DARING FEATS OF A DIVER.

Narrow Escape from Death While Exploring a Sunken Ship.

One diver crippled for life, another made a raving lunatic, and still another escaping death by a mere shave—that is the record up to date of the effort to recover the treasure on the sunken steamship Skyro.

The Skyro, bound from Carthagena to London, struck on the Meixiddo reef and sank in twenty-eight fathoms, low water. The Meixiddo reef is on the coast of Spain, nine miles south of Cape Finisterre.

The accident occurred in 1891, and it was not until four years later, May, 1895, that any attempt was made to recover the valuable cargo which the sunken steamship contained, the most tempting part of which consisted of eighty-eight bars of silver, valued at $45,000. This treasure was stored away in a spare berth in the cabin, while in the hold was 700 tons of pig lead, valued at $70,000.

It was J. K. Moffat, an Englishman, living in Bilbao, who made the first attempt on the treasure. After four or five months' labor and terrible underwater work by the divers all Mr. Moffat had to show for his time and money was a grimy piece of the Skyro's brass cabin skylight grating. One of the divers went raving mad from his sufferings under water, and when confined jumped through a window in his delirium. A fellow worker was incapacitated for life as a result of his exposure. Mr. Moffat let things rest at this until July of the present year.

During the two months following the beginning of these second operations a diver named Erostarbe descended forty-four times and recovered fifty-nine bars of silver, the average time of each descent being thirteen minutes. After the first thirty-seven bars had been got to the surface it was found necessary to use dynamite.

The dynamite so cleared things that in three dives Erostarbe brought up $10,000 worth of silver bars. But even this adept at submarine work did not come off without some close shaves during his career. On one occasion in coming up he fouled his air pipe with a float attached to the buoy rope. He was ascending with a strong impetus and the impact with a float turned him downward and his head slipped out of the helmet below the breast plate. He could neither right himself nor replace his head. But he never for an instant lost his presence of mind, but worked swiftly and deftly with his hands in this reversed position. He managed to free the air pipe and shot up to the surface feet foremost, where he was quickly reversed by his assistants and restored to the world after such a close call as it is the lot of a very few men to survive.—New York Sun.

The First American Flag.

A well-known authority on American curios says: "The first resemblance to a flag was the work of Benjamin Franklin and Messrs. Harrison and Lynch. They were chosen as a committee to create a national flag, and adopted the King's colors as a union, reunited with thirteen stripes, a tenate red and white; showing that, although the colonies united for defense against England's tyranny, they still acknowledged her sovereignty." On Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1776, this flag was hoisted in camp at Cambridge, Mass., now Somerville, receiving a salute of thirteen guns and thirteen cheers. The first American-made flag was hoisted over the capitol at Washington Feb. 24, 1866, all previous flags having been manufactured from English bunting.

Indians Not Allowed to Vote.

The expression "Indians not taxed" refers to the Indians in their tribal relations. Tribal Indians are not allowed to vote because they are not taxed, and are the wards of the Government, rather than citizens of the country. The Government considers them as its proteges, whom it must protect. When the tribal relations of the Indians are dissolved and their land is divided among them, to be held by individuals rather than by tribes, it is almost certain that provision will be made for them as citizens, and that, being landowners and taxpayers, they will be entitled to and will receive all the rights of full citizenship.

The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.

A New Botanical Discovery.—Of Special Interest to Sufferers from Diseases of the Kidneys or Bladder Rheumatism, etc.—A Blessing to Humanity.

A Free Gift of Great Value to You.

Our readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, from the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. The Kava-Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it, *Piper Methysticum*, grows on the banks of the Ganges river, East India, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early Jesuit missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis, when all other remedies had failed.

THE KAVA-KAVA SHRUB (*Piper Methysticum.*)

In the New York *Week's World* of Sept. 10th, the testimony of Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C. was given, describing his years of suffering from Kidney disease and Rheumatism, and his rapid cure by Alkavis. Rev. Thomas Smith, the Methodist minister at Colden, Illinois, passed nearly one hundred gravel stones after two weeks' use of Alkavis. Rev. John H. Watson, of Sunset, Texas, a minister of the gospel of thirty years' service, was struck down at his post of duty by Kidney disease. After hovering between life and death for two months, and all his doctors having failed, he took Alkavis, and was completely restored to health and strength, and is fulfilling his duties as minister of the gospel. Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Indiana, was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease of ten years standing by Alkavis. Mr. Wood describes himself as being in constant misery, often compelled to get up ten times during the night on account of the weakness of the bladder. He was treated by all the home physicians without the least benefit, and finally completely cured in a few weeks by Alkavis. The testimony is unsolicited and really wonderful. Mrs. James Young, of Scottsville, Ohio, writes that she had tried six doctors in vain, that she was about to give up in despair, when she found Alkavis and was speedily cured of Kidney disease and restored to health. Many other ladies also testify to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in the various disorders peculiar to womanhood.

So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 254 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to

A LIFE STORY.

He is too young to know it not,
But some day he will know.
—Eugene Field.

Above her little sufferer's bed,
With all a mother's grace,
She stroked the curly, throbbing head
And smoothed the fevered face.
"He does not know my love, my fears,
My toil of heart and hand;
But some day in the after years,
Some day he'll understand;
Some day he'll know
I loved him so,
Some day he'll understand."

A wild lad plays his thoughtless part
As fits his childhood's lot,
And tramples on his mother's heart
Ofttimes and knows it not.
He plays among his noisy mates,
Nor knows his truest friend;
His mother sighs, as still she waits,
"Some day he'll comprehend;
The day will be
When he will see.
Some day he'll comprehend."

The strong youth plays his strenuous part;
His mother waits alone,
And soon he finds another heart
The mate unto his own.
She gives him up in joy and woe,
He takes his young bride's hand;
His mother murmurs, "Will he know
And ever understand?
When will he know
I love him so;
When will he understand?"

The strong man fights his battling days,
The fight is hard and grim,
His mother's plain, old-fashioned ways
Have little charm for him.
The dimness falls around her years,
The shadows, 'round her stand,
She mourns in loneliness and tears,
"He'll never understand.
He'll never know
I loved him so;
He'll never understand."

A bearded man of serious years
Bends down above the dead,
And rains the tribute of his tears
Over an old, gray head.
He stands the open grave above,
Amid the mourning bands;
And now he knows his mother's love
And now he understands.
Now doth he know
She loved him so,
And now he understands.
—Sam Walter Foss, in New York Sun.

A BOLD, BAD BURGLAR

"Isn't it perfectly dreadful? It seems there is no place secure from them. The papers contain nothing but burglaries, robberies and hold-ups. I am almost afraid to look under the bed at night."

Blanche Warden turned the rings on her fingers nervously as she spoke. She was not a timid girl, but the final test of bravery had never come to her.

"What would you do in case a burglar entered your room, Mr. Dulano?" she asked, addressing one of her callers.

"Exactly what I did last night," the gentleman replied.

"You surely didn't have a burglar last night!" Blanche cried.

"And why not? I am keeping the affair quiet because I have a clew that is being followed up. Of course it will be safe to mention it here," Dulano replied.

"To be sure. Do tell us about it," the girl said, eagerly.

"It must have been about 2:30 o'clock this morning when I was aroused by someone turning a key in the door that communicates with the adjoining room. I'm pretty stupid when I first awaken, but I was soon aroused to full consciousness by something cold against my temple."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Blanche cried, shivering.

"That wasn't the dreadful part," Dulano laughed. "The part I object most to is what followed. The fellow held his gun calmly with one hand while he went through my clothes and helped himself to my watch, my diamond scarf pin and all my ready money."

"At what time did you say that occurred?" Arthur Forrest asked.

"Well, I didn't have any watch to tell me the exact time, but after I had lain awake some three or four minutes the chimes on Pilgrim Church sounded the three-quarter hour and after an equally long time the clock struck 3," Dulano replied, with a comical drawl.

"Guess it was watches he was after. He got mine at about the same time. Wonder if he visited any of the other fellows at our house?" Forrest said.

"What! the burglar was in your room, too, Arth—Mr. Forrest?" Blanche cried.

"Yes, but he had the kindness to let me sleep until he got what he wanted. He awakened me as he went through the window," the young man replied.

"Oh, please don't tell me any more," Blanche exclaimed. "You will have me so frightened. And I have to stay in this great house with no one but the servants. You know poor Leona is very ill and papa and mamma were called to Chicago to-day, so I am alone," Miss Warden said with some uneasiness.

"Really, Blanche, it isn't safe for you to stay here alone," Arthur said, seriously.

"Oh, I'm not afraid. I'll put the jewels and plate in the big chest in the wine cellar and sleep with a revolver under my pillow. It would be real fun to have a burglar come," Blanche replied, laughing.

Then they dismissed that terror-inspiring theme from their conversation, but Arthur continued restless and uneasy. He stood at the window and sang. As Dulano turned the music for her, he whispered softly:

"Slip into the library for a moment. I have something important to say to you." Then he said aloud: "I think I shall take a smoke in the library, if I may be excused."

When he had left the room Blanche walked over to the deep bay window and laid her hand gently on Arthur's arm. "What makes you so silent this evening, dear?" she asked tenderly.

"Oh, Blanche, I hate that Dulano. I suppose I am jealous, but I wish you wouldn't have him hanging around here," he exclaimed, while his hand some face crimsoned.

"But, Arthur, you brought him here before you ever spoke of love to me. Surely, you are not afraid of him now that you have my promise?" the girl said seriously.

"No, dearest, I do not doubt you. I felt sorry for him—a stranger there as the boarding-house. And, besides, I wanted him to meet the sweetest woman in St. Louis," he whispered, as he pressed just the suggestion of a kiss on her cheek.

"By the way, I'll go and hunt up that Harper for you, dear," she said, with an effort at spontaneity that was not altogether a success. Then she left the drawing-room, walked half way up the stairs, descended softly and slipped into the library. Dulano was at her side in an instant.

"I'm sorry you spoke of the jewels and things," he said. "I have reason to think Forrest is the burglar. He has been losing heavily at cards lately, and is in danger of losing his position at the bank," he whispered hurriedly.

At the mention of Arthur's name Blanche would have cried out, but the man placed his fingers deftly over her lips. As soon as the speech was ended she fled to her room, hunted up the magazine and returned to the drawing-room.

The two men were glaring at each other in angry silence when she entered.

"This call promises to be a game of freezeout, so I guess I will leave and give you a chance to help Miss Warden put away the silver," Mr. Dulano said in a faintly sarcastic tone to Forrest.

"If Miss Warden desires my help I shall certainly remain," Arthur said angrily.

"I shall require no assistance whatever," the girl said, haughtily, and the two men departed together. For some minutes she sat in the dressing-room, sad and sore. Arthur Forrest, a gambler, perhaps a burglar! No, it could not be. And yet why had he been so moody of late? Her heart was sore, and, with no thought of the valuables in the house, she dragged herself to bed. The night wore on and sleep came not. The clock was just striking the hour of 3 when the door opened slowly, and she could see the shadowy outline of a man. For a moment she was paralyzed with terror. The scream that started from her heart lost itself somewhere in her throat. A thousand awful fancies chased each other through her mind as the man advanced to the bed. Then she thought of the revolver that she had intended to put under her pillow. Alas, it was peacefully reposing on the dressing-table in her father's room. The man was tall and wore a black mask. He must be the same one who had visited Mr. Dulano and Arthur the night before. Perhaps it was Arthur. At the thought of her lover the blood went coursing through her body, and, to her astonishment, she found that she was calm.

"Are you awake?" the burglar whispered, and his voice sounded strangely familiar.

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Then get up. Don't be afraid. I am not going to harm you. I only want the family jewels. Take me to where they are kept," he whispered again.

At the sound of that voice the last vestige of fear left her. Indignation and outraged feeling smothered every other emotion in her heart. She would prove this lover of hers. Without a moment's hesitation she arose from her bed, glanced indifferently at the glittering barrel of the revolver in the burglar's hand and walked over to the table, where she lit her little emergency lamp.

"Follow me; I am at your mercy, but I trust you as a gentleman even though you are a burglar," she said in frigid tones.

Then she led the way through the corridor and down the back stairway to the laundry and cellars. Blanche, in her indignation, knew not that the granitoid floor was cold beneath her little bare feet. When she had almost reached the wine cellar she remembered that the key was on her father's keyring, and was probably at that time in Chicago. An idea struck her.

"Here; you hold the lamp while I climb up and get the key," said she, indicating a niche in the wall. The man's eyes followed her glance, and he was lost. As quick as thought she blew out the lamp, hurled it in resounding fragments on the floor and sprang upon the burglar like a tiger. The revolver was hers without a struggle, and the man was her prisoner.

"Are you Arthur Forrest? Speak or I'll blow your brains out!" she cried.

"My God, spare me, Blanche! I'm Arthur," the man whispered.

She covered him with the revolver, while she backed across the laundry. When she had gained the stairs she bolted the door securely and fled trembingly to the hall above. At the library door she halted, and a low cry escaped her lips as she caught sight of another man in the open window.

"Blanche, my darling, are you safe?" Arthur Forrest cried, as he beheld her white-robed figure.

"How did you escape? I thought the outer door was locked," she said, as she repelled his touch.

"Escape!" the young man cried, in astonishment. "I have been following him since midnight. One of my men, who was left here to guard the house, tells me that he entered this window ten minutes ago. The fellow was afraid to follow alone. I have tracked him from Broadway and twice he evaded me. Where is he, darling?"

"Who—who is it you are looking for?" the girl gasped.

"Wallace Dulano. The officers are here to arrest him. Is he still in the house?" Arthur asked, eagerly.

"There is no way of escape except up the pantry stairs," Blanche replied.

Then, while Arthur led the officers in she slipped away to her room and donned her dressing gown and slippers. In a few minutes she joined her fiance in the reception hall. The gas was burning brightly now and she could hear the heavy tread of men as they took their prisoner from her impromptu jail.

"You are a brave little woman," Arthur said fondly as he led her to a divan.

"No; I am a miserable coward, but I am a proud woman, and when a woman thinks she has been wronged fire and storm cannot stop her," Blanche said, humbly.

"What do you mean by that, dearest?" the lover asked.

"Oh, Arthur, he lied to me and I believed him. He told me that you were the burglar and I thought you were using even my love to further your own wicked ends. That is why I had courage to walk downstairs at the end of a revolver. Can you ever forgive me for cherishing such an ignoble thought?" she cried as she buried her face on his breast.

"Yes, my darling," the young man said, tenderly. "But I have stolen something that is of infinitely more value than your plate and jewels. I have stolen this noble heart and I am willing to admit that I am a bold, bad burglar."—Ottawa Free Press.

The Feminine of "Burglar."

The habit of adding "ess" to form the feminine, as in poetess, authoress and similar words, is not in accordance with the best English usage. The same an of manufacturing a feminine would give us burglaress, writeress and clerkess. In several other languages the feminine is easily and naturally made according to certain definite rules, but the English language is so variable and changes so much from age to age, in accordance with the needs of the people speaking it, that while these manufactured feminines cannot be pronounced incorrect, since they are in extensive employment—and in these matters usage makes right—they are hardly in accord with good taste as illustrated by the best writers of good English.

The taste for matrimony is acquired, like the taste for olives.

Alphonse Berget recently described a method of studying the expansion of liquids by means of photography.

FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Interview With Mrs. B. A. Lombard.

I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb.

Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:

I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.

Upon examination, he found there was a Fibroid Tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away and that dull ache was gone.—MRS. B. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass.

Safe Course.

An excellent reply was that once made by a Yankee pilot to the owner of a Mississippi River steamboat.

The boat was at New Orleans, and the Yankee applied for the vacant post of pilot, saying that he thought he could give satisfaction, provided they were "lookin' for a man about his size and build."

"Your size and build will do well enough," said the owner, surveying the lank form and rugged face of the applicant with some amusement, "but do you know about the river, where the snags are, and so on?"

"Well, I'm pretty well acquainted with the river," drawled the Yankee, with his eyes fixed on a stick he was whittling, "but when you come to talkin' about the snags, I don't know exactly where they are, I must say."

"Don't know where the snags are!" said the boat-owner, in a tone of disgust; "then how do you expect to get a position as pilot on this river?"

"Well, sir," said the Yankee, raising a pair of keen eyes from his whittling and meeting his questioner's stern gaze with a whimsical smile, "I may not know just where the snags are, but you can depend upon me for knowin' where they ain't, and that's where I calculate to do my sallin'."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When we look at the sun we see him, not where he actually is, but where he was about eight minutes and eighteen seconds ago; his true place is then always in advance of his apparent place

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In the mountains of Sweden, Norway and Lapland all vegetation would be destroyed by the Norway rats were it not for the white foxes, that make special game of the rodents.

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

Most British geologists are now prepared to admit that the earth has passed through several glacial periods, instead of only one, as is commonly supposed.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

Eagles do not have different mates every season as do birds generally; they pair for life, and sometimes occupy the same nest for many years.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1011 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.

The sanitary condition of Madrid, Spain, leaves much to be desired. During the week from January 3 to 9 the births were 302 the deaths 437.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Salicylic acid, boric acid, borax and formaldehyde are some of the chemicals added to prevent milk from souring.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and $1.00, at all druggists.

A new design in repeating rifles has a double chamber or magazine for cartridges extending the length of the barrel, each chamber being connected in turn with the firing mechanism by a lever in the stock.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

A new belt which will not run off the pulley has a rubber flange on its edges, which fits over the sides of the wheel and is stiffened by means of a cord threaded along its edges.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an excellent medicine.—F. H. LOTZ, 1335 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

To promote combustion in furnaces a double set of fans, one larger than the other, are set in an air-shaft, exhaust steam acting on the smaller set to run the larger of air fans.

Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

To prevent nuts from turning loose the bolt is fluted for a short distance, a spring ratchet fastened to the the nut engaging the grooves in the bolt.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Belgium has followed the example of Italy in adopting a twenty-four-hour time on the railroad and in the post and telegraph offices.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

THERE is no safe side in any kind of sin.

The man who keeps close to God will always be able to help others.

When there is a coffin in the house there is a welcome for the preacher.

The electric light in the saloon takes the candle out of the drunkard's home.

Nothing can make people go blind any quicker than filling their eyes with gold dust.

When the right kind of a man is taken out of the miry clay he knows enough to stay out.

There is always hope for the man who can be taught what a fool he has been by one mistake.

One finger lost in a buzz-saw will do for most men, but a fool will fool with it again and lose two.

One of the highest mountains upon which we may stand in this life is to be able to look back upon a life well spent.

The devil reaps a sure crop from among people who expect to become Christians after they commit one more sin.

Let the priest and the Levite keep out of the Jericho road, and fewer unfortunates will be wounded and robbed there.

No matter how fine his reports may read, the preacher is a failure whose ministry fails to move anybody toward Christ.

When about to take his first drink, the young man should remember that every drunkard once stood where he stands.

A wise man can learn something worth knowing from a fool, but a fool is made all the more a fool by going to college.

Nothing was done by Lot's home to try to lift Sodom, and so Lot's home was brought down to the level of Sodom.

It was because Paul knew that Christ could save the whole world that he was so anxious for the whole world to know it.

Too many people claim to be willing to serve the Lord, who want to say what they shall do and where they shall work.

The fact that there is so much stuff that shines like gold makes the story of disaster one of the saddest chapters ever written.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists.

FULL of HEALTH

Every ingredient in Hires Rootbeer is health giving. The blood is improved, the nerves soothed, the stomach benefited by this delicious beverage.

HIRES
Rootbeer

Quenches the thirst, tickles the palate; full of snap, sparkle and effervescence. A temperance drink for everybody.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
A package makes five gallons.

THREE DOLLARS. Estab. 1883. THREE DOLLARS.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE ..BEST.. IN THE WORLD

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors.
Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at $3.00.
It is made in all the LATEST SHAPES and STYLES and of every variety of leather.
One dealer in a town gives exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

What He Says.

DENMARK, WASH. CO., MINN., Feb. 20th, 1897.
I have had a Jones 1300 lb. Scale in use for over 25 years; they are as good now as when I first got them. JOHN BURTON.

To JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

ELECTRIC IN EFFECT Cutler's Inhaler CURES and restores the sense of TASTE, SMELL and HEARING. $1.00. W. H. SMITH & CO., Buffalo, N. Y., Props.

AGENTS. We want one agent in this County to sell to families. Best paying article on earth. We pay all expense. Address ELYZA CHEM. CO., Washington, D. C.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

15 1040

Send 20c. in Stamps for "FAMILY POP-CORN SHELLER"
A. H. PATCH,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

FISHERS GUIDE FOR
WHEN WHERE AND HOW TO FISH.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

How the Lantern Was Invented.

King Alfred the Great is credited with originating the lantern. He was so bothered by the candle flames blowing in the wind that he protected them by putting the candles in cow-horns which he ordered to be scraped thin. Our grandfathers made lanterns by punching holes and slits in properly shaped pieces of tin, which were then soldered together. The light which came through the little cuts was always very dim and flickering. It was this kind of lantern which the old town watchmen used to carry when they went about calling the hours and the weather in rhyme:

"'Tis one o' the clock—midnight is past
Sleep on, good friends, the time thou hast
For rise ye must at early dawn;
'Tis one o' the clock and Tuesday morn."

Easier than Arithmetic.

It is easier to remember things usually if you know what they mean. A little boy could never remember even about how long a cubit is until his father told him the word was cubitus in Latin, which means an elbow, and that the measure called cubit was the distance from a man's elbow to the end of his middle finger.

"And how much is a fathom?" asked the little boy.

"Oh, fathom comes from the two words, 'fat,' which means in the Aryan language, to extend, and 'hom,' a man. A fathom is the length of a man extended; that is, when his arms are stretched out on each side from the shoulders, from tip to tip of his fingers. The foot is an English word, and means just the length of the foot of a full-grown man.

Making Candy in a Paper Pan.

The girls of some of our Eastern colleges have a novel method of candy-making which deserves to be known outside this magic circle—especially as the results are particularly delicious.

They take a sheet of heavy, glazed writing paper and turn up the four edges to a depth of about three-fourths of an inch. Into this box they pour a cupful of white sugar and a very little water, and set it on top of the stove. One would think the paper would burn but it does not. The sugar boils up charmingly and looks tempting enough in its dainty receptacle.

When it is done a drop or two of flavoring is added, or just before taking from the fire some nut meats are strewn over its surface. It is then taken off the stove and set to float in its paper box in a bowl or basin of water. When cold it should be brittle, and then the paper can be peeled off, and a dainty square of toothsome candy is the reward.

It is great fun to make and will surprise your friends if they chance to see it boiling in its paper box.

Combat with a Tiger.

Russian hunters are said to look upon a combat single-handed with a bear as only an ordinary experience. It is doubtful, however, if many instances of a man attacking a tiger, armed with a sword only, can be found. Col. Seaton, the elephant hunter, however, tells this story of bravery:

"One morning, just as we were leaving the parade ground, a man came rushing up breathless. 'Get your guns men,' he exclaimed; 'there is a tiger in the hollow by the hut, and no one dares go by!' In all haste we got our guns and two elephants and hurried to the spot, where in truth a terrible scene presented itself. The tiger, bleeding from a cut in the head, was on the edge of the hollow, growling fiercely, with a man mangled and apparently dead lying beneath his paws. The unfortunate man was a fine swordsman and first-rate wrestler—one of the champions of his regiment. Some people who went to draw water at the well had disturbed the tiger, and on his rising they fled in terror. The brave but rash soldier, who happened to be near at the moment, on learning the cause of the commotion, immediately advanced to attack the tiger, and with his sword gave him a tremendous cut over the head, which, however, did not materially injure the powerful brute. The tiger rushed at the man, stripped the arm down to the elbow, and, dashing him to the ground, held him beneath his paws. When we came up we were at first at a loss how to act, for the man was as much exposed to our fire as the tiger. However it was not a time for lengthened consideration—we fired, and a lucky shot finished the animal."

Whistling Not a Bad Habit.

The boy in the following story is described as never saying anything remarkable, as eating oatmeal in large quantities, chasing the cat, slamming the door, and otherwise conducting himself after the manner of boys, with the exception that he asked few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand a thing he whistles, which is not a bad habit—on some occasions.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Four-foot rule and yardstick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked anxiously.

"No'm. I just found the length of the shadow and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes."

"Yes'm, but twice a day the shadows are just as long as the things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

"So that is what you have been whistling about all summer?"

"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.

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