

Intelligent Spiders.

Every one has noticed that when a spider's web is touched the insect will violently shake the web up and down, but few are probably aware of the reason for this curious action. The spider is well provided with eyes, but its sight is very limited, so much so in fact that if a fly is caught in the web and lies perfectly still the spider will often be unable to find it for a considerable time.

When in doubt as to what quarter of the web the prey has lodged on the spider always shakes the web and determines by the resistance the whereabouts of its game. It does so, too, with almost infallible accuracy, as any one who has the curiosity to make the experiment can determine, for in the great majority of cases, after the spider has given its web a good shaking it will start off in a run directly to the point where the intruder is lodged.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why Dynamite is a High Explosive.

Dynamite is a high explosive because each molecule of the nitro-glycerine in it contains in itself the elements which produce explosion, and they are so nicely balanced that it takes very little to transform them into gas, the sudden expansion of which is apt to produce disastrous consequences. Gunpowder, on the other hand, is merely a mechanical mixture of ingredients which must combine in order to explode, and the grains catch fire from each other progressively.

Wanted.—3000 Pale People to buy 50c. Bottles of Foresting Blood Bitters of all dealers for 25c. Gives you Strength and Vigor with the Freshness of Youth.

Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup, most prompt, pleasant and effectual. 25 cents.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

WHAT PROFITS IT.

What profits it that gold is won
And greed is fattened day by day?
What profits it in pleasure's sun
To waste the heart by mock-and play?
What profits to rise and shine
In some brief hold of place and power?
What profits it to feast with wine
And die of thirst at even's hour.

The gold we gain, unsoftened,
Will char the soul with ceaseless fire;
The pleasures by the world supplied
Are lotus plants that root in mire;
The throne and praise the mob bestows
Is set on sand—it flies as breath,
The wine that gladdens as it flows
Then maddens and expires in death.

The gold that profits is the grace
That makes the Christ my friend in need;
The pleasure that fills time and space
Is love that works in daily deed,
The power that makes a king in truth
In holiness that God hath given—
The crown of age, the hope of youth,
The upward, manly march to heaven!

—Sam W. Small, in Atlanta Constitution.

WANTED--A GOVERNESS.



GOVERNESS—(English) required at once by a Russian family at Odessa; French, drawing, music; three girls, eldest fourteen, salary \$500; references exchanged. Apply personally between ten and six to-day to Kanseroff, Langham Hotel.

He was an elderly Russian, slightly gray, the "Kanseroff" of the newspaper advertisement. He spoke English like the majority of his well educated companions.

When Cecil Pentreath, with outward composure and inward tribulation, was shown into his private sitting room at the Langham Hotel that afternoon he laid down the Times and regarded her pretty face with evident approbation.

At the end of five minutes he said he believed she would suit his friends, and that he would pay her passage out to Odessa, providing—and he did not doubt that it would be the case—each found the other's references satisfactory.

"I will give you till this time tomorrow to consider the matter and make such inquiries as you think proper," he said, in conclusion.

"Anyhow, I suppose I need not start for a week or two?" she asked. "I should like a little while in which to take leave of my friends."

"Naturally you would," he answered kindly. "There is no immediate hurry. A fortnight hence would suit the Petrovitches very well, I've no doubt."

The next afternoon, having perfectly satisfied herself in the interim as to the respectability of her future employers, she went to keep her appointment with Mr. Kanseroff.

He was not alone to-day. Another man was in the room, a younger man, who was seated at a writing table strewn with papers, and who merely glanced up and bowed as she entered, and then paid no more attention to her.

Kanseroff rose courteously, shook hands and asked her to sit down.

"Well, Miss Pentreath," he said, "and have you decided to go to Russia?"

"Yes," she answered, simply.

As she spoke she was conscious that the stranger—his interest suddenly awakened—had turned his head, and was looking at her earnestly; the keen scrutiny rendered her somewhat uncomfortable.

He said something rapidly to his friend in Russian. From the note of inquiry in his voice, and the mention of her own name and that of Petrovitch in the reply, she guessed correctly that he had asked who she was.

In the ensuing few minutes, while she discussed business matters and settled the date of her departure, she was sensible of the fact that every word she uttered was being absorbed and criticized by the man at the other end of the room, and that all the time he was watching her closely—that his eyes never left her face.

When at length she rose to go he called Kanseroff aside, and the latter left the girl with a brief apology and a request that she would remain a moment.

The two men talked eagerly, excitedly; but it was the stranger who was having most of the say. She could not understand them, of course. It appeared to her, however, that he was making some proposal of which Kanseroff did not approve. At last he uttered a few words, but half convinced and shrugging his shoulders, remarking in English:

"Well, have your own way. But you must make your own arrangements; I shan't interfere."

The younger man turned abruptly to Cecil, who had been watching the little scene with natural curiosity.

"Miss Pentreath, would you like to earn \$5000?"

A rush of color flushed Cecil's cheeks.

"Ah—yes," she said, with a little gasp in her voice. "But why do you ask me? How could I could I make so much?"

"Very simply. By leaving England in two days instead of two weeks, and taking a little packet of papers with you—a little packet that is of such great importance to my family that I do not care to transmit it in the ordinary way, through the post."

The girl's clear eyes met the man's bewildered questioning. Then a sudden light dawned upon her; his motive became clear.

"Oh," she cried, and her breath came and went rapidly; "in plain words, sir, you want me to smuggle papers into Russia which would get me into trouble were they discovered by the police?"

"Yes."

"Then I must decline; it would be wrong."

"On the contrary," he said quickly, "it would be right. You might even be the means of saving a life."

His tone and manner were earnest. Whether he was speaking the truth or whether his earnestness was merely assumed to convince her it was difficult to say, but the girl was satisfied.

"May I ask why you have chosen me for this work?"

"First, because you are going to the country anyhow; secondly, and chiefly, because you are a foreigner and a mere girl. You will pass unheeded, unsuspected, where others would not—that is to say, if you can keep your self-possession when it is needed, and I think you can, for, though you are so young, you have nerve, character—you are to be trusted."

She did not speak for a moment, but thought deeply and rapidly, with her gaze upon the floor.

Woman-like, she shrank at the idea of danger, and was about to refuse; then she thrust all thought of self aside, and only remember her mother, her sister, the man she loved, and what such a sum of money could do for them, and held her tongue.

"Give me \$10,000 and I will do it."

"You know how to ask, Miss Pentreath."

"I won't jeopardize my safety for less," she said firmly. "If I were alone in the world I should refuse altogether; but I want the money for the sake of those who are very dear to me."

"Very well," he answered, after a pause, "you shall have your \$10,000 directly I receive advice that you have fulfilled your part of the contract. I will give you the papers the morning you sail. When you arrive you must wear a white rose—an imitation one will do very well. Your responsibility will cease and your reward will be won when you have delivered the packet safely into the hands of a man with a similar flower pinned in his coat, who will contrive to ask you—how, when or where I cannot tell you—for the present from his friend in London."

Two days later Cecil found herself on the deck of an outward-bound steamer, the parting over, the voyage begun.

On the ship the time seemed endless to her, and she could settle to nothing. Every day seemed a week. She was in a fever of impatience to reach her destination, and get the critical period over. Yet, such is human nature, when she was told by a fellow-passenger that they would arrive the next morning, she would have given as much to retard their progress as previously she would have given to accelerate it.

She was awakened about 8 o'clock in the morning by the sudden cessation of accustomed motion as the Komerol came to a standstill beside the quay at Odessa.

Already the deck was strewn with luggage, crowded with passengers, and in a wild state of commotion. Officials in uniform were affixing large seals to all trunks and packages, large and small, prior to dispatching them to the custom house to be opened and searched.

Other officials were scanning every hole and corner of the steamer itself, and one stood in the gangway, apparently to prevent any one from going ashore.

"Do they always search the ships like this?" asked Cecil of one of the officers, with whom she had grown friendly during the voyage.

"No, it isn't usual. You see they're on the alert just now to stop certain papers getting into this country. The passengers—some of them at least—will very likely be searched, too. Nobody has been allowed to land yet."

She felt herself turned red and then white, and she nervously fingered the imitation rose which she had that morning pinned for the first time at her throat.

"Mrs. Petrovitch will be waiting for me. Surely they'll let me land now."

"I dare say they will. I'll find out for you," said the sailor, kindly.

He went up to one of the custom house men and spoke to him in Russian.

"This young English lady wishes to get ashore at once. There is nothing to detain her; I suppose?"

The official called another, and the two eyed Cecil and consulted together. Of course, she could not understand a word of what was passing, and in consequence had to endure awful suspense with assumed indifference.

It was evident to her at last, however, that they had not the least suspicion of her, for one shrugged his shoulders and walked away and the other asked for papers.

"Have you anything about you, any papers?"

It was for only an imperfectly instant she hesitated, and then she told the first deliberate lie she had ever told with a calm face and the blood tingling to her very finger tips.

"No."

"Very good, mademoiselle. You need not remain."

Mrs. Petrovitch and one of her girls met her and took her home. She was a amiable woman, and no doubt the governess would have been very comfortable beneath her roof; but all the same, if she could secure her \$10,000, Cecil did not intend to remain long in Russia.

The following morning at about 9 o'clock the front door was thrown open in common with every other door in Odessa, and a stream of people began to pass in and out.

Every man who entered, whether he were gentleman or peasant, took two eggs from the pile on the table, broke one and ate a piece of it, and presented the other to the hostess or any other female member of the household with the formula, "Christ is risen." To which the lady replied, "He is truly risen."

Cecil was watching the scene from a corner with considerable interest, when a dark man, dressed like a peasant, advanced and extended an egg to her. He wore a white rose, and he placed himself before her so that his figure shielded her from the room.

"You bring me a present from my friend in London," he said softly and rapidly, in excellent English.

For answer she slipped the packet into his hand.

He gave a sort of sigh of intense relief and concealed it at once without the least sign of confusion on his face.

When she raised her head to look after him he was gone.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon a month later a curious little scene was enacted outside the entrance of a certain large block of offices in London. A young lady drove up in a four-wheeler, and sent a boy into the building with a message.

A moment later a man came out, whose perplexed face suddenly crimsoned with astonishment and delight as he saw her who wished to speak to him. He shouted to the cabman to drive on—anywhere, sprang into the vehicle and clasped the girl in his arms.

"Cecil, my darling."

"Frank!"

"Why didn't you write to tell me you were coming home?" he panted. "Why are you back again so soon? What does it mean?"

"I wanted to surprise you. Oh, Frank, I've good news for you—such good news! What should you say if I told you that what we've always longed for is ours at last—a little capital that will enable you to start in business for yourself?"

Then, incoherent with happiness and excitement, she told him all. He heard her story, and when she had finished, touched her cheek with a gentle hand.

"But, my dear, I cannot accept so much from you."

"Then you value money more highly than you value me!"

"Cecil, what an idea! How dare you say such a wicked thing! You don't believe it!"

"I shall believe it if you still refuse. It must be so since you are not willing to take the \$10,000, and"—she hid her blushing, happy face on his shoulder—"and you are willing to take me!"

—Boston Globe.

Soft Water Better Than Hard.

Everybody likes soft water, but many half-scientific people have a kind of idea that hard water, that is water with carbonate of lime dissolved in it, may be of some value in the nutrition and development of bones, and especially in the development of children's bones. Doctor J. M. Fox, who is entitled to a hearing from the fact of his having given valuable information on the subject before a royal commission, holds a contrary view. He maintains that the principal use of water in the human body is for solvent purposes. In that case it is manifest that water which has seventy or eighty, or even 100 grains of solid matter per gallon dissolved in it must be less powerfully solvent than water which has not more than five or ten grains. The water which is used up in dissolving the lime cannot dissolve other soluble substances—at any rate, not to the full extent of the natural solvent power of undiluted water. It is sometimes argued, as already noted, that water having lime dissolved in it may, when drunk, give up its lime to the body and so help in the formation of bones. On this point Sir Lyon Playfair says: "I have seen evidence given in cases of water supply not only that it was desirable for health, but that it (carbonate of lime) was absolutely necessary for the formation of bones. But that showed a lamentable lack of chemical knowledge, because the lime required in food does not come from the water, but from the solid particles of food taken, and I do not think that the lime in water has any influence on the process of animal nutrition." The water consumed in the mountainous districts of Scotland is soft water, and Highlanders are not generally supposed to be deficient in bone or muscle. It is also stated that the tallest people in Great Britain are to be met with in soft-water districts, for instance, in Cumberland and Aberdeen. The tallest people of all are found in Aberdeen, which is a very soft-water district. Soft water is, in short, pure water, so far as lime is concerned; and both in sickness and in health, and, indeed, for all ordinary purposes for which water is required, it is much to be preferred to hard.—Chicago News Record.

The Signal Corps.

The signal corps, United States Army, as now constituted, is limited to fifty men. The pay of a private in the corps is \$100 per month, as against the \$13 per month paid to an ordinary private in the army. Naturally admission to the corps is much sought after by men in the ranks. It is customary when vacancies occur to give the first chances for enlistment to those soldiers who have distinguished themselves by long service or natural ability. Admission to the corps is by special enlistment, and is properly looked upon as a promotion. For further information write to General A. W. Greely, chief signal officer, United States Army, Washington, D. C. There are no special enlistments for arsenals duty in the army. The men who are stationed at the buildings are detailed from the ranks as occasion may require.—New York Sun.

Held by Fierce Wolves.

The wolves in many of the southern and southwestern Governments of Russia are very bold. From Volhynia and Kiev several fatalities are reported. Villages lying adjacent to the forests are continually harried, as are those solitarily situated on the steppes. Constant night watches are kept by the peasants for the protection of their cattle. In their encounters with these savage pests the villagers care nothing for pistols or revolvers, but place their trust in such weapons as stout cudgels, wood axes, bill hooks, scythe blades, reaping sickles, flail stocks, etc.

On the post road between Odessa City and Nicolaieff a wolf pack of over a hundred head is said to be on the quarry path, and several battue parties, writes our correspondent, are being organized or its destruction or dispersion.—London News.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

New York buys more lace than any other city in the world.

All sorts of fantastic styles these days are crocheted called "Empire."

Apple green is to be one of the fashionable colors. It has already appeared in Paris.

Mrs. Wistar, the translator of German novels, is the daughter of the late Fanny Kemble.

The higher in rank the Japanese woman, the more elaborate her coiffure is likely to be.

In the matter of crinoline there has been a great deal of screaming before anyone is hurt.

A bride recently married in London wore the wedding dress which had been made for the Princess May.

Fashion plates show that the sailor hat, with all trimming at the back, will be with us again the coming summer.

For women with delicate, oval faces, high foreheads and long necks the Cadogan coiffure is distinctly becoming.

The Marquise Lanza wrote "Basil Morton's Transgression" seated in the chair in which Poe wrote "The Raven."

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid wears a decoration—gold and precious stones—presented to her by the Sultan of Turkey.

Mrs. Oliphant receives about \$5000 for a story, and she writes several every year in addition to other literary work.

The proper caper just now is to wear your headress with a long thin blade of silver, finished at one end with a pink tcap.

What is known as fashionable mourning of the period requires more of the most expensive crape for trimming than ever before.

Mrs. Annie Moores, of Mount Pleasant, Texas, is the only woman who acts as the President of a National bank in this country.

It is said that a kindergarten on the west side of New York City is to be named after Mrs. Cleveland and that she will support it.

There is a new "marriage dress material," advertised in London papers as "brides' satin." It is embroidered with orange flowers.

A model of the real Empire hat has come over from Paris. It is a stunning article of headgear and cannot fail to create a sensation.

A new chapeleine is an enameled sword whose jeweled hilt is thrust through the wearer's dress. The watch hangs from the sword by a chain.

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, of New York City, has a marvellously gorgeous dress of primrose yellow silk, embroidered in white and gold.

Grace Greenwood, the literary pioneer of American women authors, told a friend recently that she couldn't tell more than one story over one cup of tea.

Mrs. French Sheldon illustrates her lectures on Africa with a collection of costumes, cooking utensils and household articles used by the natives.

The typewriter has found its way into my lady's boudoir, and she uses it in her social correspondence. It is very ornamental and the type are old English characters.

Several society women in New York wear regular crowns that have been purchased from the impoverished Kings and Queens of Europe or from their immediate descendants.

Very long, narrow hosiery cases, fashioned of silk, overlaid with painted French gaux and sprinkled with some subtle sachet, find a place in the social dancer's chiffonniere.

Queen Victoria once aspired unsuccessfully as a poet. She wrote a book of verse long ago, and was sensible enough to send it to a publisher under a feigned name, wishing to know its real merits. It was immediately declined with thanks.

The Empress of Austria has made so exhaustive a study of modern Greek that she has lately achieved a creditable translation into that language of "Lear," "Hamlet" and "The Tempest." The work was done for her own gratification and with no aid.

The Ann Arbor (Mich.) College girls on a stormy day not long since came out in force wearing the Jenness Miller rainy-day dress. The skirt reached half way between the knee and ankle. Long gaiters covered the shoe tops and extended to the knee.

Although Käte Sanborn can write poetry she has lots of common sense, and her advice is always practical. Her latest bit is, "Don't screw your face into a crooked bowknot when you arrange your hair or fasten your gloves, unless you want to coax furrows and wrinkles."

Linon collars and cuffs are again in favor, but work with a difference. The cuffs are no longer a mere strip of white below the sleeve, but protrude for an inch or two like a man's wristbands. This would seem another saucy attempt to seize upon the masculine belongings.

Miss Eva C. Kinney recently assumed control of a Kaousa paper. She made an announcement at that time which, while doubtless very pleasing to her friends, must have caused surprise among the general readers of her publication. "I am," she wrote, "a girl, with all a girl's love for fun, frolic and romance."

Every girl is anxious to lay claim to some novel neck garniture which, when donned with the evening gown, is going to enhance her loveliness tenfold. Quite the noblest throat circlet on exhibition displays pending from an invisible silver wire very tiny green enamel leaves, every other one holding some quaint design. A diamond drowdrop glitens upon one, another is almost hidden by a jeweled bug, while others are powdered with miniature gems.

A Cure for Stammering.

A gentleman who stammered from childhood almost up to manhood gives a very simple remedy for the misfortune: Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get some book that will interest but not excite you, and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth together. Do the same thing every two or three days, or once a week if very tiresome, always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible and make up your mind that you will not stammer. Well, I tried this remedy, not having much faith in it, I must confess, but willing to do almost anything to cure myself of such an annoying difficulty. I read for two hours aloud with my teeth together. The first result was to make my tongue and jaws acute—that is, while I was reading—and the next to make me feel as if something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that every one who knew me remarked it. I repeated this remedy every five or six days for a month, and then at longer intervals until cured.—Good Health.

Danger From Eating Nuts.

Medical men advise that salt should be taken with nuts, especially when eaten at night. One time, says a writer, while enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend called for salt, stating that he knew a case of a woman eaten heartily of nuts in the evening, who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Doctor Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too fond of his cup, and he was not in a condition to go. He muttered, "Salt, salt," of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to this place and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her; if they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this, and immediately it dissolved.—New York World.



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