AN OLD GARDEN.

An odor of full-bloomed flowers
  Bids me restrain my steps and lean
Over an old gray wall, where cowers
  The shrinking moss in crevice green

Spread here before my listless gaze
  An old-world English garden lies,
Where paths and arbors twine a maze,
  And flowers woo the buzzing flies.

Untrimmed, unkempt, in lavish growth
  All nature keeps companionship;
The graceful lily is not loath
  To touch the briar with her lip.

In peach tree shade lie flowers wild,
  All unsuspecting of their birth;
And weed to plant is reconciled
  By common love for Mother Earth.

The paths and beds would fain conceal
  Distinction where the apple drops,
Or truant strawberry blossoms feel
  Their way across to alien crops.

While moss and lichen intercede
  All rival hues to harmonize—
'Tis thusalike the rose and weed
  Contribute pleasure to our eyes.

I love thee, garden, and like the bee
  This blessing from thy bounty sip
"Fair in ourselves we each may be,
  But fairer for companionship."
—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A FATHER'S SECRET.

I.

EMILY VANE sat in the drawing-room window which overlooked the sea and the Cleveland hills, but she saw neither sea nor hills. She and her father, with the servants, had been now some five weeks at Saltburn, in a large house which Mr. Vane had rented for the summer. Henry Vane, Esq., owned a good-sized mansion in Belgravia, where he had lived for the past eight years during the London season, and an estate near Nottingham, amid picturesque scenery, where he generally resided when not in London. Each summer, however, he rented his house at Saltburn; for not only Emily, but himself too, was charmed with the quiet, beautiful Yorkshire watering place. From all of which it will be at once surmised that Henry Vane, Esq., was a man of wealth.

His money had been acquired abroad, and though of his family nothing or little was known in society, he was well received by some excellent houses; for even a titled person does not care lightly to offend one whose income is £40,000.

Emily Vane saw neither sea nor hills. Her thoughts were wholly occupied by two letters in front of her. Both had come that morning, and both were proposals for her hand. The first of them was from the Earl of Seacroft, who for some time had been paying Miss Vane noticeable attentions, and who, both as regarded personal qualities and position, was indeed no bad match for any English maiden. He was yet young and fairly wealthy, and for some months—in fact, since Emily had "come out"—had been a victim to her beauty and charms. She admitted to herself that Lord Seacroft's proposal was not one to be lightly set aside.

The other letter was from Mr. Hubert Wells. Emily had met him about six months ago, at a country house, since which time he had been her devoted admirer. She frankly confessed to herself that she liked him, that she liked his society, that she knew that he loved her. But Hubert Wells was not rich, and had no particular position. He had only about £400 a year, which his father, long since dead, had left him to live upon.

Emily Vane still sat, looking first at this proposal, then at that. She had for the past week or two, expected both, and so unsettled and doubtful was she that she had given neither suitor any chance of proposing personally. But now it had come—both on one morning! The ordeal had to be faced; the decision to be made! Her pride, her love for her father, her wish to raise the name of Vane, said "Seacroft;" yet there was a small voice underneath which whispered, "Hubert."

In her perplexity she picked up the letters, and went to see her father in his study. Emily Vane's mother had died at her birth; her father was her closest confidant. As Emily entered he rose up and kissed her lovingly, then, smoothing her hair, said, quietly:

"Which of the two is it to be, love?"

The beautiful girl gazed at him with eyes half dimmed with tears, as she answered, blushingly:

"Whichever my papa likes! He always chooses for the best."

"Well, my dear, suppose I should say Lord Seacroft? I have always wished such a husband for you—titled, yet noble in nature's best way."

"Yes, papa."

"Yet I like this Mr. Wells."

Emily's heart beat a shade quicker.

"He cannot give you what the Earl of Seacroft can, and what I have so often pictured you; and yet—and yet—he is his father's son!"

The girl gazed, half in fear and astonishment, for her father was as pale as death, and shook visibly.

"What is it, papa?" she said.

"Sit down, my love," replied Mr. Vane. "It has only come, as I felt certain some day it would. God has brought it out in his time. I must tell you now. Don't be afraid, Emily. It is the secret of my life which I've hidden for thirty-five years; now you must share it. I feel I should not be doing right if I let you choose to-day without telling you of it. When you have heard my story you must choose for yourself, and be assured your choice, whichever it is, will please me. As for what you will hear, it will remain your secret and mine; I shall keep it as before, and I must beg of you to do the same all your life, even from your husband."

II.

Emily sat in doubt and fear, sure that the kind father who had so loved her would not tell anything to distress her, if he could help it; and yet anxious as to what such an awful secret could be. The master of Olton sat in a chair with his face away from the light, watching intently that dear, sweet face of his daughter, upon which the full sunlight shone.

"Thirty-seven years ago a convict ship was sailing from England for Botany Bay, under the command of a brave captain and crew. There were no fewer than forty convicts on board—desperate fellows of every description; thieves, highwaymen, manslayers, all kinds of villains. Among them was one whose case had excited much interest at home, since many people believed him innocent—morally, at any rate—of a crime he was said to have committed. Among a gang of poachers one night he, their superior in rank, had had the misfortune to shoot one of the keepers who watched for them and attacked them. The shot had killed the keeper, but there was some doubt as to whose gun it had come from, and, when the convict in question was arrested and charged, the keepers swore that he had fired the shot. For himself, he knew not whether this was so; several of his fellow poachers said he was innocent, and that the real culprit had escaped. His sentence, however, was that of penal servitude at Botany Bay for life—probably the doubt alone saved him from being hanged.

"Naturally, his spirit was galled; he became morose, wild, severe in aspect as in temper, and his reputation on the convict ship was that of the worst criminal on board. He rebelled at his jailers, at his food, at his confinement, and felt ready for any dark deed. The chance soon came. The vessel was off the Cape of Good Hope, some miles away, when he first got knowledge of a projected mutiny, in which the captain, crew and jailers were all to be murdered; and the successful mutineering convicts were then to steer for some unknown point in Africa and land there.

"It was a desperate scheme and with the mutiny he was thoroughly in unison, but not with the murder. He was not yet as black as that, and tried hard to dissuade his fierce companions from it, but in vain. As they persisted in their plans, he felt that all he could do was to keep quiet till the time for action came; but the captain and his wife had been really kind to him, and he determined that they should not die. Yet he would not betray his companions like a coward.

"On Sept. 8 the attack was made. He stood near the captain's cabin to protect its unsuspecting inmates. When the mutineers, having seized the watch on deck and killed them, came rushing down, he ordered them back from that cabin; they refused to go, and a fight ensued. The captain became roused, the alarm was given, and, after a desperate resistance, the rebels were overpowered and put in irons. The captain begged of the guards to set the convict who had saved his life at liberty, but they declined, pretending that, in reality, he was as bad as the rest. So he was closely guarded.

"It was touching at Perth that the captain's opportunity came. Having secured the co-operation of his mates, he entertained the whole of the guards to dinner one evening, and made them helplessly drunk. In the meantime one of his party contrived to secure possession of the keys, and in a few moments the convict's irons had been unloosened, and he was free. The captain himself came and shook hands with him ere he sent him off in the boat which was waiting for him.

"'I know,' said he, 'that what I have done for you is risky and may cost me something if my part is discovered; but you saved my life, so I will take this risk to save you from the crushing penal servitude. All I have to say to you is, get away from the coast, after you have landed, as soon as possible, change your name and appearance as much as you can; go into some honest business, and, though it is not likely, if ever I do hear of you again let it be in such a way that will do you credit, and repay me for giving you freedom to-night.'

"The tears stood in the convict's eyes as he thanked his benefactor and grasped his hand.

"'Sir, I shall take your advice. My little bit of good was almost gone by the brutal treatment I have suffered—for I don't think I killed that gamekeeper, but even if I did, it was purely accidental. You have proved to me that all the kindness and gratitude are not yet gone out of the world, and I hope some day to be able to show you how I appreciate it.'

"Within a few minutes more the boat had landed him on the mainland. He watched it return to the ship and then departed.

III.

"It was six years after this that, with money made in sheep farming, Joseph Turnell, the former convict, turned up at Ballarat just as the first rush of the gold fever occurred. It was Turnell who bought the great tract of land which was afterward discovered to be almost wholly gold under the surface, and who sold it, after getting some thousands out of it, for a very large sum. But nobody in England or Australia, when Joseph Turnell's name was mentioned, ever thought for a moment that he was the escaped convict about whom such a stir had been made at home, both on his escape and later, when a dying tramp confessed that it was his gunshot that memorable night which killed the keeper.

"Joseph Turnell was wealthy, and had married a dear girl in Victoria, who had borne him a daughter ere she died. Need I go on, Emily? You have guessed it all! He came to England, and took the name of Henry Vane, owing to having had some estates left him, as he told his friends; in reality, to throw any chance old acquaintance off the scent. There is no fear now of any discovery or disagreeable thing happening. I felt nervous the first year or two, but now the only two who know all this are you and I, for even the good old captain is dead. So, you see, I was imprisoned unjustly after all, but it has turned out a good thing for me in the end. And, now you have wealth and beauty, I wanted, for my own ambition, to see you a lady by title and position, and the Earl of Seacroft could have no finer countess, nor you a more desirable husband."

She sat pale and agitated, yet smiling now, for was not her dear father free of that awful, even if unintentional crime which had made her feel so sick as he told her the story?

"So you think I must choose Lord Seacroft?" asked she.

"Nay," replied Mr. Vane; "I have scarcely done yet. Hear the rest and choose for yourself. As you know now, all I have I owe to that good captain—my freedom, my wealth, my fair fame. I promised—and God knows I have tried—never to forget him and his wife. Emily, that captain's name was Hubert Wells, and this Hubert Wells is his son! I found out all easily by my agents. I have never repaid the father, never can, nor the mother, either, for what they did. My own, dearest darling can, if she chooses—and I half suspect it will be agreeable—sacrifice with me our ambitious hopes, and repay the son for his father's sake!"

He stopped and looked at her. Emily Vane's eyes wandered thoughtfully out in a long gaze over the sunlit sea; then she turned with a calm smile and whispered:

"Yes, dearest papa, and she will."

"God bless you both," said he. "The captain, though far away, will be as delighted as I am."—Tid-Bits.

DRILLED CLEAR THROUGH.

Man Pierced by an Iron and Lived to Tell the Tale.

They were discussing last night at a miners' boarding-house the recent stabbing of Tom Lynch at the Butte Hotel, and a number of cases of a similar nature were brought up in which the injured men recovered and were as hearty as ever.

"The most remarkable one, though, that I ever heard of," said Jerry Harrigan, "was that of Pat Mulligan, with whom I worked for many a year. In June, 1881, Mulligan was working at the Gray Rock, when the shaft on that property was about 225 feet deep. Mulligan was one of the sinking crew, and one day the bucket which was used for taking out the waste and water was being hoisted to the surface. The bucket was almost filled with water and the shaft men, unknown to the top man, put six dull drills in the bucket to be sent on top to be sharpened. The top man dumped the water in a trough at the collar of the shaft without closing the trap doors on top and one of the drills rolled out, struck the trough and fell off down the shaft. It was an inch drill two feet long and weighed about six pounds. Mulligan was in a stooping position when the drill struck him. It hit him back of the shoulder blade, passed clean through the body, narrowly missing his heart, and partly emerged from between the ribs. Mulligan's horror-stricken comrades in the shaft rushed to his assistance and were about to pull the drill out from his back when Mulligan calmly seized the lower end of the drill from where it protruded and by a great effort pulled it through his body and threw it down at his feet. It was a wonderful exhibition of strength and fortitude, but everybody who heard of the accident was confident that he could not survive. He hovered between life and death for about three weeks, and finally got apparently as well as ever. He worked for ten years in the mines of Butte and Granite, but finally met with a horrible death at the Anaconda mine on Nov. 4, 1891, by falling with eight others from the cage while being hoisted from the mine."—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Education in Japan.

The Japanese minister of education, Marquis Saonji, has formulated his educational system for Japan, and it seems to meet the approval of all the higher classes. He proposes to bring up young men on broad and liberal lines. He insists that the study of the English language is of the greatest importance. He will do away with the study of old Japanese literature in the schools—which, after all, is but a study of old Chinese—and make the study of English compulsory, where it is now only optional.

Care of the Feet.

Faithful care of the feet has most to do with good looks than most young ladies are inclined to believe.

They must be kept warm and comfortable by proper coverings, and by daily bathing and rubbing.

No part of the body requires bathing more than the soles of the feet.

The pores here are very active and should be kept open.

All hardening and callousing of the feet should be avoided if possible.

If the feet are given to excessive perspiration a few drops of ammonia should be added to their daily bath of water.

If they burn, or are very tender, bathe them in weak alum water.

The water should always be warm.

Cut the nails carefully, shorter than the finger nails.

If they break, rub on mutton tallow before going to bed, wrapping the toes in soft linen cloth.

Corns may be nipped in the bud by a prompt treatment with kerosene oil.

Cut the corns down as much as possible, without making them sore, then rub on the oil, night and morning.

If the corns make their appearance between the toes, wet a piece of tissue paper with the kerosene, and put this between the toes over the corns.

History Straightened Out.

"What name does the pale-face prisoner give?" sternly asked Powhatan, the warlike and powerful Indian chief.

"He says, replied one of the braves, respectfully saluting the ruler of the tribe, "his name is John Smith."

"John Smith!" roared the infuriated chieftain. "Does the pale-face chump think he can keep his real name out of the papers by working the John Smith racket on me? Fetch him here! I'll John Smith him! Now brain him with the tomahawk!"

It was at this critical moment that Pocohontas, with her hair in curl papers, came rushing out of the family wigwam and saved the prisoner's life by marrying him on the spot. She thought he was a Vere de Vere.

THE people are always right if given time. But occasionally they require an enormous amount of time to come to a just conclusion.

As a rule we are afraid of women who wear glasses.

A man's ideal home has a match safe as big as a quart cup, and always filled in every room.

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only **one** best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is———? . . . . There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could, if you were chemists. But then, do **you** need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, **except Ayer's.** So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

Daring of a Former Milwaukeean.

At Wildhaus, in the Toggenburg, the birthplace of Zwingli, and a favorite point for ascending the Sentis, the most remarkable of living Alpine clubmen is now residing. Herr Dorlinger a one-legged mountaineer. He was one of the Switzers who served in the American army of the North and lost his left leg in the wars. It was replaced by a wooden one. After living many years in Milwaukee he has returned to his fatherland, and, in spite of his age and his wooden leg, is an enthusiastic climber. A short time ago he was found in a dangerous spot on the Kraialp, engaged in the risky work of gathering edelweiss. Last week he ascended the Sentis, a feat which has certainly never before been accomplished by a man with a wooden leg.—Pall Mall Budget.

He Lost Faith.

From the Gazette, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

THE GAZETTE has advertised many remedies, but none which could not give satisfactory proof of being possessed of real merit. We made an investigation in regard to Pink Pills the other day, and at the instance of Gardner & Davis, druggists, interviewed Herbert Spencer. We never saw a stronger or more straightforward endorsement.

"As you know, I am now and have been for years employed in the sash and blind factory of Bliss & Suydam. About twelve years ago I was attacked with rheumatism in my lower limbs, and it is impossible to describe my sufferings. I tried a number of physicians and countless advertised remedies, but if I obtained any relief it was only temporary. My feet were swollen so it was necessary to wear shoes several sizes too large, and then cut them open at that. In going up and down stairs it was necessary to crawl. I kept at work most of the time and my wife would bring my dinner to the factory, as I was unable to walk home to the midday meal, although it was but a short distance away. I was almost discouraged. I had tried everything, and spent more money than I could afford with the hope that somewhere there might be relief. About this time my sister-in-law saw in a newspaper an account of a man at Galway, N. Y., whom it stated had been cured by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. As I had lost all faith in every remedy my sister-in-law, unknown to me, wrote to the man asking if the article was true. She received a reply stating that it was not only true, but that the Pink Pills would do all that was claimed for them. I went at once to the drug store of Gardner & Davis and bought one box, following this with another. With the second box I began to improve, and continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when I was fully relieved of all rheumatic trouble. I would say that it is necessary to follow the directions minutely. They mean just what they say, and to get the best results with the Pink Pills you must do exactly as you are told."

Replying to the question as to whether he would recommend Pink Pills, Mr. Spencer said:

"Recommend them? Well, I guess I can recommend them! Why, I suffered night and day beyond my powers to describe. I consider it the only remedy which is sure to cure rheumatism. I cannot too forcibly express my faith in Pink Pills for Pale People."

Knowing that Notary Public M. H. Smith was in his office, Mr. Spencer was asked if he would sign the above and make affidavit to its correctness, which he willingly consented to do, and his signature and the notary's are here appended.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this th day of July, 1895. M. H. SMITH,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 0 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Matchmaking Mothers.

Match-making mammas have been the subject for many a newspaper jokest and much serious condemnation, by no means all of which is deserved. There is a kind of match making which is not only commendable, but a positive duty on the part of the mother of girls, though, of course, it has its strict limits. American girls of 20 or thereabouts, are apt to feel that the earth and the fullness thereof are made for them, and to believe that they can guide themselves a great deal better than their mothers can guide them.

The match-making duty of a mother resolves itself into a simple matter of introducing to her daughter young men of good moral character and who are in a position to marry. No mother has the right to attempt the smallest coercion or even persuasion to bring about the most desirable marriage, but she grievously fails in duty if she does not use every means in her power to prevent an evil one.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Twain Just Wanted to Yell.

Mark Twain, who recently started on a tour around the world, told a recent interviewer how he often felt a desire to "cut loose" from civilization and to get away by himself, where he could run and yell to his heart's content. In this connection there is a story about the humorist and Canon Kingsley. Walking along the street one day, Mark felt the impulse to yell coming on him with irresistible force, and said to Kingsley: "I want to yell; I must yell." The canon said: "All right; yell away; I don't mind." "And with that," said Mark, "I stepped back a few steps, and, throwing my arms above my head, let out a war whoop that could be heard for miles, and in less time than you can count Canon Kingsley and myself were surrounded by a multitude of anxious citizens, who wanted to know what was the matter. I told them nothing was the matter; I just wanted to yell, and had yelled."

A Little Girl's Wish.

Speaking of little girls, there was a cabinet officer here a few years ago who had a little girl about 7 years old. The nurse took her one day to find the washerwoman. They found her in a little frame shanty of only one room, which seemed a great novelty to the child.

On returning home she was telling her mother about the wonderful house which had just one room. With a sigh and an earnestness born of deep longing, she said:

"Oh, mamma, how I wish we lived in that house."

"Why, my child, why should you wish such a strange thing?"

"Then, don't you see, when I was put to bed at night I could hear everything that was said, because you wouldn't have any other room to sit in."—Washington Star.

Flattering.

The head of a produce commission house in New York, who has in his veins the blood of all the Howards, of which he is very proud, tells the following story about himself:

One day not very long ago he received a call from a stranger from the rural districts, who inquired concerning the business standing of a rival house in the trade.

"We both sell to exporters and jobbers, and naturally we have no business relations with the people in question. They are young men, with a moderate capital, who stand very high on 'change. They are hard-working, conscientious, gentlemanly young fellows," he said.

"That's just it," replied the stranger. "I ain't no gentleman myself, and I don't propose to do business with gentlemen. I'll consign my goods to you."

Remember

That good health, strong nerves, physical vigor, happiness and usefulness depend upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Remember that the blood can be made pure by

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache. 25c.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

LOAFING is not rest.

Envy is a dog that bites before barking.

The man who loafs is least satisfied with his pay.

Good fortune does not always travel in a carriage.

Fill man with whisky and he can give the pig points.

Whoever makes God his strength will not long be weak.

Christ wept over Jerusalem, but had no pity on himself.

On the day we have done no good we have done much evil.

If all our wishes were gratified, how poor we would all be.

The Christian is in great danger when he trusts in his own strength.

The man who takes God for his guide will always travel in the right path.

The devil sees to it that a grumbler always has something to grumble about.

The man who denies Christ in his politics, will not be true to him in anything else.

Whoever sneers at religion makes it that much harder for somebody to be a Christian.

Religion pure and undefiled never has to carry a banner to let the world know its name.

There is no authority in the Bible for measuring a man's religion by the length of his face.

When the devil comes to an empty mind, he walks in and takes possession of the whole house.

We must never conclude that the devil has left us for good, when he leaves us for a season.

Piety is on the decline in any community where nobody is being persecuted for righteousness' sake.

To undertake to be a Christian with no expectation of bearing the cross is to fail before making the start.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself will be slow about going to law to get wrong things made right.

If the troops are not trained when there is no enemy in sight they will not behave well in the day of battle.

God's grace is great, but it cannot do much for the man who is only trying to be religious an hour or two a week.

It is an evidence that we are getting closer to God, when we begin to pray a good deal for people we don't like.

Believe that God is with you in your present trouble, because he has promised that he will never forsake you in any trouble.

No argument is required to convince a man with eyes that the sun gives light, and whoever is born of the Spirit knows that Jesus is the Christ.

The Daughter of Jenny Lind.

Mrs. Raymond Maude, who is married to a nephew of the present head of the Maude family, Lord Dovercourt, is the daughter of Jenny Lind (Mme. Goldschmidt). Her father, Otto Goldschmidt, who is still living, is the well-known orchestral conductor and composer. Mrs. Raymond Maude is very musical, and her children also promise to develop lovely voices. Mrs. Raymond Maude is well known as a composer, and her delightful and sympathetic setting of those exquisite little lyrics, "Rhymes About a Little Woman," show promise of attaining an immense and well-deserved popularity. Mrs. Maude is thoroughly British in character and manner, having been brought up in England, and only shows traces of her Scandinavian origin in her fair hair and complexion.—The Woman at Home.

She Wasn't "Cross, Bertie."

The directory canvassers have some odd experiences. In making their rounds it is customary for them to note the surname first and follow it with the Christian name. One of the canvassers had occasion to call at a Pine street residence several days ago. A bright, cheerful looking young girl came to the door. He asked her name. "My name?" she answered, with a little wonder in her tone. "My name is Bertie Cross." She watched closely as he wrote, "Cross, Bertie." Then she exclaimed, "Don't you dare to put my name down that way. That's my nick name here at the house, but I want my name put in the directory as Bertie Cross or not at all."—Philadelphia Record.

Teeth Reading.

Teeth reading is the latest fad in England. The "science" is only in its infancy yet, but the following are two or three of the items which its professors assert to be incontrovertible: "Teeth that are long and narrow denote vanity; projectors indicate a grasping disposition; treachery is best known by small, white, separated molars; inconstancy by overlapping teeth; and the possessor of wide separated ivories is sure to tell all he knows. Those who wear false ones possess a character that the science cannot read."

Says English Coal Is Superior.

It is said that the superiority of English coal makes the westward trips of Atlantic steamers faster than the eastward. The fact, however, may be also partly accounted for by the prevalence of westerly winds.

Bear Interrupted the Telegraph.

Telegraphic communication with Milford, N. Y., was cut off for four hours the other day by a tame bear, which, after climbing a telegraph pole, tore down the wire.

Clothing.

Clothing should never be brushed in the house. Physicians distinctly assert that the dust of the street may and does contain the most dangerous germs of contagious diseases, and the greatest care should be exercised that this dust is not scattered through the house, to find its way into the lungs, and possibly to carry the seeds of disease. Garments should be either shaken from a window or carried into the yard and beaten and brushed on a line.

How a Murderer Escaped the Gallows

A remarkable criminal trial has been in progress in Carroll County, Va., for nearly six years. A white man named Tilley was charged with having murdered a woman and having burned her body under a brush pile. The evidence was purely circumstantial, but strong, and Tilley was condemned to be hanged. An appeal was taken and the Court of Appeals set the verdict aside. Again, he was tried and again condemned to be hanged, to be once more saved by the Court of Appeals.

The Legislature of Virginia passed a law last winter removing such cases from the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court. By a compromise at the term of the Circuit Court which has just adjourned in Carroll County, between the commonwealth's attorney and Tilley's counsel, Gen. Walker, it was agreed that Tilley could be discharged from the Circuit Court, rearrested and indicted in the County Court, and that he should be tried for manslaughter and condemned to two and a half years in the penitentiary. During the five years he has been under sentence Tilley has been confined in jail, much of the time in an iron cage and chained to the floor. —Baltimore Sun.

Unexpected Attention.

A young man who was walking along Dearborn street the other day stopped in front of an engine house and looked in.

"Have many fires in this town?" he inquired of one of the firemen standing in the door.

"We have 'em pretty often," replied the other.

"Do you have to go to all of them?"

"No. Not unless they're in our district or unless there's a general alarm."

"Ever try to see how quick you can hitch up?"

"O, yes."

"How quick can you do it?"

At that instant there came an alarm. At the first stroke of the gong the men ran to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, the horses ran out and were quickly hitched to the hose cart, and within a few seconds men, horses and cart were out of the door and speeding down the street.

The interested young man watched the performance with undisguised admiration.

"By gum!" he exclaimed. "That's Chicago all over. There ain't another town in the United States where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they can do!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Wrong Word.

There was a justice of the peace in a Southwestern town who was apt to confuse long words in a manner which used to excite merriment in the court room.

On one occasion a negro who was a notorious thief of live stock was brought before this justice for trial, and in spite of convincing proofs against him pleaded "not guilty." He added an asseveration of his innocence on all previous occasions.

"Come, Ned," said the justice, shaking his head gravely, "it won't do for you to deny it. You know you stole hogs up in our neighborhood when you were only a boy, for I was accessory to it!"

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894

A new process of making gas from crude petroleum, water and peat is being tried in Boston with good results.

Floating-Borax Soap is 100 per cent. pure and don't turn yellow with age. It is not an imitation of anything, but better than any other floating soap made. Be sure Dobbins Soap M'f'g Co., Phila., is on each wrapper and cake.

Lady Aberdeen advocates official inspection of the teeth of school children with a view to having better care.

Catarrh is a constitutional disease and cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy and it cures catarrh.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

A Missionary Ship.

About a year ago a party of Seventh Day Adventists chartered the brigantine Pitcairn and started out with her from San Francisco on a missionary expedition in the South seas. Word of the vessel has just been received from Nukualofa, Aonga. The party had visited Tahita, Rarotonga, Rurutu, Pitcairn and many other islands, stopping long enough at each one to distribute tracts and pamphlets and Bibles and to do missionary work in various ways. The vessel took to Pitcairn a number of the islanders who had been visiting San Francisco.

We know so little about art that every time we see a picture of a half-naked woman labeled "Hope," we stop to think.

Shall we whip

Whip a poorly nourished horse when he is thoroughly tired. He may go faster for a few rods, but his condition is soon the worse for it. Better stop and give him food. Food gives force. If you are thin, without appetite; pale, because of thin blood; and easily exhausted; why further weaken the body by applying the whip. Better begin on a more permanent basis. Take something which will build up the tissues and supply force to the muscular, digestive, and nervous systems.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, meets every demand. The cod-liver oil is a food of great value. It produces muscular, digestive, and nervous force without the aid of any whip. Every gain is a substantial one. The hypophosphites give strength and stability to the nervous system. The improved appetite, richer blood, and better flesh come to stay.

Just as good is never as good as

Scott's Emulsion.

BEWARE IN TIME The first acute twinges of SCIATICA IS THE WARNING TO USE ST. JACOBS OIL. DELAY, AND THOSE TWINGES MAY TWIST YOUR LEG OUT OF SHAPE.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

"One Year Borrows Another Year's Fool." You Didn't Use SAPOLIO Last Year. Perhaps You Will Not This Year.

A Blooded-Red Lake.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has a queer habit of turning red about two or three times every ten years. It is a pretty lake, like most of the sheets of water in that picturesque country, and its peculiar freak is attributed to a disposition to celebrate the slaughter of Burgundians under Charles the Bold on June 21, 1476. But the French say that it blushes for the conduct of the Swiss, who in that battle gave the Burgundians no quarter. This year it was redder than ever, and had a sinister appearance when the setting sun illuminated its waves.

This phenomenon, of course, has its legend. The old fishermen of the lake, who catch enormous fish called silures that weigh between twenty-five and forty kilograms, say when they see the waters of the lake reddening that it is the blood of the Burgundians. As a matter of fact, some of the bodies of the Burgundians killed in the battle were thrown into the lake, while others were tossed into a grave filled with quicklime. This historical recollection angered the Burgundians soldiers of the victorious armies of the republic in 1798 so much that they destroyed the monument raised in honor of their compatriots who fell heroically in that battle, and Henri Martin very justly reproached them for that piece of vandalism.

It would hardly do to attribute the reddening of the waters of the lake to the blood of the soldiers of Charles the Bold. The coloring is due simply to the presence in large quantities of little aquatic plants called by naturalists oscillatoria rubescens. The curious thing about it is that Lake Morat is the only lake in which this curious growth is developed, and this peculiarity is beginning to interest scientific men.—New York Sun.

A Duel on Horseback.

Two farmers living near Wetappo, Fla., fought a duel on horseback with Winchesters a few days ago, and one man was killed and the other seriously wounded by two bullets. The men had quarreled and each had sworn that he would kill the other on sight. They happened to meet one day last week on the highway, both being mounted and both having their rifles. They opened fire on seeing each other, and three shots were fired by each. One man, George Phillips, received all three of his opponent's bullets, the third penetrating his brain and killing him instantly. The other man, J. S. McLain, was hit by two bullets, and fell unconscious from his horse as his adversary dropped off dead. The dead man was married only a month ago.

A CHILD ENJOYS

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Tomato plants have been grafted on potato plants in England, giving a crop of potatoes above ground and of tomatoes below. Potatoes grafted on tomatoes have produced flowers and apples and a few tubers.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is announced that a French naturalist has invented an instrument which he terms a "glossometer," for measuring tongues of bees.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Some extraordinary specimens of primitive gigantic sculpture have been discovered on Easter island, in the Pacific ocean.

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

Scales are now made of such nice adjustment that they will weigh anything to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A woman's heart was really broken, burst into halves, in England recently not from love or sorrow, but from eating too hearty.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" relieve Throat Irritations caused by cold or use of the voice. The genuine sold only in boxes.

In the time of Christ the seven bright stars collectively known as "the Big Dipper" was in the form of a diamond.

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

There is a superstition among many colored people in the South that to meet a frog is a lucky incident, indicating that the one thus favored is about to receive money from some unexpected quarter.

Turned One River Into Another.

An interesting engineering work just completed in Southern India is the turning of the water of a river on the western watershed of the Ghat Mountains, where there is too much rain, into the bed of another river on the eastern side, where there is never rain enough. The west side of the mountains is very steep, so that when the rains fall they cause sudden and destructive freshets, the water running to waste in the sea. The Periyar river has now been dammed near its sources, and a 7,000-foot tunnel bored through the mountain, carrying the water into the valley of the Vaigal, on the eastern slope, a river that is usually dry by the time it reaches Palk's Straits. The works cost about $2,500,000, and will irrigate 220 square miles of territory; they had to be carried on in the jungle, a hundred miles from a railroad; the material being dragged across four large rivers without bridges, and up mountains several thousand feet high with a gradient of 1 in 15. When the Governor of Madras went to inaugurate the works he had to fight his way through the jungle folk, the elephants and tigers who had come to the opening refusing to be driven away by bonfires or the shouts of the guards.—New York Sun.

The skeletons of twelve aborigines were found in a caev near Anderson, Ind., recently.

A New York City policeman stopped a runaway truck the other day at the imminent risk of his life, but as no one was hurt he made no report of the affair and was fined one day's pay for neglect of duty in not reporting it.

52 972

R RADWAY'S R READY R RELIEF

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous) toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

TAKEN INWARDLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water for stomach troubles, Colic, Wind in the bowels, Cold Chills, Fever and Ague, Diarrhoea, Sick Headache, and all internal pains.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists

Michigan Lands
FOR SALE.
12000 Acres Good Farming Lands

Title Perfect. On Michigan Central, Detroit & Alpena and Loon Lake Railroads, at prices ranging from $2 to $5 Per Acre. These lands are close to enterprising new towns, churches, schools, etc., will be sold on most favorable terms. Apply to R. M. PIERCE, Agt. West Bay city, Mich.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

ASTHMA
POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC
Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box 1F, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

$2.42 CASH WITH ORDER buys this Automatic, self-cocking Nickel Plated, Rubber Handled, 5 Shot Revolver, 32 or 38 C. F., or send 50 cts. and we will ship C.O.D. $2.92, and allow examination. FIRE ARMS CO., Winston, N.C.

$4 50 per 1000 CASH for distributing circulars. Enclose 4 cts. U. S. Distributing Bureau, Chicago.

PATENTS 24-Page Book Free. BISHOP & IMIRIE Washington, D. C.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

MYERS' SOLID EXTRACT WITCH HAZEL CURES PILES no matter how long standing. 25c and 50c pots at druggists, or sample mailed FREE. J. J. FLECK, Tiffin, O.

RUPTURE Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours, 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.