

# OLD TIME FAVORITES

## CANST THOU FORGET?

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Sara Jane Lippincott, better known in literature as "Grace Greenwood," the name under which her publications have appeared, was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, September 23, 1823. Her maiden name was Sara Jane Clarke, which was changed by her marriage with Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, October, 1853.

Canst thou forget, beloved, our first awakening  
From out the shadowy calm of doubts and dreams,  
To know love's perfect sunlight round us breaking,  
Bathing our beings in its glorious gleams—  
Canst thou forget?

A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing,  
Around us was the morning breath of May;  
Then met our souls, thence together flowing,  
Then kissed our thoughts, mingling on their way;  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget when first thy loving fingers  
Laid gently back the locks upon my brow?  
Ah, to my woman's thought that touch still lingers  
And softly glides along my forehead now.  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget when every twilight tender,  
Mid dew and sweet, behind our slow steps rare,  
And when the night, which comes in starry splendor,  
Seemed dim and pallid to our heaven of love?  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget the childlike heart-outpouring  
Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears?  
The lashes drooped to veil her eyes' adoring,  
Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears?  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget the last most mournful meeting,  
The trembling form clasped to thine anguished breast;  
The heart against thine own, now wildly beating,  
Now fluttering faint, grief-wrung, and fear-oppressed—  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, though all love's spells be broken,  
The wild farewell which rent our souls apart?  
And that last gift, affection's holiest token,  
The severed tress, which lay upon thy heart—  
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, beloved one—comes there never  
The angel of sweet visions to thy rest?  
Brings she not back the fond hopes fled forever,  
While one last name thrills through thy sleeping breast?  
Canst thou forget?

## WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG

"YOU refuse to marry her!" exclaimed Sir Charles Waldegrave, stopping in his walk to face his rebellious son. "What do you want? Eva Grantholm is beautiful. Her face and figure are perfect. That she is wealthy should be no disadvantage in the eyes of your father's son. Egad, Harvey, he added somewhat more mildly, "when you have come to my years, the age of discretion for a Waldegrave, you will understand that a substantial bank balance is not the least asset in many a fair lady's claim to beauty."

"Not in my eyes," retorted Harvey Waldegrave. "When I choose a wife I shall certainly not consult her banker before I allow my heart to throbb for her."

Sir Charles curled his lips superciliously, but his voice betrayed his anxiety as he replied: "Am I to understand from your remark that your heart is already in the throbbing state, that the lady is already found? If so I warn you that in this matter I have made my stand. Either you marry Eva or I need not put the threat in words. I have no wish to quarrel with you, Harvey," he added somewhat sadly, "but I love the home that I was born in and it has pleased me to see my sentiments shared by you. It would kill me to see the place in strangers' hands, to know that you would not be its master. That is what your refusal means to me—to you. That my extravagances have brought our fortunes to this pass does not help to make the matter less bitter to me."

Harvey's handsome face softened. "The very reason you have given, dad, is the one which impels me to pursue the course which I have chosen. Practically penniless, possessed of nothing but an honorable name, I shall not stoop to sully it by bartering it for money. With regard to your other question, although I do not think you put it seriously, so far I have seen no girl with whom I would wish to share that name."

His words appeared to afford his father satisfaction, for laying his hand upon his son's arm he said pleasantly, "Until then the threat I made just now is held in reservation, and perhaps before that time the discretion I spoke of may have come."

"You condemn me to a long course of celibacy, dad," laughed Harvey. "If I have to wait till your age."

"My age! You speak as if I were a rival to Methuselah. I was forty-nine last March, and do not feel a day older than when I was the age you will be next month. Egad, boy, if you dare to tense me about my age I may enter for the matrimonial stakes against you and back myself to carry off the prize."

"So far as I am concerned," retorted Harvey, his eyes twinkling with merriment, "you would have no cause to fear, but even supposing we were both to run, who knows what the lady might have to say? Her feelings would have to be combined. Beauty and money, the combination, as you say, is peerless. She may know her value, and not let herself be won."

Sir Charles gazed amusedly at his handsome son.

"Upon my word, Harvey, were I to close my eyes I might wonder if you were my son. When I was your age every girl was to be won."

"I challenge you to win her," answered Harvey smiling. He believed that Sir Charles was jesting, and was well pleased to find the conversation which had begun so ominously brought to an end so pleasantly.

"At my age undoubtedly it will be a sacrifice, but with an undutiful son who absolutely refuses to aid me I shall have to make it and pursue the matter to the end. What that end may be thirty days will prove, but come, Har-

vey, it is time to dress for dinner. The thought of what I have embarked upon will make it a pleasure to me. Old as I am I will let you see that I have not forgotten how to woo. The lesson may be useful to you."

The dinner gong had sounded. Impatiently Sir Charles fretted about the room, for young as he considered himself he had reached an age when dinner becomes an important event in the daily round of life.

"See if Miss Grantholm is coming, Mary," he began querulously, when the door was thrown open and Eva was ushered in. His sentence ended abruptly in a scarcely restrained exclamation of admiration.

"I am afraid I am late," she said with a smile to Sir Charles, which instantly caused any recollection of his late impatience to disappear, "but if you will forgive me I shall make amends in future."

He drew her arm through his, and as Harvey followed with his sister he faded to catch his father's answer; evidently it pleased her, for she laughed merrily, but pleasant as the laugh was it jarred on Harvey.

Somewhat discontentedly he took his place opposite her at the square table, but sullenness was not a natural attribute of his, and throwing it off he endeavored to talk on topics likely to interest her, but although Eva answered frankly, she made no effort to pursue the subjects, but turned at once to Sir Charles and listened with sparkling eyes to his discursive stories of the days when he was in the Guards.

A quite unusual form marked Harvey's face as dinner ended. Sir Charles, with old-fashioned gallantry, opened the door for Miss Grantholm, and laying his hand on his heart bowed deeply as he did so.

Sir Charles' face was beaming as he resumed his chair. Filling his glass he held it in the air.

"Miss Grantholm, Harvey, a Poutance, my boy," he added merrily, as he placed the empty glass upon the table.

"A Poutance," cried Harvey mockingly.

"You mean to enter for the prize," cried Sir Charles, but his voice showed no enthusiasm.

"I did not say so," retorted Harvey coldly, though his pulse was running at twenty over normal rate. "In the meantime you have the advantage, and—"

"I mean to keep it," said Sir Charles dryly, as the sound of the music reaching them he left the room.

Harvey lingered over his wine.

"The mere fact that I am practically penniless debars me from wooing her," he muttered, gloomily.

Sir Charles had left the door ajar and the pure tones of a rich contralto voice were borne into the room. An ardent lover of music, Harvey listened entranced; then, unable to keep away, he in his turn entered the drawing room to find his father hanging over Miss Grantholm and urging her to sing again.

she greeted him one afternoon when he found her seated in the garden. She made room for him by her side, but somehow conversation seemed to fail them.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit," he said lamely, for she was leaving on the morrow. "We shall miss you."

"I am glad that," she answered hesitatingly, "for your father has asked me to—"

She paused abruptly, and a dainty blush rose to her cheeks, but Harvey's face had suddenly become white and strained.

"Has asked you to—?" he repeated, his voice trembling. "To come back again," she said, with a little nervous laugh, "and I have promised to come; that is, if you and Mary will be glad to have me."

Her eyes were fastened on the ground, but she stole a hasty glance at him and saw the misery upon his face.

"My father has asked you to return; does that mean"—he hesitated to ask the question which was life or death to him—"that some one here has gained your love?"

It was not the question she had expected him to ask, and her face was almost as pale as his as she forced her lips to answer. The word came faintly, feebly, but Harvey heard it and it was "Yes."

He had been holding his stick across his bent knee, and although the strong wood broke in half his face showed no sign of the pain which cut his heart.

"It is far too cold for sitting out of doors," sounded Sir Charles' voice from twenty yards away. Before Eva could stop him Harvey had leaped to his feet and joined his father.

"So you have gained the prize," he said hoarsely. "Allow me to congratulate you. Beauty and money, youth and love, a prize worth winning."

Sir Charles stared at him with undisguised astonishment.

"What does this pleasantry mean?" he whispered angrily, looking to where Eva sat. Then, placing his arm through Harvey's he led him out of earshot.

"You conceal your joy admirably," continued Harvey sneeringly.

"What joy?" asked Sir Charles, frowning his son's reason had been suddenly affected.

"You need not conceal it; Miss Grantholm has just told me that she has accepted you."

"The deuce she has!" exclaimed Sir Charles, blushing under the tan of active service. "An hour ago she told me no, decidedly."

"She refused you?" cried Harvey, hardly believing that he heard aright, "yet she is coming back."

"Miss Grantholm has the good sense not to allow my mistimed proposal to stand between her and your sister's friendship; she knows I am a gentleman and will not presume again."

"But—she said—that you—that some one here had won her love," stammered Harvey. "Are you sure you have not misunderstood her?"

Sir Charles smiled grimly.

"She made it very clear." Then his lips relaxed into a well pleased smile.

"You love her, Harvey. Love makes one cowardly, but were I in your shoes I should require no incentive to send me to the woman who has confessed her love for me."

Without a word Harvey left his father's side, and ten seconds later he had found Eva still seated where he had left her.

"My father has sent me back to you," he said gently, and as he spoke he took her hand in his. She made no effort to withdraw it, and his courage rose.

"You told me some one had won your heart, the heart which I would give my life to win. My fears told me that all hope of happiness for me was dead, but now I have come back to ask you if you spoke the truth—to tell you that I love you. Darling, I have loved you from the moment I saw you."

"Yet you said you would not stoop to woo me, that your name should not be sullied by sharing it with me," she said, but there was no anger in her tone.

"What nonsense is this, Eva? Who has dared to credit me with such an insult to you?"

She laughed merrily.

"It is useless to deny it. I heard you and your father talking; I heard you say the words you now so indignantly deny."

In an instant it came back to him.

"I forgot," he said sadly, "but if you hear you know my reason. My love has made me forget lack of fortune. I had no right to speak."

"It is no lack in my eyes," she whispered tenderly.

Forgetting all else save that she loved him his arm passed round her and he pressed his lips to hers.

"I meant to teach you both a lesson," she whispered ten minutes later, "but you have taught the teacher what it is to love."—The Tattler.

## WHERE DOGS WORK.

Usefulness of These Animals in Ohio Coal Mines.

Dogs of the New World fare infinitely better than their cousins of the Eastern Hemisphere. In the streets of European cities and in the country roads the dog is often met as a beast of burden, or harnessed to a cart and pulling several times his own weight. In the Orient and wherever the faith of Mahomet is cherished the dog is regarded as the most despicable of creatures. Here he is found as the wretched pariah, or street dog, a mere scavenger, which, with the buzzard, feeds upon the refuse of the gutters.

The dogs of America are not put to work, except in a few somewhat out of the way places. On the ice fields of the Arctic the Eskiman has been wont for centuries to harness a wolfish species of dog to his sledges, and has trained him to his task so well that a pack of these animals numbering not more than a dozen are able to draw a half ton load. In the country districts of the United States heavy breeds of dogs, such as the Newfoundland or the mastiff, are still used to churn butter and do other chores by means of a tread-mill. But the American dog should not hold his head too high. He may be compelled to relinquish some of his leisure as the world becomes more and more practical, and, like his European relatives, be made to put his intelligence and strength to material uses. In certain coal mines of Ohio the dog has already been reduced to the grade of a laborer, and the utilization of dog power in drawing cars of coal has proved most satisfactory.

As the German farmer harnesses his dog to a little road wagon and hauls his vegetables to market, or the Flemish milkman ties his mastiff to the axle of his cart, so the Ohio miner hitches a tandem team of dogs to a car and makes them draw out the coal over a miniature railway.

The dog has been found practicable in these mines, for the reason that the coal veins are narrow and mules are too large. The miners themselves are badly pinched for room, and are compelled to work oftentimes lying on one side or half kneeling. The coal is bituminous, and is all separated by means of picks, without the aid of powder.

The Ohio coal mine dog not only possesses great strength for his small frame, but is far more faithful than the animals ordinarily used for traction purposes. None are of pure breed, but all have in their veins good quantities of the blood of the mastiff or the bulldog. Dogs of the same team work together harmoniously, but entertain remarkable jealousy for those of a rival team. Thus, when several carloads of coal are traveling out of the mine, one behind the other, the dogs of the hindmost team strain every muscle to keep up with those ahead.

The miners feed their helpmates once a day, for a dog will refuse food while he is working. A well trained animal is worth from \$18 to \$25, or about the sum a miner earns in a week. Most of the miners treat their dogs kindly, for they cannot fail to admire the patience and faithfulness with which they toil.

—New York Tribune.

**New Stamps Are Imperial.**

In the days of our youth, when we used to spend our superabundant time and our less superabundant pennies in the pleasurable pastime of collecting postage stamps, we recall how many pages in our albums had to be devoted to Germany. It almost seemed as though every crossroads village and two-by-three dukedom in the realm had a separate postal system of its own.

There were the stamps of the free cities. Can one forget the grim, battlemented towers which represented the different principalities, yellow for Saxony, red for Baden-Baden and green for Bavaria? If one happened to be very lucky there were those rare stamps of the noblemen who used to run private mail routes through the country somewhat as the Wells-Fargo Company did in our own Far West not so many years ago.

Bavaria is to-day the only one of the old principalities which still retains a separate postage, and that is fast becoming obsolete, since it is only available for sending letters out of Bavaria itself and is not recognized elsewhere in the empire.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Rabbits as Food.**

The English rabbit has meat as white as chicken, without a touch of gameness. The American rabbit has brown meat that is decidedly gamy, more like the English hare.

The scarcity of meat and the necessity of something savory and substantial for the low-priced table have made the American rabbit very much better known than he was two or three years ago. You may even find him in a stew in down-town luncheon places.

After the first snow the rabbits begin to arrive in the city markets with their skins on, just as they shot or trapped. They sell so fast that it is not necessary to freeze them.

The finest rabbits come from Indiana and Michigan, but great numbers are received from Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas. Jack rabbits, which are more than twice as big as ordinary rabbits, come from North Dakota. The supply is virtually unlimited and the quantity brought is regulated only by the demand. Without exception they are the cheapest meat to be found on the market.

**Sadder But Not Wiser.**

A young man may be a trifle sadder, but he certainly isn't any wiser when he calls to see his best girl and finds her out.—Chicago News.

The world's record for diving is still held by an Australian swimming teacher named Charles Cavill, who remained under water five minutes and five seconds.

## PORTUGAL TO-DAY.

Life Begins Early in the Day in Town and Country.

Portugal in all parts being extremely hilly, you have, as a rule, only to go a few yards up the road to get a magnificent view, wherever you may be. More often you get many magnificent views, stretching far away among hills and pines, with winding white roads and patches of white houses as far as you can see. The hills are great hills, snow-cold for months of the year, and an incredible purple for the rest. The maize fields supply the bright green that might be missed in a country where grass will not grow, and you can look at almost any view without being confronted with its possibilities as a signed engraving at a guinea each. But the whole is curiously reminiscent of the Japan that Mr. Mortimer Menpes brought home to us recently.

Life begins early in the day, whether in town or country—a suggestive state of affairs in connection with a people famed as lazy and shiftless. Long before you think of rising yourself you may hear the fishwives crying their wares, and if you go on to the veranda in the sunshine of the morning you will probably find that the street is bright with gay garments. Hours ago the fishermen from Mattozinhos and Leça hoisted brown lateen sails to their peaked boats after a night's toil on the Atlantic fringe, and having crossed the bar are showing their thole-pinned cars through the water as they come on the tide to the market. The shore side gang is carrying bacalhao—dried, evil-smelling codfish from Newfoundland—in loads up the steep slope of Rua Santa Catarina, and the ubiquitous Welsh schoolboys from Port Madoc have resumed the labor of taking in ballast. More ballast seems to go to Port Madoc than to any other place in the world—at least you are inclined to think so as you watch the stream of laughing, singing girls passing to and from the barges to the ship with their astoundingly heavy loads poled on their heads. Then, under your veranda comes the sound of slow-moving, gearless wheels, and an ox cart creeps up the hill as lazily as willing oxen will let it go to an intermittent admonition of "E-e-hue-e-e" and the pin pricks of an ox goad. By these things you may know that Portugal is awake.—London Post.

**A Touching War Incident.**

After the battle of Sharpshurs we passed over a line of railroad in Central Georgia. The disabled soldiers from General Lee's army were returning to their homes. At every station the wives and daughters of the farmers came on the cars and distributed food and wines and bandages among the sick and wounded. We shall never forget how very like an angel was a pretty little girl, how blushing and modestly she went to a great red, bearded soldier, who had carved a crutch from a rough plank to replace a lost leg, how this little girl asked him if he was hungry and how he ate like a famished wolf. She asked if his wound was painful, and in a voice of soft, mellow accents: "Can I do nothing for you? I am so sorry that you are so badly hurt. Have you a little daughter, and won't she cry when she sees you?" The rude soldier's heart was touched, and tears of love and gratitude filled his eyes. He only answered: "I have three little children. God grant that they may be such angels as you." With an evident effort he repressed a desire to kiss the fair brow of the pretty little girl. He took her little hand between both his own, and bade her "Good-bye, God bless you." This child will always be a better woman because of these lessons of practical godlike charity stamped ineffaceably upon her young heart.—Knoxville Register.

**Prehistoric Jewelry.**

The first bracelet consists of a series of facades with the royal hawk above, alternate gold and turquoise. The turquoise hawks were made probably in the time of Aha-Mena, and came from another bracelet, for they have been originally threaded with beads between them, the gold hawks are of the more finished type of the Horus hawk of King Zer. The man who worked the golden hawks cast them each in a double mold, and furnished with such perfect nicety that only an expert could tell they had not been cast by "citre perdit" process. The second bracelet has a gold rosette or daisy as its central ornament flanked by beads of turquoise and gold, these again flanked by dark purple beads of lapis lazuli, and these in turn by golden balls. The second half of the bracelet shows a similar arrangement, but without the rosette, and the arrangement of gold and lapis lazuli beads are reversed. The jeweler who beat out the halves of the golden balls and soldered the two parts of each together must have been a past master in the art of soldering, just as the man who arranged the beads of gold and turquoise and purple lapis lazuli in the two other bracelets must have been a past master in the art of color arrangement.—Atlantic Magazine.

**A Long Sentence.**

A sentence which will almost equal the record made by the famous excise sentence passed on a man in Vermont a few years ago was lately given to one John Fickler by Judge Adams, of the United States Circuit Court, in St. Louis. Fickler was sentenced to hard labor for and twenty years in addition. He was convicted of holding up and robbing a mail carrier. He got ten years at hard labor for robbing the mail by intimidating the carrier; imprisonment for life at hard labor for robbing the registered mail by placing the life of the carrier in jeopardy by the use of dangerous weapons, and ten years' imprisonment at hard labor for intimidating with dangerous weapons the carrier. The sentences were made cumulative.

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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.

Its departments are all well filled, and among the specialties handled may be mentioned L. Adler Bros., Rochester, N. Y., Clothing, than which there is none better made; W. L. Douglass Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.; Shoes; Curtice Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y., Canned Goods; and Pillsbury's Flour.

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

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Sir Hiram Maxim has passed his sixty-third year.

His engagement is announced of Jan Karelk, the violinist, to Countess Marianne Csaky.

Isen's one personal vanity centres on his hair, which he loves to keep in artistic disorder.

The Sultan of Turkey likes sports and the theatre. He is well versed in the European drama.

Much of the popularity of the King of Norway and Sweden is due to his perfect accessibility to all his subjects.

President Loubet has arranged to visit Algeria in April. He will make a tour inland as far as Oran and Constantine.

Sir Michael Herbert, the British Ambassador at Washington, has been made K. C. M. G. for his services in the Venezuelan negotiations.

Henry Phipps, the American iron-master, has given a further sum of \$50,000 for the formation of agricultural and scientific education in India.

As Commander-in-Chief in India, General Kitchener gets \$60,000 per year, with allowances—more than twice Lord Roberts' pay as Commander-in-Chief in England.

Mme. Zola is about to sell the villa, just out of Paris, which was her husband's summer home for a quarter of a century. Zola developed the place as his own fortunes expanded.

President Roosevelt has received from President Zelaya of Nicaragua a stuffed eagle which was shot recently by the sender. President Zelaya is almost as much of a sportsman as President Roosevelt.

General Saussier, who has resigned his position as a member of the Higher Council of War in France, on account of ill health, is in his seventy-fifth year. He took part in twenty-four campaigns, having fought in the Crimean war and in the Italian, Mexican and African campaigns.

Roller polo is gaining a strong foothold in Indiana.

The American Motor Boat Association is to be formed.

President Roosevelt will climb Mount Shasta's peak when he visits the West.

The entries for the Brighton Beach stake events this year are 1765, against 927 a year ago.

The United States Supreme Court has affirmed the validity of the Michigan law regulating the practice of medicine.

The Russian Imperial Academy of Science will send an expedition to seek Baron Tell, who is exploring the Siberian coast line.

A \$25,000 gift for a library at Haver College, Madison, Ind., has been made by Mrs. Eliza Hendricks, widow of the former Vice-President.

The country school teachers of Logan County will have a meeting at Bellefontaine, Ohio, to devise some means of securing more pay for their work.

Union barbers at Creton, Iowa, have appointed a committee to confer with employers, with a view to having all the shops adopt the union scale of wages.

Teachers of Logan County, Ohio, have formed a Teachers' Union, by which they agree not to work for less than \$50 per month. About half have already signed.

Employers in the engineering industry in the North of England have given notice of a reduction of five per cent. off piece rates, time rates to be reduced in proportion.

There seems to be no foundation in truth to the report that Lord Rosbery may write a book on "The American Revolt." Now it is said that his next literary effort will be a life of the Earl of Chatham.

Sir Thomas Lipton has offered to present a cup as a prize in a yacht race to be held at San Diego, in which the Pacific Coast Club will be invited to participate. It is intended to make this a perpetual challenge cup.

**Electricity in Agriculture.**

An effort is being made in Sweden to use electricity in agriculture. A seed field is covered by a network of wire and a strong electric current is turned on during nights and chilly days, but cut off during sunny and warm weather. The system was invented by Prof. Lemstrom, of Helsingfors, Finland.

D. W. Smith, who served in the First Nebraska Infantry during the Civil war has sent a piece of the original regimental flag to Governor Savage, together with an account of the travels of the banner, taken from a daily journal which he kept in the service.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

G. M. McDONALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. MOOREGHT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in Froehlich & Henry block, near postoffice, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. Resident dentist. In the Hoover building next door to postoffice, Main street. Gentleness in operation.

DR. L. L. MEANS, DENTIST, Office on second floor First National bank building, Main street.

DR. R. DEVERE KING, DENTIST, Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Bldg., Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. W. A. HENRY, DENTIST, Office on second floor of Henry Bros. brick building, Main street.

E. NEFF, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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DR. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS, Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine Dr. Peal's never disappoints. 10¢ per box. For sale by E. Alex. Stokes.

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They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, 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 drains and losses are checked permanently. Unless patients give notice of a reduction of five per cent. off piece rates, time rates to be reduced in proportion.

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**INVENTION BRINGS FORTUNE.**

Charles L. Sandford Gets \$50,000 and a Royalty.

Charles L. Sanford, of Wheeling, a collector for a furniture company, salary \$12 a week, has \$50,000 cash and a royalty that will net him \$100 a day. It all came about through his having invented a method by which burnt-out electric lights may be replenished cheaply and almost instantaneously.