When winds stream over the rugged kn The highway lies along
The wires stringing from pole to pole
Give tongue to a voice of song.

A-glint with beams of the morning sun, They carry a blitheful air, "Good news is the word we bear;" This joyous one: "Good news we bear."

They swing and sway at the breeze's wi While the heavens smile above To hear the measure they gaily thrills "We're speeding a line of love;" With scale and trill: 'A line of love."

A cloud and a shadow go sailing by, To ti i breeze's failing breath In sinking endence the wires sight Respect for a tale of death!" More softly still:

O the songs are many the wires sing When the roving wind is sent To play of gladness or suffering On its mighty instrument,

THE LAST OF THE DEANES.

6 6 CUICIDE during temporary instated by Sir Henry Deane in his evidence, were simple enough. The devalet for the past five years; he was an absorbed in thought. excellent servant in every respect. For "Strange," he mused; "it was this great poverty; that might have upset end of him. Hark! what is that? Mrs. Johnson, Sir Henry's housekeeper, came to him in great alarm, and he suddenly became aware of a man asked him to come at once to Burton's looking in at him from the window. room. There Sir Henry saw the dedoubt that Burton must have commit- one in a nightmare, became unable to ted suicide.

Sir Henry's evidence was corrobor-Johnson a short time ago that Burton's cousin was a bit "queer."

Everyone sympathized with Sir Henry, for it was painfully evident that the recovered himself, and, starting up, he tragic event in his household had great- inquired how dare he come in like ly upset him.

His doctor recommended immediate change of air and scene. So a couple of into a foos. I joost woant to hove a foo days after the inquest Sir Henry's de. | words with 'oo." parture for the continent was chronicled in the local paper; but he had his own reasons for going off. Sir Henry Deane was the last of one of the oldest, and at one time the wealthlest, families in the country. Reduced rents had considerably curtailed the wealth of the estate, and people said Sir Henry was not at all as well off as formerly. His marriage with Miss Floyd would, however, clear off the incumbrances which are not out of that window in two secreport whispered Sir Henry had put on

Report was fairly correct, but not Miss Floyd was the only daughter of

a millionaire soapmaker, who had lately purchased a property in Sir Henry's

but as rumor gained ground that Miss Floyd might shortly become Lady Deane the county families became very civil indeed to the maker of soap and

and Miss Floyd some years less than half that age, but that was nothing. It was quite right and fitting that Sir Henry should marry money, and monev was only to be found in trade so a lot, she didn't know so very much about Sir Henry, for he had a way of

Sir Henry Deane was, as a matter of fact, on the verge of ruin, and nothing but his marriage with Miss Floyd could save the sale of those broad acres, the fine old park, and that proud castellated dwelling which for centuries had been the home of the Deanes.

But there was, however, a slight im pediment to the marriage. When Sir Henry was young he had fallen in love with and married the daughter of one considerably his inferior in rank and osition. A year after the marriage he had tired of the pretty face and baby ways that led him luto the greatest er ror a man in his position could commit. He told his wife frankly he could no longer live with her; he would allow her an annual income that would keep her in comfort, if not in the mag nificance that became the wife of St Henry Denne. The poor girl, who, though she dearly loved her handsome fickle husband, was terribly afraid of him, consented to any arrangement that would please Sir Henry. So they parted. Years had rolled on, Sir Henry heard at rare intervals from his wife For the past few years she had not written to him at all, perhaps because he never took the trouble to answer her

He began to hope she was dead, and, m fact, determined to act as if she were so by marrying Miss Floyd and saving himself from impending ruin.

A few days, however, before his valet committed suicide he had received a

That letter he now held in his hand. while a worn look born of a desperate. settled purpose came into his face, as, lving back in a first-class carriage, he

read its contents. it was vory shart, dated about a week back, from an obscure town on the south coast of France.

"Dear Henry: Please come to me at once. I want to see you very much. Your loving wife, Aurora Deane." "She may be dying." he thought, "she

may be dead. I hope she is. But nothing-no, nothing-will stop me now? And the desperate look deepened so much on his face that it would have seared anyone, but Sir Henry had the

At the end of his journey he found his wishes realized. His wife had just breathed her last a couple of hours before his arrival.

His marriage with Miss Floyd was to

take place almost immediately. It was to be a great event. Everyone was delighted, and declared Miss Floyd to be "a sweet little thing," and the old county gentlemen shook Sir Henry by the hand, and said they were all getting quite afraid that he would have been the last of the Deanes. He went about everywhere with his future bride, and received congratulations with that calm, dignified courtesy which so well became him; but how aged he looked, how terribly aged!

him that a very queer-looking man had been hanging about near the house dur-

ing the day. Henry, but he is a queer-looking creature and makes me feel ner ous like." "Some tramp, I suppose," replied the baronet. "Give him something, and then tell him to be off or I'll have him Mrs. E. WOOLHISER,

"Oh, Sir Henry, look!" And the housekeeper pointed toward the win-dow of the library, where they were standing. She had turned deadly pale and clutched the baronet's arm in an agony of terror.

Sir Henry went over to the window and looked out. It was a very dark night, and nothing was to be seen. After peering into the darkness for a few moments he turned back into the

"It must have been your fancy, Mrs. Johnson," he said. "There is no one there, or I would have heard him. You had better go to bed. Late hours are bad for the nerves." "It wasn't my fancy, Sir Henry. I

saw the man look into the room there tust now. I could swear it. And his eyes! Oh, Sir Henry, it was the eyes!" "Eyes? What about his eyes? Don't be foolish, woman, but go to bed." housekeeper's voice sank to a whisper-

"of poor James." was a fixed, searching glance, that know me. Sanity" was the verdict of the made the housekeeper somehow feel coroner's jury. The facts, as afraid of him, and she left the room

without saying any more. Sir Henry flung himself into a deep ceased, James Burton, had been his leathern chair and became apparently

ticed that his manner was strange, but mitted suicide. I don't believe in can not praise it enough." he did not think much of it at the time. ghosts, though, or I might have been He knew Burton had a letter from a troubled with them before this. Humcousin who was in America, and in bug! When a man is dead there is an CHILDREN'S COLUMN him. On the morning of the 18th fust. heard a step on the gravel, I am sure!"

He sat up in his chair listening, when

The eyes-oh, those eyes! Yes, the ceased in bed, with a fearful gash housekeeper was right. Sir Henry felt across his throat; there was a razor an awful feeling of terror creeping over lying on the floor. Sir Henry had no him. He gazed at the man, and, like

move or speak. Presently the figure drew itself bodiated by Mrs. Johnson, who stated that ly up from the ground outside and the deceased had spoken to her about stepped into the room. It was a mishis cousin in America, and seemed trou- erable-looking object, all in rags, with bled about him. He also told Mrs. wild, shaggy hair, and a strange mixture of fear and cunning in the great

staring eyes. Directly the man moved Sir Henry that.

"Soaft, soaft, Sir Henry; doan't get The man spoke in a queer, childlike

voice, very strange to listen to. Sir Henry gazed at the curious object before him. What an unearthly thing it was! And those eyes! As he looked at them he became all at once roused into a frenzy of rage and terror. He made a spring at the man, and, seizing him by the neck, shook him like a dog, "By heavens!" he muttered, "if you

onds, I'll-" "Oo will moorder me, loike 'oo did

The man spoke quite calmly, utterly indifferent to the sudden assault.

over the table, staring strangely all the cle. while, with a savage, exultant gleam in his queer eyes-"'oo moordered pore James, I noo it. He found a letter from 'oor wife that is dead, and James, he wrote to me to Americky to say 'oo was a married man, and yet 'co was going went gossip. But though gossip knew to marry another 'coman. When I heard about his killing hisself, I say 'No; Sir Henry joost murdered him to Ma's been away for most all day, poot him oot o' the way! And I coom now to have bluid-bluid for bluidthot is fair. James, he was my coosin,

Sir Henry looked up. His face was deathly pale. So fearful was his expression that it had even an effect on the half-witted creature next him. "Oo does look real bad," the man said, starting back.

Sir Henry pointed to the window "Go!" he said-"go!" "Yes; I'll go noo, Sir Henry. But bluid for bluid; thot's fair; 'co must de

The man then, looking once more at Sir Henry out of his great, staring eyes, vanished out of the window.

The baronet lay back in his chair, gazing fixedly at the strange, weird figure as it disappeared, and the words. "Blood for blood!" kept ding-dong, ding-dong in the ears of the murderer, sounding like his funeral dirge. The whole scene came back to him

He had left that letter, the last letter from his wife, on his table, and had gone out of the room, forgetting it; but directly afterward he remembered it and came back, but saw it was too late. Burton was in the room, and he knew by the man's face he had read the letter and held Sir Henry's fate in his hands. In that instant Sir Henry re solved that the man should die. He remembered now so clearly the wild look of terror in his servant's eyes as, waking up, he saw Sir Henry standing over him that night with the razor in in hand. Then-ough! how the blood spluttered and flowed! "Blood for

blood!"-the words kept ringing away in his ears. Presently he arose and went to drawer. He took out a small, silvermounted revolver and examined it care fully. It was loaded in three chambers Click! The empty chamber passed the

trigger. The next was loaded. Sir Henry sat down, lowered the lamp, paused for a few seconds. Then the sound of a shot broke the stillness of the night, echoing loudly throughout the great old house, while outside a queer, half-witted creature kept mut ering, "Bluid for bluid! Bluid for bluid!"-Answers.

Where Water Is Sold. in Arizona there is a town, where ecause of the aridity of the region and the dryness of the climate, water is sold, peddled on the streets like milk and carried from house to house in canvas sacks on the backs of burros o

It's about as Bard to get money out of a beat as it is to get blood out of

The man who hesitates is lost, but the woman who hesitates is won. The board of strategy is the kind you

REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pink ham From Happy Women.

"I Owe You My Life."

Mills, Neb., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. nenstruction had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. had several doctors. They all said could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compoun and it helped me right away; mense eturned and I have gained in weight

"I Feel Like a New Person.

Mrs. GEO. LEACH.

pound has done for me."

1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes: Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great suffere from womb trouble. Menses would ap-"His eyes reminded me"-and the pear two and three times in a month causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and Sir Henry looked at her keenly. It looked so badly my friends hardly

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Comand. I feel like a new person. I excellent servant in every respect. For the past couple of weeks Sir Henry novery night a year ago that James comthe doctors' medicine in the world. I

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

Blindman's Ring. The little girls seat themselves in ring or circle. Fanny is blindfolded closely; after which she turns round three times, and then walks backward. endeavoring to seat herself on the lap of one of her companions. When she has done so, she must try to guess on whose lap she is sitting, but is not per mitted to use her hands. She that is rightly guessed takes the place of the blind-man; and as soon as the handkerchief is tied on, all the other girls change their places. This is a very

Youth's Ambition in Mexico. In Mexico it is the ambition of every youth to become a bull-fighter. In their plays boys there mimic the bullfighters. They use their shawls as acts as the bull and the others act the er they participate in amateur bullfights. In the country towns these are common. Blooded bulls are used, but an oath, and then a revulsion of feeling rigged out in all the finery of a real came over him; he sank back on a matadore, enter the ring, tease the buil, At first the county families turned chair, trembling all over, while a cold and carry out all the performances exsweat broke out in great beads on his cept the slaughter. The government "Yes, Sir Henry." continued the creatoften one of the lads is injured. If he ture, delighted with the effect of his recovers he is a hero; if he dies oh, words-and, coming closer, he leaned well, he was brave.-Augusta Chroni-



An' my! we've had such lots of fun; We've romped upstairs an' everywhere Pulled up the curtains, every one, An' scared the cat so badly that She yowled an' yowled an' ran an' ran

About the place an' broke a vase, An' then upset the ashes pan; Right on the back-hall carpet, to An' now we don't know what we'll do When

I wish we hadn't been so bad An' turned the whole house An' ate the cake an' tried to make

An army tent of ma's white gown We're gettin' scared, an' if we dared We'd go to some dark place an' hide Ma pitied us. I wish we'd tried To be good boys and girls, for now-



In almost any rural settlement along the coast of New Jersey or Long Island, some old resident would probably point out to us the blackened and weatherbeaten ribs of the great ship that had been wrecked on the sand-bar off the coast during a terrible storm long ago; he would show us where the bathing and in almost every instance enrolled was pleasant and safe; he would tell among the train of her life-long lovers. us the best place for fishing, and perhaps show us the high bluff a little back from the beach, from which the Indian maiden leaped to escape the tomahawk of her enemy, and then he would be almost sure to tell us of the secluded spot where it was said Captain Kidd and his pirates once buried

a lot of treasure. If we should ask why his treasure had not been dug up, he would probably say that if anybody did find it, they never said anything about it; and it ever put any gold or silver, or precious stones, under the ground on that part of the coast, these treasures were all

Many extensive excavations have been made along the coasts of our Northern States; and even in quiet woods lying miles from the sea, to which it would have been necessary for the pirates to carry their goods in wagons, people have dug and hoped and have gone away sadly to attend to more sensible business. Far up some f our rivers-where a pirate vesse never floated-people have dug with the some hopeful anxiety, and have stopped digging in the same condition of disap-

cribed for, and the excavations were ful treasure-seeking engineers.-Frank

B. Stockton in St. Nicholas. Augustus Anderson at Andover Augustus Anderson's Aunt Abble enziously awaited Augustus' arrival at Andover. Aunt Abbie annually asked Augustus, and Augustus always acpted, and autumn after autumn, ar-

rived at Andover, as arranged. Augustus arrived and anxiously asked Aunt Abble about apples. Aunt Abble answered, "Aye, Augustus, apples are abundant." Augustus ate an apple, and Aunt Abble asked Augustus assistance about arranging asters. Augustus assisted Aunt Abbie about anything asked, and Aunt Abbie always appreciated Augustus' amiable acts. Aunt Abbie's asters artistically ar-I have better health than I have had for ranged, Augustus asked Aunt Abble years. It is wonderful what your Comabout afternoon amusements. Aunt Abble allowed Augustus any agreeable

amusements appropriate and attaina-Augustus ardently admired Andrew Arnold, architect, and also Andrew's adjacent antiquated abode. Augustus' absorbed attention amused Andrew. Augustus accompanied Andrew around Andover, asking about architecture, and Andrew accommodatingly

answered all Augustus asked. As afternoon advanced, Augustus arrived at Aunt Abble's abode, and Andrew's and Augustus' appearance allaved Aunt Abbie's auxiety about Au-

gustus' absence. Augustus' abstracted air attracted Aunt Abble's attention, and Aunt Abble asked about Augustus' afternoon amusements. Augustus' animated ac count amused Aunt Abbie, also Augustus' anxiously asking about accompanying Andrew Arnold around Andover another afternoon. Aunt Abbie amiably assented.

Aunt Abble's assistant, Ann, arranged an appetizing array. Augustus' appetite appeased, Aunt Abbie arranged Augustus' attic apartment, and Augustus agilely ascended.

Aunt Abbie and Ann awoke, and Augustus, already awake and attired, appeared. After Aunt Abble, Augustus and Ann ate, Augustus accompanied Aunt Abble around, admiring all Aunt Abbie's arrangements, assisting Aunt Abbie and Ann. and anxiously awaiting afternoon, Andrew Arnold, and additional adventures at Andover .-Youth's Companion.

Youthful Remarks. "Mamma," said Bobby, who had been reading the geography of Mexico, "what kind of a bug is a popocater-

pillar?" A tiny girl was doing the honors of the Residence Park in which she lived. "Over there," she said to her little guest, "in that great big house, the quiet play, as no one speaks during the Orphan family live; and they have ever so many children, and Mr. and Mrs. Orphan are both dead! Isn't it too

"Never mind, dear," I said to my little girl, having vainly endeavored to persuade her to give one of her dolls bandoras, sticks as pikes, and a flat to a child who had never owned one, lece of wood as a sword. One boy "never mind! Perhaps some day you will be a poor little girl yourself, and parts of the picadores, banderilleros then you will know what it is to have and matadores. When they grow old no toys." "Yes, mamma," she sobbed, "I have thought of that, and that's the reason I want to save all my things!"

The baronet relaxed his grasp with their horns are sawed off, and the lads, RICH IN HISTORIC MEMORIES. Vestiges of the Occupation by the

Romans. No city in all broad England, with the single exception of its majestic capital, is so rich in historic memories as Bath, the "Queen of the West." Few if any have a more striking nobility of aspect, or are more favored in their surroundings. The great English man of letters who compared it with his beloved Florence did no more than justice to the beauty of its situation among its embosoming hills; and he might have added in praise of its climate as a winter home that its protecting heights of Lansdown and Bathwick give passage to none of those icy blasts which sweep at times over the Tuscan city from the "wind-grieved Apennines." Its architecture, if not so ight and graceful as that of the South, has a solid and stately character of its own; and the Arno itself flows not more sweetly than the Avon through its peaceful pastures to the Severn Sea. And, thanks, no doubt, to the attraction of its healing waters rather than to its charm of site or antiquity of history, it has drawn to it more of human greatness and genius than any city of ancient or modern times. To recite the names of those who have paid, some of them a passing visit to Bath, but more of whom have made it their temporary abode, is almost to call the roll of Englishmen famous in arts and arms, renowned for learning and wisdom, eminent in plety and good works for generations past. Statesmen such as Pitt and Chatham, Burke and Sheridan; poets such as Byron and Wordsworth, Cowper, and Crabbe, and Goldsmith; novelists such as Fielding and Scott and Dickens, and that inimitable artist in literary miniature who drew her inspirations and her models from the very heart and life of the city, Jane Austen; Gainsborough and Lawrence among painters; Wilberforce and Allen, the friend of Pope, among philanthropists; Parr and Porson among scholars; Nelson and Wolfe and Napter among naval and military heroes; Johnson and Gibson, and Southey and Landor among men of letters—this surely is a "visitors' list" and a "directory of residents"-for the homes of those who

dwelt there can be pointed out in most cases to this day-of which any city might be proud. Yet it is far from being a complete enumeration of the famous men whom Bath has attracted

-London Telegraph. Nearing the Brink. He (feeling his way)—I wish we were good friends enough for you to-to call

me by my first name. She (helping him along)-Oh, your last name is good enough for me.—New York Weekly.

'ron should foin our book club. Why. last winter I read over a hundred books was his opinion that if Captain Kidd by giving five minutes a day. I read Nansen's 'Prisoner of Zenda,' Hall Caine's 'Quo Vadis,' Allen's 'Christian.' Julian Hawthorne's 'Choir Invisible,' and Hope's 'Farthest North.' "How charming!"-Life.

> "Mr. Insite, give the class your idea of optimist and pessimist." "Yes, sir. An optimist is a man who is happy when he is miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he's happy."-Chicago Record.

Squildig-"The war in Cuba is very expensive to Spain." McSwilligen-"That's what it is. It would be much less costly if there were no cable compointment. Sometimes companies were munication with the island."-Pittsburn Chronicle-Telegraph.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. The feeling of admiration for heroes war seems to be innate in the human hear nd is brought to the surface as the oppotur ty and object for such hero wors nts itself.

presents itself.

Among those who proved their heroise during our Civil War was A. Schiffeneder of 161 Sedg-wick street. the age o an American citizen. Ho was living in Milwaukee when the call for volun-

promptly enlisted in Company A, of the Twenty-sixth
wisconsin Volunteers. In the Army of the
drills its bill through the skin. For otomac our hero saw much fighting, cam Potomac our hero saw much nighting, campaigning in the Shenandoah Valley.

In the first day's fighting at the battle of Gettysburg. Schiffeneder received a wound in the right side, which afterward and imprisoned at Bell Island and Andersonville, and afterward exchanged. He returned to and afterward exchanged. He returned

prisoned at Bell Island and Andersonville, and afterward exchanged. He returned to his regiment, which was transferred to the army of General Sherman, and marched with him through Georgia to the sea.

In this campaign Mr. Schiffeneder's old wound began to trouble him and he was sent to the hospital and then home. He had also contracted extarrh of the stomach and found no relief for years.

"I happened to read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People about a year ago," he said, "and thought that they might be good for my trouble. I concluded to try them. I bought one box and began to take them according to directions. They gave me great relief. After finishing that box I bought another, and when I had taken the pills I felt that I was cured. I recovered my appetite and atcheartily. I can testify to the good the pills did me."

Mr. Schiffeneder is a prominent Grand Army man in Chicago, whither he moved some years ago with his family.

Plain and Blunt. "I'm a plain, blunt man, Margarete, and can frame no honeyed speeches. Will you marry me?" myself. No!"-Detroit Free Press.

No Fixed Rule. "You cawn't set down no fixed rule o' conduct in this life," said old Wiggins, the Barley Mow orator. "Samson got into trouble 'cause he got 'is hair cut, and Absalom got into trouble 'cause he didn't."-Tid-Bits.

John Butts, Sr.—I want to leave my old coolle's story created such exciteproperty to my two sons one tenth to ment that the San Francisco man was my youngest son, John Butts, and nine- never able to get another Japanese to tenths to my eldest son, Royal Chester- fan him after that."-Detroit Journal. field Chauncey de Peyster Butts. Family Lawyer-H'm! Do you think

that's quite fair? John Butts, Sr.-Yes; I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a crack jaw name .- Tit-Bits.

Cure Guaranteed by DR J. B. MAYER, 1015
ARCH ST., PHILA.. PA. Ease at once; no
operation or delay from bustness. Consultation
free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and
prominent clitzens. Send for circular. Office
hours 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Let young men make themselves ready for p sitions of trust, and they will be called to the positions at the right time. God's clock is never too slow. Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipat on forever fee, 25c, If C.C.C. fail, I, uggists refund money. Fire and sword are slow engines of

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is Barsfuli size and quality. Order of grocer, Adr A kind heart is a fountain of gladne making everything in its freshen into smiles.

Take Laxative Bromo Quintne Tablets. A Drugg sts refund money if it falls to cure. 25c. Find a way or make one. Everything is either pusher or pushed. The world always listens to a man with a will in

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs. - JENNIE PINCE-ART, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that an beings should love one another To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Casearets Candy Cathartic, 10c or f.C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund mo

Brooding over trouble is like sur rounding one's self with a fog; it may nifies all the objects seen through it. Occupation of the mind prevents this. Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Berin to day to banish pumples, boils blotches blackheads, and that sickly billoucomplexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for the cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, itc., 25c., 56c.

It is not similarity but sympathy in differences that forms the groundwork of social happiness; and in the open heart alone can the spirit of sympathy fint beloment

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c a bottle. A generous friendship no cold medium knows, burns with one love, with one resentment glows; one should our inter-ests and our passion be; my friend mu t hate the man that injures me

No To-Bac For Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak nen strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

There is a great difference between newh can feel ashamed before his own out and one who is only ashamed before

"Clarence," she sighed, romantically, "do something true, something brave, something heroic to prove your love for "Well," he faltered, but calmly, "I have offered to marry you."-New

with a torpid liver, which produces constipa-tion. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was com-pletely cured. I shall only be too glad to rec-ommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented."

J. A. SMITH.

29:30 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Ohio.
VALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, actng directly upon the blood and mucous suraces of the system. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold
y all Druggists... Testimonials free.



CURE CONSTIPATION. ... Bassely Company, Chienge, Nontreal, Now York. 35

HO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug The worst hypocrites we have are those who are always criticising them-selves in public, and in private are hatch-ing out some new deviltry. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

GLASS EYE SCARED THEM.

apanese Coolies Refused to Ferve Catifornian Who Had One. H. B. Lewis, the Japanese traveler, ells a funny story regarding the superstition of the little brown seen who

claim allegiance to the Mikado. "In Japan during the hot weather," said he, "every man whose financial position enables him to have any of the uxuries of life employs a servant whose duty it is to fan his master at night. This custom has grown up on account of the extreme heat in summer and the great number of annoying insects that buzz around at night in the cities along the seacoast. While the task of fanning a sleeping person is not very hard, it is so monotonous that the coolies hired to sway the paim leaves frequently go to sleep, and the person who is supposed to do the sleeping drills its bill through the skin. For this reason it is difficult to get a faith-

came to Yokohama and established himself in a little bungalow in the outskirts of the city. The weather was extremely warm, and before the stranger had become settled he was besleged by a number of coolies who wanted to get the job of fanning him at night. The artist looked over the applicants and finally selected an old man, who brought excellent recommendations from his last employer.

"When it came time to retire the artist took out his glass eye, laid it on a stand at his bedside and went to bed. The old man picked up his fan and the San Francisco man was soon asleep. He slept peacefully for an hour or two, when he was awakened by a chorus of buzzing insects about his head. He looked shout and found that the man whom he had hired to fan him wa

"The next morning, when he we "I'm a little on the plain, blunt order, in search of another coolie he was amazed to discover that no one would work for him. He was looked upon as a wizard and worker of miracles, with whom it was unsafe to be alone. The old man had gone among h's friends and told how the Californian had taken out his eye at night and laid it on a stand in order that he might watch his servant at night and see that he kept his fan in motion. The

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note



are all God's B) grafts. Dead lamps are no passports to the bridal feast. A learned sinner is not even a wise fool. The repentant heart has little choice of creed.

high to him who is descending. Truth is a child of God. Doubt magnifies troubles. Love gives true worth to gifts. Pride, like a cat, has nine lives. Holy living is eloquent preaching. Duty knocks at every man's door. Honesty worships in the temple of

Goodness is the printing press of truth. The lover of truth is a hater of per-

secution. The beauty of holiness is not marred Fidelity to principle is the higher

expediency. The best sociological work is the saving of the soul. The least man is an essential part of

God's great plan. The fruits of the Spirit are not windfalls, but hand picked. The mud of earth gives no reflection of the glories of heaven.

Enthusiasm may build a church, but it takes cash to pay for it. An emotional nature is often mistaken for a sympathetic one. Clothe falsehood with argument, and

it will take issue with truth. Some people eat green apples and then sigh about their crosses. A penny sin buys as good a title to

destruction as a dollar sin does. The character that is positive has difficulty in speaking a negative. If you lose your religion because of the example of some weak brother, you stamp yourself weaker than he.

Column of Smoke as a Lightning Rod. On the approach of a thunderstorm French peasants often make up a very moky fire in the belief that safety from lightning will result. This practice has generally been set down as mere superstition, but there is an underlying reason based on scientific principles. This is that the smoke acts is a conductor and dissipates the elec tric charge of the clouds slowly and safely. It is pointed out in substantiation of this that in 1,000 cases of damage by lightning 6.3 per cent, were churches, 8,5 mills, while the number of factory chimneys was less than one-

half of 1 per cent. A Brazen Fellow. She-That compositor is a very saucy man. He-Yes, a sort of bold-faced type,

Boston Courier. How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Chensey & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last is years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Thuax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best. As a safeguard, don't put yourself in avironment where you can even think

Pon't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 56c. or \$1. Cure guaran-teed. Booklet and sample free. Address Ster-ling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

How can a man learn to know him



Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic



Chills, Malaria and Billiousness

"NO CURE NO PAY." Is just as good for Adults as for Children. Galatia, Ill., Nov. 16, 1893. Gentlemen:—We sold last year 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL

TONIC and have bought 3 gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal Yours Truly, ABNEY, CARR & CO.

PRICE, 50 CENTS. Nationality Shown in Eating. Wattors show their nationality more clearly than men in any other walk of life. If you go into a German restaurant you are never served with a eternity a noble success.

ant you are never served with a glass of water. The waiter expects you to order beer and holds his napkin over his arm till you decide what kind you wish to drink. That shows the Ger-

In an American restaurant you may order oysters, soup and fish. Instead of serving them separately the waiter will bring them all together and place them before you. By the time you have eaten the oysters the soup will be cold. When you have partaken of the soup the fish will be almost uneatable. That shows American taste. When you go into a French restaur-

ant in a hurry and order two or three

things served together the waiter will

begin with the first course. Undis-

turbed by your apearance of haste he

will go through the whole list. That shows the French know how to live. Tallest Woman on Earth. neight of Miss Minnie Powers of Lockport, N. Y. She is the tallest woman in the United States. How greatly she surpasses average women is shown by statistics. The average height of American women, according to William Blaikle, the expert on physical culture, is five feet four inches. English women are two inches taller, which is doubtless due to many generations of outdoor life and sports. The modern American woman, however, is follow-

Bight feet, lacking an inch, is the ing her English cousins in their passionate love of athletics, with the result that the younger American women have shown a wonderful growth and a more pronounced tendency to ample physical

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives core cores. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days.

Queens Who Smoke. Queen Marguerite of Italy is one of the royal ladies who see no harm in the use of tobacco. She is much occupied with literature and is strongly addicted to the cigarette, which she smokes in the privacy of her room. Her flashing black eyes look laughingly through odorous clouds of smoke and she is wont to declare that her cigarette is

more essential to her comfort than any thing else in life. Christina, queen regent of Spain, consumes a large quantity of Egyptian cigarettes, and his little majesty, Alphonso XIII., enjoys lighting them for

--CHILDBIRTH--MITCHELLA COMPOUND. ns. Sent prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.30 k, "Glad Tidings to Mothers," sent free c it. LADY AGENTS WANTED IN EVER

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Insanity Prevented by
DR. KLIME'S GREAT
RERVE RESTORER

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

WANTED-Case of bad health that R'I'P A'N'S DENSION WAShington, B.C.

Successfully Prosecutes Claims, ate Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau, rain last war, 15 adjudicating claims, att since No Doubt True. Wheeler-I wonder what has become of Walker; I haven't seen him for a

Ryder-I saw his wife yesterday. She said he was learning to ride a wheel. Wheeler-How's he getting along? Ryder-On crutches, I believe.

A Knotty Problem. Fond Wife—What are you worrying about this evening?

Husband (a young lawyer)-An impor-

tant case I have on hand. My client is

charged with murder and I can't make

up my mind whether to try to prove that the deceased was killed by some other man or is still alive.—New York

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUC-CEED," TRY SAPOLIO