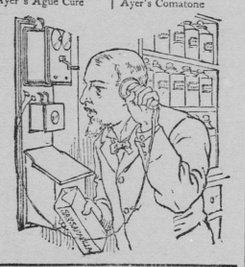
"If you send me anything 'just as good as Ayer's,' I shall send it right back.

"I might afford to experiment with shoe polish, but I can't and won't experiment with the medicine which means sickness or health to me."

J. C. AYER COMPANY,
Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Ayer's Hair Vigor
Ayer's Pills	Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Ayer's Ague Cure	Ayer's Comatone



To prevent obstruction to traffic in the main streets of Boston in the daytime, all the repairs are made at night.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Two thousand gallons of air are a grown-up person's allowance for 24 hours.

Frey's Vermifuge

Saves the lives of children. 25c. Druggists and country stores, or by mail. E. & S. FREY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Indian widows in Sitka go into mourning by painting the upper part of their faces black down to their mouths.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Russia's Advance on China.

For nearly 30 years the boundary between China and Russia remained as agreed upon in the treaties of 1858 and 1860. But already the commercial and political activity of the Russians was overstepping it. They had established themselves in large numbers in the cities of Chinese Manchuria—in Kiakhta, Mukden, Kirin and Tsitsihar, the residence of the Mandarin Governor. The navigation of the Ossuri and the Sungari rivers fell wholly into their hands. The steamships of the Amur Company put Russia in rapid communication with Japan and San Francisco.

"Scientific Missions traversed China in all directions. At Peking the Russian colony acquired a continually greater importance and the ambassador of the czar wielded more influence at court than the representatives of any other tetainments.—International Monthly.

Water Piled in Ridges.

The coast and geodetic survey has recently completed some very careful leveling operations which show that the surface of the Gulf of Mexico lies perceptibly higher than that of the Atlantic ocean. Between the surface of the ocean at St. Augustine, on the eastern shore of Florida, and the surface of the gulf at Cedar Keys, on the western shore, there is a mean difference in level of nine-tenths of a foot. This is considered to be sufficient to account for the outpouring current of the Gulf stream, which in the narrower part of the Strait of Florida touches bottom. The surplus of water which raises the gulf above the level of the ocean is apparently received through the Yucatan channel, being driven in by the prevailing equatorial currents from the east.—Chicago Chronicle.

The present season is reported to have been the finest for rose-growing in England for many years.

WOMEN MUST SLEEP.

Avoid Nervous Prostration.

If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well.

Friends ask, "what is the cause?" and the answer comes in pitying tones, nervous prostration. It came upon you so quietly in the beginning, that you were not alarmed, and when sleep deserted you night after night until your eyes fairly burned in the darkness, then you tossed in nervous agony praying for sleep.

MRS. A. HARTLEY.

You ought to have known that when you ceased to be regular in your courses, and you grew irritable without cause, that there was serious trouble somewhere.

You ought to know that indigestion, exhaustion, womb displacements, fainting, dizziness, headache, and backache send the nerves wild with affright, and you cannot sleep.

Mrs. Hartley, of 321 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill., whose portrait we publish, suffered all these agonies, and was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; her case should be a warning to others, and her cure carry conviction to the minds of every suffering woman of the unfailing efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

An Awkward Blunder.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Miss Mildred Brewster requests the pleasure of your presence at a small musicale at her house Wednesday evening, June 5th."

The girl to whom the note was addressed read it with flushing cheeks and a cry of delight.

She started to her feet, dropping Miss Floy Parmenter's wedding-dress in a billowy heap on the floor, and ran to the door of the fitting room of the dressmaking establishment.

But her mother was busy trying a dress on Mrs. Commodore Skreene and could not be hurried, and the girl turned back, impatient to announce the news.

She whirled about in a little dance before the cheval-glass in the privacy of the inner room. Catching up Miss Parmenter's wedding-dress, she held the shimmering folds before her.

"How shall I look in an evening gown?" she wondered, ecstatically.

"Oh, I suppose I am too silly, but I have been so hungry for good times of my own kind! They are my own kind, those girls of Mildred Brewster's set, though I didn't suppose they'd ever acknowledge it. They never took the least notice of me when I went—so frightfully shabby!—to the high school with them. And Mildred Brewster seemed especially proud—although she was kind to get us the naval people for patrons. A musicale, too! I wonder how she knew I should like that. It may be that her brother Stanley has heard me singing in the garden when he has been canoeing on the river.

"O mother, dearest!" and she turned to her mother, who had finally got through with Mrs. Commodore Skreene and now stood in the doorway. "An invitation for me from Mildred Brewster to a musicale! When I opened the envelope I thought, of course, she had only written about the chiffon for her pink waist."

"I don't know why she shouldn't invite you," said the little worn woman, her seamy cheeks growing red with pleasure.

"They are very aristocratic—very proud of their old family. They live in a colonial house a hundred years old, with family portraits and old silver and things; and you and I mother, dear, are nobodies. I trim Mildred's pretty gowns and she sends us her father's checks. Those are the only relations that are to be expected between her and me."

"She hasn't seemed to think so," said her mother, quietly, but with a thrill in her voice. Mentally she vowed that, whether money were plenty or scarce, Betty should go to the musicale in a lovely gown. For she knew all about the hunger for good times and girls, although never a word had been said. Mother eyes are sharp.

Meanwhile the postman had left a missive in Miss Mildred Brewster's handwriting at one of the old colonial houses, "with family portraits and old silver things." It was addressed to Miss Frances Penhallow, and that young lady, who was Mildred's dearest friend, said she knew without opening it that it was an invitation to Mildred's musicale. She opened it, nevertheless, and drew her brow into a frown as she read:

"Dear Miss Martin: Will you be so kind as to take the very greatest pains in matching the pink chiffon to my waist? I am sure I can trust your exquisite taste, but I should feel it to be such a calamity if that delicate shade of pink silk were to be spoiled by a deeper shade of trimming.

"Hastily,
"Mildred Brewster."

"Just like Mildred! She has 'mixed those children up!'" exclaimed Miss Penhallow. "This note was meant for Betty Martin, the dressmaker's daughter. And she has probably got my invitation! I'll drive round there and carry this note, so that Mildred's waist may be sure to be all right. She has more faith in those people than she has in Madame Fontenelle. I think I'll get mamma to try them. I remember that the girl looked poor and forlorn when she went to school, but she is really effective now, she wears such good gowns. And there is something quaint about her, with her high forehead and her little peaked chin and her corn-flower-blue eyes. If she could manage to make me look as she does—"

Frances critically surveyed the image of the descendant of the Penhallows in the long mirror, and deliberately "made up a face" at it. It is true that the figure was stocky and the nose thick, and those discouraging points struck the owner of the figure more forcibly than did the honest clearness of the gray eyes, or the sympathetic sweetness of the mouth.

It was Betty herself who opened the door of the reception-room, and her "quaint" face lighted up at the sight of the visitor. A friend of Mildred Brewster's bore with her a "charmed atmosphere."

Frances, smiling a little in response to the shy radiance of the girl's face, said: "I remember you at the high school, and I think you have such lovely taste!" She felt that Betty's attitude demanded something more kindly than an immediate plunge into business. "I have seen all the pretty things that you have made for Miss Brewster."

"Miss Brewster has been so very kind to me!" said Betty, with a thrill in her voice. "She has sent me an invitation to a musicale at her house!" She displayed the card with childish simplicity. "I think some one must have told her that I love music," she added, with a doubtful, questioning glance at her visitor's face.

For a shadow had fallen upon the honest-eyed face, as Frances understood, in a flash, that it would be difficult to explain the mistake.

Difficult! It was impossible, she said to herself, as she caught a quiver of the chin that was cleft at its peaked tip by a childish dimple. There was a suspicion of mistiness about the corn-flower-blue eyes. She did not suspect the blunder. How should she?

"I—I want to ask you about your disengaged time," faltered Frances. "I have been trying to bring my mother here for a long time."

Betty became businesslike at once and brought her mother, who, on consulting a thick engagement-book, found that she should have a few days to spare in the course of the month.

"Of course, I might have given the message about the pink waist," reflected Frances, as she flecked a fly off her fat pony's back, "but I was afraid she would suspect how things were. She was so pleased! To keep her from knowing that it was a mistake seemed the one important thing.

The pony was forced to go at a pace which shook his fat sides and caused him to turn a questioning and reproachful eye upon his young mistress, whose views of life generally coincided very satisfactorily with his own.

Out on Paradice road, just where the air begins to be sweet with the locust-trees, Frances met Mildred setting out with her brother Stanley and his friend, Lester Wyman. Mildred sent the young men on ahead, in obedience to an imperative private gesture from Frances, and then heard the story of the dreadful blunder.

"It was stupid of me," said Mildred, with a pucker of her serene brow. "But I don't see how she could have thought I meant to invite her! How awkward for you to have to explain!"

"Awkward! I simply didn't explain. She was so pleased about the invitation! She thought you must have heard how fond she was of music. And I don't think that good times have ever come much in her way. I didn't say a word about your pink chiffon. I thought you would rather leave it to Providence than to run the risk of hurting her."

"Why of course, anything would be better than to hurt her," said Mildred, slowly. "So far as the pink waist goes, I could write to her about it now. She is perfectly presentable, but I wish it could have happened some other time, if I had got to make such a blunder. I did want Lester Wyman, who is a diplomat's son and accustomed to the nicest people everywhere, to meet the very cream of Old Harbor society!"

"She's the very creamiest thing in the town, so far as looks go, and he need never know that a dressmaking sign hangs out over her door! Give the girl a good time, and don't take it so hard," said Frances, sagely, as she touched the fat pony with the whip.

"'Hey, Betty Martin, tiptoe fine!'" The little hard-worked mother gave her girl a playful push toward the long mirror, and the mirror reflected the prettiest gown that its experience had known. It was of pale blue silk muslin over pale blue silk, and to its girlish simplicity was added the indefinable quality known as "style." The slip of a girl, her blue eyes wide with half-incredulous delight, looked like a princess—or rather as a princess ought to look and is no more likely to look than any one else.

But as Betty turned away from the mirror—away, also from her mother's eyes—the delight faded suddenly, as a candle is blown out by the wind, and the sensitive little peaked chin quivered with a haunting recollection of the expression on Frances Penhallow's face and the forced tone of her congratulations. There had been a mistake made, somehow! It was not likely that Miss Brewster had meant to invite her.

She said that to herself at one moment, and tried to think the next that she had grown morbid and fanciful by much brooding over Frances Penhallow's look of surprise—a look of surprise, that was all. She had not known of the invitation. Betty had not breathed a hint of her suspicion to her mother, whose delight had been even greater than her own.

"I would go, for her sake, over red-hot plow-shares!" Betty said to herself, giving a little kick to her beautiful, shimmering, light blue train.

That train was gracefully carried on the night of the musicale, and so was the small, ash-colored head—only a trifle too high. And "a red and a restless spark" burned on Betty's cheek. But when she found, among all the throng of young people, no stare of surprise, or anything but the friendliest courtesy, she gradually put away even the suspicion that their minds had been prepared, and was gay with the rest.

Her heart grew warm toward Mildred Brewster and Frances Penhallow, who, without singling her out in any embarrassing way, constantly took pains that she should not feel herself a stranger. It grew so warm that when Mildred showed her chagrin that Madame D'Almati, the charming singer of English ballads, had failed to appear, she threw her shyness to the winds and said, with evidently a simple eagerness to be of service: "Oh, I can sing ballads—if you think anyone would care to hear me! I have not a large voice, but it has been trained. I have an uncle who is a musician."

"If—if you will be so good," faltered Mildred, polite, but as she afterward confessed to Frances Penhallow, feeling "an awful dread."

But the "awful dread" was quite unnecessary. Betty had not, as she said, a large voice, but it had the thrilling, pathetic quality, the "wild, weird sweetness" found seldom except in an Irish voice, and most effective of all in simple ballads.

Betty made a success. Before she went home, in a carriage from the livery-stable that was only a few doors from the dressmaking establishment, she had promised to sing at another musicale in another of the old colonial houses.

"Now we shall know what to do for her!" said Mildred, joyfully, to Frances, whom she had kept for a private conclave. "Every one will take her up! She can give parlor concerts, and she can get pupils by the score! We can get her to give up the dressmaking."

But when the plans were matured and laid before Betty Martin, she was grateful, but obdurate.

"I couldn't teach, it isn't in me!" she explained. "Mother tried it before she married, and had a dreadful struggle. And father was a lawyer, when he ought to have stayed on the farm. We think, mother and I, that when we are born our work is born with us. We're like the old milkwoman—you've seen her—who took her husband's route when he died. She says it's the work she was born for, whether it's proper work for a woman or not. She says she is like the kings and queens—a milkwoman by the grace of God. That's the way mother and I are dressmakers. I want her to put 'Dressmaker, Dei Gratia,' on the sign. If I had the voice for a great career, I don't know, it might be different. But as it is, I like to earn my living by the commonplace work that I know I can always do thoroughly well.

"There is another little reason—" Betty hesitated and drew a quick breath—"which I'm afraid you will think fantastic and foolish. My little singing gift seems sacred because it was my father's only solace from pain in his long illness; it was our one cheer in the dark days. I can't bear to take it to market!"

"It's a little disappointing," said Mildred to Frances, when they were alone, "but I am not sure that she isn't right. There are so many struggling artists of every kind, and never enough good dressmakers! My pink waist is a dream! Betty Martin, dressmaker, by the grace of God! I really believe she is."—Youth's Companion.

FEAR OF LIGHTNING STORMS.

Nervous Persons Often Victims of Needless Suffering.

The keen suffering which some undergo just in advance of or during a thunderstorm is of a dual nature. The sense of impending danger alarms and terrifies, but there is also a depression of spirits which is physical and real brought about by some as yet unknown relation between the nervous system and conditions of air pressure, humidity and purity. The suffering due to depression and partial exhaustion requires, from those who are strong, sympathy rather than ridicule.

The suffering due to alarm and fright, however, is unnecessary. It is largely the work of the imagination. To a nervous nature there is something appalling in the wicked, spiteful gleam of the lightning and the crash and tumult of thunder. But such a one should remember that the flash is almost always far distant, and that thunder can do no more damage than the low notes of a church organ.

The question is often asked, "Do trees protect?" The answer is that the degrees of protection will vary with the character of the tree, and its distance from a water-course. An oak is more liable to lightning stroke than a beech. The character of the wood, the area of leafage, the extent and depth of root, will determine the liability to stroke.

Another question which is often asked is whether there is danger aboard a large steamship during a thunderstorm. On the contrary, there are fewer safer places. Sufficient metal with proper superficial area is interposed in the path of the lightning, and its electrical energy converted into harmless heat and rapidly dissipated.

Accidents occur chiefly because the victims generally place themselves in the line of greatest strain, and thus form part of the path of discharge. For this reason it is not wise to stand under trees, near flag-poles or masts, in doorways, on porches, close to fireplaces or near barns. Those who are not exposed in any of these ways may feel reasonably safe. It should be remembered, in the event of accident, that lightning does not always kill. It more often results in suspended animation than in somatic death. Therefore, in case of accident, try to restore animation, keep the body warm and send for a physician without delay.—Century.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Elephants have only eight teeth—two below and two above on each side. All an elephant's baby teeth fall out when the animal is about fourteen years old, and a new set grows.

Cinders from the forest fires on Cape Cod were carried by the wind as far as Boston, a distance of almost 50 miles, falling in the streets and in the waters of the harbor in considerable showers.

A pet Maltese cat belonging to an English woman has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract failing eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.

In bread-making on an expensive scale less than a third of the time is now taken. One thousand pounds of dough for biscuits is rolled, cut and prepared for baking in three hours and 54 minutes, as against 54 hours by hand.

At a gathering of old folk in the town of Claremont, Mass., the other day the chairman called upon all present who were over 70 years of age to arise, and 72 responded. He then asked all those who were over 80 to stand up, and there were 12 who had passed that limit. A similar call for all over the age of 90 brought four members of the gathering to their feet.

Perhaps the busiest time of the year in old Colonial days was November, called "killing time." When the chosen day arrived, oxen, cows and swine which had been fattened for the winter's stock were slaughtered early in the morning, that the meat might be hard and cold before being put in the pickle. Sausages, relishes and head cheese were made, lard tried out and tallow saved.

The Hebrew child in the age of the captivity in Egypt wore only caps. The Spartan boy wore a little coat, as he dragged his rude wagon at play, and other Grecian lads wore simple slips, much like their elders. Then, during the long intervals that elapsed, customs changed, and in the middle ages far more care was devoted to the clothing of the little girls and boys. There was a constant approach from that time on to the garb of the grown folks, until with the adoption of the rococo style, the boy was as elaborately dressed as his father, in wig and silks and satins.

Ingenious Indoor Fireworks.

The ingenious Chinese are putting on the American market indoor fireworks. About these there is neither smoke nor odor nor danger, but only soft, many-colored illumination, beautiful to see in darkened rooms. One of the fireworks—there are many kinds—looks like an ordinary stick of punk. It is brown in hue, a foot long and in circumference about the size of a cigarette. It is lighted and held point downward. An opal-colored globule forms on the point, and remains there until the stick burns out. Little stars fly out from the globule and rise in showers in the air. They are red, green, blue, white, yellow, a hundred hues, and they die and disappear without smoke or odor, and without leaving any ash. If they strike a piece of furniture the go out without doing harm. Indoor fireworks, it is said, are absolutely safe. In a room lighted only by a wood fire in a grate it is pleasant to see them in the gloom.—Philadelphia Record.

Gout is rarely known among the working classes of Ireland. Their immunity from the complaint is thought to be due to the fact that their food consists largely of potatoes.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Sale of Coal Land in the Meyersdale Region. Cumberland County Murderer Convicted. Former Partners Resort to Law.

The following persons were granted pensions last week: Henry Shaffer, Etna, $12; William C. Miller, Glade Mills, $6; Thomas Noland, Kittanning Point, $8; James Coneway, Clintonville, $12; Catherine E. Gillin, Parkers Landing, $8; William K. Chestnutt, Brookville, $8; James K. McCullough, Dickinson, $6; John H. White, Marionville, $17; Henry C. Heise, Kylertown, $10; Joseph Patterson, New Castle, $17; John P. Park, Derry Station, $24; William H. Lyle, Washington, $12; Daniel B. Singer, Freeport, $8; David Muir, Blairsville, $17; Hannah Craig, Coal Bluff, $8.

Taylor township Lawrence county, farmers met recently and organized themselves against hunters. A fund was established with which to prosecute trespassers. There is a general movement among farmers of the county to fight the sportsmen this year, four townships already having organized. They claim that while some of the hunters are careful, the majority throw down fences, destroy their crops and sometimes shoot their cattle.

A Baltimore and Ohio surveying party is now at work locating the route for a railroad to reach the immense coal purchases in Stony Creek, Quemahoning and Jenner townships, Somerset county. The beginning of the new railroad means big coal operations in the new coal field. Already about three-quarters of a million of dollars have been paid out for coal in the new territory and the payments are still going on.

The Consolidation Coal Company has purchased 10,000 acres of coal land in the Meyersdale region in Somerset county, near Coal Run. The company will run a branch road from a point above Hyndman, on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, to the new coal field. The length of the road will be 14 miles, which will be a saving of about 50 miles in hauling the coal to tide water.

Joseph Franklin, of the manufacturing firm of Franklin & Co., has filed a bill in equity at Butler, against Evan Evans and the Evans Manufacturing Company, Limited, asking that the court restrain the defendants from manufacturing a clutch pulley which Franklin invented in 1898, and that the defendants be ordered to pay him half the proceeds of those already made and marketed.

The mercantile tax receipts for 1900 will not meet the expectations of the framers of the new law, who were confident that the increase would be at least $500,000. In 1899 the collections aggregated $619,615.91, which amount is increased this year $272,241.40. The returns are complete with the exception of those from Philadelphia and Allegheny and these are closely estimated.

Mrs. Mary Harris Stuart, wife of Rev. D. E. Stuart, pastor of the Baptist church at Wyoming, drank carbolic acid Monday evening and died in agony. She was confined to bed with sickness, and in the dark grasped the bottle with carbolic acid instead of a bottle containing other medicine. Coroner McKee investigated and found that death was accidental.

In the Cumberland county criminal court the case of Martin Fry, who killed his brother-in-law, Edward Collins, through jealousy last May near Newsville, and was convicted at September court, motion for a new trial being overruled, has been sentenced to be hanged. The governor will fix the time of execution.

Three weeks ago a mad dog bit Hiram Brinker, a prominent Westmoreland county farmer, and at the same time three of his cows. One of the animals went mad. Mr. Brinker's wound has never healed and is now beginning to annoy him and his friends are fearful that he will be stricken with hydrophobia at almost any hour.

A gang of negro laborers at Uniontown chased Contractor Frank Williams, of Pittsburg, for blocks, and only desisted when Williams was taken to the lockup at his own request. The negroes alleged that their wages have not been paid.

These Pennsylvania charters have been granted: Kittanning Plate Glass Company, of Armstrong county, capital $300,000; several water companies to do business in Cambria county, total capital $10,000.

The hopes of Canonsburg people for water works at an early date have gone glimmering. An analysis of the water from the wells drilled at Houstonville showed from 15 to 25 per cent. of salt, as well as ammonia and other elements.

The Hazel Glass Company, of Washington, has bought the building and site of the West Washington tin plate mill, and expects to have furnaces, pots, etc., completed and be turning out glass by the new year.

To pay an election bet, A. M. Raught, at New Kensington, is displaying himself as a freak in the window of a clothing store. He will continue on exhibition for 12 hours each day for seven days.

On the charge of standing a pretty girl upon her head on a prominent street corner and then running away with her picture hat, W. E. Swindell, of Baltimore, was fined $30 by Mayor Giles and then held in $800 bail for a hearing by Alderman Stephens, of Altoona.

The barn of George Sabers, near Markle, Westmoreland county, was fired by an incendiary and with all its contents was consumed. Two cows were cremated. The loss is $2,500.

The public schools of Beaver have been closed on account of the diphtheria epidemic in that town.

The assignments for the Pennsylvania conferences of the Methodist Episcopal church are as follows: Central—Chambersburg, March 13, Bishop Foss. Philadelphia—Stroudsburg, March 20, Bishop Joyce. Wyoming—West Pittston, April 10, Bishop Ninde.

The vote in Beaver to increase the bonded indebtedness $27,000 was carried by 536 for to 6 against. They also voted to refund the floating debt of $27,000 and to issue bonds for the same bearing 4 per cent. interest.

Gov. Stone has appointed William H. Erwin, of McVeytown, associate judge of Mifflin county, vice W. A. Wilson, deceased.

Germany In World Politics.

The German empire has left its period of evolution behind it and has entered upon its epoch of growth, says Signor Crispi in the Chicago Tribune. Thirty years ago the task consisted in laying the foundation of the structure of the empire and in cementing it together with blood and iron. Then came a period of blissful work devoted to the inner completion of the structure. After that had been finished new tasks presented themselves to the new generation, and it is merely a sign of health and strength that the living generation of the German people bravely devotes itself to the solution of all those problems which are at present comprised in the words "world politics."

Train robberies have become so frequent in the West that one railroad, the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, regards an investment in bloodhounds advisable. A litter of puppies has been distributed among the agents along the line, with instructions to rear them for the sole purpose of man-catching.

The skin of elephant Charlie, killed in Crystal Palace, London, weighed a ton—just one-fourth of the weight of the beast in life.

STRANGE CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM

Victim Wondered How He Got His Feet Soiled.

"All hotels have more or less experience with somnambulists," said the clerk of one of the New Orleans houses, "but we had a case here recently that is certainly entitled to first prize, for originality. Just a week ago today a gentleman registered with us from—well, I guess it would hardly be fair to give his address—it was a town in an adjoining state, and I assigned him myself to a room on the second floor. At about 1 o'clock the first night he was here he walked downstairs and disappeared through the front door. In an hour or thereabouts he came back, and as he was passing through the lobby some guests who happened to be standing there talking noticed that he was barefooted. Of course, they were greatly startled, but he paid no attention to them and walked straight on upstairs. Naturally, they concluded that he was either drunk or crazy, and when they told the clerk on duty about it he thought they were joking. Nevertheless, he mentioned the matter to me, and I told him to keep an eye open for the gentleman the next night.

"I saw him several times during the day, and he appeared to be all right, but at about the same hour as before he came downstairs again, and, sure enough, he was in his bare feet. Otherwise he was fully dressed; he had his hat on his head and he wore the expression of a man in a brown study. As on the first occasion, he spoke to nobody, and one of the employes of the house slipped out behind him. He went straight up the street, walking very slowly and looking neither to the right nor the left. After going eight or nine blocks, he stopped, and then strolled back. When he entered the hotel he passed under a strong light, and it was plain from the appearance of his eyes that he was sound asleep. He went upstairs, entered his room, which he had left open, and that was the last seen of him for the night.

"Next morning I took him aside and told him what had occurred. He was perfectly dumbfounded, yet he said that he had arisen both mornings with a vague recollection of having taken a midnight walk, which he supposed was merely a dream. He had also been puzzled to note that his feet were soiled and bruised. He stayed with us one more night, but did not repeat the performance. The man is a well-to-do merchant and assured me that he had not walked in his sleep before—at least, not to his knowledge—since he was a child."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Europe's Icehouse.

We have heard about Greenland's icy mountains, but Norway's are a trifle less familiar to us by name, despite the fact that they are of far more practical service to us, for in summer and winter we draw our ice supplies from the mountain lakes of that country.

These lakes of crystal-clear water are high up in the mountains, and are surrounded by countless pine trees that grow to a great height.

Europe's ice supply from these sources is controlled by syndicates. The ice, which is considered by experts to be the finest in the world, is cut up into huge square-shaped blocks by means of plows constructed for the purpose.

These blocks are sent down the mountain sides on huge slides. Owing to their great length, the ice often acquires an amazing velocity ere it reaches the inclosed pool, outside which the bulky ice-ships ride at anchor, awaiting their cool cargoes. In spite of these arrangements, it sometimes comes about that the ice supply does not continue altogether uninterrupted; for, apart from the occasional delay of ships, orders sometimes come which necessitate phenomenal quantities being cut from the lakes, and when this occurs after a drought the demand quickly exceeds the supply, and scarcity ensues. That is why we often have to pay dear for our ice, even in winter time.—London Express.

He Knew the Best Thing.

They had just got married and were starting on their honeymoon. The bride had got the man she loved, and she didn't care who saw her put her head on his shoulder. The bridegroom had got a farm with his wife, and if he wanted to squeeze her hand or feed her with sweets, whose business was it? A little old man sat opposite the couple and he looked at them so often that the young husband finally explained:

"We've just got married."

"I knowed it all the time," chuckled the other.

"And we can't help it, you know."

"No, you can't; I'll be blowed if you can!"

"I presume it all seems very silly to an old man like you?"

"Does it? Does it?" cackled the old fellow. "Well, I can tell you it does not, then. I've been there three times over, and now I'm on my way to marry a fourth, Silly? Why, children, it's paradise boiled down!"—London Answers.

Lunatics and Relatives.

Referring to the case recently where a medical man was arraigned for alleged cruelty to his lunatic brother, the London Lancet makes the following remarks:

The well-being of lunatic patients as is now generally admitted, is most surely guaranteed when they are committed to the care of strangers.

Experience has abundantly proved that the influence of a relative, however well-intentioned, is not only salutary, but is even prejudicial. There is a tendency on the part of relatives to be either too kind or too severe.

Moreover, we must take into account the reliance which most invalids place on those with whom they are familiar. This reliance constantly opposes by its mere inertia that awakening of the curative power of will which it is the object of all mental treatment to encourage.

Lace-Making as an Art.

The most difficult of all lace-making are the pillow laces, so called from the cushion that suports the pins and bobbins while the weaver works. Mechlin, Bruges, real point-lace and duchesse are pillow laces, though many are made on black parchment, which is far easier. The pattern once fixed in the weaver's mind, the shuttles are worked in and out, minute threads are tied, flowers are formed like magic under the tireless fingers. In many hand-made laces tiny braids or infinitesimally small threads are used to outline the pattern, but so careful are they needled into flowers, leaves, and stems that they defy the closest scrutiny, and stand for what they really are—hand-made laces.—Harper's Bazar.

ST. VITUS' DANCE

Three great and complete cures effected by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Mrs. J. A. Ferre, who resides near 905 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., says:

"My daughter Lulu became very ill with St. Vitus dance over a year ago. She became so bad that she lost the use of her right arm and side, and we thought at one time she would lose her speech. Her tongue was almost paralyzed. She was so bad she could not feed herself, and at night she would get so nervous I had to sit and hold her. I tried several doctors, but they did not do her any good. I did not find anything that would help her until I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. She is now, by the use of this medicine, entirely cured."

C. H. Bailey, Esq., of Waterbury, Vt., writes:

"I am more than glad to write about my little daughter. Until a short time ago she had always been a very delicate child and subject to sick spells lasting weeks at a time. She was very nervous, and our family doctor said we would never raise her, she was so delicate and feeble. We tried many remedies without the least good. We felt much anxiety about her, especially as no doctors could benefit her, and had great fear for her future. Learning of the wonders being done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to give it to her. She soon commenced to improve under its use, and rapidly gained in every respect. She eats and sleeps well, and her nerves are strong. The medicine has done wonders for her and it is the best we ever knew. I recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura, blood and nerve remedy, to everybody."

Mrs. J. Learmonth, of 776 Broadway, South Boston, Mass., says:

"At ten years of age my daughter became affected with a nervous condition which soon developed into St. Vitus' dance. It was pronounced by the attending physician to be a very severe attack. The mouth would be drawn spasmodically far to one side, the hands and arms were restless and constantly twitching. Her limbs also were weak; her ankles bent under her so that it was almost impossible to walk. She was so nervous that she would scream almost like a maniac and then have fits of crying. After two months' treatment without a cure, I concluded to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Three bottles entirely cured her. She is now thirteen years old, and has been well ever since, and to-day is a picture of health."

Paper money is at a premium at Nome. Miners find it more convenient than gold and pay as much as 2 per cent. in excess of its face value for it.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

Alabama has a fine old capitol, set on a hill and rich in historical associations, but it has no governor's mansion and is beginning to think it needs one.

"100 per cent. yearly dividends from a gold mine is not uncommon."—New York Herald. Fifty gold mines that have paid $20,000,000 in dividends followed the same plan as we work upon. Send for our prospectus. Golden Tree Mining and Milling Co., 32 Broadway, New York.

Some 2,000,000 pounds of camphor are consumed in the United States yearly.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A burglar stole $600 from a resident of St. Paul, Minn. The next day he returned that sum and $250 to boot.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBINS, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Taxon: "Do you have an alarm clock at your house?" Paxon: "We don't have to have; we've got twins."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Over 600,000 pounds of tea is consumed in England daily.

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.

The number of persons cremated in Germany from 1879 to 1899 was 3,110.

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

About 7,000 of the inhabitants of Norway die every year of consumption.

There is no other ink "just as good" as Carter's Ink. There is only one ink that is best of all and that is Carter's Ink. Use it.

Including Formosa, the mikado rules over 40,000,000 subjects.

A dyspeptic is never on good terms with himself. Something is always wrong. Get it right by chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Remains of an Ancient Galley.

The remains of an ancient galley have been found six feet below the surface at Tottenham Marshes, during the excavations for the new reservoirs of the East London Water Company. The vessel is 50 feet long, and has a beam of 26 feet. Its timbers are of oak and elm, and, from the form of the rivets used, it is supposed to have belonged to the Danes who were defeated in Lea Valley by King Alfred in 894 A. D. An antique sword and some bones of animals now extinct in England were also dug up, and have been sent to the British Museum.

In the last presidential election McKinley received 142,500 more votes than all his competitors collectively.

There are 120 firms in Germany engaged in the acetylene industry. Most of the burners are made at Nuremberg. There are no fewer than twenty-six small towns in Germany lighted by acetylene gas. The first plant of this kind for lighting small towns in Germany was erected at Hassfurt, a town of 2,500 inhabitants.

Beware of Them

There are two afflictions which perhaps give the most pain and trouble, viz:

Sciatica
and
Lumbago

Both disable and cripple, but

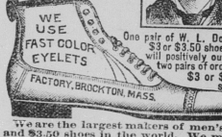
St. Jacobs Oil

is their best cure.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

The real worth of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes compared with other makes is $4.00 to $5.00.

Our $4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers.



One pair of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary $3 or $3.50 shoes.

We are the largest makers of men's $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more $3 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

BEST $3.50 SHOE.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes for style, comfort, and wearing qualities is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes because the standard has always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

BEST $3.00 SHOE.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas $3 and $3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because THEY