

MAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

When a fellow's kind of wobbly and uncertain on his feet, and has to work like sixty for to get both ends to meet—
 When he's not of much account and has to take what he can get—
 The people don't come flockin' to be friends of his, you bet!
 They don't come sayin' "Old chap, I'm the only friend you've got!"
 And "Remember that we're brothers," and that kind of tommyrot—
 No, indeed!
 And they don't get jealous over you when friends are what you need.
 If a fellow's kind of lonesome and would like a friend or two
 Just to come around and jolly him when things are lookin' blue;
 If the shirt that he's wearin' is the only one he's got,
 And he never showed the public that he's really on the spot,

They don't come crowdin' round him, nor stick out their hands and say, "We're your friends, old man, we love you; we're the same blood, anyway!"
 No, indeed!
 But they watch to give the boot to you when friends are what you need.
 When things have got to comin' as a fellow wants 'em to,
 When his pockets are all bulgin' and his eyes are flowin' and new,
 When he steps out proud and lordly and ain't got a thing to fear,
 There's a sudden change come over folks that used to wink and snore,
 They come round to tell you that they're all your friends, and say that they've always been dead anxious for to help you out some way—
 Yes, indeed!
 Friends are always mighty plentiful when friends ain't what you need.

THE PROFESSOR'S REVENGE.

"Prof. McIntyre regrets that, owing to his absence from town, his lecture on 'The Aspirate in Greek' is unavoidably postponed."

This was the notice that greeted the crowd of students as they surged in one mass to class room No. 20 on the morning of June 5, some two or three years ago.

"Hello! what's the meaning of this?" said Pennington. "The old fellow was here as late as 10 o'clock last night, for I was with him at the science picnic yesterday, and it was after 10 by the time we got back. He's gone off mighty quick!"

"Perhaps he hadn't time to get his lecture ready," suggested one.

"More likely his mother is dead," said another.

"Ten to one he's in love, and gone off to pop the question," added a third. At this there was a general laugh, in which you would have joined if you had known the professor. Tall, lean and angular, with a decided stoop, and eyes that were screwed up almost to vanishing point, he was hardly the personage with whom to associate any idea of the tender passion. His age, too, was against him, though no one knew exactly what that age was. If you saw him walking home from college along the esplanade you put him down at 50, but when you saw his face aglow with enthusiasm as he lectured on the beauties of the Greek particles you changed your mind and said he might be 30.

Anyhow, he was not popular. His dry Scotch humor was not appreciated—it very often bit too deeply into the feelings of his victims to be pleasant, and all who came beneath the lash of his tongue bore him no small grudge for that he made them suffer. Then he lived absolutely apart from college life, not even mixing with the other members of the staff. Consequently he knew little of what was passing around him, and was given credit for knowing still less.

He had never been known to miss a lecture; even when one morning he found on his arrival at college that his class room had been burned out in the night he calmly remarked to the crowd of students near the door, "I think, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, we will deliver our lecture in the corridor." No wonder, therefore, that there was no small stir when this historic notice stared the world unblushingly in the face.

"I wonder what it can be," said Eva Miller to her friend Jimena Bates, as they turned slowly from the class room door and walked away down the corridor. "Poor man, I am afraid there is something wrong; and he has no one to look after him or do things for him. It seems a very lonely life."

"Oh, he is perfectly happy in his work," replied Jimena; "he doesn't want any one to look after him." Jimena judged all men (and women) by her own feelings, which is a dangerous thing to do.

"I don't know," said her companion doubtfully. "However, it's no concern of mine, so I'm off to the tennis field instead."

Had she only known that it was a very great concern of hers she would have given the matter a little more thought. The previous day, as young Pennington had said, had been the science picnic. Much to the surprise of everybody, the professor finally accepted his invitation—though he wrote first of all declining. A perusal of the list of invited "arts" was the cause of his change of mind. The fact was, Prof. McIntyre was in love—it had taken some time to convince him of the fact, and he had argued it out pro and con with himself in every imaginable way. But from the conclusion he could not escape; whatever his premises, the deduction invariably came out: "Therefore, I love her."

He began to notice it first in this way: Into his mind as he was busy in the preparation of his lectures, there would creep the surreptitious thought, "What will she think of this? How will she take that?" Then he found himself thanking Providence that by its kindly ordering the lady students sat in the front row during lectures, and, therefore, more within range of his somewhat limited vision. The next thing that he was conscious of was that he was hunting high and low in his room for a pair of glasses far stronger than those he generally used and not at all necessary for mere reading purposes. Two or three times he lost his place in his notes and stood confused and put to shame before the class, a thing that had never happened before in all his experience. Finally he came to the conclusion that the tie which had been wearing when the senior student was a freshman, and which he had worn ever since, was a little the

worse for wear and must be replaced, and then that he had long suspected broke fully on his mind. Such a wholesale revolution could mean but one thing.

Thus it came to pass that on noticing the name of Eva Miller among those invited to the picnic the professor suddenly changed his mind. He was a man of few words and prompt deeds. He would try his luck that very day.

To describe his feelings during the drive to the scene of action would be impossible. Strangely out of place in the middle of the chattering crowd, distrusting his own powers and yet so bold as to amaze himself, the professor sat alone and neglected in a corner of the brake. The kindness of heaven, however, aided a little by the cunning of man had placed the object of his adoration almost opposite him. So, while he gazed blankly into space, and was supposed by any one who gave him a passing thought to be elaborating a new treatise on "The Particles," he could all the time feast his eye unobscured on the vision of beauty not two yards away.

Lunch eaten, the whole party broke up and scattered in all directions, as parties will do till the end of time. Now was his opportunity; he would follow the group containing his idol at a little distance, and surely he would get a chance of speaking with her alone before long. Keeping the group in sight and himself out of it, he dawdled and hung about, as is the way of people who are doing their best not to overtake a friend a little way ahead. He walked forward, then back a bit, then on again, then back, then stood stock still for a few moments, pretending to use his watch as a compass, and then, finding that some one had been watching his maneuvers with unfeigned interest, bolted straight ahead as if he were shot from a gun. In less than two minutes he was upon the group, but, alas! his eyes had played him false again, and she was not there. What did he want with Jimena Bates?

Having tried to explain his sudden swoop down on those unprotected females, and having dismally failed therein, he turned aside, sick at heart, and entered a small plantation of young trees. A narrow footpath led through this, and as he neared the stile that opened on the fields beyond he saw two figures leaning against it. Another moment showed him Eva Miller and young Pennington deep in conversation and oblivious of all around. Quietly and unobserved he turned back, and on reaching his rooms that night he told his landlady he had to go away by the early train for two or three days. Hence that notice on the class room door.

The professor's dream was over; there was but one thing left—revenge, and the professor settled down to plan and scheme how best to obtain it. Pennington was reading with him for a classical scholarship at Oxford, so the professor saw the way quite clear. Instead of an hour extra in the evening, he gave his pupil two, and sometimes even more, out of his own valuable time. He looked up all his old notes and helps, and lent them to his enemy; he corrected all his work with especial care and went to the trouble of writing out model answers for his pupil to copy. In short, painstaking and thorough as Prof. McIntyre had always been, he had never taken such pains or used such thorough methods with a pupil before. Nothing was too much trouble for him. "At any rate," he used to murmur to himself, as deep in his heart he nursed his revenge, "if she can't marry me she shall marry one of the best students Oxford and this place ever turned out."

And when eighteen months later the news came that Guy Pennington had pulled off the top "schol," at Balliol the professor's revenge was complete, and his satisfaction knew no bounds. "Congratulations you most heartily, McIntyre," said Dr. Smithers, the physics demonstrator, "one of your best successes; won't Miss Miller be glad?"

"Oh, nonsense," returned the professor, "no credit due to me at all. A fellow with brains like that could get anything, no matter how prepared him. But"—with a sigh—"I'm very glad for her sake."

"Yes," answered the doctor, breezily, "she always was proud of her brother. Good morning, McIntyre!" and he was gone like a shot. The professor stood rooted to the ground. Her brother! Her brother! What could it all mean? And then was seen a sight such as never before was witnessed by gods or men. Students on their way to college stopped, amazed. Amiable old gentlemen out for their constitutional forgot their amiability, and swore horribly as they were rudely hustled and pushed aside; elderly females screamed, "Hi! Stop thief!" butchers' boys whistled

NEW IDEAS OF CHARITY.

end cackled; servant girls craned their heads out of windows; little dogs barked and yelped for pure delight; and all the universe stood still, as Prof. McVint, gathering up the skirts of his ample gown, flew down the length of the esplanade in pursuit of the unsuspecting Smithers.

"Brother, did you say," he burst out, as he caught that worthy by the arm; "did you say he was her brother?"
 Smithers stared blankly at him for a moment. "Oh, I had forgotten," he said, looking around with an annoyed air. "What a fuss about nothing! Of course I said brother though he is really only her step-brother, Pennington's father died soon after he was born, and his mother subsequently married a Miller. I thought everybody knew that. But what difference does it make?"
 That was a question the professor declined to answer. What difference? Why, this difference—that before 10 o'clock that evening the professor had told Miss Miller of the episode of the stile (among other things), and she had laughingly said: "You poor dear, and so you really thought Guy and I were lovers. You see, even professors don't know everything. And to think we have wasted eighteen months!"
 What the professor said in reply, history does not record.—Black and White.

THE SMELLING EXPERT.

A Valuable Man Who Really Earns His Living by Following His Nose.

One of the curious trades of New York is that of the smelling expert, a man who earns his living literally by following his nose. He is employed by manufacturers of perfumery. It is his business to judge of the character, quality and value of the materials that go to the making of perfumes.
 Much of the perfumery made in this country is imported from France in the form of pomatums, and extracted with alcohol. The smelling expert judges the quality of pomatums. Another and even more remarkable part of his business is to examine a popular imported perfume, determine from the smell of what it is made and enable his employer to produce it here.
 Like the experts of the distilleries, who will take any given wine or spirits, and after examination produce a counterfeit which only a connoisseur could detect as such, the smelling expert by means of his unerring nose makes possible the production here of any perfume that it is desired to imitate.
 Possessed of so valuable a nose, he takes the utmost care of it. He does his best to avoid taking cold, and guards himself with special care when the influenza comes round. A single bad cold may disable his nose for weeks and throw him out of employment. He avoids also, as far as possible, all strong odors, good or bad, to preserve the delicacy of his olfactory.

The profession on the whole is less injurious to health than that of the nose taster or the wine taster.—New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Specimens of four, five, six, seven, eight and nine-tooled clovers have been presented to Queen Alexandra by a Welsh lady.

Water is so scarce in the Japanese island of Okhima that it is the custom for a bride to take a large tub of drinking water with her to her new home as a kind of dowry.

On the south coast of England there is a hotel in which a tropical temperature is constantly maintained by means of steam pipes. The guests are mostly pensioned officials and officers who spent so many years in India that they cannot endure the climate of England.

The most crooked railway in the world is one from Boswell to Friedens, Pa. The air line distance being five miles. The road doubles on itself four times, and at one point, after making a loop of about five miles, the road comes back to within 300 feet of itself on a grade 50 feet vertical.

A peasant in the Swiss canton of Zurich, on a recent morning, found in his stable a stork that had apparently been left behind by his companions on their way to Africa. The bird, which seems to feel quite at home with the other animals, goes out for a walk when the sun shines, returning to the stable in the evening.

Chinese doctors are very particular about the distinction between physicians and surgeons. A Chinese gentleman was struck by an arrow which remained fast in his body. A surgeon was sent for, and broke off the protruding bit of the arrow, leaving the point embedded. He refused to extract it, because the case was clearly one for a physician, the arrow being inside the body.

A Viennese engineer has constructed a small sailing yacht made entirely of sheets of an Austrian daily paper. The yacht is 15 feet long and three feet wide, is decked all over and is provided with a centreboard. The hull, deck, masts, sails and rudder are all of paper. The inventor has made many trips on the Worth See, in Carinthia, and has proved that his paper boat can sail rapidly and safely even when the water is rough and the wind high.
 Braver.
 "Do you think that women are as brave as men?"
 "Braver," answered Miss Cayenne. "You will observe that the scientists who keep talking with terror about the bacilli in a kiss are all males."—Washington Star.

MODERN SCIENCE RECOGNIZES HUMAN LIFE'S SACREDNESS.

Rational Efforts to Reclaim What is Worthy in Humanity—Old Interpretations of Pauperism Passing—New Philanthropy Fighting Tuberculosis.

Old ideas of charity were a bushel of potatoes and a sack of flour. This was undisputed in its brutality, fantastic in its ugliness. Around the hateful and degraded name of "pauper" had accumulated centuries of funeral hopelessness, mockery and despair. Feeding the poor was simply a business of keeping an excess part of the population from starving to death, out of respect for the dominant sense of decency in the community.
 Potatoes and flour, and meat dealt out at stated intervals; coal twice a month in winter; the office of the county physician open for an hour a day for a conclave of doctors, dunks and disease that left the doctor wavering between anger, disgust and heart-sick indifference; craft and whining and obstinacy on the one side, and iron-faced rigidity on the other, month after month and year after year, until death, more truly charitable than society, stepped in for mercy.
 Then, for the ultimate indignity, the undertaker who had the contract to bury paupers for one-sixteenth of a cent a head, with the privilege to get what he could from relatives of "the dear departed," and the solitary hearse pounding a weary sing-song from the frozen roadway.
 Rattle their bones over the stones, they're only paupers whom nobody owns.

Pauper, poorhouse, Potter's Field. In all the language there can hardly be found three words that convey to the lively intelligence more of horror and odium and rank misery. Melancholy minor poets have weaved pathetic lines about them; mothers have frightened fractious children with them; preachers more eloquent than dutiful have constructed beautiful perorations on them. And in times there has attached to them a shame that has made of such official charity a rampant and disgraceful farce.

Such was the old charity—such, perhaps, the charity that still is practised in communities that have lagged behind the procession. But there is a new charity—the charity that "edificeth," the charity of hope and comfort and restitution. It has not quite come, but it is coming; and it brings, not flour and potatoes merely, but light and life and the desire for them.

As Dr. Felix Adler said the other day, the essence of charity is to save life. We may add, by way of contrast, that the old idea was to save trouble. Nowadays it is not enough to keep the decrepit and the decayed from dying in melo-dramatic squalor; the 20th century purpose goes deeper far than that, and seeks not only to prolong life, but to make that life of some continued service in the general scheme of usefulness. What is a man, indeed, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed?
 Derelicts there must be yet, of course, hauled up tight and dry on the islands of East river; but for every one of these, there are saved scores of others who are worth the saving. These hopeless ones are but the ravellings of a discarded fabric, an evolutionary necessity.

In reading history one can hardly fail to have been struck with the appalling waste of human life that has marked progress. Eliminating all wars that have strewn the valley of the Euphrates, the banks of the Nile, the shores of the Mediterranean, the forests of Germany, with butchered dead, there has been such squandering of mankind as horrifies the modern conscience.

Disease, hunger, neglect, ignorance, sheer wantonness and brutality, have warred upon costly human life, more and more terribly as you search backward through the centuries, till the marvel is that the race did not, one time or another, end its existence in a revel of insane sacrifice.
 The sacredness of a life seems, indeed, to be a modern idea; and, despite all the wallings of the pessimists, the great fact stands out like a signal in the dawn, that the humanity of humanity is a discovery of modern times. The death of that mother and babe, through some sad and sorry mishap, of hunger and cold here in New York the other night, was an event more shocking to the public mind than the loss of hundreds would have been to the ancient or even the mediaeval feeling.

So all the skill of modern science is concentrated upon the saving of life, a little inspired, perhaps, by the "fun of the thing," as one enthusiastic medical student has expressed it, but more by the distinctly modern notion that every life is in some way valuable. And so again, modern charity, such as is represented by the Charity Organization society, feels that its duty is not merely to relieve, but to revive and to restore.

The agents of the Charity Organization society found, in their daily walks and talks among the poor, that an amazing proportion of the destitution that they were called upon to remove was due to the ravages of one disease. Reports year after year dwelt upon this fact, and gradually there came into the minds of the workers and thinkers of the society the suggestion that to supply food and fuel and clothing to the victims of that disease was but to temporize with it, and that the larger duty of the organization was to combat the disease itself.

Out of that suggestion came the formation of the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and the beginning, in September last, of a campaign against the disease. It is an experiment of much more than passing or local interest, and an undertaking of a magnitude that was scarcely perceived at once even by the men to whom its inception is due. Statistics in piteous accumulation show how consumption has crept insidiously through the tenement districts, and left trails of desolation such as ill become these latter days of light.

There is a house in Chinatown where in three years 37 persons have died of consumption. Let that item suffice for the statistical element in this account of the new charity.
 In attacking this blight—a kind of recrudescence of some horror of the dark ages, an absurd anachronism in this era of scientific defiance—the committee on tuberculosis has divided its work into three branches. These are research, education and relief. To explain them briefly:
 The relief is the least difficult part of the undertaking. If a man be sick, he must have medicine; if he cannot work, he and his family must be fed. Through the regular agencies of the society food and the services of physicians are provided.
 Research involves a study of the conditions that have made possible so fatal a progress of the disease. The investigators' purpose to learn why such and such houses have been peculiarly liable to outbreaks of consumption among their tenants; why certain districts have suffered more from others; to what degree carelessness in sanitation has been responsible for this sickness; whether the frequency of tuberculosis among tailors, for example, is due to their sitting much in a cramped position or to the fact that their workrooms are often damp and illventilated; and what figure nationality plays in the general result.
 Curious facts already ascertained are that, in the districts of the city with which the society has particularly to deal, more males than females die of the disease, and more colored persons than whites fall victim to it. In the year 1909 there were in New York City 8162 deaths from consumption.
 By far the most interesting, if not absolutely the most vital part of this work, is that devoted to education. It is, moreover, the most delicate, the most difficult. Nothing in the world is more trying than ignorance, particularly that ignorance that lands at Ellis island in company with suspicion, and chooses rather to die of an uncomprehended malady in a garret than to be advised.
 For another reason, too, this task is embarrassing. It is not designed that there shall be spread through the tenements any overpowering dread of consumption, so that men and women shall quail and quake as if in the presence of a new-risen destroyer. The message which will be delivered will be one of hope rather than of fear. The tenement folk will be told that the disease is curable if the doctors but be given a chance; that it is communicable, but not contagious; that all that is required of them is to take care of themselves and have a thought for their kindred.
 Specifically, these people will be instructed in elementary hygiene, so that they may, by proper diet, cleanliness and exercise, keep their bodies in a condition to combat the disease, and in the disposition of excretions so that the germs of tuberculosis may have no chance to propagate in other persons than those already afflicted.—New York Post.

Russia's Salt Lakes.

Probably the most remarkable lake in the world is one with a coating of salt that completely conceals the water. It may be seen at any time during the year, fully exposed, being seen at its best when the sun is shining directly upon it. This body of water is one of the saltiest of the salt lakes, and is situated near Otdorsk, Siberia. The lake is nine miles wide and seventeen long. The salt coat increases six inches in thickness every year. The many islands with which the lake is studded are said to act as braces and to help keep the arched salt crust in position.

Particular.
 "Miss Kitty—Darling," he began, "—"
 "Sir," interrupted the young woman, "you will oblige me by not pausing so long between my first name and my last."—Chicago Tribune.

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Being the largest distributor of General Merchandise in this vicinity, is always in position to give the best quality of goods. Its aim is not to sell you cheap goods but when quality is considered the price will always be found right.

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This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.
 The German Crown Prince is said to be an expert skater.
 King Edward is said to be the latest victim to the fascination of the cake-walk.
 The czar has sent \$5000 to President Loubet for the relief of the destitute French fishermen.
 Andrew Carnegie has offered to give Brainerd, Minn., \$12,000 for a library under the usual conditions.
 The condition of Charles M. Schwab causes some anxiety, though the reports given out say that he is well.
 The Presidency of the Golden Rule League, just established at Dayton, Ohio, has been offered Senator Hanna.
 Judge Ide, of the Philippine Commission, has been granted six months' leave of absence. His health is impaired.
 The King of the Belgians has paid a private visit to London, in furtherance of a scheme for the better government of the Congo.
 Henri Willem Mesdag, the Holland painter, has decided to offer his famous collection of paintings to the Dutch people. The collection is valued at several million florins.
 W. H. Osgood, of the United States Biological Survey, has just returned from a biological exploration of the base of the Alaska peninsula and the region between Lake Clark and the Nushagak River.
 Benjamin Kidd, the economist, who has just made a tour of the new British South Africa, says he believes the country to be richer than the United States west of the Mississippi, and believes that its future is assured.
 Pope Leo XIII. retains his interest in his native village, Carpianto. He enjoys visits from the natives, and he has done much for the improvement of the place, giving it, among other things, waterworks and a hospital. He has directed that the house in which he was born be converted into a Pope Leo Museum.

BUSINESS CARDS.
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SPORTING BREVITIES.
 Purse for this season's horse show at Boston will aggregate \$20,000.
 H. E. Temple has been elected Captain of the Columbia freshman lacrosse team.
 Dr. Julian Chase, of Providence, R. I., has been elected President of the American Automobile Association.
 The players of the National-American teams cleaned up between \$900 and \$700 each on their trip to California.
 George H. Ketchum, owner of Crecus, a stallion with a trotting record of 2:12.
 The Corinthian Yacht Club, of New Haven, Conn., has appropriated \$25,000 to build a new club house at Morris Grove.
 James A. Ten Eyck, the celebrated professional sculler, has been engaged to coach the crews of the Syracuse University.
 At the annual meeting of the New Jersey State Golf Association the system of the "par score" for each course was adopted.
 Barney Dreyfus, of Pittsburg, acting for a syndicate, has obtained an option on the Philadelphia National League Baseball Club.
 Morris Wood and his brother, John Wood, won the two chief events in the skating races on the Shrewsbury, near Red Bank, N. J.
 The Crescent Athletic Club, hockey champions of the United States, defeated the Montreal team, champions of Canada, by a score of 3 to 1, in Brooklyn.
 Hugh Jennings says that he will quit baseball for the law, as the peace treaty between the National and American League clubs will make work on the diamond unprofitable.
 The world's record high jump on skates, has been broken at Pittsburg by W. E. Quinn. His jump was four feet, three and one-half inches. His former record was four feet.

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 DR. FEAL'S PENNYROYL PILLS,
 Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Feal's) never disappoints. \$1.00 per box. For sale by H. Alex. Stokes.

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 They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Disease, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Vertigo, Atrophy, etc. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All druggists and grocers are charged. Permanently. Unless patients are properly cured, their conditions often recur. Send for free book. For sale by H. Alex. Stokes.

Within 25 years American astronomers have won as many annual medals of the Royal Astronomical Society of England as astronomers of all other countries, except England, combined.

Madame Chang, a Korean woman of high caste, has arrived in California on a mission for her people. Her object is to learn American ways, having done which she will return and introduce them in her native country.

William Byl, the Adams Express Company's messenger, who once made so bold a stand against the Burlington train robbers, near Marcus, Ill., will be presented by the company with \$1,000 in gold.