

Gains From Regular Habits.

An English scientific philosopher lately made a half-playful, half-serious defense of the routine life of the man of "regular habits."

He insisted that in this busy age, when so many duties press upon an active man and there are so many things which unavoidably call for the exercise of attention, judgment, and decision every day, it is the part of wisdom—a real conservation of energy and nervous force—to settle as many as possible of the routine matters by a fixed habit of life.

There seems to be sense in the suggestion. Why should a man with anything important to do in the world tax the gray matter of his brain nearly every day to decide what he will eat or drink or wear, what his pleasures shall be and what his recreation, when he shall go to bed and when get up? Having arrived at years of discretion and discrimination, why can he not so order his life as to have these and kindred things come and go in a somewhat settled order?

To eat at regular hours the things he "finds good," according to Bacon's rule, abstaining from those that disagree with him; to rise, bathe, dress, exercise, work, rest, recreate and sleep after a regular order, is not to make a treadmill of life. It is to lay out a smooth road for journeying with the least possible friction and waste. "To choose time is to save time." A considerable proportion of the worry and waste of life comes from a needless jumbling of work and clashing of duties.

Whatever we may think of the method, the large majority of men who accomplish great things and live to a good old age are men of regular habits. It may be encouraging to such to know there is a scientific basis for their sticking to the ruts.—New York World.

A Mother's Story

"When my boy was 2½ years of age, a fall brought on his disease, which gradually grew worse. He could not walk, and we had him treated 9 months at the Children's Hospital in Boston. But when he came home he was worse, and the doctors said nothing could be done. I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla, and he improved at once. The 14 abscesses on his hip healed up, his appetite improved and he could walk, at first with crutches, then without. He is now perfectly well, lively as any boy." Mrs. Emma V. Duff, Wallpole, Mass.

HOOD'S CURES

crutches, then without. He is now perfectly well, lively as any boy." Mrs. Emma V. Duff, Wallpole, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or grip, but act promptly, easily and effectively. 25 cents.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S

READY RELIEF.

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Frostbites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN. Radway's Ready Relief is a SURE CURE for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN KILLER.

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Stomachic, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

BE SURE TO GET RADWAY'S.

DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,

Successfully Prosecutes Claims, Late Principal Examiner of the Patent Office.

30 years last war, 10 adjudicating claims, fifty since.

THE KIND THAT CURES



MRS. P. J. CROMWELL, Experience, N. Y.

A WORLD OF JOY IN FOUR WORDS!

"Two Bottles Cured Me!"

DANA SANSAPARILLA CO.

DEAR SIR—For years I have been troubled with Rheumatism, and later with Kidney Trouble. Nothing seemed to help me permanently until I tried

DANA'S SANSAPARILLA

and two bottles CURED ME.

Yours respectfully, MRS. P. J. CROMWELL.

Enclosure Co. This certifies that I know the above Mrs. P. J. Cromwell to be true, and one who can rely on whose word you can rely.

D. H. McKee, Judge of the Peace, Experience, N. Y.

Dana Sansaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

CHILD BIRTH... MADE EASY!

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientifically prepared Liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

WILL DO ALL that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book to "MOTHERS" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express on receipt of price \$1.50 per bottle.

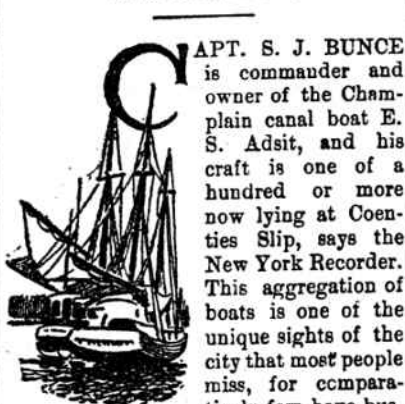
BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CANALERS' VILLAGE.

TOW-PATH MARINERS IN THEIR WINTER'S SNUG HARBOR.

A Merry Floating Settlement Temporarily Annexed to Gotham—The Social Side of Life on a Canal Boat.



APT. S. J. BUNCE is commander and owner of the Champlain canal boat E. S. Adsit, and his craft is one of a hundred or more now lying at Coenties Slip, says the New York Recorder. This aggregation of boats is one of the unique sights of the city that most people miss, for comparatively few have business along that part of South street.

It is well worth a visit, not only to look at the boats from the stringpiece of the pier, but to walk about upon them and call upon the people who live in them. The "canalers" are very hospitable people, and are rather pleased than otherwise at any attention paid them by strangers.

The basin between the piers at Coenties Slip is a genuine village in winter time, in most respects as different from the great city as if the inhabitants were living in some remote part of Ulster County. It is as if a rural community, with its peculiar customs, had been lifted up, houses and all, and set down at the edge of the city, there to remain a while, maintaining contentedly its rustic life, and having but slight communication with the busy town.

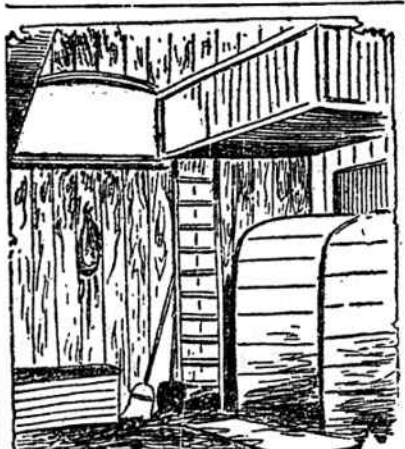
A reporter for the Recorder entered the canalboat village to learn what manner of existence might prevail there. He had been attracted to the spot by the spectacle it presented one pleasant afternoon. The white streets of the village—that is, the roofs or upper decks of the boats—were alive with women and children hanging out clothes. Posts had been set up on every boat to support the lines, and in a few minutes hundreds of garments—socks, shirts, skirts and so on—were flapping merrily in the breeze. There was an unconscious art in the picture, with bright red and dark blue skirts standing out



IN WINTER QUARTERS.

bodily as points of color here and there in the prevailing white. The next day not a sign of pole or clothesline could be seen anywhere about the village. It was evident that one of the unwritten laws of the community made that day a general wash day.

When the reporter began his investigation of the village he was directed to Captain Bunce as the "likeliest" man to give information. The captain, a tall, powerful looking man, was just leaving his boat, but he turned back willingly and led the way to the cabin. The roof of the cabin is about two feet above the level of the deck—or shall we say street? To enter the cabin, a hatch had to be pushed back and a tiny door opened. Then down a steep, narrow flight of stairs, and the captain was at home. People who feel cramped in an eight-room flat, and have to use an empty coal bin in the basement for storage purposes, would be woefully dismayed at the prospect of housekeeping in that place.



THE MULES' QUARTERS.

There are three rooms in Captain Bunce's home. The living room is perhaps as much as eight feet square. Two rooms open from it, one just large enough to hold a bed, with space to walk by it and turn around; the other sufficient for a cooking stove, with very little space left for the cook. Keep house in such quarters? Certainly! Captain Bunce does it and is bringing up a family there, too.

When the captain and his visitor entered Mrs. Bunce was attending to her housework, and two children were playing upon a couch. A third child was away at school. That makes a family of five living in apparent comfort and content in the E. S. Adsit, and, besides them, there is a frisky pet dog, and in summer time there is a hired man of the boat. A very cheery, neat little place is the captain's home. There are pictures on the walls, books and papers on a table, curtains at the little windows, a carpet on the floor—in short, everything except space that the most fastidious housekeeper could demand. "I suppose," said Mrs. Bunce, smiling, "that most housekeepers would wonder where I manage to put things. Well, I have all the room I need. The cabin, you see, really extends the whole width of the boat, and that part of it that is under the deck is made into a series of lockers."

"What do you do with the children at night?"

"The c-uch where the little ones are

playing now is made into a bed at night, and there's a berth just back of you." The reporter turned, and, raising a little curtain, saw a regular steamer berth made up for occupancy.

"Plenty of room, you see," said Mrs. Bunce. "If you understand how to economize. Why, in some of the cabins they have a parlor organ or an upright piano!"

"That implies some social life among canal people, doesn't it?" "Social? I should think so!" Mrs. Bunce spoke with enthusiasm. "We are all acquainted, and make calls back and forth just like other people. I've had as many as six callers at a time in here, all friends, who just happened to drop in about the same hour."



INTERIOR OF CABIN.

"Oh, yes," put in the captain, "we frequently arrange parties, and pass the jolliest kind of evening together. The entertainment? Oh, we tell stories and pop corn. This social life is maintained to a considerable extent, even during the working season. On the way up or down the river, in tows, it is the most natural thing in the world to pass from boat to boat, and visit friends. I came down the river once in a tow consisting

of 104 boats. That's about as many as there are in the slip now, and it means quite a population."

"You wouldn't think seriously of being seasick on a canal boat, would you?" asked Mrs. Bunce. "It does happen, though. I've been fearfully seasick. Oh, no, not in the canal, of course, but on the lakes. We go the length of Lake Champlain, you know, and there is sometimes dreadful weather there."

Leaving the quaint little home, the

captain and visitor went forward. The quarters for the crew were not very attractive, but they were no worse, apparently, than the accommodations for sailors on ocean steamers. Many of the boats have a stable for their horses or mules.

"When we tie up for the winter," said the captain, "we send the horses into the country to board. It costs too much to keep them here."

"Is your cargo on board?" "Yes. This time it consists of farm produce, though the Champlain canalers usually bring lumber. The cargo remains on board in my case for ninety days. I pay fifty cents a day for dock charges, and I get paid by the owners for storage. When the ninety days are up I shall discharge the cargo and go up the river as soon after that as the weather becomes suitable."

"What is the capacity of a canal boat, compared with a freight car?" On this boat we can put about 9000 bushels of wheat. They usually put about 1000 bushels upon a freight car. So, you see, a couple of our boats would load a very respectable freight train.

Some of the captains own their cargoes, going into the business as a speculation; others dispose of the goods on commission, and others still are simply common carriers. I own this boat and five others, but I'm not too good to run one of my boats myself. Boats like this cost about \$2800, and they last, with proper care, from fifteen to twenty years. I've known boats to last twenty-five years.

"I suppose," he continued, "that it must seem dull to you, this quiet life of the canal men, but I guess we average to be as contented and happy as most. It is mostly open air life in the summer, and never unhealthy. If people like good scenery they have an opportunity with us. When we tie up we can take in some of the pleasures of city life, if we want to. The women go ashore now and then, of course, to get provisions, and when we are on a trip they stop off occasionally for the same purpose. The boat, you see, becomes just as much home to us as your house on land."

There are three canal boat villages in this vicinity, besides the one at Coenties Slip—in Erie Basin, Brooklyn, at Jersey City, and at the foot of Fourteenth street, Hoboken. They are of the same character as the one at Coenties Slip, and are inhabited by the same kind, hospitable class of people.

Towboats Outpull Locomotives.

"The iron horse isn't in it with the towboat when it comes to handling freight," remarked a gentleman who has a predilection for the river. "The John Barrett," he continued, "arrived the other day from above with six model barges in tow containing potatoes, fire bricks and salt. One of them was loaded with 1400 barrels of potatoes, coopered. It would have taken ninety-three freight cars to hold these, and they would make a train three-quarters of a mile long. The other barges had the same capacity, so you see this tow was equivalent to four and a half miles of cars. Twenty-five locomotives would be necessary to move this freight on a railroad, which, on the river, one boat can easily manage."—St. Louis Post.

There are said to be 109,000 locomotives in the world.

An Aged Indian Princess.

A notable personage, frequently pointed out to newcomers and strangers at Seattle, Washington, is a real live American Princess. She is often seen seated on the sidewalk in an old, faded calico dress and a common woolen shawl wrapped about her shoulders. This is Princess Angeline, the daughter of Chief



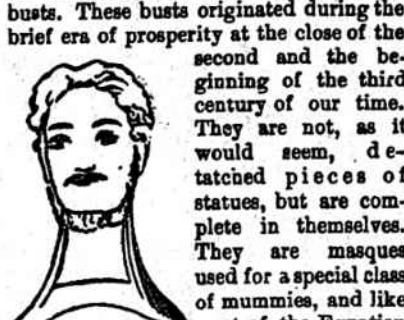
THE PRINCESS ANGELENE.

Seattle. She is very well treated by the older residents, and has only to ask them for anything she may want and it is given her. This is all owing to the fact that at an early day in the history of that part of the country, when the people were in constant danger from attacks of hostile tribes of Indians, she, at great personal danger to herself and after a long journey, came into the white settlement and warned the "pale faces" of a very formidable threatened attack of the Indians and by her timely aid saved the entire settlement, thus preserving their homes from destruction and their wives and children from captivity and massacre.

Her father, Seattle, was very kind and true in his friendship for the white race who had made their homes in the region of Puget Sound, sheltered by the snow-capped mountain heights, and now the grateful people have erected a monument to his memory upon his grave. A writer in the Detroit Free Press says it is not known just how old Princess Angeline is, but that she has passed the century mark seems beyond doubt. The accompanying portrait was made from a recent photograph.

A Roman Relic.

Four of the most remarkable Roman relics recently discovered have just been found in the Western Oasis of Thebes, and sent to the Louvre in Paris for exhibition. They are plaster casts of busts. These busts originated during the brief era of prosperity at the close of the



beginning of the third century of our time. They are not, as it would seem, detached pieces of statues, but are complete in themselves. They are masques used for a special class of mummies, and like most of the Egyptian curiosities come from the grave. The departed members of wealthy families were provided not only with sepulchres but with a sort of armor composed of several pieces which completely incased the body. The feet were thrust into a pocket shaped affair like a carriage foot warmer, and separate pieces were made for chest and neck, as well as the hair, with a mask for the face, which often resembled the features of the dead.

These peculiar coverings were made of several pieces of fine linen, which were glued together and pressed into a mould, then bedaubed with several layers of plaster, over which the artists traced the most peculiar characteristics of the defunct. Each bust is composed of several pieces, the face comprising one which is painted in deep yellow and other tints, as in the case of the Egyptian statues. Hair and beard are painted black. The mantle, part of which covers the back of the neck, is white, with purple stripes.—Post-Dispatch.

Match Box of Odd Design.

To what is the decorative craze coming? The latest object which it has attacked is the unassuming leg of a chick.



THE CHICKEN LEG TRANSFORMED.

en, and a newly killed chicken at that. The first step in the transformation is to pull up the tendons of the chicken's leg, so making the claw almost flat. Tie the tendons at the top of the leg with a piece of fine wire and then twist the wire in and out around them so that a sort of cup shape is formed. Take at egg, prick a hole in it, and pour it contents out; then break off the top. Cover the chicken leg and claw with bronze paint and gild the egg. Fill this with matches, and there you have a match case which will rival all others in oddity of design and peculiarity of origin. If there is any trouble to make the match case stand up with proper dignity this may be obviated by twisting fine wire in and out the toes of the claw until a round mat is formed. This should, of course, be gilded.—New York World.

A man is satisfied to make a reputation for himself, but woman, bless her, wants to make one for everybody in the neighborhood.—Elmira Gazette.

Colonel Joseph M. Bennett has given \$30,000 to the endowment fund of the Methodist Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia.

THREE TROUBLES.

Three things which all workingmen know give the most trouble in their hard-strain work are: Sprains, Bruises, and Soreness.

THREE AFFLICTIONS.

Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

THREE THINGS.

to do are simply these 3 Buy it and be promptly and permanently cured by the use of

A Fortune for a Snowdrift.

"The most artistic swindle known to the history of the Colorado mining industry occurred three years ago this winter at Georgetown," said Richard Beauchamp. "Georgetown is up in the mountains and in the center of a very rich mining country. In the winter snow drifts hundreds of feet deep among the mountains and packs down very hard. Two old miners ran a tunnel into the snow at the base of a mountain a distance of 300 feet, timbered it up nicely, plastered it with mud, and at the far end piled a quantity of very rich quartz. Then they went down to Denver and became acquainted with a couple of wealthy Englishmen, who had just come over to look for an investment for their spare cash that would pay a big divvy. They took them to Georgetown and showed them their tunnel and the El Dorado at the end of it. The tunnel, had it been really into the rocky mountain, would have represented thousands of dollars. The Englishmen were charmed with it and the prospect. They bought up the claim for \$80,000 spot cash, and went East to contract for quartz mill machinery. When they returned in the spring there was nothing left of the tunnel but the woodwork and a wagon load of quartz at the end. It was the most ridiculous sell ever known, and the most successful."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In all the Austrian Empire there are but 155 periodicals of every class.

Use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles— "Pre-eminent best."—Henry Ward Beecher.

We eat too much and take too little out-door exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

Nantahala—\$100 per acre. Every Shasharee acre a town lot. Fortunes in the South. Send for prospectus. A. J. McBride, Atlanta, Ga.

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