

Shoe Cabinets.
The furniture-makers are showing a beautiful article of mahogany and glass which reminds one of the cabinet for bric-a-brac, but it is more substantial and its legs are shorter. It is made to hold a woman's shoes and to stand across the corner of her dressing-room. One Easter bride has such a cabinet well filled, and it is an important feature of the trousseau. Her cabinet has three plate-glass shelves and a drawer which holds the polish and small articles for repairs. On the top shelf is a row of slippers for evening wear. The next shelf holds the patent leather ties, the cloth top boots with big buttons and the stout little calf ones for street wear. On the bottom shelf is rather a motley group—eyeclo shoes, riding boots, tennis shoes, tan shoes, hunting boots and soft Indian moccasins of tiger skin, beaver trimmed.

How Insects Multiply.
The power of reproduction in insects is one of the most wonderful parts of their economy. On beheading a slug a new head, with all its complex appendages, will grow again; so will the claws of a lobster. The end of a worm split produces two perfect heads, and if cut into three pieces the middle produces a perfect head and tail.

That Tired Feel-
Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

RIPANS TABULES
One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

BACKACHE.
A Very Significant Indication of Organic Derangement.
The back, "the mainspring of woman's organism," quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in loins, and weight in lower part of body, blues and "all gone" feeling, that nature requires assistance, and at once.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for twenty years has been the one and only effective remedy in such cases. It speedily removes the cause and effectually restores the organs to a healthy and normal condition. Mrs. Pinkham cheerfully answers all letters from ailing women who require advice, without charge. Thousands of cases like this are recorded.
"I have taken one-half dozen bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has relieved me from all pain. I cannot tell you the agony I endured for years; pains in my back (Oh, the backache was dreadful!) and bearing-down pains in the abdomen extending down into my limbs; headache and nausea, and very painful menstruations. I had grown very thin, a mere shadow of my former self. Now I am without a single pain and am gaining in flesh rapidly."—MATTIE GLENN, 1561 Dudley St., Cincinnati.

WELL Drilling Machines
Late Improvements. All Money Makers. LOOMIS & NYMAN, Timin, Ohio.

C & B GERMAN ALL DRUG-ELIXIR. CISTS.
For Skin and Blood Diseases
P. N. U. 22-96

RUPTURE
and WHISKY Habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

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

Rubber Scraps.
Cast-off rubber shoes are now a marketable commodity and many country peddlers add considerably to their gains by collecting them. They are usually taken in exchange for tinware or cheap trinkets. No cash changes hands in these transactions. When the peddler returns to his starting point he turns over his collections to the village merchant for more tinware, with perhaps a little cash, and goes out over a new route. The peddler may be in business on his own account or in the employment of the village trader, but in either case the latter has a chance to make a profit on the collections of scrap, which are shipped from time to time to a city dealer. The latter will offer his rubber stock whenever it reaches good proportions to a rubber reclaiming mill. When old shoes first become a merchantable article the price paid for them was 1 cent a pound, while the quotations have since averaged 5 cents per pound for months at a time. The trade in rubber scrap is now most thoroughly organized in the West and Northwest. In the Southern States, where little snow falls, the consumption of rubber shoes is not sufficient to form a basis of trade in old shoes. Of the rubber scrap imported the largest share comes from Russia. The imported scrap is not so desirable, however, as what is gathered at home. In spite of the good consumption of rubber footwear in New England there are no dealers in scrap there in a position of commanding importance. This is due in part to the existence of nearby factories, which buy directly from the smaller dealers. In the West the principal center of the trade is Chicago.

One Correct Answer.
An amusing little story was told a good many years ago in connection with Gov. Mattox, of Vermont. At one time he was chairman of the committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia County. He reported that one of the candidates was, in his opinion, unqualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him.
"Only one? Well, what was that?" asked the presiding Judge.
"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Mattox.
"Important question," said the Judge, "and what was his reply?"
"He made it without the least hesitation," said the Chairman, with a twinkle in his eye. "Of course that fact is in his favor."
"Well, what did he say?" asked the Judge, with some impatience.
"He said," returned the Chairman, "that he didn't know."

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.
Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a powerful remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose cures. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '04.

WETS stopped free by DR. KILMER'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kilmer, 691 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

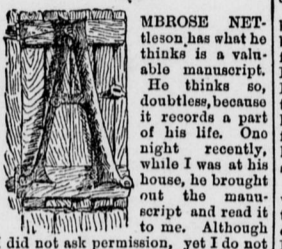
We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 30 Minutes.
One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

OPIMUM
and WHISKY Habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

WHERE'S MOTHER?
Bursting in from school or play. This is what the children say. Trooping, crowding, big and small. On the threshold, in the hall—Joining in the constant cry, Ever as the days go by, "Where's mother?"
From the weary bed of pain This same question comes again; From the boy with sparkling eyes Bearing home his earliest prize; From the bronzed and bearded son, Perils past and honors won; "Where's mother?"
Burden with a lonely task, One day we may vainly ask For the comfort of her face, For the rest of her embrace; Let us love her while we may, Well for us that we can say "Where's mother?"
Mother with untiring hands At the post of duty stands, Patient, seeking not her own, Anxious for the good alone Of the children as they cry, Ever as the days go by, "Where's mother?"
—J. R. Eastwood, in the Quiver.

ON A GATE POST.



MBROSE NETTLES has what he thinks is a valuable manuscript. He thinks so, doubtless, because it records a part of his life. One night recently, while I was at his house, he brought out the manuscript and read it to me. Although I did not ask permission, yet I do not feel that I violate his confidence by giving, as nearly as I can remember, the contents of the paper which he treasures with such affection:
The prospect was not cheerful. I was riding a horse across a country whose loneliness was as deep as a sigh which bespeaks the long absence of some one. Night was coming on and a storm was gathering its forces. A frightened owl fitted past me, screaming in my face. The time of year was when nature hesitates whether to continue winter or begin spring. My horse all of a sudden shook me off when he stopped and shivered. The owl screamed in my face again. Deal leaves, for a moment would whirl before me, and then fall, scattered and torn as though they had, by an angry hand, been swept from their long, damp rest, only to be mocked. "What a dreary, dreary place it is!" I mused. "I feel as though something terrible is going to happen. The air, just before the great agitation which must come, seems quivering in its desire to bear the sound of murder, murder! As I live yonder is a light. Is it possible that I shall receive shelter?"

Urging my horse forward, I soon reached a small house, near the summit of a desolate peak, overlooking the Arkansas River. I dismounted near the door—there was no fence around the house. My horse looked appealingly at me and without asking permission from any one within, I led the animal to a stable close at hand, took off saddle and bridle. As I was returning, the storm burst upon the river. When I approached the door, I heard a wail. I knocked and heard the wail coming slowly toward me. The door was opened by a girl scarcely more than twelve years old. Her face was the picture of despair. She said nothing, but pointed to a bed, upon which laid an old man, gasping for breath. Approaching him, I saw that he had but a few moments to live. The girl knelt beside the old man. He tried to put his hand upon her head. Failing, he looked at me and I assisted him. He tried to speak, but could not. The girl sobbed frantically. The rain poured down and the storm shook the house.
"He will never get well!" she cried. "My grandpa will die."
Yes, her grandpa would die. His life had already passed away. The hand lying on her head was growing cold. She looked at him and shrieked. What a night we spent in that house. The storm howled and the rain fell until nearly daylight. The girl, who I saw was intelligent, with an impressive face, said that her name was Munette Loggemon, and that since her earliest recollection she had lived with the old man, who had spent most of his time, since she had begun to talk, in teaching her.
"I have no relatives," she said, in answer to a question.
"Any friends?"
"No friends."
"You have neighbors?"
"None. The nearest house is nearly eight miles away."
I knew not what to do. Surely the situation was serious. Early in morning we buried the old man in the yard. As best I could, I made a coffin of a trough which I found in the stable. After the burial I went on and found enough corn for my horse. I left Munette at the grave, on which she had, sobbing bitterly, thrown herself.
"Where are you going, little girl?" I asked when I returned, still finding her on the grave.
"How can I go anywhere?" she asked. "I have no friends, I told you."

"You cannot remain here."
"I cannot go away."
"I will not leave you here. You must go with me. My mother has no little girl. She will receive you."
Still lying on the grave, and without looking up, she replied:
"I will go and work for my board."
"You will not have to work. When I tell my mother of the circumstances under which I found you, she will take you in her arms. Come, let

your clothes. It is time we were leaving here. See, the sun is shining beautifully. It is a new day for you."
Without replying, she arose and turned toward me. Her face, even aside from her grief, was so sad, and her eyes wore a look of such tender appeal that even though she had had relatives I would have thought it my duty to take her home with me. She went into the house and soon returned with a small bundle.
"I haven't much to take," she said. "Grandpa and I were very poor, and you see, having inherited his poverty, I am poorer than ever."
I was not surprised to hear her make such a remark, for I had discovered that she had never associated with children, and was consequently wise of her age.
"You shall have some nice dresses after a while," I replied.
"Pretty red ones?"
The child was asserting itself.
"Yes, and blue ones."
She wept anew as we mounted the horse—she seated behind me. As long as we were within sight of the house she said nothing, but when we had descended into the thick woods, she said:
"I won't cry any more if I can help it."
"Your grandfather must have been good to you?"
"Yes, but he made me read many books that were very dull—great law books. I don't like them. His eyes for many years have been so bad that I had to do all his reading for him. He wrote a book full of awful curious things and murders, but one day when he found me reading it he took it away from me and burned it up. It must have been bad, and he must have been sorry that he wrote it."
The day passed rather pleasantly, with the exception of the influence of the night before, which naturally enough she could not dispel and which I could not keep from arising occasionally. We sat on a log and ate dinner, and Munette's remarks gave me additional insight into her close habit of observation. When evening came we stopped at a farm house, where the sad story of the little girl awoke such sympathy that the kind-hearted house wife begged me to take the child to remain with her.
"It is a question that she must decide," I rejoined. "What do you say, Munette?"
"I am surprised that you should ask me such a question," she replied, approaching the chair where I sat and taking my hand. "Would it not be ungrateful in me to desert you so soon, or to ever desert you?"
"She's got more sense than an old woman right now," said the host, addressing his wife. "Our twenty-eight-year-old daughter that married last month ain't a patchin' to this girl."
"Why, Jеспerson," said his wife, in mild censure, "Margaret ain't twenty-eight years old."
"She's mighty nigh it."
"An' beside that," continued the woman, "she never had no chance."
"Didn't go to school three months outen nearly every year, eh? What show does a gal want, I'd like to know? 'This little creature, I warrant you, never has been to school."
"Oy, yes, sir. My whole life has been a school. The old house where I used to live contains many books. If you want them you may go there and get them. I shall never go after them. I could never read them again."
"Well, blame my buttons if I don't mosey up that way. I ain't much of a scholar, but I reckon I can worry through with a lot of them."

My mother welcomed Munette, and when I related the sad story of how I found her the sympathetic woman took the child in her arms and kissed her. A few days afterward, when I returned home after a short absence, she flashed upon me in a gay red dress. She was more of a child than I had ever seen her—more so than I had thought it possible for her to become. My mother was delighted to see her innocent pranks, and I, for the first time, kissed the child.
"You have kissed me at last," she said. "Is it because I look better in this dress?"
"It is because you look more like a child. Before you reminded me so much of a woman."
"Do not women like to be kissed?" I laughed and my mother, shaking her head—I can see her gray hair now—said: "Ah, Ambrose, our young girl has a very old head."
We sent Munette to school. The teacher, a man who had the reputation of being profound, met me one day and said:
"Munette is the most remarkable child I ever saw. She has read so many books and makes me such wise observations that I am constantly surprised. To tell you the truth, I cannot advance her. Not that I am not intellectually able—but—or—because I do not think that her age it would be safe. Therefore I would advise you to take her from school. I know the effect that too much learning has on youth. I know how narrowly I escaped."
When I spoke to Munette she said: "That school is a very dull place. It is a constant hum of arithmetic. I don't like to cipher, as the children call it. Fractions make my head ache and miscellaneous examples make me sick. Let me study at home."
I took her from school. She was a devoted student, but was never so absorbed that she was oblivious to the little attentions which a woman of my mother's age prizes so highly. Munette grew rapidly and I was pleased to see that she was daily becoming more graceful.

stranger than fiction. Therefore, when I say that the war came on, I intend that the declaration should have its full meaning. I left home full of pride. I was captain. My mother prayed; but Munette did not seem to be very much affected. "Good bye," she said. "War is one of the incidents of civilization, as well as a feature of barbarity. I know that you will do your duty, and that you will not forget the little girl whom you once saw sobbing under the hand of a dying man. When you return, I shall be old enough to kiss you."
I looked at her in astonishment. Merriment sparkled in her eyes. "You don't like to kiss children, it seems."
"Munette, you are strange. I once said that I did not kiss you because you looked like a woman."
"Oh, yes, that is true. I thought that you did not want to kiss me because I was so small. There, now, captain don't swell up like a toad."
I turned away. She called me when I was about a hundred yards away and said: "When you pass the big gate, look on the right hand post."
I did so and found the words, "I love you."
I did not receive but one letter from Munette, and that might just as well have been written by a professor of geology, for its four pages were devoted to a description of a lot of pebbles she had found in a cave.
I returned home ragged and ill. Munette was delighted to see me. She was so peculiar, though, that I could not tell whether or not she still loved me. It seemed that she did not, for whenever I attempted to remind her of it, she changed the subject. Like all true lovers, I felt that without her my life would be a blank. I spoke to my mother concerning my trouble.
"She is a very strange girl, but I always found her frank, except when I asked her if she loved you, and she replied that the hawk had carried off three of the dominicker hen's chickens."
One day, in passing the gate, I wrote on the post the following:
"Will you marry me?"
Two days afterward I visited the place and found the word "yes."

Without further communication, except to appoint the time by "post," we were married. I did not find her disposition to be peculiar, only in the intensity of her love for me. "Why did you treat me so?" I one day asked her.
"The dominicker has a great deal of trouble with her chickens," she replied. Shortly afterward, when she thought that I was not looking, she threw back her head and laughed.

Tidal Bell Buoy.
The force of the tides as distinguished from that of the swelling waves is to be utilized to keep in agitation bell buoys in harbors, under a patent just granted. "A current actuated bell buoy" is what the inventor calls it. The action from the force of the current is wholly automatic. The float upon which the superstructure and bell are mounted sits and shifts from side to side. A bell is confined in a tube under the bell at its mouth, and having free passage as the float lists it strikes the bell with great force. The bell will ring equally well by the action of the sea.
The feature that is most novel is that the bell is at its best when the sea is smoothest. Just so long as there is motion in the water, whether tidal or current, it is sufficient to ring the bell. This feature will be most appreciated by masters and pilots for the reason that as a rule a thick fog is accompanied by a deathlike stillness. It is then that the skipper anxiously feels his way, listening for some familiar guiding sound. He has no hope of hearing a bell that is alone actuated by the sea, but the tide is always with him, either at ebb or flow, and the tidal bell buoy is sure to be faithfully at work, pealing its warning notice.—New York Journal.

Wanted—An Heir.
One of the most curious cases down for hearing in the Court of Chancery is the final settlement of the disputed will of the celebrated prima donna, Mme. Titiens, whose death occurred in 1877, nearly twenty years ago. Mme. Titiens was born in 1840 at Hamburg. She made her first appearance on the stage at the early age of fifteen. She was never married, and at her death her immense fortune was left to a relative, who, however, disappeared three years before her death, and has never since been heard of. The missing relative, Peter Titjen, was in 1873 residing in Cardiff, and shortly after that time he intimated his intention of going to South America, but whether he ever did so cannot be traced. For nearly twenty years the next relatives have endeavored to obtain the wealth on the presumption that he is dead, and has left no heirs, and last year an order was granted that after proper advertising, if he or his heirs failed to appear it should be assumed he was dead.—Galvani Messenger.

Slate for Houses.
Slate is too much overlooked as a material for inside decoration. It exists in many different shades. It is easy and inexpensive to quarry, and by far the easiest stone to shape into pleasing forms. These qualities render it the cheapest of durable materials for interior purposes, and the wonder is that so little of it is in common use. If large dealers would establish depots of standard goods made up for combination in house building in such forms as would be available to architects, its use would be indefinitely extended. Hardly a cottage of any pretensions would be built where it would not take a prominent part. If such depots were established, house builders would be enabled to see it, and appreciate its beauty and cheapness. As it is, hardly one in five hundred knows anything of either.—Stone.

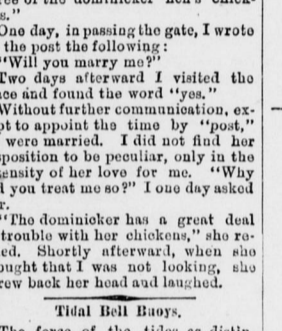
Thousands of people would appreciate sympathy and help who never ask for it, and never get it.

Take Care of Your Watch.
The mechanism of the human body reminds one very much of the mechanical construction of a fine watch, the wheels, cogs and screws answering to the muscles, and the delicate springs are what may be likened to the nerves. One cannot move without the other, and yet the action of each is separate and distinct. So it is with the nerves and muscles of the human body. The ailments of the muscles are distinct from the ailments of the nerves, and like the mechanism of a watch, if exposed to sudden change of heat and cold, they get out of order and for the time are useless. Especially is this so at this season of the year, when from exposure, negligence or want of care, the nerves are attacked and neuralgia in its worst form sets in. But like oil to the works of a watch so is St. Jacobs Oil to the nerves thus deranged. It is acknowledged by thousands to be the best and most permanent cure for this most dreaded disease; hence it is well to look after the human watch as well as the one in the pocket.

At Worthington, Minn., a cyclone demolished 20 buildings, but seriously hurt no one.
When Nature Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.
Americans entering Mexico must be revaccinated.
More diseases are produced by using brown soap than by anything else. Why run such terrible risks when you know that Dobbin's Floating-Borax Soap is absolutely pure? Your grocer has it or will get it for you. In red wrappers only.
There were 22 deaths from cholera in Alexandria Monday.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggist's sell at 25c per bottle.

The Blue and the Gray.
Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.
Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured," 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



Judgment!!
Battle Ax PLUG
The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

Breakfast Cocoa
Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is "a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture." It costs less than one cent a cup.

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