"NOT AS I WILL"

Blindfolded and alone I stand With unknown thresholds on each hand, The darkness deepens as I grope, Afraid to fear, afraid to hope; Yet this one thing I learn to know Each day more surely as I go, That doors are opened, ways are made, Burdens are lifted or are laid By some great law unseen and still Unfathomed purpose to fulfill, "Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait; Loss seems too bitter, gain too late: Too heavy burdens in the load. And joy is weak and grief is strong, And years and days so long, so long; Yet this one thing I learn to know Each day more surely as I go, That I am glad the good and ill By changeless law are ordered still, "Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet Each time my lips the words repeat. "Not as I will"-the darkness feels More safe than light when this thought steals Like whispered voice to calm and bless All unrest and loneliness. "Not as I will"-because the One Who loved us first and best has gone Before us on the road, and still For us must all His love fulfill-"Not as we will."

--Helen Hunt Jackson.

HERMIONE.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT. The master of Briar Hedge Farm stood thoughtfully apart from the place where his young cousin was laving his face and hands at the hydrant, which had been placed in the summer kitchen for the convenience of the men in the busy sea-

son. Some unpleasant thing had happened. or Guy Fellows's frank face would not have worn such a perplexed, uneasy look. At last he said, quietly:

"I wish to speak to you, Louis." "Yes, Guy," answered Louis, in a startled voice; for Guy's manner was so unlike his usual one that it foreboded trouble of some kind, though what it could be was a puzzle. Had he hurt himself? or had his pet colt gone lame?

"Something unpleasant has happened. Hermione's bank-book is gone, and they tell me, at the bank, that the money was drawn yesterday by a man who had an order purporting to be signed by me.

"Either the officials at the bank are very careless, or the handwriting must have been a good imitation. Banks can't be much protection to the people depositing in them, if it is so easy to get another person's money out. It strikes me I won't patronize them much when my ship comes in."

"Forgery is difficult to be guarded against, Louis, and the name appended to the order is such a perfect facsimile of my autograph that I myself could not detect the difference. Is this your work ?"

As Louis looked at the page of foolscar which was held toward him, and which was scribbled over with various names, among which was that of Guy Fellows, Lo is was very expert with his pen, and in danger, and, throwing himself directwas always coppying specimens peculiar handwriting which fell in his way. "Yes, it is mine," he said, with a brave effort to tell the truth, no matter what might be the consequences. For like a lightning flash he realized what danger was hanging over him-a worse one than was the fabled sword which had threatened Damocles in olden time, for that only menaced life, and this, at what did it not strike a blow? For an instant he stood as though dazed, looking blankly into Guy Fellows's troubled face; then he threw himself impulsively upon his knees before him. "I see now. It looks badly, Cousin Guy, but don't judge me by appearances -judge me by what you know of me since we have been together. Do you think any one who knew her would have a hand in robbing Hermoine? No. not even if he were an accomplished thief, far less a man whose only wealth lies in his good name!" "I believe you, Louis, even in the face of evidence which would convict you in a court of justice. I have felt all along that you were innocent; and, see here. As Guy Fellows spoke he held up the paper which had been given as an order or the money, and let Louis compare the brief form signed with his name with EQuis the whole world would henceforth the practice-sheet which he had acknowledged as his work. Then he turned For long days afterward the youth's and lifting a lid from the cook-stove, put life trembled in the balance, but at last the dangerous document in and watched it catch fire and then burn to ashes. Guy Fellows, although scarcely thirtyfive, had already come into a fine inheritance by the death of his father. He was them by saying with a faltering voice, a practical farmer, and also what some while his pale lips parted in a half people consider a visionary one. That is, he was always trying any new experiment which might commend itself as an improvement upon old-fashioned ways. Louis Carmichael was a second cousin, who had been taken under his protec-tion after the death of his parents. He had been with him now about four years, and although somewhat dreamy and unpractical, had grown very dear to his generous kinsman. Another inmate of the family was Hermoine Alleyne, the orphan ward of Hermonie Alleyne, the orphan ward of Guy Fellows. She was two years younger than Louis, but looked to be his equal in age, as he was slender and boyish-looking, while Hermione wis of tall and stately proportions. But her-playful ways, and merry, laughing face were still essentially child-like. In his secret heart Louis cherished the the hope that, some time in the far-future, he might win her love, when he should have attained to fortune and fame. But Hermione was quite an heiress for a country-bred girl, and he

As it was, it caused him to elevate his won't hear Cousin Guy scolded, will you, cousin into the hero of his life, and

determine to repay him. It was quite a long time before he had But Louis made no answer. He was for the moment oblivious of the presence the desired chance, but it came at last. or even of the existence of any one but Guy, although wealthy, did not disdain Hermione. Her agitation had betrayed to put his own shoulder to the wheel her secret to him, and he was so exultday after day and set his men a good exantly, recklessly happy that he recked ample. None could lay a more regular swath of grass with the sickle in mownot of anything outside of the one bliss-ful fact that his love was returned by ing time. No one could cut or bind Hermione. the ranks of grain with more rapidity "I see. "Tis the old, old story," said than he. It was before the time when Guy, gravely but kindly; and he took Hermione's hand and placed it within mowing and reaping machines took all the poetry out of harvesting, and Her-Louis's, "and I will now leave you alone to settle matters between you, merely

mione was fond of making a visit to the scene of labor about luncheon time, saying to you, Louis, that the Upland carrying with her a pitcher brimming farm is yours, and that I shall secure to you the funds with which to carry it on over with a cooling, non-stimulating beverage with which to quench the men's successfully. As you said, a little while thirst.

ago, 'One good turn deserves another.' and I thus prove the truth of the adage. Then, book in hand, she would seat herself under the shade of some friendly You proved it previously in what was tree, and alternately read or note the almost your death." movements of the actors in the busy scene before her. he and Hermoine were married.

One day in the height of the harvesting the truth about the lost bank-book came one of the men fell ill, and it chanced that a stranger came to the place and out. It had been left carelessly upon asked to be employed about the farm. the library table, and a thief who had He was a dark, unprepossessing man, gained unobserved entrance to the with restless, uneasy ways and lowering, stealthy looks from his deep-set eyes; time had picked up one of Louis's practice-papers, thinking that it would but Guy engaged him, thinking only of serve to aid him in drawing the money, the inconvenience of being short-handed at the time. as he had a confederate who was handy

After they had all set off for the fields enough with his pen to take advantage a man drove up to the farm-house in hot of the fac-simile to Guy Fellows's handhaste, asking if a person of the stranger's writing .- Fashion Bazar. description had been seen there; and upon receiving a reply in the affirmative he looked very much startled, and caused Hermione's blood to turn cold in her called "The Silent Dane," and later he veins by explaining the cause of the unwas popularly known as "The Great easine

Taciturn;" yet he could speak seven "He is an escaped lunatic, and nearly languages fluently. Although one of the killed his keeper to make his way out of world's profoundest and sternest soldiers. the mad-house. If his frenzy seizes upon he was one of the most modest and affechim he will make a bloody record for tionate of men. Occasionally one might see him in Berlin driving in a plain cab, himself before the day is over. Is any one here who can go and warn Mr. Felor sauntering along a principal street lows? It won't answer for me to be looking in at the shop windows, but few recognized him. He was as regular as seen by him. He knows me and it would set him frantic to know that he the sun in his daily tasks; and even in has been followed. The only safety lies the lighter employments of his long life in not arousing his suspicions until a he was ever painstaking and methodical. strait-jacket can be put upon him." Out of these traits grew, withal, his fine literary ability, that, besides his pub-

"I will go," said Hermione, unhesitatingly. "I would do anything to prevent such a tragedy !"

"Take this with you and give it to Mr. Fellows. It is a strait-jacket. Whisper the truth about the man to him, and tell him to watch his opportunity and take him by surprise."

She reached the place, and catching the great jubilee, hung out the national her guardian's eye, motioned him to come to her; and, in a few frightened colors and likenesses of Moltke in flags and torches. Berlin was decorated and whispers, told him the danger that threatened him.

Some instinct must have attracted the throughout the world set apart October lunatic's attention and conveyed to his 26, 1890, as a fete day for the Vatermind the idea that they were speaking land, and a day of praises and congratuof him; for, with a wild cry, he banished lations for her greatest soldier. The the scythe he held in his hand with grim old Field Marshal was taciturn, althreatening gestures and shouts of frenmost by necessity, being nearly smothzied fury. Then he started toward them. ered by honors and rich presents; but Louis had stopped work a moment when the city fathers of Berlin sent him previous, and was about half-way betheir greetings, accompanied by the sum of fifty thousand marks as a charity tween his cousin and the madman. Looking up, upon hearing the discordant fund for the relief of the aged and inhe first turn red and then pale. For yells, he saw at once that Guy's life was firm, he replied : "Gentlemen, say to your Council that this gift touches my ly in front of the madman, caught him about the waist and clung to him, making himself as much of a deadweight as possible. The swinging scythe described a mad circle in the air, and then it descended upon Louis, giving him a fearful cut in the side. But by this time others had reached them, and the lunatic was overpowered by numbers and secured. Louis, however, lay like one deadprostrated by the shock, and with the ood pouring from his ghastly wound. Unless it could be stanched at once he must bleed to death; but where were the cloths to apply to it before a messenger could be sent to the farm-house? This queston was soon answered. Hermione was dressed in a dainty gown of embroidered white linen, with a mantle of the same material over her shoulders. She tore this in pieces, and, kneeling by him, applied one after another to his wound as each in turn became wet with blood. Her white hands were colored crimson, and her dress was spotted with the same ensanguined hue: but she faltered not. She who had always before felt faint, even at the sight of blood, now unflinchingly played the part of surgeon until more skilled help could arrive." In these terrible moments Hermione first learned her heart's secret. Without be as nothing to her. and Hermione were rarely absent from his bedside, and one day Louis surprised smile:

HOW A SOLDIER WON AN OFFI-CER'S COMMISSION,

A Good War Story Told by Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania-The Result of a Midnight Row.

Amos J. Cummings relates in the New York Sun a war story, which he heard ex-Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania tell during the last session of Congress. The incident occurred in the second or third year of the war. The Governor had left Harrisburg, and come to Washington on business. A great battle had been fought. The number of killed and wounded had mounted into the thousands. Governor Curtin had been in consultation with the President and members of his Cabinet. He had returned to the Capitol, where an old lady dressed in deep mourning accosted him. She was evidently very poor and nearly distracted. She wore old-fashioned black mits, and her habiliments of woe were worn and rusty. Her face was wan and wrinkled, and her fingers were toughened with work and gnarled with rheumatism. She had not heard from her boy since the great battle, and she had come to Washington in search of information. He had enlisted in a regiment raised in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and had been at the front

for more than a year. "Oh, Governor," she cried, as tears streamed down her faded cheeks, "my boy never failed to write before. He always sent me a letter after a battle. haven't heard from him now in more than a fortnight. He's the only boy left me, and I can never live without him. Oh, I fear he's dead or sorely wounded. If I could only get through the lines to nurse him or bring his body back home. Please, Governor, try to get me a pass, and God will bless you. My heart will break without my boy. The Governor said that he heard the

number of the regiment with a shudder. It had been in the very heart of the fight, and had been cut to pieces. His heart went out to the old mother. If her boy was alive he was determined that she should see him, or if dead that she should have his body. Upon ques-tioning her he found that she was utterly destitute. She hadn't even money enough to pay for a night's lodging. He assured her that he would do what he could for her. He would see either the President or the Secretary of War in the morning and get her a pass through the lines. Then he took her by the arm and escorted her down stairs. Passing out under the arch of the Senate wing of the Capitol he hailed a cab. Galiantly assisting the old lady into it he paid the cabman his fee, and told him to drive his charge to a hotel where the Governor was well known, and where he had sent fire to falsehood. many a destitute friend. As the cab rattled away the Governor turned to reenter the Capitol, when he met John Sherman, Ben Wade, and Gelusha A. Grow, then Speaker of the House. The Senate had adjourned, and they were on their way home. It was a clear night. The great temple of national legislation shone in the moonlight like a palace of alabaster. The city lay below them, dotted with gas lights. The music of a drum was heard away off on the right. A railroad train had arrived with a new regiment, and the troops were seeking

quarters at the Soldiers'Rest.

HE THRASHED THE BULLY. mopped the sidewalk with him. The hackman looked as if he had been through a fanning mill.

Governor Curtin ascertained the name of the soldier, and placed the old lady in his charge. She arrived at her destina-tion without further trouble. On the next day he secured passes for her, and she went to the front for her boy.

Two weeks afterward Private Fox of the Bucktail Brigade received an order directing him to report at the Adjutant-General's office in Harrisburg. Trans-portation and supplies were furnished. It was a bright and sunny morning when he entered the city, Without delay he sought the office of the Adjutant-General. There he was told that the Governor wanted to see him. The way to the Executive chamber was pointed out. The soldier entered with his haversack swinging at his side. The Governor stood near a table, talking with a friend. He saw Private Fox approaching him. The soldier was awkward and very much embarrassed.

"Good morning, Lieutenant," said the Governor, "I'm glad to see you. "Why, Governor," replied the boy in

blue, "you make a mistake. I'm not a Lieutenant. I'm only a private."

"It is you who make the mistake," the Governor replied, with a smiling face. "You were only a private last night, but you are a Lieutenant this morning. Here is your commission."

It was the commission of a First Lieutenant. The parchment was gratefully accepted. The soldier expressed his thanks. He was modestly asserting a doubt as to his merits, when the Governor replied : "I know your record. You can truthfully say that you won your rank by service on the battlefield.

The Governor dispensed the usual hospitalities and Lieut, Fox departed. His fate showed that he richly merited the distinction. Within three months he became Captain and afterward Major. He was shot through the heart while leading his regiment as its Lieutenant-Colonel in a charge at Spottsylvania.

WISE WORDS.

Slang is the wart on language.

- Men have sight; women insight.
- A broken silence is never repaired.
- Good humor is the blue sky of the
- Silence is less injurious than a weak reply.
- Energy is the sand in the craw of en-
- Every kind of work that we can't do
- We take less pains to be happy than to appear so.
- Man is cold as ice to truth, but hot as
- A little woman can tell just as big a lie as a big woman can.
- Distrust of yourself really means conscientiousness of wrong.
- You can't climb a telegraph pole by shinning up a fence post.
- Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.
- Your bank account, unlike yourself, never gets tight by getting full. Nothing but a mule occupies less space
- than his hind foot and makes less noise. Every life is a center, and all things

Cows in a Palace.

One of the most renowned buildings in Europe is the great "Winter Palace" in St. Petersburg, built in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna.

Successive imperial families have taken up their residence in this palace, the last Emperor being the Czar Alexander II. After the mysterious dynamite explosion which was effected in this Emperor's private dining-room an investigation was commanded, and a list made of such persons as were employed in the palace, when it was found that over and above the army of regular employes as many as four hundred people in no way on the list were living there!

And extraordinary as it may appear on further investigation a well regulated farm in full operation was discoverd under the imperial roof! There was a poultry yard, a piggery, and several cows, the owner of this extensive estate making a comfortable profit on the sale of his produce to the royal kitchen .- New York Journal.

A Superstitious Girl.

I am not superstitious; I never was. But I know a girl who carries the left hind foot of a rabbit in her pocket, trims her hair by the light of the moon, who won't change a garment put on wrong side out, who throws salt over her left shoulder, who won't cut her nails on Sunday, who believes in odd numbers, who never misses a chance to touch a hunchback, who won't cross a funeral unless she is in a hurry, who is in despair if she sees the new moon over her left shoulder, who believes the first one to move from the marriage altar will die first, who thinks a dropped knife or fork or a cracking fire brings company, who believes a broken mirror brings seven years of bad luck, who wears a ring on her left thumb; and that girl is-Nellie Bly .- Nellie Bly, in Belford.

Nearly nineteen million acres of the public domain passed into the hands of settlers during the past year.

4

If you are doubtful as to the use of Dobbins's Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experi-ence of millions who use it. After the 24 years it has been on the market.one trial will convince you. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imita-

THE Baptist strength in Philadelphia, Penn. s seventy-two churches.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

Contain Mercury, As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole sys-tem when entering it through the mncons sur-faces. Such articles should never be used ex-cept on prescriptions from reputable physi-cians, 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., Toiedo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mncous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toiedo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. W Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

THE Pasteur Institute, in Paris, treated dur-ing the past year ninety-five patients.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use, Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kilne, 361 Arch St., Phila, Pa. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr.Isaac Thomp son's Eye-water.Druggists sell at 25c.per botth

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up 'y a pledge of the hard cash of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, it means business 1 Now, there are scores of sarsaparillas and other bloodpurifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only one guaranteed blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

terprise. looks easy.

"Cousin Guy, we are even. One good turn deserves another. You saved my reputation, and I rather think you would have been a dead man now if it hadn't been for me. It's worth one's while to earn a fellow's gratitude, isn't it?"

"What does he mean? Is his mind wandering?" asked Hermione, looking from one to the other with surprised eyes.

"He is thinking of the bank book you lost, Hermione. He was afraid I would connect him with the forgery on account

heart, and that of the many and 'rich presents I have received to-day, this is the most valued." When, since the death of Washington, has the world seen a more modest, complete, successful and noble life?-Harper's Weekly.

As soon as Louis was fully recovered,

It was not until soveral years later that

house had stolen it, and at the same

"The Silent Dane."

In his early manhood Moltke was

lished letters, produced several valuable

The crowning honor of his life was

the way Germany celebrated the comple-

tion of his ninetieth year. From the

Baltic to the Alps, from the Vosges to

the Vistula, every household joined in

enthusiastic as it had never before been

for any private citizen. Germans

military histories.

The Reward of Sagacity.

One of the stories they tell of "Old Hutch," the grain speculator, to illustrate his sagacity in discovering pecuniary opportunities is this: He noticed the windows of a big carpet store decorated with placards stating that prices were reduced, as the whole stock of the concern was to be closed out. Struck with a sudden idea he went in, asked the price of several lines of goods, the quantities in stock and the original prices. Having indeed gone practically through the place he sent for the heads of the firm and coolly made them a lump sum offer for the whole stock, good-will and fixtures of the concern. The bid was accepted, and "Old Hutch" at once gave his check. Then, without leaving the place, he sent for a relative, who, by the way, was in another line of trade, and informed him that he wanted him to take charge of his new acquisition and run it, adding: "At the prices I paid there is money in it." Events proved the correctness of Hutchinson'sjudgment, and the business so summarily purchased is still in successful operation.

Sheep's Wool Sponge.

There is on exhibition at a store in Pearl street, New York, an enormous sheep's wool sponge, which is said to be the largest one ever obtained. It meas-ures ten feet in circumference and is two feet thick, being quite solid throughout. It was fished up near the Bahama Islands by the crew of a vessel engaged in that trade, and, judging by the stories of the fishermen, they had a tough time in getting their prize aboard. Being in a small dingey when the hooks fastened themselves in the sponge, the men nearly upset their boat in the effort to haul the sponge to the surface. When it was finally secured, the iron prongs of the hook had become straightened out under the tremendous weight. When thoroughly soaked this monster sponge is said to hold ten pailfuls of water.-Times-

was too prond to let her know of his love unless he could meet her upon equal ground. Now, had Guy been less noble in his trusting generosity. Louis would have Veen erushed to the earth with shame.

The four statesmen descended Canitol Hill together. They drifted down Pennsylvania avenue, conversing on political topics. They had halted on a corner near the National Hotel preparatory to separating, when a cab was driven to the curb near by. Its driver was in altercation with a woman inside the vehicle. Governor Curtin was even then telling the Senators and Speaker the story of his meeting with the 'old lady in the Capitol. The altercation attracted his attention. The driver was using villainous language. He insisted that his passenger should leave the hack then and there, or he would pull her out. "Something told me," said the Gov-

ernor, "that it was my old lady who was trouble."

He stepped to the door of the back and looked in. The suspicion was confirmed. She was the old woman whom he had sent to the hotel, and she was in trouble. The driver had not taken her to her destination. He had stopped at two or three saloons, and spent his fee for liquor. Possibly he had forgotten where the old lady was to go, but at all events he had determined to drop her on the street and let her shift for herself. He was filling the air with profanity and threatening the poor old woman with violence. The Governor was indignant. He asked the hackman whether he had not paid him to take the old lady to a specified place of shelter. The driver swore that he had never seen him before, and threatened to punch his head if he did not mind his own business. The Governor's indignation was getting the better of his judgment. Sherman and Grow tried to calm him, but old Ben Wade grew as hot as a bird pepper and swore like a pirate. He not only wanted the hackman thrashed, but he wanted to help Curtin thrash him. The driver was a giant. He laid his whip across the foot rest of his hack and squared away. He evidently meant to down not the Governor alone, but the Senators and the Speaker. Things were looking decidedly squally

when a boy in blue came along. He carried a musket, and wore the tail of a buck in his cap. The Governor recog-nized the insignia. The soldier was a member of Colonel Kane's famous Bucktail Brigade. Over six feet tall, he was brawny and well proportioned. He looked like a raftsman, and he swung along the avenue as if the world was too small for him. He was promptly hailed. "Do you know me?" the Governor asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "You're Andy Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvaria. I've seen you many a time at home and in the field."

"I want you to do me a favor," the Governor continued, pointing to the backman who had already begun to

hackman who had already begun to skirmish with Ben Wade. The boy in blue sensed the situation in a twinkling. Turning to the Gover-nor, he said: "Hold my musket." Then he jumped between Ben Wade and the cabman and sailed in. It was a rough and tumble worthy of the days of Poole and Morrissey. The raftsman proved too much for the bully. He had a terrific struggle, but inally literally

are made for it as if there were no other.

Tie a coward's hand behind him and you give him an additional reason to

Growth of Business in the South.

Eight columns of the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record are occupied by Superintendent Porter, of the United States Census, on the wonderful progress of the South and the intrinsic merits of Southern investments. He shows by comparative statistics that the mineral development of that section and its increase of manufacture during the last decade have been of such magnitude and importance as to "seriously attract the atten-tion of the world." In no part of the country is there a more satisfactory showing of industrial advancement. Com pared with the situation even in 1880 this advancement is wonderful, with that of 1870 it is amazing, with the condition of things at the close of a devastating war it reads like a ta e of magic and suggests a miracle. Look at the cities that have grown up in this period-Anniston, with its population of nearly 10,000, where ten years ago the number of inhabitants was less than 1,000; Birmingham, unknown in 1870, now a flourishing town of 26,000, and the centre of industrial activity of 75,000 people; Florence, Sheffield, Chattanooga, Johnson City, Tenn.; Roanoke, Va., and a hundred similar examples of prosperous growth due to the evolution of mineral industries that prior to 1860 were slumbering, undeveloped, almost unheard of forces. Mr. Porter cites the astonishing facts that the South is to-day producing as much coal, iron ore and pig iron as the entire United States produced in 1870; that enough iron ore exists in Eastern Tenenough from ore exists in Eastern Ten-nesseee to supply the Southwest with steel and iron for a thousand years, and in the same part of the same State enough coals beds already discovered to supply the same great section with coal for a century; that Kentucky and East Ten-nesses anound in superior coking coal nessee abound in superior coking coal, and that the out-put of the coal-produc-ing State of the South in 1890 was more than twice that of the whole country in 1860. It is also the opinion of Mr. Porter that during the next ten years the manufacture of steel will increase in as great a proportion as the product of coal and pig iron has increased in the ten years just past. But it is not alone in the development of her mineral resourc-es that the South is thus forging to the front. Georgia has become the fourth in the list of marble-producing States; Arkansas leads all the other Southern States in the output of lumber, and in West Virginia, Tennessee, and Ken-tucky the manufacture of lumber has intucky the manufacture of lumber has in-creased 158 per cent. in the last decade; the product of the 3,382 saw mills of the South is valued at \$112,879,000; the number of cotton mills has increased from 156 to 366, and of the total cotton crop of the world the South grows about three-fourths, or an annual average of 7,000,000 bales. --[Washington Post.

Alaska claims the largest quartz mill

That one-standing solitary and alone-sold on trial, is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it don't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases -and pulmonary consumption is only lung-scrofula-just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it on trial, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is guaranteed.



AGGY KNEES Greety Pant



OU can make \$25 per week at an

ENSION Washington, D. infrainer U.S. Pension

