

### Through Space Without Limit and Time Without End.

We have hundreds of times studied the grandeur of mountains and oceans in summer and winter, in sunshine and storm, in our own and other lands.

We have hundreds of times, in the great cathedrals and churches of our own country and Europe, listened to music that has carried our thoughts far above this little world we inhabit.

But we have never been more filled with wonder and admiration and profound gratitude to the Almighty, than when on calm and beautiful nights, such as we have had many the past summer, we have looked up into the quiet heavens and watched the stars moving in grand procession across the sky, and thought of the Infinite Power that created and controls them in their great revolutions through space without limit and time without end.

Geo. T. Angell.

### Are You a Loafer?

About this season of the year speakers and writers are apt to say hard things about loafers, who are to be found in every town and at every railway station. When one is traveling around on the train, or goes to his market town, he is apt to think that every person who appears to be unemployed is a loafer. One of the definitions of this term is "an idle man." Did it ever occur to you that the expression is never applied to a woman? It is never used in connection with a man with a comfortable income, however idle he may be. We generally connect the term with some shabby white man, who lives with the least possible work and stands ready to discuss any question proposed. Or it may be a negro, who is ready to carry a valise a mile for a nickel, or to wait on you half a day for a dime and a chance at the kitchen. But are there no female loafers? They may not frequent street corners, but they are idle women in their own homes. They fold their hands and toil not, nor do they spin from January to December. The very fact that they are not obliged to work does not take them out of the list of loafers. More is expected of them from the fact that they do not have to bake and sweep and stitch. Before we are too hard on loafers let us see how much actual work we are doing. Are we producing anything? Are we contributing to the wealth or welfare of the world? Are we doing good as we have opportunity, or are we only loafers? When a poor, moneyless fellow loafers around while it is apparently a small matter, but when an educated man with money in his pocket sits around and wears out chairs and bores people because he has nothing to do, he is more blamable than the other fellow. For a woman to waste her time, to sit with folded hands, or lie with closed eyes, when she has abundant opportunity to do good, is much worse.—Exchange.

### A Moving Mountain.

A traveling mountain is found at the Cascades of the Columbia. It is a triple-peaked mass of dark brown basalt, 6 or 8 miles in length where it fronts the river, and rises to the height of almost 2,000 feet above the water. That it is in motion is the last thought that would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of any one passing it, yet it is a well-established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily down the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the Cascades to the Dalles.

In its forward and downward movement the forest along the base of the ridge has become submerged in the river. Large tree stumps can be seen standing dead in the water on this shore. The railway engineers and brakemen find that the line of railway that skirts the foot of the mountain is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the permanent way and rails have been pushed 8 or 10 feet out of line in a few years.

Geologists attribute this strange phenomenon to the fact that the basalt, which composes the bulk of the mountain, rests on a substratum of conglomerate or of soft sandstone, which the deep, swift current of the mighty river is constantly wearing away, or that this softer subsoil is itself yielding to great depths to the pressure of the water, or the harder mineral above.—*Goldsmith's Geographical Magazine.*

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who recently made a trip around the world, appears to come to the conclusion that meat eating is bad for the temper. She says that in no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat-eating France, urbanity is the rule of the home; in fish and rice eating Japan, harsh words are unknown.

The following pathetic appeal appeared in the Rocky Mountain News: "Lives of poor men of remind us honest men, won't stand to chance; the more we work there grow behind us bigger patches on our pants. On our pants once new and glossy, now are stripes of different hue, all because subscribers linger and won't pay us what is due. Then let us be up and doing, send in your note, however small, or when the snow of winter strikes us we shall have no pants at all."

PURCELL has moved into the Store lately occupied by R. T. Gee, and he is now prepared to show the prettiest and Cheapest line of Dry Goods ever brought to Union.

### From a Letter of Benjamin Franklin to Benjamin Franklin, Member of Parliament from the Borough of Calne.

—WRITTEN IN 1784.

It is wonderful how preposterously the affairs of this world are managed. Naturally one would imagine that the interest of a few individuals should give way to general interest; but individuals manage their affairs with so much more application, industry, and address, than the public do theirs, that general interest most commonly gives way to particular. We assemble parliaments and councils, to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices, and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower their wisdom, and dupe its possessors; and if we may judge by the acts, arrests, and edicts, all the world over, for regulating commerce, an assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth.

I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury. I am not sure that, in a great state, it is capable of a remedy; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as is represented. Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all unnecessary expense, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, or even richer. Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry? May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? To this purpose I remember a circumstance. The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap. Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it. "But (said he) it proved a dear cap to our congregation."—"How so?"—"When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia; and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than a hundred pounds."—"True, (said the farmer) but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewith to buy caps and ribbons there; and you know that that industry has continued, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes."—"Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

In our commercial towns upon the seacoast, fortunes will be occasionally made. Some of those who grow rich will be prudent, live within bounds, and preserve what they have gained for their posterity; others, fond of showing their wealth, will be extravagant, and ruin themselves. Laws cannot prevent this; and perhaps it is not always an evil to the public. A shilling spent idly by a fool, may be picked up by a wiser person, who knows better what to do with it. It is therefore not lost. A vain, silly fellow builds a fine house, furnishes it richly, lives in it expensively, and in a few years ruins himself; but the masons, carpenters, smiths, and other honest tradesmen have been, by his employ, assisted in maintaining and raising their families; the farmer has been paid for his labour, and encouraged, and the estate is now in better hands. In some cases, indeed, certain modes of luxury may be a public evil, in the same manner as it is a private one. If there be a nation, for instance, that exports its beef and linen, to pay for the importation of claret and porter, while a great part of its people live upon potatoes, and wear no shirts; wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve, and sells his clothes to buy drink? Our American commerce is, I confess, a little in this way. We sell our victuals to the islands for rum and sugar; the substantial necessities of life for superfluities. But we have plenty, and live well nevertheless; though, by being soberer, we might be richer.

The vast quantity of forest land we have yet to clear and put in order for cultivation, will for a long time keep the body of our nation laborious and frugal.—Forming an opinion of our people, and their manners, by what is seen among the inhabitants of the seaports, is judging from an improper sample. The people of the trading towns may be rich and luxurious, while the country possesses all the virtues that tend to promote happiness and public prosperity. Those towns are not much regarded by the

country; they are hardly considered as an essential part of the states; and the experience of the last war has shown, that their being in the possession of the enemy, did not necessarily draw on the subjection of the country; which bravely continued to maintain its freedom and independence notwithstanding.

I have been computed by some political arithmetician, that if every man and woman would work for four hours each day on something useful, that labour would produce sufficient to procure all the necessary and comforts of life; want and misery would be banished out of the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.

What occasions then so much want and misery? It is the employment of men and women in works that produce neither the necessities nor conveniences of life; who, with those who do nothing, consume necessities raised by the laborious. To explain this:

The first elements of wealth are obtained by labour from the earth and waters. I have land, and raise corn. With this, if I feed a family that does nothing, my corn will be consumed, and at the end of the year I shall be no richer than I was at the beginning. But if, while I feed them, I employ them, some in spinning, others in making bricks, &c. for building, the value of my corn will be arrested and remain with me, and at the end of the year we all may be better clothed and better lodged. And if, instead of employing a man I feed in making bricks, I employ him in fiddling for me, the corn he eats is gone, and no part of his manufacture remains to augment the wealth and convenience of the family; I shall, therefore, be the poorer for this fiddling man, unless the rest of my family work more, or eat less, to make up the deficiency he occasions.

Look round the world and see the millions employed in doing nothing, or something that amounts to nothing, when the necessities and conveniences of life are in question. What is the bulk of commerce, for which we fight and destroy each other, but the toil of millions for superfluities, to the great hazard and loss of many lives, by the constant danger of the sea? How much labour is spent in building and fitting great ships, to go to China and Arabia for tea and coffee, to the West Indies for sugar, to America for tobacco? These things cannot be called the necessities of life, for our ancestors lived very comfortably without them.

A question may be asked—Could all these people now employed in raising, making, or carrying superfluities, be subsisted by raising necessities? I think they might. The world is large, and a great part of it still uncultivated. Many hundred millions of acres in Asia, Africa, and America, are still in a forest; and a great deal even in Europe. On a hundred acres of this forest, a man might become a substantial farmer; and a hundred thousand men employed in clearing each his hundred acres, would hardly brighten a spot large enough to be visible from the moon, unless with Herschel's telescope; so vast are the regions still in wood.

It is, however, some comfort to reflect that, upon the whole, the quantity of industry and prudence among mankind exceeds the quantity of idleness and folly. Hence the increase of good buildings, farms cultivated, and populous cities filled with wealth, all over Europe, which a few ages since were only to be found on the coast of the Mediterranean; and this notwithstanding the mad wars continually raging, by which are often destroyed, in one year, the works of many years' peace. So that we may hope, the luxury of a few merchants on the coast will not be the ruin of America.

One reflection more, and I will end this long rambling letter. Almost all the parts of our bodies require some expense. The feet demand shoes; the legs stockings; the rest of the body clothing; and the belly a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceedingly useful, ask when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture.

### The Supper-nong.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman speaks of a Supper-nong grape vine from which forty bushels of grapes have been sold for two successive years, and it is probable that it will produce fifty bushels this year. The vine is trained over an arbor some 25 feet long by 18 feet wide, and is a foot in diameter at the ground. This is not at all an uncommon size, and a vine might easily cover an area of 2,000 square feet. The Supper-nong will not thrive north of 37° of latitude, but it is well known as thick-skinned grape which keeps well and can be shipped long distances. It has a peculiar flavor, which is not disagreeable to many people, and it makes an acceptable wine. It reaches its best development in southeastern Virginia and north-eastern Carolina, where it runs wild and often climbs 10 feet or more into tree tops. It is also to be grown with no pruning or care, except a trellis or something to run upon, it will usually give fair crops.

You just ought to go in and take a look at PURCELL's pretty New Goods in the Store, house lately occupied by R. T. Gee.

### Prosperity in the South.

From all parts of the South come excellent reports of material progress. The Southern corn crop is greater than ever before; the cotton crop is large and of fine quality. In Texas the latest crop of wheat the State has raised, and the prospect of the market is assured. While cotton is now cheap, it will not do to overlook the fact that six cents a pound for cotton nowadays is a very different thing from what it was a few years ago. People generally have not yet learned to take into consideration the fact that the mottled dye-products of cotton are worth nearly two cents a pound more, so that the farmer's six is really equivalent to eight cents.

The corn crop is so large that the South will this year have a surplus instead of being compelled to import corn for her own consumption. The outlook for her manufacturing industries, and her cotton mills in particular, is better than ever before in her history, and in every substantial and material element of business the general condition of the South is most encouraging and satisfactory.

In respect of Southern railroad interests the reorganization of the Richmond Terminal system and the merging of the thirty or forty railroads composing it into the Southern Railway is nothing short of revolutionary. As affecting Southern business affairs of all kinds its significance cannot be overestimated. It means the substitution in the pivotal industry and dependence of the country of order in the place of chaos, and of stability and responsibility in the place of absolute irresponsibility. Never in the history of railroads was such a hopeless chaos and inefficiency manifested as in the administration of the thousands and thousands of miles of railroad directly and indirectly involved in the Richmond Terminal system. Shippers could place no dependence upon the railroads. They had no guarantee that goods consigned to them would reach their consignees, or that goods they had bought would ever arrive. And above all they had no redress. There was no such thing as recovery of loss, even when the courts had done their duty and ordered restitution. It was one vast system of inefficiency, mismanagement, and worse, and its effect upon all mercantile business was disastrous.

The new order of things is very different. The Southern Railway is the result of the practical obliteration of the Richmond Terminal system, and the elimination of millions of fictitious valuations and unremovable burdens, and it sets up in their place a solid, resourceful, and vigorous railroad system founded upon modern and scientific economies and of the first efficiency. This has been accomplished by Mr. Samuel Spencer, in conformity with the general plan and purpose of the reorganization undertaken by the great banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Co.

Mr. Spencer in addition to being one of the first railroad men in the country, was equally equipped for the position he held by his intimate knowledge of Southern railroad properties, and of those of the Terminal system in particular. Besides it is doubtful if anybody is better qualified for dealing with the familiar ailment of railroad dropsy. When Mr. Spencer was elected president of the Richmond Terminal Railroad Company, one of his earliest acts in office was to take \$25,000,000 of the surplus of that great corporation by a simple stroke of his pen. It is to this gift of Mr. Spencer's that we may attribute the fact that the Southern Railroad Company enters upon the contract of its reorganization in such favorable conditions as have so far prevailed, earning its fixed charges and a very considerable surplus.

Taken for all in all, the business prospects of the South are, at the present moment, brighter than those of any other part of the country. It depends upon the people of the South themselves if these conditions are to continue. What they need is unintermitted industry and a sound respect for law. If they have the good sense to abjure populism, and socialism, and anarchism, and see to it that the rights of property are observed in behalf of the great and small, rich and poor, they can be as prosperous as they please. There is no appreciable limit to their resources, and with industry and honesty going hand in hand, there should be no limit to their development. Let them study the lesson that Texas has learned at such grievous expense and painful retaliation. Her Reagan and her Hogg, whom she is now at last repudiating, have cost her untold millions of dollars, and have put back her natural and reasonable development by at least as much as fifteen years.—*Sun.*

### A Quarter Century Test.

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### AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

What Capt. J. W. Campbell Has to Say About the Upper Mississippi. Capt. J. W. Campbell, of Fort Madison, Ia., a pioneer pilot of the upper Mississippi, writes thus about the past and present: "I emerged from the hazel brush in northeast Missouri in 1844 to take a first peep at the wide world beyond. Having been infatuated in early youth with the cat fish and drift log business, it was but natural I should seek a nautical pursuit. Consequently I drifted on down an upper Mississippi steamer boat and began to serve as a cub pilot along shore between St. Louis and Fort Snelling. The first duty of a cub is to designate the difference between fore and aft—larboard and starboard—and with brains enough to determine if the current of the river runs to the north or south.

"He is then permitted to enter the pilot house and take the wheel, while his senior lights his pipe, and being constitutionally tired seats himself on an elevated bench in the rear and looks complacently on. Presently, under the manipulation of the voracious cub, the wheel begins to spin from right to left—left to right—hard up and hard down; he strikes with his clumsy paws at the revolving wheel with the awkwardness of his matured namesake and involuntarily his pedal extremities come in contact with the spokes of the inner circle of the wheel below, thereby illustrating the results of centrifugal force by throwing him outside of the pilot house.

"But after a few more experiments of a similar kind he becomes more skillful, and with less exertion guides the boat steadily along, and then begins his greatest task by learning the shores that he may distinguish unerringly one locality from another in the darkest night, after which he is directed to observe the following landmarks: 'Head of Island, Foot of Bend, Cut Bank, Willow Tow-head, Big Hollow, High Bluff, Point-on-Point, Dead Cottonwood Tree, Tall Sycamore,' with many more, all of which by association become indelibly painted upon the panorama of the mind, and when they are recognized by the cub they become welcomed companions to him in the darkness of the night—a warning sentinel by which he avoids the breakers and reefs ahead.

"He is now prepared to stand a watch, is no longer dubbed the cub, but is entitled to promotion and receives the cognomen of 'star gazer.'

"It was much harder when I began for one to learn than at present, for the country about Prairie du Chien was uninhabited, except by Indians and a few white traders, but now we have villages and cities from ten to twenty miles apart, with government lights located at every difficult crossing on the river. While on my first voyage I was directed on passing the head of Coon slough to hold her on Wild Cat bluff, where now nestles beneath its shadows the prosperous village of Brownsville, and on ascending ten miles farther up we land on the east side of Prairie du Chien, continuing then but two hours. The upper one was occupied by a Mr. Mirick, used jointly as a residence and warehouse, and 100 yards below stood a log hut tenanted by a Mr. White, while the barren sand banks intermediate were dotted with Winnegob wigwags.

"On this bleak and lonely sand prairie of the past we beheld at present a magical change. The name is abbreviated to plain La Crosse. Instead of two residents, we find here now a population of over 30,000 people. We hear the sound of the buzzing saw of mills less than a hundred yards apart for over five miles up and down the river, while in front along the shore are millions upon millions of pine lumber and saw logs awaiting to be towed down the river to supply the increasing demands of the great southwest.

"In place of one solitary steambot landing here semi-monthly, we see them come and go by the dozen every twenty-four hours, for more of them are owned in La Crosse than at any other point between St. Louis and St. Paul, and my companions in days of yore, with the fledglings of today, have organized a pilot association here with over 150 members, who question the propriety of the government in appointing an inspector whom they deem inexperienced.

"Again we are under way, passing upon our left majestic bluffs arising several hundred feet above the water's edge, while upon our right we view for miles in the distance the valley of Black river, whose pine timber has since added millions to the wealth of the pioneer settler. After steaming eighteen miles farther up this rock bound mountain shore I observed pine trees growing upon a ledge of rocks, and on the face below was etched the words 'George Catlin.' On viewing again this once familiar name, but by me then almost forgotten, my thoughts reverted quickly back to childhood's happy hours, passed in gathering gaudes along shore for this great American traveler, an ever welcome guest at the savage wigwag or princely palace. The grass over to the right hand shore, and the valley is in our rear, while in front we behold the greatest curiosity upon the Mississippi river, a conical island mountain, 500 feet in height, commonly called 'Mound Strogobolo,' by the early French voyageurs, La Montaigne que troupe a l'eau.—Chicago Times.

Frenchmen are noted for their punctiliousness, but they have no monopoly of that virtue. A nice sense of propriety occasionally crops out in quite unexpected quarters.

"Pat," said the superintendent of one of our New England manufacturers, "go down to the firm's office and wash the windows."

Pat presently appeared in the outer room with his bucket and sponges.

"And I was told to wash the windows in the firm's office," he said to one of the clerks.

"All right, that's it right in there," answered the clerk, pointing to the door.

"But they're in there," said Pat.

"Oh, never mind, go right in."

But Pat still hesitated. "Faith," said he, "an' would ye please be after goin' in an' introducin' me?"—Youth's Companion.

An Optimist. Jennie (mournfully)—Just look at our lovely green grass. Surely, when the snow comes, it will all die and wither.

### MY OLD UMBRELLA.

Oh! friend, neglected there you stand Behind my closet door, You've really grown too shabby now To carry any more. Around your rusty frame the silk In faded splendor clings, While numerous little gentled darms To you the sunlight bring.

I need the space you occupy Within my small domain; And yet to throw you out, I think, Would give me mental pain. Some sad and pleasant memories Enoble your quaint form. Outside of times you've sheltered me From sun as well as storm.

Yes, many a tramp, old friend, we've had In rain and pleasant weather; To weddings gay, and funerals sad We've often gone together. And when with merry friends I've climbed The mountains—you as prop Helped me to triumph over the rest By gaining first the top.

When in a crowded car I've gone, And could not get a seat, 'Twas your crook'd handle held the strap, And kept me on my feet. But far above your usefulness, One memory sweet I see, 'Tis this—'neath your protective shade My John proposed to me, —Elbow Hacking in Good Housekeeping.

### Patti's High Notes.

A writer in The London World says of Mme. Patti's terms for singing in concerts: "I had all my life had a weakness for ladies, and ladies have always had the weakness to know what is not their business, so I am going to betray a secret of the trade to the lady readers of this paper in order to let them get an insight into affairs discussed by every body, although 'everybody' knows nothing about what is really the matter. From all sides I hear of the greediness of Mme. Patti, the exorbitant prices she asks, and how she does not care whether the people in whose concert she sings are ruined so long as she receives her money. The fact is: Mme Patti receives for every concert in the Albert hall £700—an enormous amount, no doubt.

"Now let us see as to the ruin of the people who engage her. The expenses of the hall are about £100, other artists £200, advertising, etc., say £150; the whole forms £1,150 to £1,800 costs. The receipts of this first year's concert were about £1,700, of the second over £1,800, and the third will probably be still larger—that is to say, £500, £600 and £700 profit. I know that once in a concert in which she sang the expenses were a little over £1,200 and the receipts £2,143, with £153 taken for programme books. These are figures, not opinions. I have known what is perhaps still more astonishing. One evening the fog was so thick that I was reflecting whether I should go to the hall, imagining that Mme. Patti, whom I had to accompany, would not go. I went, however, after all, by the underground railway, and the receipts that evening left over £900 profit."

### A Persevering Prisoner.

"Perseverance will accomplish everything." I had these words for a writing lesson once and I shall never forget them. It is a great thing to have perseverance. There was once a man who was shut up in a dungeon with walls of feet thick, made of the hardest kind of stone. He had no tools except a pair of scissors his brother had sent him in a lot of bread, but he remembered that a drop of water will wear away a stone if it falls on the stone long enough, and that a coral worm, which is so small that you can hardly see it, will eat up and destroy a coral reef if you will only give it time enough. So he said that he would persevere and dig a hole through the wall of the dungeon with the scissors and escape if it took him a hundred years.

He had been digging about a year when the governor pardoned him and the jailer brought him the joyful news. But they couldn't get him to leave the dungeon. He told the jailer that he had undertaken to dig his way through the wall and escape to the way, and that he was going to stick to it, no matter how long it might take. The jailer told him to give it up and walk out of the door, and even offered him \$10 to give up his dungeon to a new lodger, but nothing could induce him to change his mind. So he staid in the dungeon and dug away at the wall for forty-seven years, and every six months he had to pay a big bill for damages to the jail, and he finally died when he was half through the wall. This shows what a splendid thing perseverance is, and that we all ought to persevere.—W. L. Alden.

### Tupper's Egotism.

Sir G—D—, a personage not unknown to fame, who had encountered the late Martin Farquhar Tupper on the Clyde steamer, and was accosted by him in these terms: "I perceive that I am not the only distinguished man on board." Mr. Tupper smiled not as he spoke, being quite in earnest and, indeed, wishing to pay Sir G— what he conceived to be a high compliment. This little incident occurred on deck. Presently Mr. Tupper went down into the cabin, but before doing so handed his umbrella to a young lady, a perfect stranger, to take care of it for him. "Young lady," he observed to the astonished recipient of the umbrella, "you will now be able to say in after life that you once held the umbrella of Martin Tupper." Same speechless expression as before. The story is told of Tupper that one evening he attended a dinner party after having lost his portmanteau in the afternoon, and at the table, when he had talked a great deal about his loss, a wit who was present interrupted him by saying: "If I had lost my portmanteau, Mr. Tupper, I, being an ordinary man, should have been justified in boring a dinner table with my grief. But you, Mr. Tupper—your philosophy is proverbial."—San Francisco Argonaut.

### Rat Plagues.

The plague which the agriculturists of Idaho are now suffering from the ravages of rats is not without precedent in Canada. The nearest approach to this rat plague is the plague of mice which visited Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in the early part of the century. As long ago as 1699 the warlike prevalence of mice in Prince Edward Island, or the Island of St. John as it was then called, was noted by the French settlers; and in 1774, both on that island and on the adjacent main land, a complaint arose that these animals were again too numerous and too familiar. In the latter year the mice visited the fields and ate up everything, including the potatoes, and having finished this disastrous work they turned their attention to literature, and consumed the leather binding of the settlers' books.—Ottawa Telegram.

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DENTISTRY. DR. H. K. SMITH'S DENTAL ROOMS. — OVER — A. H. FOSTER & CO'S STORE COCAINE USED IN EXTRACTING TEETH Jan. 5-1-ly. O. L. SCHUMPERT, T. R. BULLER, SOUTHERN TRADING U. S. OFFICERS BY SCHUMPERT & BUTLER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. 3 1-2 LAW RANGE, UNION, S. C. Business entrusted in our hands will receive our immediate attention. March 16-11-16.



## Tired, Weak, Nervous, Could Not Sleep.

Prof. L. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, says: "I was all run down, weak, nervous and irritable through overwork. I suffered from brain fatigue, mental depression, etc. I became so weak and nervous that I could not sleep. I would arise tired, discouraged and blue. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and now everything is changed. I sleep soundly, I feel bright, active and ambitious. I can do more in one day now than I used to do in a week. For this great good I give Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine the sole credit. It cures."

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 bottles for \$5.00. It will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

(For sale by B. F. Posey.)