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HOW TO GET TO SLEEP. The Rocking Motion of a Steamboat

a Cure for Insomnia.

The Rocking Motion of a Steamboat a Cure for Insomnia. Steeplessness or insomnia is familiar to most persons who make their living majority of cases the sufferer seeks in drugs for relief. These soon lose their effect unless taken in large quantities, and the aufortunate victum is liable to become addicted to a habit not easily shaken off. In all my practice," said a physician to a New York News reporter. "I have never prescribed a drug for insomnia, except in cases where the sleeplessness was occasioned by exeruciating pain or an acute disease. Where mental ex-haustion, overtaxed nerves, or business maxiety has caused the trouble, I depend upon other means of relief. One of the best means, as everybody knows, is regular physical exercise. For mental exhaustion bodily fatigate is the best sleep-producer I know off. Bat it will nor dause slumber in every case, for ia-somia to a very stubborn ailment when it once gets hold of a person. I had a mybose nervous system was completely hattered. He dreaded the approach to rease to cure. It was that off a man whose nervous system was completely hattered. He dreaded the approach to rease to cure. It was that off a man whose nervous system was completely hattered. He dreaded the approach to rease to use in the down to get the rest is mough it has the stream the rest is mough the down to get the rest is mough in the down to get the rest is mough need, I toss from one side of the bed to the other, until in sheer despendent in *I* is degrain to tramp the case." "The difference of the complexity that of wire water and ammonia, followed by vigorous reablem, was next tried, but in vigorous rabbing, was next tried, but in vigorous rabbing vigorous rabbing

from work and a change of air enjoined. It was all to no purpose. In despair he said to me: "Oh, if my mother were only alive! I feel that if I could rest in her arms and be rocked by her, as I used to be when a child. I might obtain some rest." ""Capital idea!' I exclaimed, with a sudden illumination. 'Motion, rocking, that's just what you want. Here you have been tossing yourself to and fro whenever you lie down. Now we will turnish the tossing for you. Go down to the Albany boats to-night and engage a berth as near the paddle wheel as you can. Get into it as soon after the boat starts as you can. Return on the same boat to-morrow night and report to me.' "When he came to my office two days afterward his eyes were bright and the expression of haggard misery that had become habitnal to him had left his face. "Well,' said I, 'what luck?" "1 am a new man,' he answered. 'I have enjoyed two nights of delicious slumber.' "Weln asked to recount his experience, he said;

slumber.' "When asked to recount his experience, he said: "I followed your directions explicitly, got a berth nearest the paddle wheel-which was easily procured, for nohody else would take it—and turned in as soon after supper as possible. I did not ex-pect to sleep, but anticipated a night of tossing. To my surprise I did nothing of the kind. With every revolution of the paddle-wheel I received a thorough shaking my. The motion soothed me, and I soon fell nsleep.' "And now," concluded the physician, that man sleeps every night in a cradle, and is rocked to slumber by his valet. And I would advise all persons who are kept awake at night by tossing on their beds to follow his example."

An Extraordinary Scene.

A very curious spectacle was to be seen on the outskirts of Gainesville last week, says a Jacksonville (Fla.) letter to the Atlanta Constitution. Alachua lake, a sheet of water from ten to fifteen miles in length and covering some forty thous-ond acress of land, is no more. On its banks were lying thousands of dead fish; dead alligators floated ghastly in pools of black water, and the atmosphere was heavy with noxious gases. Men and boys were there in throngs, crowding around the pools left by the receding vatters, and with hoes and rakes dragging to shore hundreds of fish which had sought their depths for refuge. The waters were istence.

their depths for refuge. The waters were fairly alive with their struggles for ex-istence. Except for a small stream known as Payne's creek, flowing from Newnan's lake into the Sink, the two main basins of the Sink and a few stagnant pools, no water is now to be seen where a few years ango steamers were plowing their way. This is the second time since 1823 that a similar occurrence has taken place. At that time, the earliest year in which there is any record of that part of the country, the bed of the lake was a large prairie, Payne's prairie, having in it a body of water called the Sink and a small creek. In 1868 heavy rains filled up the prairie, but the water disappeared after a short time and the prairie was again dry land. In 1873, after a series of heavy rains, the Sink overflowed and the creek swelled to the dimensions of a lake. During several years ufficient depth of water stood over the prairie to allow of the plying to and fro of small steam-ers. During the last two years, however, the waters have beeng radually lowering, and hout three weeks ago they com-menced going down with surprising rapid-ity, the lake falling about eight feet in the days, until now nothing is left of Alachna lake but the memory of it. The Sink is considered the cause of this schange. There is evidently an under-

The M nister's Ca

The Minister's Cat It's a pretty big story, but it's true, and the minister will tell you so. It's about Deborah, the minister's cat. She was a very large tabby, with three white stockings, two green eyes, and a wise old head. Once upon a time Deborah had six little blind kittens, and they and their mother lay fast asleep in a round bas-ket behind the stove in the minister's study.

In the bills attends, and they are there mother lay fast aloep in a round bas-ket behind the stove in the minister's study. Deborah was sleeping so hard that when Mr Neal, the millkman, came into the room she only pricked up her left ear and then want on snoring. She did not know that Mr. Neal had come to borrow her to kill off the rata in his house. Indeed, she did not know that he had any house, or any rats, either. He lived a mile away across the plain, and she caught her rats nearer home. But Mr. Neal knew all about Debo-rah. He hadhout for years sold milk at famous mouser she was; and he said now to the minister: "Good evening, Mr. Fenn. I've call-dot his stormy night to ask if you'll be kind enough to lead us your cat?" "Of course," said Mr. Neal; "and Tm glad she has the kittens; they will keep har happr." Mr. Neal had brought a great strong bag, and by the halp of the minister hep uDeborah into it—basket, kittens, and all. She tried her best to get ont. but Mr. Neal had brought a great strong bag, and by the halp of the minister hep uDeborah into it—basket, kittens, and all. She tried her best to get ont. but Mr. Neal had brought a great strong bag, and by the halp of the minister hep uDeborah into it—basket, hittens, and all. She tried her best to get out. but Mr. Neal tied up the bag and held it firmly while he walked to his wagon. There he dropped the bag into a box that stood under the seat, and fastened down the cover. Then he drove away. "Poor Deborah can't see where she

wagon. 'There he dropped the bag into a box that stood under the seat, and fastened down the cover. Then he drove away. "Foor Deborah can't see where she is going any more than her blind kit-tens ean." thought the minister, with a little smile, as he turned from the window. "I hope she won't be home-sick, for I'm sure she could never find her way home. Why, why, the ground is getting really white with snow!" Presently Le sat down again to his sermon, and he wrote, and he wrote till everybody else in the homes was asleep. All st once hewas startled by a sound from the porch. It was the mewing of a cat. He threw open the door, and in ran Deborah, carnying in her mouth a kiten. "Dear me, Deborah, can this be you?" he cried, in great surprise. She dropped the kiten on the rug at his feet and ran out before he could close the door. He put the little wat, cold kitty on a warm cushion, and went to bed; but he was swkened from his first nap by another mewing on the porch. Deborah had come with her second kitten. An hour or two later she came with the third, and by the next noon she had them all home-all si of them. Soon Mr. Neal followed, bringing the ampty basket. "I thought I must return it quickly. or Deborah would come for it," said he, laughtig. "You may tell her that l've bought a rat trap, and I'll never disturb her again. A puss that will trave leven miles in the snow for the sake of getting her family back to its old corner deserves to live in peace." Now, isn't this a pretty big story? I should't have dared to repeat it if the minister had't told it to me him.

Little

self.—Penn Shirley, in Our Little Ones. "I NEVEL carried a watch in my life," said a New-Yorkor of fifty. "A watch is a habit, not a necessary article. No man who carries a watch can be any more regular in hig habits than I am. I can got up at a certain minute and do so every morning. I can tell tho time of day by feeling my face. The beard grows exactly so much, and you can come within a reasonable time of the hour by passing the hand over the chin. Not that it is often necessary, because regular habits soon become second nature and you never think of wondering about the hour. Of course the man who lives on trains and boats a good deal has to wear a timepiece and a time table."

and a time table." Great Improvement. A Delsarte teacher, trying to im-press upon a hearer the advantages of the system, told of the great benefit the instruction had been to a very stout pupil. "When she first came to me she stood so improperly that all her dresses were too short in front. Now," triumphautly, "they are all too short behind."

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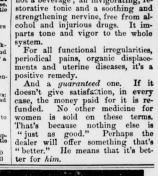
Young married ladies find in Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound a trusty friend and in the "Guide to Health and Etiquette" a book that answers all their questions.

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The Russian Government has decided to uild a second Russian church in Paris.

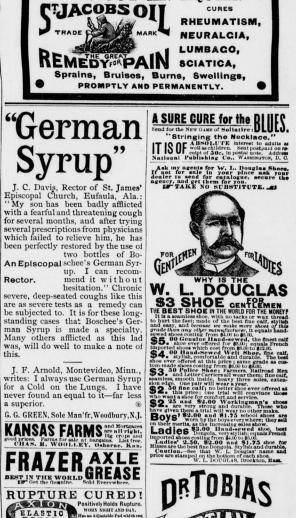
If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac 'l'homp-son's Eye-water.Druggists sell at 25c.per bottle Michigan expects a yield of nearly 25,000 000 hushels of wheat. U3



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