

Elephants.
Some elephants are said to be good climbers. They make their way up and down mountains and through a country of steep cliffs, where mules would not dare to venture, and even where men find passage difficult. Their tracks have been found upon the very summit of mountains over seven thousand feet high. In these journeys an elephant is often compelled to descend hills and mountain sides which are almost precipitous. This is the way in which it is done. The elephant's first manoeuvre is to kneel down close to the declivity. One foreleg is then cautiously passed over the edge and a short way down the slope, and if he finds there is no good spot for a firm foothold, he speedily forms one by stamping into the soil if it is moist, or kicking out a footing if it is dry. If the elephant is now sure of a good foothold, the other foreleg is brought down in the same way. Then he performs the same work over again with his feet, bringing both forelegs a little in advance of the first foothold. This leaves good places already made for the hind feet. Now, bracing himself up by his huge, strong forelegs, he draws his hind legs, first one and then the other, carefully over the edge, where they occupy the first places made by the forefeet. This is the way the huge animal proceeds all the way down, zigzag, kneeling every time with the two hind legs while he makes footholds with his forefeet. Thus the center of gravity is preserved, and the huge beast prevented from toppling over on his nose.



Woolen Ingrain Carpet, 33c. Imported Velvet Carpet, 33c.
Our entire force is working day and night filling orders. You, also, can save 50 to 60 per cent. on a carpet by writing for our new Colored Carpet Catalogue which shows all grades of high-grade colors and with exact descriptions. The book costs you nothing. If you wish quality samples, send 8c. in stamps. Our new 112 page general catalogue of Furniture, Dry Goods, Crockery, Stoves, etc., will be ready after Nov. 1st. Write for it then.
JULIUS HIMES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Please mention this paper.

The last of the bunch of fifteen 21x28 Consolidation locomotives built by the Pittsburg Locomotive Works for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad have been delivered and are in service on the Second Division between Brunswick and Cumberland. These locomotives excite very favorable comment by reason of their general design, excellent workmanship and efficient service and are further evidence of the great advance that is being made by the B. & O. in its motive power. Thirty-five (35) of this type of locomotives have been placed on the Second Division during the past year and with the reduction in grades and in the increase in power the number of cars per train has been increased fully 40 per cent.

Plebe's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

How She Cured Him.
"I thought I was going to sell a coffin to one of my neighbors a few days ago," said the undertaker. "A certain young man who had been dissipating considerably of late, and had got into debt, became desperate and threatened on several occasions to commit suicide if his widowed mother did not give him some of the money she had borrowed on their little home. Not long ago he went home with a desperate look on his face, and calling his mother into the drawing room, said, as he pulled a revolver from his hip pocket: 'I will have the money, or I will end my miserable existence.' 'Wait! Wait!' screamed his mother, as she rushed from the room. A look of satisfaction overspread the young man's face as he mumbled to himself about knowing he would get it. In a moment his mother returned carrying a large rug. Quietly she spread it down on the carpet, and then, straightening up, said: 'Now, George, go ahead. I was afraid you would spoil my carpet with blood stains. Any choice about coffins?' The young man almost sank to the floor in his astonishment and disappointment. He was sure if he threatened to shoot himself his mother would accede to his unjust demands and give him the little money she was saving to buy the necessities of life with, but on the day before she had come over to his house and told my wife about his threats. My wife put the idea into her head to chaff her son the next time he threatened to commit suicide. She was afraid to try, but, summoning all her nerve, she carried out instructions, and succeeded. The young man hasn't said a word about dying since."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The following want advertisement appears in a New York paper: "Eight rooms, big enough to stretch out without breaking something; bath you can get wet in; no trombone or roof garden singer next door; don't enjoy carbolic odor as we do perfume; elevator must run more than three times daily; radiators must work in winter; want daylight; want peace; limit, \$75." This applicant has evidently had experience.

MRS. LYNNESS ESCAPES
The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.
Hospitals in great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.
Why should this be the case?
Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but they cannot replace their internal organs!
Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feelings, pain at the right or the left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them.
Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations! Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.
The following letter shows how Mrs. Lynness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham:
"I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I fainted constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks, then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."—Mrs. THOS. LYNNESS, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.
THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Bicyclist Hair-Raising Ride Down a Steep Hill With Seven Turns—Awful Experience of a Maine Quarryman Who Wears a Mask—He Choked a Leopard.

Charles F. Cole, a Brooklyn cyclist, "took" the big hill on the Mount Arlington road near Hopatcong, N. J., a distance of one and a quarter miles, with seven turns in its distance and a drop of 511 feet. The New York Times thus tells the story:
Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock found Mr. Cole wheeling toward town. A few minutes before a native, in answer to a query, told him that the big hill was as much as a half mile further on. Instead of the hill being half a mile away, a few more turns of his pedals brought him right on the descent. A few more turns, and the wheel was racing like a streak of greased lightning, for the pneumatic brake had refused to work. The wheelman's hair rose. Bringing his feet into play, he tried the old method of pressing the sole of his right foot against the tire.
The sole was torn off in a jiffy by the frightful speed the wheel had attained. Fences, trees and telegraph poles flew by, and Cole took a fresh grip on the handle bars, with the single thought of keeping the machine upright. Then he tried to catch the pedals, but the first attempt tore the heel off one of the shoes. In his fright he was nearly unseated.
To make matters worse, just ahead of him was a carriage proceeding slowly down the hill. Instinctively Cole swerved to the right and shot past like a bullet. As he was going by he heard some one shout and caught the words, "He is being killed." Cole knew that to jump off would be certain death, but it required all the nerve at his command to keep from jumping.
Fortunately the turns down the grade on either side were slight, but even the slight swerving nearly unseated him. Around the turns and then down the tangents the wheel flew, gathering speed at every revolution. The wind scorched his face, and perspiration oozed from every pore.
Finally the luckless rider approached the last turn. It was sharper than the others, and at the bottom of the hill his passage seemed to be blocked by a stone wall. Cole saw but one chance for salvation, and, leaning far to the right as he struck the bend, he drew his wheel down so that the inside pedal dug into the earth and the outside one barely grazed the wall.
Just ahead was a stretch of sand and gravel roadway. His speed slackened with a jerk as the wheel plowed through it, scattering the sand like waves on either side and throwing him ten feet or more. Over the handle bars he went like a shot from a catapult, sprawling into the gravel more dead than alive, but having lived in those few seconds of descent a century or two.
The people in the carriage reached the spot a few seconds later, expecting to find parts of Cole scattered along the roadway. But they were pleasantly disappointed. When the bewildered wheelman took account of his injuries he found a bruise on his hip and a severed small artery made up the sum total. The artery was closed by an impromptu tourniquet, and Cole sought a doctor and then limped painfully to the train. He had had enough of wheeling for one day.

A Swim With Man-Eating Sharks.
When the cruiser Boston arrived at Honolulu on her way to China early last year, three of her men, seamen, deserted. The Boston went to China without them, but the cruiser Bennington was stationed in the port, and the master-at-arms of her had no difficulty in getting the three deserters. They were brought aboard the Bennington and put in double irons. One evening after dark the irons were taken off their feet and hands for some purpose. The three men reached the top-gallant forecastle, slid down the anchor chains into the water and were off. The Bennington then was anchored about a mile from the Honolulu docks. Honolulu harbor is alive with man-eating sharks. But sharks are natural cowards; they fear the splashing made by two or three men, and, down there at least, will only attack a man when he is alone in the water. Half a dozen gigantic sharks followed these three deserting swimmers all the way to the docks; but the men, who were experts in the water, kept up a great-to-do with hands and feet in the water, and the sharks kept at a distance of ten feet from them all the way. When they scrambled up onto the low docks, however, the sharks, apparently losing their cowardliness, made a swoop from underneath for the men in a body, but got none of them. The men were safe; but when they were captured for the second time they said that they would not do the thing over again for something handsome.

The Count and the Bull.
Count Berberna, a wealthy nobleman of Spain, recently had a narrow escape from death at the horns of a bull. Two animals which were being driven to Burgos to take part in a bull fight broke away from their keepers. Among the wealthy young sportsmen who started in pursuit was Count Berberna on the back of an Arabian horse. He overtook one of the animals after a race of nine miles, shot at it, but missed his mark. The beast turned, gored the horse to death, threw the Count in the air, badly wounding him, and was about to jump on him again when the gendarmes killed the bull.

A Color Scheme.
Wanderer (returned after several years)—"Well, well, I'm mighty glad to see you. How are you and how are all the good people?"
Stayathome—"Oh, we're all right and getting along as well as could be expected."
Wanderer—"And how is the Widow Green?"
Stayathome—"She isn't so Green as she was."
Wanderer—"What's the matter. She isn't gray, I hope."
Stayathome—"No, she's Brown."
Wanderer—"Brown?"
Stayathome—"Yes; married Samuel J. about five years ago, and she's been the Widow Brown for the last two years or such a matter."
Wanderer—"You don't say?"
Stayathome—"Yes."
Wanderer—"Well, by gosh, if she's willing to change color again, I'll ask her as sure's my name's Black."—New York Sun.

Misrepresentation.
"I think," said the gentlemanly collector, "that it is about time you were paying something on that press. It has been almost a year since you got it."
"But," said the editor of the Jazeville Gazette, "you told me that the darn press would pay for itself in six months."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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COME APART AND REST A WHILE.

Come apart and rest a while; There are many coming, going, Whose dry lips forget to smile, Who forget to reap, for sowing: From the hot street's surging tide Rest is but one step aside.
—A. Willis Colton, in Ladies' Home Journal.

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Will be Saved by a Slave.
An Old African to Use His Klondike Gold for His Former Mistress.
Among the lucky miners in the Klondike is a former slave, a grizzled old African who bears the high-sounding name of St. John Atherton. He has dug out \$30,000 in gold, and has a couple of claims which may be reasonably expected to yield \$100,000 more. He is planning to do a novel act of charity when the time comes for him to abandon his mining work and return to the civilized world.
Before the war Atherton was owned by a Georgia family which had a large plantation near Atlanta. When he got his freedom he drifted about the country doing odd jobs, and finally struck the Yukon valley, where he got work as a freighter. The ex-slave had a hard time of it for years, and when the Klondike excitement broke out he made his way to the gold fields. There he toiled in diggings which had been abandoned by white men until he found a paying streak, since which he has been accumulating money very fast. When asked what he intended to do with the \$30,000 which he has now on deposit in Dawson City, Atherton said: "I'm going back to Georgia and buy the old plantation."
"Buy the old plantation? Why, what do you mean?"
"When I was a slave my master was a rich man. He was kind to me and his daughter was just like him. Things didn't go well with him after the war, and some years ago he had to mortgage the plantation. Since then he died, and his daughter is now living on the old place alone. The time is coming when it must be sold if the mortgage is not paid, and then she will have no home. What I want to do is to get back to Georgia and buy up that mortgage. Then I will turn the plantation over to my old master's daughter and nobody can drive her away from it."
"But she won't like the idea of having one of her former slaves for a boss."
"Huh! I don't want to be a boss. I'll just stay around and look after things for her like I used to. Somebody's got to do it, and I know somebody rather have me than a stranger. It will take \$30,000 or \$35,000, and the rest of my money will keep me well as long as I live."

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Another Thing.
Wife—You saw Mrs. Browner last evening?
Husband—Yes, but not to speak to her.
Wife—What a story! I heard you were sitting with her for more than two hours.
Husband—That's so; but it was she who did the talking.—Up-to-Date.

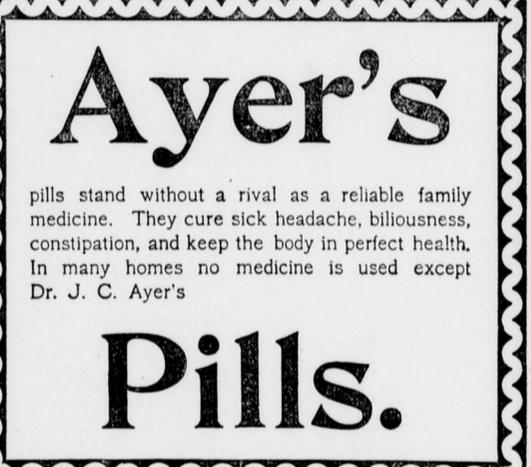
Quien Sabe?
Quien Sabe—who knows—is a phrase in very common use among the Spaniards, and helps over many, many difficulties. It is expressive. What the weather may be the coming Winter, who knows? It may be snowy, wet, stormy, cold, freezing, and full of sickness and pain, who knows? Some of us to-day, hale and hearty, may lie on beds of torture or hobble about on crutches, who knows. Before the Autumn merges into Winter many may have symptoms of approaching trouble; of the old rheumatism coming on, or of first attacks begun, who knows. Who knows? That's a conundrum. But there is one thing everybody knows, the best thing to do is to be ready for the weather coming and to take hold of what is. Everybody knows what is best. With St. Jacobs Oil in the house, everybody knows they have a sure cure for rheumatism, acute or chronic. It is likewise known that in any stage of it, the great remedy does its work of cure perfectly. If we suffer, we need not ask who knows, when it is so well known what is best.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who like it. Grain-O is like rich, smooth brown Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-quarter cup of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

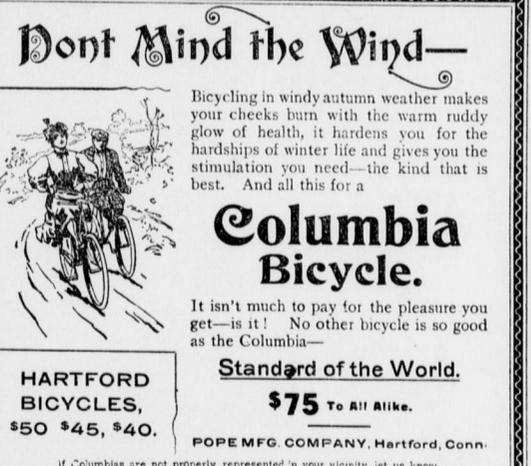
STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAZ COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Lucas County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 23rd day of December, 1894.
SEAL: A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Physically cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 391 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, influenza, colic.



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