

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Washington Post makes the suggestion that the Census Office should be made a permanent Government bureau.

GERMANY has just celebrated the 500th anniversary of the introduction of the manufacture of paper into that country. The founder of the industry which has since proved so profitable to the Fatherland was Ulman Stromer, of Nuremberg.

The town of Gilroy, Cal., which is in the heart of a rich country, has added only twelve to its population in ten years. This is because the land is held by large owners in ranches of many thousand acres, and small farmers cannot get a foothold.

ACCORDING to a recent decision of the Russian Senate, the wives of such exiles to Siberia as have served their term, but have not been restored to their civil rights, have a right not only to take out passports and to travel or live wherever they please without the consent of their husbands, but even to get married to other men.

The Dominion Government is sending out an expedition far north into the frozen regions, where there is said to be evidence of immense deposits of oil. It is said that the largest oil-bearing district in the world is in Northern British America, and covers 150,000 square miles. Some of the lakes and rivers in the North are covered with this oil to a depth of several inches.

A WARNING against undue physical exertion by those not accustomed to it is contained in a remark of the chief surgeon of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio. This physician said that of the 500 soldiers in the Dayton home "fully 80 per cent. are suffering from heart disease in some form or another, due to the forced physical exertion of their campaigns."

By the English law heritors are exempt from military duty, so the Duke of Hamilton paid nothing on the treasures of his palace when he came into possession in 1853. But when he sold them they ceased to be heritors, it appears, and the board of inland revenue has shocked his grace with a sudden demand for £18,000, or 3 per cent. on the £600,000 realized from the Hamilton palace sale.

The new bridge to be built over the Hudson River between New York and Jersey City will eclipse the monster Brooklyn structure. The great central span will be 3,800 feet long, nearly twice the length of the span of the East River. There are to be five towers rising to a height of 500 feet above the water. It is one of the most daring feats of engineering undertaken in this or any other country.

The Indians on the Montana reservations are greatly excited over the coming of another Messiah. An Indian bearing the prickly name of porcupine, now at Fort Custer, states that he recently met the Messiah at Walker's Lake. He describes him as a tall man, with a tawny skin and a noble face, and says that he began talking after sunrise, and did not end his speech until after sunset.

An expedition has been sent out by the Commercial and Industrial Company of the Congo to solve the problem of the sources of the Congo in Africa. It is known that the Congo originates in three rivers, which, say the Arab traders, form a great lake called Lag Landji. The expedition, comprising seven Europeans and 150 Congo soldiers, is expected to reveal to the world a district of great wealth.

This mad collecting of old postage stamps might not strike all great minds as an intellectual and exciting pursuit, but it is evidently not a thing to be treated with contempt. The stamp collectors of this country are numerous enough to have an organization of their own. The American Philatelic Association contains over 1,000 active members from all parts of the United States and many corresponding members at various points all over the civilized world. Its president is a prominent lawyer, and its other officers are men of standing and ability. It will soon hold a national convention in New York, and show to the country that collecting old postage stamps is a worthy and dignified pursuit.

A MANUFACTURER of one of the standard typewriters on the market says that there are 75,000 women who make a living in this country by thrumming the keys of writing machines. "We are not going to give you absolutely accurate information," he said, "as to the number of women who make a living by the typewriter. But we are probably in a better position to estimate the approximate number, as we know more nearly than anybody else how many machines of all makes are in use, and the proportion of male and female operators. We think it not far out of the way to say that there are about 75,000 women who derive their livelihood from the use of writing machines, and 25,000 men of whom the same may be said. These figures do not include the men who use the typewriter themselves in their own business or profession, but merely those who use the machine as employees of other people." Another manufacturer says that from 20,000 to 30,000 women are using the machines which he is making.

CARDINAL MANNING is eighty two years old. Though he retains his vigor wonderfully, he is almost as fleshless as a skeleton. John Morley, in a speech in the House as he appeared in the pulpit on a recent occasion says: "It was as if wrinkled parchment was stretched across a fleshless skull, out of which, however, kindly blue eyes gleamed brightly, while a pleasant smile gave life and human humor to the features of the ascetic." Nothing can approach the simple saivty with which the great cardinal approaches and greets the people. Wm. Stead, the London journalist (a radical Protestant by the way), says in speaking of Cardinal Manning: "In a long journalistic life of nearly twenty years I have met many men of all sorts and conditions, and I have known intimately some of the foremost of our time. Among all those I have never met any who were more tolerant of differences of opinion, more charitable in his construction of motives, and more staunch and true when you needed help of any kind, than was within his power to render, than Cardinal Manning."

A Wonderful Stone. Mr. John McCraney, living near Kingston, Ga., has found a most wonderful stone. While plowing on a sandbar in the Etowah river, he saw something shining with the most brilliant of lights just to one side of him. He stopped his plow and went to pick it up. It was a clear white stone, the size of an egg, reflecting in one way all the colors of the rainbow. Turning it over, the colors took on the character of a spirit level, following each other up through the center of the rock till all were gathered in one end. Mr. McCraney has been offered \$1,000 for it but refused it. He will take it to Atlanta to have it tested. It may be a diamond. It emits a perfectly white light in the dark.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

over the country lie uncultivated for this reason alone. To remedy this condition of affairs, a strong society for the preservation of horned cattle has been organized. But this immense annual loss of cattle has a worse effect in the fact that India is thus obliged to import dainy produce from Asiatic countries for her domestic consumption, thus raising the price of such produce beyond the means of the poorer classes. To this cause is attributed the high annual death rate among young children, which constitutes fully one-half the total mortality throughout all India.

SITTING BULL.

He was not the Leader in the Sioux Victory Over Custer.

Sitting Bull, says Captain King in Harper's Magazine, was not the inspiration of the great victory won by the Sioux. Up to this time he had no real claims as a war leader. Even before the fight there was a "sun dance." His own people has since told us these particulars, and the best story-teller among them was the bright-faced squaw of Tatanka-he-gle-ska (Spotted Horn Bull) who accompanied the party on their Eastern trip. She is own cousin to Sitting Bull, who knows whereof she speaks. The chief had a trance and vision. Solely he assured his people that within a few days they would be attacked by a vast force of white soldiers, but that the Sioux should triumph over them; and when the Crows and Crooks' command appeared on the 17th, it was a partial redemption of his promise.

Wary scouts were seen turning back down the Rosebud after discovering the trail, and nothing, they judged, would come from that quarter. All around Crook's camp on Goose Creek the indications were that the "Gray Fox" was simply waiting for more soldiers before he would again venture forth. Sitting Bull had no thought of a new attack for days to come, early on the morning of the 25th, two Cheyenne Indians who had started eastward at dawn came dashing back to the bluffs, and waving their blankets, signalled, "White soldiers—heaps—coming quick." Instantly all was uproar and confusion.

Of course women and children had to be hurried away, the great herds of ponies gathered in, and the warriors assembled to meet the coming foe. Even the chiefs were hastening to the council lodge there came a crash of rapid volleys from the south. It was Reno's attack—an attack from a new and utterly unexpected quarter—and this, with the news that Long Hair was thundering down the ravine across the stream, was too much for Sitting Bull. Hurriedly gathering his household about him, he lashed his pony to the top of his speed and fled westward for safety. Miles he galloped before he dare stop for breath. Behind him he could hear the roar of battle, and on he would have sped but for the sudden discovery that one of his twin children was missing. Turning, he was surprised to find the firing dying away, soon ceasing altogether. In half an hour more he managed to get back to camp, where the missing child was found, but the battle had been won without him. Without him the Blackfeet and Uncapapas had repelled Reno and penned him on the bluffs. Without him the Ogallalas, Brules and Cheyennes had turned back Custer's daring assault, then rushed forth and completed the death-rushing circle in which he was held. Again had Crazy Horse been foremost in the fray, riding in and braining the bewildered soldiers with his heavy war club. Fully had his vision been realized, but—Sitting Bull was not there.

For a long time it was claimed for him by certain sycophantic followers that from the council lodge he directed the battle; but it would not do. When the old sinner was finally starved out of her Majesty's territory, and came in to accept the terms accorded him, even his own people could not keep straight faces when questioned as to the cause of the odd names given those twins—"The One-that-was-taken" and "The One-that was left." Finally it all leaked out, and "none so poor as to do him reverence."

Of course it was his role to assume all the airs of a conqueror, to be insolent and defiant to the "High Joint Commission," sent the following winter to beg him to come home and be good; but the claims of Tatanka-e-Yotanka to the leadership in the greatest victory his people ever won were mere vapors, to be classed with the boasts of dozens of chiefs who were so sore over the Northern reservation that in the next few years, Rain-in-the-Face used to brag by the hour that he killed Custer with his own hand, but the other Indians laughed at him. Gall, of the Uncapapas, Spotted Eagle, Kill Eagle, Lone Deer, Lone Wolf, and all the varieties of Bears and Bulls were probably leading spirits in the battle, but the man who more than all others seems to have won the admiration of his fellows for skill and daring throughout that stirring campaign, and especially on that bloody day, is he who so soon after met his death in desperate effort to escape from Crook's guards, the warrior Crazy Horse.

England's Hot Wednesday.

July 13, 1808, continued to be remembered for more than a half century through the rural districts of England as the Hot Wednesday. Men were overcome, and horses and other animals died under the oppression of a temperature so unusual in England. Among the reported temperatures are the following, as to which it is objected that they were not made under conditions assuring scientific accuracy: At Hayes, in Middlesex, ninety degrees at noon; at St. James Park, London, ninety-four degrees; and in a shop on the shady side of the Strand in or near the window, one hundred and one degrees; at Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, ninety-four degrees at 1 p. m. Reginald, who remarked that the instruments used objects of attention, and many of the records specify the makers' names, as Ramsden, Cary, Nairne and Blunt; and in two instances, at least, a second instrument was hung beside the first to confirm the record.—[New York Sun.]

A Wonderful Stone.

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A FOUR-YEAR-OLD SMOKER.

Began Using Tobacco When He Was Seven Months Old.

Winfield Doran is known as the smoking baby of Trenton. He was four years old last May, and he has been using the weed for over three years and a half. He is a bright boy, with big black eyes and round rosy cheeks. His picture could be used to adorn a juvenile magazine as a good specimen of a happy and healthy American boy. His mother is a buxom, good-natured woman. The father, W. T. Doran, is a small, thin man, and for many years he has been an inveterate smoker. The taste for tobacco was imparted to the baby, Winfield, and he began puffing tobacco smoke when only seven months old. The Dorans reside at 303 Third Warren street, and keep boarders. The baby was the pet of the household and the pride of the bachelor boarders, who devoted each evening to nursing him. While listening to the nursery songs he learned to smoke. The men would allow him to puff on their pipes and he was astonished to find it did not make him sick.

When he was 8 months old he smoked a rank pipe full of tobacco and never as much as made a face. At ten months he was an accomplished smoker of the pipe. His appetite for tobacco was found to be a normal one. He had every appearance of thriving under it. The neighbors were shocked and many of them indignant, and Dr. Elmer Rogers was called. He discovered no traces of nicotine poisoning, and found that the tobacco had a soothing effect on the child, who was weaned early, but never denied a pipe full of tobacco every day. Now he tips the beam at forty-five pounds.

Both mother and father are proud of this precocious youngster, and they never tire reciting reminiscences of his early career as a smoker. During the last two years they have encouraged him to smoke cigars in preference to the pipe. This is a precaution that they have taken at the request of the physician, who thought that the nicotine deposits in old pipes might eventually be hurtful. The boy evidently does not smoke because he likes it, but because of the effect of the poison, which he will not smoke because he is a pipe or a new brier pipe, preferring to get one that has been well saturated with nicotine. He prefers strong cigars, and is a fine judge of them. He attracted much attention when he was pushed about in a baby coach with a black pipe in his mouth, smoking and puffing like a veteran. He can now be frequently seen sitting on the steps of his father's house smoking a cigar.

The baby smoker differs from the majority of the prodigious smokers in so much that he has never smoked a cigarette. The odor of the paper is distasteful to him, and he has been constantly instructed to avoid the cigarette as he would so much poison.

The boy has never been known to be sick, and Dr. E. Rogers is of the opinion that it is only a matter of a few years when he will have his appetite for tobacco appeased and will give up smoking. Since the boy has been smoking he has watched him almost daily, with a view of discovering the first symptom of nicotine poisoning, and has found nothing.—[Philadelphia Press.]

Activity in London Streets.

The thing that most astonished me about London, and that I had been least prepared to see there, says Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly, was the amazing activity in the streets. A New Yorker born and bred, who has seen the principal American cities, fancies that there can be nothing in the world like Fulton street and Broadway. But, after one hour on foot in London, he will regard that heart of New York's traffic much as a turbulent old sailor I heard of regarded a twenty-two calibre revolver. "What are you going to do with that peashooter?" he asked. "Nobody would be afraid of that. Stand off a bit and fire at me a few times till I see what it will do. Now, if you happened to have a knife about you and felt sassy, I'd feel afraid of you."

London is full of Fulton streets and Broadway, and of them and in all the other streets the cabs and hansom fly about in such a hot and apparently reckless way that I always felt while I was there that the only reason I did not read of a hundred thousand "run-over" accidents every morning in the papers was, that it would be doing violence to the organic principles of the London press to print the news. I confess I was more than half afraid to cross the crowded streets, and with a fear which is engendered in New York in few places and on few occasions. Every one would seem to be a citizen, that they are all so accustomed to project their coat tails at right angles to their bodies, and to invoke divine aid between the flying hoofs of horses, whenever they need to cross a street, that they are as adept at it as an American lightning-rod man is at dodging missiles. Yet I observed that Dickens, in his Dictionary of London, thinks it worth while to suggest that the only way to get from curb to curb, is to make up your mind what course you will take and then stick to it, because then the London cabbies will divine your intentions. To change your mind while en route is to confuse the cabmen, and cause you to make your return journey to America in the form of freight. Then, again, I found that in the western end of the Strand—that is, down by Tower Bar and the Law Courts—200 more or less of these bodies are sent to the Charing Cross Hospital every year.

Two Moods of an Emperor.

When he is in Berlin Emperor William is as democratic as you could wish; he drives, rides, and walks about as freely as old Haroun Al-Raschid ever did, and he doesn't at all mind stopping now and again to chat with common folk. But when he retires to Potsdam, where his private residence is, he is quite a different person. At Potsdam he is as exclusive as a scared trout. The doors of his palace—yes, and the gates of his park—are closed against everybody and he shuts that recognition which he elsewhere invites. It is hard, however, to keep the small boy out of what he ought not to be in. Three or four arches made a practice of climbing the wall enclosing the imperial park and of playing at soldiers under the splendid trees. Luck would have it, the Emperor and Empress rode one morning in that particular part of the park and suddenly came upon the little muggins. Instead of throwing away their bronosticks and skeddadding, the archers wheeled into line, presented arms, and saluted the imperial couple. William was simply delighted and he told the boys that he would remember them. So he did. Ascertaining who they were and that they were children of poor people, he has sent them to a military school and will have them educated at his private cost.—[Chicago News.]

A Trapeze Episode.

In Geneva, Switzerland, at a circus, a female trapeze performer, Mlle. Mathilde, astonished the natives every night by her performances with a youth about seventeen high up in the air. One evening this youth, by his own carelessness, slipped from the hands of the girl, who hung by her knees. A cry of horror arose from the audience, when she luckily caught him with her teeth by the end of the trapeze, then boxed his ears vigorously and made him go through the performance again—this time without fault.—[Chicago Herald.]

DEBT-PAYING IN CHINA.

Curious Results of a Practice of the Country.

A writer in the North China Herald of Shanghai, lately takes for his theme the peculiar Chinese practice of settling debts just before New Year's Day, which has often been praised by Western observers, but which he does not applaud so much. The custom has, he says, its roots in three causes: First, that everybody owes somebody; secondly, that a great necessity exists for short settlements; and thirdly, that no one will pay a debt until he is forced to do so. Tyrannical custom compels most persons to live beyond their means. Marriages and funerals are the ruin of the people. The farming classes are in perpetual difficulties, while the small traders work on narrow margins and are frequent "accommodated" is essential.

On the other hand, the balances in the hands of creditors are so small that no one can afford to leave his money out of call for more than a few months. Finally the universal habit as to avoid discharging liabilities if possible. So at New Year's time there is a perpetual succession of flight and pursuit. Creditors hunting reluctant debtors are hunted themselves by hungry creditors of their own. The nation, in short, revolves in a vicious circle, and its only period of brief peace is New Year's Day. The double anxiety of a Chinese in the twelfth moon is to find some one else and not to be found himself. Any particular creditor hunting any particular debtor will find that he is himself anticipated by a swarm of other creditors hunting the same game. It is greatly to the interest of all parties that no claim for debt should get into the courts of law, for this would mean that not only the amount in dispute, but all the rest of the property of both parties, would be in danger of being seized.

For these reasons it is the role of the debtor to represent that he is harassed by importunate creditors to such an extent that he knows not which way to turn. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the creditor is compelled to call again, then the debtor sets his wits to work to invent new excuses for begging for a writ nolle prosequi. If the creditor were to relax and accept of such excuses, that would be the end of them for an indefinite period, perhaps forever, and this he knows as well as any one. Therefore, once having taken hold, he keeps his grip, like the jaw of a bulldog, till he gets his pound of flesh. Eternal vigilance is the price at which this is to be won; eternal vigilance is what the Chinese creditor has to keep up.

To avoid the creditor altogether is a prime object of many debtors during the trying period which follows the winter solstice. Many are the individuals who feign sickness, and who cannot, therefore, be seen; who do not venture on the street for many days before the close of the year. Then they emerge from their obscurity in time to get their heads shaved for the new year, and have the keen joy of knowing that they have eluded the vigilance of their remorseless foes. The Chinese debtor who succeeds in evading or parrying the claims of his creditors at this critical epoch finds "a city of refuge" in which for the time he is safe. On New Year's Day or one soon after, he may possibly appear upon his creditor, or his creditor may call upon him. Each is arrayed in his best, and each is full of polite phrases. The creditor may be inwardly swelling with wrath and fury at the thought that this cunning wretch did, after all the pains taken to prevent it, make his escape.

The debtor may be full of smiling complacency to think how well he played the part of the evader, but the creditor may call upon him. Each is arrayed in his best, and each is full of polite phrases. The creditor may be inwardly swelling with wrath and fury at the thought that this cunning wretch did, after all the pains taken to prevent it, make his escape. The debtor may be full of smiling complacency to think how well he played the part of the evader, but the creditor may call upon him. Each is arrayed in his best, and each is full of polite phrases. The creditor may be inwardly swelling with wrath and fury at the thought that this cunning wretch did, after all the pains taken to prevent it, make his escape.

A Thrifty Postmaster.

The Bowling Green (Ky.) Times tells how the postmaster at Rochester, Ky., who has been a postmaster for thirty years, and whose stamps several years ago, when the keepers of small offices were allowed 60 per cent. of the receipts for their services. "The old man concluded he would increase his stock, so he boarded a train for Louisville, and going to the wholesale grocery house of Cowles & Co., said to Pleas Cowles he wanted to buy \$1,000 worth of goods and pay cash for them, provided you will let me pay in stamps." The grocery king reflected, and concluded that stamps were equivalent to the cash, and, besides, he wanted the postmaster's trade, so he agreed to sell the goods and take in payment \$1,000 worth of stamps. The postmaster, on order, ordered the stamps from Washington, sending \$100 for the amount of the order, and the other would be deducted his 60 per cent. The Postmaster General made a kick, but the stamps had to come under the contract which the Rochester postmaster had with the government. The old man made \$600 and Mr. Cowles sold \$1,000 worth of goods.

Condensed Facts About Cotton.

The following items from Statistician Dodge's report to the Secretary of Agriculture will be of general interest: Cotton can be grown in almost every section of the world. It is cultivated on the parallels of 35 degrees of latitude, and this belt includes the greater part of the land surface of the globe. It is more or less grown by almost every people inhabiting this portion of the earth's surface, though in the districts between twenty degrees and thirty-five degrees north latitude its cultivation now seems most profitable. The area on which it may be produced is practically limited only by the requirements of the product. It is the fibre which is adapted for use under the widest conditions of climate and civilization, and it is the only fibre known which is and can be produced in such quantities and so cheaply that the permanent demand cannot possibly exceed the supply. This country produces more than one-half of the profit of the world. We now consume in our own mills about 33 1-3 per cent. of our annual crop, and the proportion is slowly but steadily increasing.

LEWIS' 98 PER CENT. LYE

The strongest and purest Lye made. Will make the best perfume. Cleanses the skin without boiling. It is the best for disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, washing bottles, bathtubs, paint, etc. PENNA. SALT MFG. CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

GROUP OF TINTYPE GIRLS.

They Have Lots of Fun, but They Worry the Poor Photographer.

They come in late in the afternoon, all talking at once. "We want our tintypes taken." "Yes, all together." "Any particular style you'd like?" "Oh, we want something picturesque. Yes, we want it artistic, an out-door scene, you know." The photographer quickly wheels up a mountain view for background, waltzes a wooden-looking "rock" into the foreground, props up a rustic fence at one side, and throws down a shaggy grass-suggesting mat before it. While he is composing this medley from the inexhaustible beauties of nature the girls discourse on the subject hand.

"Belle, you sit on the rock and I will stand beside you; Grace can lean on the fence, and May, you sit on the floor. We ought to have a book to be looking at. Ah, here's an album; that will do. Dora, which side of my face would be the best to have taken?" "The outside," said Dora promptly. "I wish we had a parasol," says Grace. "Be quick as you can," interrupts the photographer, realizing how precious is every moment of the fast fading light. Dora bestows upon him a look which plainly says "with intent to annihilate." "We pay you by the job, not by the hour. Do not presume to hurry us." At last they locate themselves according to the dictates of their own sweet fancies.

"Ah, my!" exclaims Belle from the rock, "what an awfully uncomfortable thing this is to sit on." "Eat your hand on my shoulder, Grace." "Finally all seem in readiness, when just as the photographer is about to remove the cap, May suddenly exclaims from the floor: "Hold on a minute, Grace, you ought not to be standing; you are too tall. Change places with me." Then ensues a general scrambling and rearranging, Belle improving the opportunity to try for a softer spot on the rock.

"Am I looking at the right place?" May anxiously asks of the photographer, as if the sun would fail to do its desired work if her head was not turned at just the most becoming angle. "Yes," replied the much-harassed personage, addressed, heroically choking back unholily utterances. "Sit perfectly still now." He removes the cap, and a brief and blessed silence ensues. When he replaces the cap for a moment the chorus breaks out: "Oh, my goodness—dear me—I never—why I was just—"

"Keep just as you are," says the photographer, authoritatively, unexpectedly removing the cap again, and thus effectually shutting off the threatened deluge of remarks. The poor light necessarily made the exposure unusually long, and when at last it is over a volley of deep and re-energical groans comes from the girls as the photographer disappears with his plates. Then their tongues are loosed. "My, I feel all tied up in a bow-knot." "Goodness, but I'm tired standing so long." "I never knew any one to be so long taking a tintype."

"Oh, I feel as if I had just had a tooth pulled—so thankful it is over." "Oh, see this picture of some girls in a boat. Why didn't he say he had a boat?" "I don't think he is very agreeable anyway. All he thinks of is to get it over with." "Oh, here comes with the pictures." Now they gather round the man with the pictures, all talking excitedly. "Oh, oh, just look at me." "Just see the way my eyes look." "My head is held too high, and I asked you—"

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Peculiar To Itself. 100 Doses One Dollar. PENSIONS FOR ALL UNPAID SOLDIERS, BLINDS SENT FREE. Charge, New Law. Application for Pension to J. P. PANNER, Patent and Claim Attorney, 1317 F St., Washington, D. C.

A Plain Thing

Like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked." Try it in your next house-cleaning. What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors! But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK. Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK. TRADE MARK. LULLOID MARK. NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

The Largest Leather Belt in the World.

The Leather Trades Circular and Review of London, by publishing a paragraph from the New York Sun describing, as supposed, the largest leather belt in the world—140 feet long and 72 inches wide—now being made by Charles Schleren & Co. of New York, of two thicknesses of hide and to contain the hides of 175 animals, induces Sampson & Co. of Stroud, England, to write to the Sun that in December, 1881, they supplied a leather belt 75 inches wide and 133 1/2 feet long, of double thickness, without cross joints, cut out of 200 selected hides. The work was done by hand.

For a Disordered Liver try Beecham's Pills.

The greatest electric railroad which has been planned is the one proposed in Russia, between St. Petersburg and Archangel, a distance of 500 miles. The plan is to erect stations along the route for the generation of electricity. The estimated cost is only about \$15,000 a mile.

The newest use which has been made of luminous paint is its application to harnesses. By this means the position of the horse is plainly seen at night, and the animal is not alarmed by its bright equipment.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KILME'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Nervousness cured. Treatise and full bottle free. Dr. Kilme, 51 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

You may find ecstatic joy in the dream of hope, but it takes money to go to market.

A soap that is soft is full of water, half or two-thirds its weight probably, thus you pay seven or eight cents per pound for water. Dr. Kilme's Electric Soap is all soap and no adulteration, therefore the cheapest and best. Try it today.

Shrouds had no pockets, and they went out of style.



Too long deluded—the unhappy victim of catarrh in the head. He's been told that it can't be cured. Don't you believe it. It can be, and it is—no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has been done for thousands—by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Other so-called remedies may palliate for a time; this cures for all time. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it conquers the worst cases. Its makers offer, in good faith, a reward of \$500 for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. They are able to pay it. Are you able to take it? The symptoms of catarrh are, headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; small and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases terminate in Consumption and end in the grave, without ever having manifested all these symptoms. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50 cents, by druggists.

DROPSY

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