the number of lawyers in the United States is fully equal to the number of doctors. The disparity between the two professions, so far as educational institutions are concerned, is explained by the fact that only a small number of law students take a collegiate course. They prefer to derive their training from the office of some experienced lawyer, and when they master the fundamental principles of the profession they are admitted to practice. Not so, however, with young physicians. Before receiving a license to practice medicine they are required to take a prescribed course of study in some medical institution. With lawyers a collegiate training is optional; with physicians it is imperative. In this same pamphlet it is shown that in the various theological seminaries of the country there are 8,050 students preparing for the ministry. With respect to the fair sex, there are 1,413 women engaged in the study of medicine and sixty-five prosecuting the study of law. Quite a number are also preparing themselves for the ministry and other branches of professional work.

People familiar with the conditions under which the world is supplied with rubber say there is reason to fear that the destruction of the trees producing this precious substance is proceeding at a rate which may have disastrous consequences in the near future. That the price of the raw gum has not advanced more rapidly in the last few years is due, they say, not to an intelligent cultivation and multiplication of the rubber trees, but to the complete lack of foresight that characterizes the inhabitants of the South American forests. The sudden vogue of bicycles and the universal use of electricity have vastly increased the demand for rubber, and so far the demand has been met without trouble. But the present chief source of supply is limited, and unless new ones are found, or new methods are adopted, several great industries may soon be seriously embarrassed. Rubber is a substance as nearly unique and as difficult to replace as is known to men. Fortunately, however, it is produced by more than one plant, and the utilization of new species has already begun. None of them compares with two found in the valley of the Amazon, but commercially important quantities of the gum come from each of a dozen plants growing in almost all many tropical lands. The Landolphilla, a climbing vine of Central Africa, seems to be most likely of them all to take the place of the Brazilian trees if the latter are doomed to extinction.

Much has been published about the assassins of Paris, writes a correspondent, and in many cases fabulous gains have been attributed to them as a result of their crimes, but these exist more frequently in fiction than in fact. Statistics recently compiled by the prefect of Paris police throw a good deal of light on the assassin's trade as practiced in modern times. Especially interesting are they in view of the popular, but very erroneous, idea that the assassin's trade is profitable. That it is quite the reverse seems to be proved by a record of the profits gained by notorious assassins during the last thirty years. Biographies of a large number of French murderers, some of whom paid the penalty of their crimes on the guillotine, while

others are transported to New Caledonia, show that the average murderer makes far less money at his abominable trade than is made by any third-rate artisan or even day laborer. Such being the case, the wonder is there are so many murders. And a greater wonder is, why, if they are determined to kill for the sake of money, they do not arrange to kill persons who are known to be wealthy and do not seize an opportunity when their intended victims have their pockets stuffed with gold. A distinguished official of the police force in Paris says that the assassins act in their usual foolish manner simply because they are imbeciles.

Ever since the defeat of General Baratieri the Italian journals have praised the way in which King Menelik has treated the 2,000 prisoners that were quartered in the different towns of Abyssinia. Now that the treaty of peace has been signed and these prisoners are to be transported to Italy, many are said to have signified their desire of remaining in the country of the Negus. The Italian Minister of War, according to the Don Marzio of Naples, has received petitions from over one hundred soldiers in Abyssinia requesting that they be permitted to remain where they are and not be held guilty of desertion from the army. They assert that they have neither family nor home in Italy, nor any prospect of bettering their fortunes if they return; in short they have found occupation at their various callings. The minister is disposed to grant their request, but, for fear of popular feeling in Italy, he has not yet done so.

For the purpose of stimulating public interest in his wares, an enterprising Chicago merchant placed in his store window a big yellow pumpkin, and offered \$50 to the customer who guessed nearest to the number of seeds the vegetable contained. As a guarantee of good faith the prize, in shining gold pieces, was placed on the pumpkin, and the guessing went on with satisfactory briskness. One night somebody who obviously distrusted his powers of divination adopted a simpler method of winning the offered money. It succeeded perfectly, and next morning a shattered pane of glass allowed the chill lake breeze to enter by the big hole out of which the yellow eagles had taken flight. The thief did not go to the trouble of leaving any expression of opinion as to the number of seeds in the pumpkin, and it is not worth anybody's while to investigate that matter now, so it will probably never be known.

A Parisian scientist asserts that he has compiled trustworthy statistics concerning the number of eggs annually consumed by the nations of Europe. According to his tables, the greatest egg-eating countries are England and Germany. In 1895 England imported 1,250,000,000 eggs, for which was paid about \$20,000,000. The eggs came principally from France. During the same year Germany imported 20,000,000 pounds of eggs, also representing about \$20,000,000. Most of these eggs came from Russia and Austria-Hungary. Of all European countries Russia has made the greatest advance in exportation. In 1891 she exported only 11,000,000, but in 1895 the number rose to 1,250,000,000, representing a value of \$10,200,000. A significant fact in connection with these statistics is that in these countries which are the greatest exporters of eggs the omelet is the favorite dish.

In and around Emporia, Kan., the buying and selling of cattle seems to be the only industry, which lends the "Gazette" of that town to remark: "The great trouble we have here is the idea we have in this section of the country that if fifteen or twenty fellows can sit around Mit Wilhite's stove and he about what they made on the last bunch of cattle, we have the world by the tail. Well, we haven't. One load of cattle that came in on the Santa Fe the other day has ridden in and out of Kansas City four times. When such a big load of engine coal is fed into a steer the money is all out of him. Half the steers in Lyon county have been on the train so much that they go running up to the bars and bellow to be loaded every time they hear the whistle blow."

A Tell-tale Nail.

Dr. John Donne, the famous English divine and poet, who lived in the reign of James I., was a veritable Sherlock Holmes in bent of mind. A writer in Tid-Bits tells of one of his famous exploits:
He was waking in the churchyard while a grave was being dug, when the sexton cast up a moldering skull. The doctor idly took it up, and in handling it, found a headless nail driven into it. This he managed to take out and conceal in his handkerchief. It was evident to him that murder had been done. He questioned the sexton, and learned that the skull was probably that of a certain man who was the proprietor of a brandy shop, and was a drunkard, being found dead in bed one morning, after a night in which he had drunk two quarts of brandy.
"Had he a wife?" asked the doctor.
"Yes."
"What character does she bear?"
"She bore a very good character, only the neighbors gossiped because she married the day after her husband's funeral. She still lives here."
The doctor soon called upon the woman. He asked for and received the particulars of the death of her first husband. Suddenly opening his handkerchief he showed her the tell-tale nail, asking, in a loud voice:
"Madam, do you know this nail?"
The woman was so surprised that she confessed; was tried and executed.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS RECALLED BY INDIAN INCURSIONS.

What a Lowell Reporter Discovers in the Historic Town of Dunstable—Mysterious Escape From a Mysterious Killers of a Descendant of One of the Flower Warriors of Colonial Times—The Tale of a Neighborhood.

From the News, Lowell, Mass.
Mr. Hiram Spaulding, who was for many years the proprietor of the Massaponog House, a Boston summer resort, is undoubtedly as well known as any man in Middlesex County. Mr. Spaulding, besides having been a popular hotel man, boasts of being a lineal descendant of John Spaulding, a well known soldier who was killed in action with the Indians while serving in the command of the famous Captain John Tyng in 1664. He also is well known as the first leader of the celebrated Dunstable Cornet Band, of Dunstable, Mass., familiarly known as the "mounted band." Altogether Bandmaster Spaulding is perhaps the best known citizen in town, and respected everywhere for his upright and sterling character.
Mrs. Nellie A. Spaulding is the wife of this gentleman, and almost as well known as her popular husband. A recent severe illness from overwork and malaria caused grave fears among her numerous acquaintances, and the local physicians seemed powerless to aid her. Chills and fever, impaired action of heart and liver, and general weakness were her portion, until her attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and she began to use them. On Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 7, 1896, Mrs. Spaulding finished the first box of Pink Pills, and she informed the News reporter that on that day she performed one of the hardest day's work ever accomplished by her. She is still taking Pink Pills according to directions, and all traces of malarial poison seem to have vanished.
"No one was more astonished at my recovery than my husband and my neighbors, and they are not surprised," said she, "to find in me such a champion of what is destined to become a household medicine, the precious Pink Pills."
At the request of Mrs. Spaulding, the News reporter asked on several persons in the town of Dunstable, all highly respectable ladies of prominence in the community, how they were using "Pink Pills" with good results, and after a fair trial will so they thought, be ready to add their testimonies to that of Mrs. Spaulding as to the medicinal and curative worth, especially in chronic cases of nervousness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give us life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, neuritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Salem, N. Y.

One Well-Mortgaged Cow.

"There are tricks in all trades but ours," remarked the carpenter, "and we sometimes drive screws with a hammer." A few days ago, not more than a thousand miles from Lake County, a collector called on a farmer for the payment of a note secured by chattel mortgage. The farmer was obtuse and gave no satisfaction that he would ever pay the note. Finally the collector said, "Well, I'll have to take the eleven cows named in the mortgage." "Oh, no; you haven't got a mortgage on eleven cows on the farm." "Why, yes, I have." And the collector pulled out a copy of the mortgage and read as follows: "One red and white cow, 1 cow spotted red and white, 1 red cow with white spots, 1 cow with white spot in forehead, 1 red cow with two white hind feet, 1 white cow with red spots on side, 1 white and red cow, 1 red cow with two white fore feet, 1 white cow with red spot on shoulders, 1 red cow with white spot on hips, 1 white cow spotted with red. Now, how do you like that?" continued the collector. "Oh, that's all right; I see you've got eleven mortgages on my old red and white cow; there she is down in the pasture; the boys will go down and help you catch her."—Vermillion Freeman.

Same Thing.

"Husband, what did the doctor say about me?"
"He said that you must give up religion and take to drink."
"What?"
"Well, he said you must stop doing so much church work and take a tonic."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just try a box of Cascaet, early relief in chest and bowel regulator.

The man who would be considered wise often turns out to be otherwise.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spasms, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

When a little man is lifted up everybody finds out that he is little.

When an article has been sold for 25 years, in spite of competition and cheap imitations, it must have superior quality. Dobbin's Electric Soap has been constantly made and sold since 1868. Ask your grocer for it. Size of all.

Of British birds the cuckoo lays the smallest egg in proportion to its size.

Cascaet stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels. Never taken, weakens or gripes; etc.

In Germany asparagus is peeled before it is canned by the aid of a special machine.

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

The smallest mouse will cause the biggest elephant to quake with fear.

FITS stopped (free and permanent) cured. No fits after first dose of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Free Serial Book and Treatise. Send to Dr. King, 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Car axles are made by a recently-patented mechanism.

Pain's Cure for Constipation has saved me many a doctor's bill.—P. HARR, Hopkins Park, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

There is no water on the moon's surface.

Wrens, Millions of 'em live, eat a Cascaet, and they catch it; cure guaranteed; 50c, 2c.

Monivideo's population is 244,342.