"Excuse me," said the stranger, may I ask if you are rich?" Somewhat surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well-to-do.

"May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?" Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand

"Indeed!" went on the stranger. "Then, if I were as rich as you, and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole carriage, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."-Household

Plenty of Chance at Home.

"What do you hear from Hiram?" Mrs. Sunup. "How's she doin' at col-"I sin't heard nothin' direct," was

the reply, "but it come to me in a round-about sort o' way thet he is sowin'a good deal of wild oats?" "What air ye goin' ter do?"

"Hev'im come home at once. I wrote 'im today that, ef he was so dead sot on agriculture, he might ez well stick to the farm."-Detroit Free Press.

Not Up in Literature. "She says she's from Boston and er college-gal, but I don't believe it, fer I asked her if she's ever read 'The Ear's Atonement,' 'A Terrible Secret, an' other works of literature, an' she hadn't read none of 'em."-Judge.

That Old Renner.

Father time, who "reaps the bearded grain at a treath, and the flowers that grow between," spares for a green and hale old age those who counteract the infirmities incident to increasing years with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For rheumatism, lumbago, poverty of the blood, dyspepsia, neuralgia and torpidity of the liver, use the great tonic and health pre-server methodically.

The greatest conqueror is he who can conquer himself.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

A bitter experience should admonish more prudence in future actions.

How's This! How's This!

We offer One Hundrod Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. tion made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,

Ohio.

WALDING, KINSAN & MARVIN, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle.
Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The management of the A. & W. P. R. R., always alive to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, will put on an extra sleeping car between Atlanta and New Orleans during the period of the Mardi-Gras festivities at the latter point. Diagrams are now ready at the office of Mr. Geo. W. Allen, T. P. A., No. 12 Kimball House, and those desiring to make this trip will do well to call on him some days in advance to secure sleeping car accommodations. dations. GEO. W. ALLEN, T. P. A., Atlanta, Ga. JNO. A. GEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Atlanta, Ga.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 59 cts., \$1. With Emphasis

we say that Ripans Tabules, the best and standard remedy for stomach and liver trou-bles, will cure your headache or bilious at-tack. One tabule gives relief. I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. -Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

I have nothing to sell, but will tell any af-flicted wom in how I was cure i after long suf-fering from female weakness. Address with stamp Mrs. H. Lamar, 129 Crew St., Atlanta, Georgia.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

At Every Twinge Of Rheumatism you should remember that relief is at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which settles in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and removes

ood's sarsa-Lecose

this taint. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla S seems cures Rhaumatism when all other remedies have failed. Give it a fair trial. "I suffered intensely with Rheumatism,

but Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured me." HABRY F. PITTARD, Winterville, Ga. Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic



Douglas 53 SHOE IS THE BEST. FRENCH & ENAMELLES CALF. 4.9350 FINE CALF&KANGAROO \$3.50 POLICE,3 SOLES. \$250 \$2 WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE \$2.\$1.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. SADIES.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactory They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.



PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE CALF PATH. One day through the primeval wood

A calf walked home as good calves should But made a trail all bent askew, A crooked trail as all calves do. Since then two hundred years have fled And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail And thereby hangs my moral tale. The trail was taken up next day By a lone dog that passed that way; And then a wise bell-wether sheep Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep And drew the flock behind him, too, As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade Through those old woods a path was made. And many men wound in and out, And dodged and turned and bent about, And uttered words of righteous wrath Because 'twas such a crooked path : But still they followed-do not laugh-The first migrations of that calf;

And through this winding wood-way stalked.

This forest path became a lane That bent and turned and turned again; This crooked lane became a road Where many a poor horse with his load Toiled on beneath the burning sun, And traveled some three miles in one. And thus a century and a half They trod the footsteps of that calf. The years passed on in swiftness fleet, The road became a village street,

And this, before men were aware, A city's crowded thoroughfare. And soon the central street was this Of a renowned metropolis,

And men two centuries and a half Trod in the footsteps of that calf. Each day a hundred thousand rout Followed'this zigzag calf about :

And o'er his crooked journey went

The traffic of a continent. A hundred thousand men were led By one calf near three centuries dead. They followed still his crooked way And lost one hundred years a day.

For thus such reverence is lent To well-established precedent. A moral lesson this might teach Were I ordained and called to preach. For men are prone to go it blind

And work away from sun to sun They follow in the beaten track, And out and in, and forth and back, And still their devious course pursue To keep the path that others do.

Along the calf paths of the mind;

Who saw the first primeval calf. Ab, many things this tale might teach-But I am not ordained to preach. -Sam Walter Foss, in Buffalo Express.

But how the wise old wood-go is laugh,

MYRTLE'S MARRIAGE,

BY TELEN PORREST GRAVES.



DREARY place, said Hugh Keppel to himself, with a shrug of the shoulders, "but The damp, brown leaves were matted by rain and tem-

had drifted up around the steps; the vine which garlanded the old tower had lost its scarlet glow in the cold touch of snow and frost; the cedars shuddered in the blast. For Keppel Tower was on a commanding hill, which, although delightful enough in summer, was not

month of December. Mr. Keppel had been absent for three months, and this was his first self. "One woman will be very much home-coming since he had returned | the same to me as another, now that I

His mother's eyes brightened as she stood-a commanding figure in black | Alice will not be unwilling to be the satin and rich old Mechlin lace-beside the fire in the round drawingroom, with one hand on the goldheaded cane which was her constant support, the other extended toward

"You are back again," she said. 'Oh, Hugh, I thought you never would return to me!"

The room was very pretty, with the cheerful firelight flickering on the blue-and-white tiles of the chimneypiece, the curtains of wine-colored plush, the decorations of old-gold ribhons, ancient brass and art em-

Alice Amadine's taste—the taste of the Grange. distant cousin who had always lived with Mrs. Keppel since Hugh was a

They had grown up together, in might eventually marry Alice. But Hugh Keppel, with all a man's

perversity, had rather chosen to fall the evergreen thicket on her way in love with Myrtle Vennor, the blueeyed daughter of the old judge who lived in the pretty country house two miles down the river.

To-be-sure-which was some comfort to Mrs. Keppel-there was no regular engagement; but every one knew that the young people liked one

"Don't mind, aunty, dear," said Alice Amadine, with her gracious smile and slow, musical accents. "Love can neither be bound in fetters nor driven in harness. Myrtle Vennor is a very sweet girl, and no doubt

everything is for the best." "My love," said Mrs. Keppel, kissing Alice's rich brunette cheek, "you are an angel, and how Hugh can be so blind is far beyond my

compreheusion." "I can endure anything so long as you love me," said Alice Amadine, ef-

fusively returning the caress. Alice was as beautiful as ever in

her garnet-red gown, with cardinal roses in her hair, as she smiled her greeting and presently they were seated at the little round table at tea, by the softened light of a student-

"And how are the Vennors?" said Hugh, after he had inquired after ing her fur-glove, hands. every one else, vaguely hoping that Alice or his mother would mention that I have no idea of being marthe subject without his suggestive ried?"

question. "Oh," smiled Alice, carefully measuring out the exact number of drops self saw your wedding dress being of thick cream which Mrs. Keppel liked in her tea, "the Vennors are very gay this season! They are to remain at the Grange until Twelfth plexity, and then it cleared instantly. Night, and there are all sorts of balls and parties and festivities going on. And the last time I was at Mrs. Torrence's, the dressmaker, I saw Myrtle's wedding dress being made."

"Her wedding dress?" echoed "And, oh," said Alice, still intent | not true."

on the duties of the table, "it was such a beauty! Old white brocade, trimmed with lace that must have been perfectly priceless, and a white quenched in coming tears. velvet tablier front breadth. Auntie, will you have some preserved cher- cried Hugh, in a voice that shook with ries? And there were flowers embroid- repressed emotion. "Let there be no Vennors so very rich, Hugh?" "Then she is going to be married?"

lower lip. "Myrtle Vennor-I could in his. not have believed it. And never to tell me! Alice Amadine laughed softly. crets to her miscellaneous gentlemen

he exclaimed, gnawing fiercely at his

belonged to the secretive kind, you "Who is he?" he asked, hoarsely. 'The man, I mean?" "How am I to know?" said Alice, rtlessly. "Colonel Fitz Urse has een staying at the Grange all the autumn, and Doctor Fenimore, from

young Yale collegians, and-oh, dear, at him. Myrtle is very gay this year!" Hugh sat silently looking into the fire. The poisoned arrow had sped to its destination, as Alice Amadine well | brightly. "News that Myrtle Vennor knew. All the life and animation had | will become my wife soon; news that gone out of him that night; and when the false report of her marriage to he had departed to his room in the any one else is utterly unfounded." central round-tower, where the win-

take a dose of quinine, but one feels guilt. so much better after it. Well, this news is a dose of quinine to poor, dear

this like deceit?"

"Where is the deceit?" lightly questioned Miss Amadine. "I did see the wedding dress, didn't i? The very one that Myrtle's mother wore when cruelly smitten down-for women are she was married, and that Myrtle herself is to wear next New Year's week. Auntie, you know as well as I do that Hugh never would have been happy with that silly, frivolous little Myrtle "No." said Mrs. Keppel, slowly,

do not believe that he would. Oh, Alice, it is my hope and my prayer that he may marry you!"

"Wait!" said Alice, composedly smoothing the plush table cover. 'Don't you remember the old Spanish proverb-'that all things come to those little patience, auntie. There is noth- at noon. ing in all the world so easy to catch as a heart in the rebound." And in the meantime, sweet Myrtle

Vennor secretly devoured her own heart, and wondered why Hugh Kepel never came to the Grange. "Can it be that he has forgotten ne?" she asked herself, "After all

that he has looked and spoken—after he flowers he gave me, and the little, old fashioned ring with the black pearl, hat he placed on my finger? Do men's hearts change in such a fickle fashion Myrtle Venner was as unlike Alice

Amadine as a sweet English rose is unlike a vivid cactus bloom. She was fair and delicate, with a complexion like pink and pearl; bright hair shot with golden threads, and

blue, deep eyes, full of wistful, appealing light; and her nature, too, was dissimilar to that of the wily brunette. It was, therefore, her first impulse to go to Hugh Keppel, and ask him

But Myrtle had all a woman's pride, and so she kept within her own heart the secret of her grief.

what dark shadow had come between

And Alice Amadine was well pleased at the success of her subtle scheme, feeling, as she did, that Hugh was without its disadvantages in the drifting slowly and simlessly into her toils.

"Why should I not?" he asked himhave lost confidence in Myrtle. My mother is fond of Alice, and I think mistress of Keppel Towers.'

And he made up his mind one chili, bright day, when the hard frozen snow gleamed white in the valleys and the hemlocks were weighted down with feathery fringes of pearl to settle the matter definitely that self-same evening.

"It will make my mother happy, he thought. "And as for myself, what avails it?'

Yet, nevertheless, a pang came through his breast as he stood there, under the shadow of the giant forest oak trees, where, last year, he and Myrtle had gathered mistletoe to In all these thirgs he recognized adorn the great saloon at Vennor is to be known as the "Brace Memorial

"Never again!" he muttered between his teeth. "My lost Myrtle, never again!"

A slight step on the crackling snow fact, and Mrs. Keppel had made no the gleam of a scarlet cloak, disturbed secret of her earnest wish that Hugh the melancholy thread of his meditations, and, turning, he saw that Myrtle Vennor herself had merged from across the glen, and stood there, with cheeks glowing with exercise, and large, startled eyes.

"Mr. Keppel!" she exclaimed. "Myrtle!" he responded, taken by surprise.

"I-I did not know that you were here," said she, in hurried accents. 'I hope you are quite well. We are having lovely winter weather. Good morning!"

And she would have gone had he not out forth his hand to check her flying "Do not go, Myrtle," he said. 'There is no reason why we should

void each other." "You have avoided me!" she flashed "But I will not hereafter," said he

rying to speak composedly. "Besides, I have not yet congratulated you, Myrtle." "Upon what?" she said. "Upon

"No, upon your marriage." "Mr. Keppel," she cried, flushing to the roots of her hair, "you are willfully insulting me-"I, Myrtle?"

the loss of my faith in mankind?"

"Then why do you use such language as that?" cried Myrtle, wringshould know better than you that-

"You cannot deceive me, Myrtle, he said, sadly. "Alice Amadine hermade. She told me." "My wedding dress!" For a second

Myrtle's brow contracted with per-'Oh, I know now!" she cried. "She gown that Miss Torrance is remaking for the tableau vivants next week. when I am to be Ginerva, in 'The Old Oak Chest.' But as for my being married, Alice Amadine knew that was

Her cheek kindled with crimson bloom; her lip quivered; the blue lightning of her indignant eyes was

"Speak those words again. Myrtle!"

ered in seed-pearl on the sashes, too mistake in a matter that is so vitally utterly levely to describe. Are the essential to my happiness. You are not to be married this next week?" "I am not," she answered, earnestly. He took the little, trembling hand

"Sweet Myrtle, forgive me?" he said. "But my heart was torn with hot jealously and burning anguish. I be-"Dear me, Hugh," said she. "As lieved that you were lost to me, and if a girl confided that sort of her se- life was scarcely worth having without your love. Now let us begin the world friends! And Mrytle Vennor always over again. Promise me, dearest, to become my wife. Let no more cruel doubts rise up between us forevermore. Will you promise, Myrtle." And Myrtle answered, in scarcely andible tones:

"I promise!" Hugh Keppel's face was radiant when he came back to the round draw-New York, comes there often; and ing room at the Towers that afterthere's Mr. Atwater, and those two noon. His mother looked earnestly

"Dear Hugb," she said, "you have had good news." "The best of news," he answered.

And as he spoke, he looked full into dows looked out on the surging tops Alice Amadine's face. She colored deeply under the scorching light of of the cedar grove, Alice laughed his eyes; but she knew that it would "Dear auntie," said she, "do not look so grave! It isn't pleasant to to show any consciousness of her own

"Dear me!" said she, smiling as graciously as ever, "what ridiculous stories do get trumped up among the "Alice," said the old lady, "do you neighboring gossips! And so you are think we have done right? Is—is not to be married, Hugh? I am sure I wish you every happiness." And no one who saw Alice Aman-

dine at that moment would have dreamed that her life hopes had been heroes at heart. - Saturday Night.

The "Boom, Boom" of the Blasts.

People within ten miles of the valley of the Des Plaines River, in Illinois, can hear the dinner-bell of the sanitary canal. They know when the low growls of the exploding dynamite come from the rock-cut that hundreds of tons of limestone are breaking away from the bed-rock and that thousands of laborers are cleaning the plates on the mess tables in the conwho know how to wait?' Only have a tractors' camps, for the blasts are shot Visitors are first warned of their

danger by the red flag which is always displayed near the face of the working where the rock is to be blasted, and they receive another warning from the men who scramble from the floor of the cut to the surface on their way to dinner. The "boom, beom" of the blasts rolls along the canal from one end of the rock-cut to the other, for it is dynamite which is cleaving a way through the backbone of the divide preparing a bed for the great river which is to carry Lake Michigan's waters to the Mississippi. Before the canal is completed thousands of tons of dynamite will have been exploded, for it is estimated that for every cubic yard of rock half a pound of dynamite is used.

The three-legged rock drills drive a series of holes across the canal; the channeling machines cut narrow furows twelve feet deep along the sides of the canal, and then a man-with a wooden ramrod drives dynamite cart-ridges into the holes. At noon a pressure of the finger on an electrical button explodes the mine and a mass of rock 300 feet long, seven to nine feet deep and from ten to twelve feet thick is shattered into pieces which can be handled by the men who load the skips and buckets of the convey-

A dynamite cartridge is about eight inches long, an inch and a quarter in diameter and weighs about half a pound. It is shipped to the canal from the factories in wooden boxes, which hold fifty pounds of the explosive, and comes a carload at a time. The dynamite used in the rock-cut is known as forty per cent. dynamite, and, contrary to the general belief, can be thrown from the top of the Masonic Temple to the ground without exploding, for it is made of forty per cent. nitro-glycerine and sixty per cent. "dope."-Chicago Record.

Growth of Agricultural Schools, A very gratifying announcement is that of the opening recently of a well equipped agricultural school at Kensico, Westchester County, N. Y. The school has been established and will be maintained by a private bequest, and Training Farm." The building which is to shelter the young farmers is three stories in height, built in the old Colonial style of architecture, and is large and roomy enough to accommodate 100 students. A number of earnest young men have been enrolled, and the work gives every promise of being highly successful. In this connection it will be interesting, perhaps, to note the progress of similar institutions throughout the country. In fourteen States schools devoted to this special work are maintained for both white and colored students. The total number of institutions offering courses in agriculture is sixty-five. In these institutions the college course leading to a degree in agriculture extends over a period of three or four years, while there are shorter courses in dairying and similar work, which cover only a few months. Besides these there are courses of lectures on farming given in various localities by members of the faculties of these colleges. These courses are particularly popular. Some idea of the extent of this work may be gained from the following figures taken from the United States Agricultural Report: The total number of professors in the faculties of these several colleges numbered in the past year 1282; the total number of students, 17,623; the total revenue of those institutions for the year was \$4,024,132; and the value of additions to their equipment is placed at \$1,481,-

The Earth's Heart May Grow Cold. Referring to the warmer climate which is evidence. I as having existed at one time all over the earth, Sir William Thompson says: "The earth might be a globe of white hot iron, covered with a crust of rock 2000 feet thick, or there might be an ice-cold temperature within fifty feet of the surface, yet the climate could not on that account be sensibly different from what it is, or the soil be sensibly more or less genial than it is for the roots of trees or smaller plants." must have meant mamma's wedding Manifestly, therefore, the duration of life upon the surface can in no way be dependent upon the length or intensity of heat supply from the iuterior. This, it is claimed, could not at the present time melt a millimeter thickness of ice. -- Chicago Herald,

## BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

recautionary - Self-Flattery - A

Noble Aspiration - A Remedy Suggested-What It Was-Real Easy, Etc. She shook him once-she shook him twice.

Yet he was not forsaken; Third asking she accepted—'twas "Well shaken before taken."

SELF-FLATTERY. She-"I'm sorry I married you." He-"You ought to be. You cut some nice girl out of a mighty nice husband."-Life.

A NODLE ASPIRATION. She -"What is the height of your

He (admiringly)—"About five feet seven inches." -St. Louis Democrat. DESADEUL THOUGHT.

ambition, Jack ?"

Clara-"He has proposed three or four times and I don't know whether accept him or not.' Maude--"I would. should stop?" -Judge.

WHAT IT WAS. "Timmins's five thousand dollars lid not go very far in speculation, did "No. It was only a drop in the

bucket shop."-Washington Star. THE ONE WHO PROFITED Mrs. Visitor-"I hear that you have

gained your lawsuit: and now, of course, you will go abroad." Mrs. Athome-"Oh, no! We can't afford to-but our lawyer sails next week."-Trnth.

VERY DISAPPOINTING.

"So the old man is diappointed in "Yes; he sent him to college and

thought he'd amount to something, but all they could make of him was a Greek professor."-Judge. WHAT COULD HE SAY? The young man clutched his elderly

asked, "when a young woman asks him if he thinks she is as old as she

friend in a trantic grasp.
"What ought a feller to say,

looks?"--Indianapolis Journal.

WOMAN NEEDED. Bobby-"Pop, what's a miracle?" Fond Parent-"A miracle, Bobby, s that which cannot be accomplished by man alone."

Bobby-"Is getting married miracle, Pop?"-New York World. A REMEDY SUGGESTED. Author-"I am troubled with in-

somnia. I lie awake at night, hour after hour, thinking about my literary Friend- "Why don't you get up and read portions of it?"—Harlem

QUITE A DIFFERENT MATTER.

the contrary. I had to sell one.

Harvard Lampoon.

Miss Blanc (contemptuously)-"That's a nice looking watch; did you have to buy a suit of clothes to get that?" John Ware (reflectively) - "No; on

Trivvet- "Miss Flopp claims to have made a thousand refusals of offers of marriage."

Dicer--"That's easily explained. When young Callow asked her to marry him, she replied, 'No, a thousand times no." -Truth.

for you this year?" Tommy-"Yes'm." "Is it because you have a new teacher?" Tommy--"No, ma'am; it's 'cause I ain't got no 'rithmetic."--Inter-Ocean.

"Well, Tommy, is arithmetic easy

A SUBSTITUTE FOR DINNER. Edwin-"What! nothing in the house to eat, dearest? Why, I gave you a check this morning. Angelina-"Yes, I know; but I saw the most lovely Burmese gong-awfully fashionable just now, you know -and I couldn't resist the temptation

to buy it.' Edwin-"But what shall we do for dinner?" Angelina-"We can listen to the

gong."-London Globe. RETROGRESSION.

A large company was gathered at the table d'hote, as is usual in the modern romance. The large lady had just troubled the bald gentleman for the vinegar. "No," she was saying, "women will

not go backward." "Except when she gets off a street car," observed the cynic, who had been hitherto silent. The youth with the blonde mustache got choked with his soup, but

said nothing .- Detroit Tribune. ENTHUSIASTS. A fearful sound burst upon the air. It was the voice of a woman.

On closer analysis it proved to be the combined voices of several wo-"Have courage," shouted the brave youth who is always at hand when there is feminine distress, "I will

And in reply came the chorus of inlignation: "You horrid thing! Go 'way from here. We girls have just joined this seminary, and we are practising our

ave vou.

college yell."—Washington Star.

There is nothing like the heartlessness of a man. There is a pretty little bride here in Washington who is just coming to know that. She fell out with her newly-acquired husband the other day. I forget quite what it was about, but it seems to me he had said things about a new gown of hers. At any rate, life was no longer worth living. She shut herself in her room and cried till her head ached. Then she bathed her eyes, brushed a fluff of powder over her red nose, and called cily to her husband: "Fred." said she, "bring me a spoon, please; I'm going to take poi-

"Yes, dear," answered the heartless monster from below; "do you want a leaspoon or a tablespoon."-Washing-

The mole is not blind, as many per-

ons suppose. Its eye is hardly larger

than a pinhead, and is carefully pro-

tected from dust and dirt by means of

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A fool's eyes are always being put

A lie will often kill where a shotgun vouldn't. Sooner or later pride is sure to step on dynamite.

The back that won't bend will some

day have to break. Life is not worth living unless you live it for somebody else.

A lazy man is always talking about how hard he has to work. You can tell by the flavor of the honey where the bees have beer.

The days are never long enough for the man whose heart is in his work, Some people forget that there is a good deal of gospel in a handshake.

You have won the love of others when you prove that you love them. The man who speaks the truth in love will always talk to some purpose. The right kind of believing never fails to bring the right kind of a bless-

Nine troubles out of ten will run when you look them squarely in the

How quick the peacock drops his feathers when he catches sight of his black feet. Comparing your sins with those of

other people will not make your sinning any safer. Before you open the window in a

railway car, be sure you are pleasing some one besides yourself. It is more needful to be able to suffer long and be kind, than it is to preach with the tongue of an angel.

It is hard for the world to believe that the sinner who rides in a carriage is made out of the same kind of clay as the one who steals his bread. Ram's Horn. No Horses Needed for This Vehicle.

A horseless carriage went skimming

along the smooth asphalt of Fourteenth street, in the vicinity of Cherry street, Kansas City, Mo., fulfilling Mother Shipton's prophecy "that carriages without horses shall run." and terrifying two negroes who saw sparks and apparently sulphurous flames issuing from under it. The vehicle was an electric carriage of Kansas City invention and manufacture. With the exception of one used during the World's Fair, this is said to be the only electric carriage in the United States, although some similiar ones are used in the Old World. The machine works perfectly. A speed of eleven miles an hour was obtained. The carriage is about the size of an

ordinary vehicle. One seat holding three persons fills the front and another one that will accomodate a similar number faces to the rear. A storage battery, composed of five series of five cells each, furnishes a current of 671 ohms, and the cells are arranged in three tiers beneath the seats. The wheels are of wood, with india rubber cushions on the tires. The hind wheels, which are three feet, two inches in diameter, have on their inner sides a cast iron flange twentysix inches in diameter and five inches wide. Power from the battery is communicated to the flange by a rawhide friction pulley, revolving from 600 to 1000 times a minute, and is capable of being elevated or depressed at will by the driver by means of levers, on which he places his feet. The steering is done by a toothed segment and pinion attached to the axle of the ore wheels and handled by a steering post manipulated by the driver with his hands. The carriage can make quick, short turns. The storage batteries will run the machine aboutseven or eight hours. The carriage weighs about 2000 pounds and is quicker and lighter than the European

coaches. - Chicago Herald. Popular Ideas of Inventors. In a recent address Alexander Sie-

mens said that it is a popular superstition that the inventors are heaven made, and that they can produce useful novelties to order in any branch of manufacture where a want exists, if only their attention is drawn to it. "The history of the invention of the steam engine," he added, "is a wellknown illustration of the point I wish to emphasize. According to the popular version, Watt, a small boy, saw the lid of a teakettle move up and down when the water was boiling, and this suggested to him the construction of a steam engine. As a mater of fact Watt made himself acquainted with what had been done before (a point altogether ignored in the popular version), and had to work very hard before he brought his invention to a successful issue. His example is typical of the true method of progress, and we may generally say that in order to approach a problem with the

most certain prospect of success it is necessary:
"1. To define, as accurately as possible, the want that exists, or the particular object that is to be attained. "2. To be well acquainted with the scientific principles which come into

"3. To know how the want is met, or the object attained in practical life. "4. To find out what proposals have been made by others in the same or in a similar case.
"A careful attention to these re-

quirements will prevent much disappointment and waste of energy, as will be obvious to all of you without further explanation." -- Scientific American.

Baby Saved From Rats by a Hawk,

A barn belonging to Edgar Put-

nam, of Sugar Loaf Hill, Penn., burned in the fall, and the next day an army of rats flocked into Mr. Putnam's house and attacked the baby in the cradle. Mrs. Putnam was working in the buttery, and the cries of the infant were so different from what they generally were that she rushed to it in great haste. She found rats climbing and pushing one another all over the cradle. A tame hea hawk named Dick was doing his best to protect the baby by catching the rats right and left, giving each a squeeze and then dropping it. Mrs. Putnam seized her little one and started for the next room. The ravenous rodents clung to her skirts, and the hawk pulled them off and pinched them fatally, working as though he knew that the infant was in danger. Dick flapped and hopped and flung the rats around until Mrs. Putnam got out of the room without any of them clinging to her clothing. The helpless lit-tle child was badly bitten on the face and hands, and Mrs. Putnam said afterward that the blood-thirsty rats would surely have killed the baby if the watchful hawk had not sailed into them almost as soon as they swarmed

floor. - New York Sun. The estimated population of the world in 1893 was 1,500,000,000.

To the Younger Cooks,

the beginners in the art of bread and cake making, there is no aid so

## Royal Baking Powder.

great, no assistant so helpful, as the

It is the perfect leavening agent and makes perfect food. Do not make a mistake by experimenting with any other.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW. You may not know, and if you do

not, you will find it useful to bulletin in the kitchen the fact: That slamming the door of the oven will make cake "fall."

That a little knowledge, far from be ing dangerous, often saves the cook' cookery from disaster. That plunging macaroni for a sin-

gle minute in a bath of cold water after it has been cooked tender in boiling salted water prevents it being own selfishness in giving him money

and another of corn starch beaten in with extravagant ideas, and stealing is with the volks of eggs will keep an a natural second step when parental whites stiff and cut them into the Record.

two-thirds of Java (or thereabouts) gives the rich, dark tint and peculiar flavor of French after-dinner "black coffee. That a couple of sheets of big newspaper wrapped about ice will keep it

half as long again as ice that is uncov-

ered. The paper is much more cleanly

than a piece of blanket, as it can be removed daily. That shaking potatoes after the jackets are off for a minute at the open window will make them "mealy." cold draught causes the starch cells to burst open, making the feathery white flakes that are in such agreeable contrast to the sodden mass served too often for a potato.

That the secret of making sponge cake is not to beat the air all out of the eggs after it is once beaten. Beat the rolks to a mass of bubbles, and the whites a stiff froth. Then cut them into each other with a few crosswise thrusts of a fork, and cut the eggs into the cake mixture in the same fashion. Do not beat the cake after the eggs are added.

theosophy, Mr. Slogo?" she asked, with deadly sweetness in her tones.

ned "I have often thought how per-

fectly charming it would be to send one's astral self down into the parlor to entertain, while one's real tired self was sound asleep." The ticking of the clock became so painfully loud that the young man was forced to look at it and suddenly dis-



Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better man others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-

gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-

ufactured by the California Fig Syrup

Co. only, whose name is printed on every

package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not

ancept any substitute if offered.

Children and Money.

Do not indulge the habit of giving your children money in an indiscriminate manuer to spend as they like. It leads to a great many ills, not the least of which is an impaired digestion from overeating. A child who has a penny or nickel every time he asks for it can soon make himself ill eating the cheap candy and cakes put up to look so attractive on the outside, and then you rush off for a doctor and fill the child up with medicine as a result of your to get rid of his importunities. Then That's pinch of powdered sugar, it is apt to make the child grow up

## MEDICAL DISCOVERY

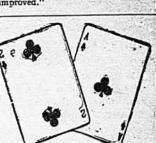
Many years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., com-pounded this medicine of vegetable ingredi-ents which had an especial effect upon the ents which had an especial check about the stomach and liver, rousing the organs to healthful activity as well as purifying and enriching the blood. By such means the stomach and the nerves are supplied with pure blood; they will not do duty without it. stomach and the factors are supplied by one blood; they will not do duty without it any more than a locomotive can run without coal. You can not get a lasting cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by taking artificially digested foods or pepsin—the stomach must do its own work in its own way. Do not put your nerves to sleep with so-called celery mixtures, it is better to go to the seat of the difficulty and feed the nerve cells on the food they require. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness and Nervous Affections, such as sleeplessness and weak, nervous feelings are completely cured by the "Discovery." It puts on healthy flesh, brings refreshing sleep and invigorates the the "Discovery." It puts on healthy flesh, brings refreshing sleep and invigorates the

whole system. That Young Man Again.

"Did you ever pay any attention to heosophy, Mr. Slogo?" she asked, with

The young man admitted that he had ot.

"Oh, it is just lovely," she continual strength. My liver was dreadfully



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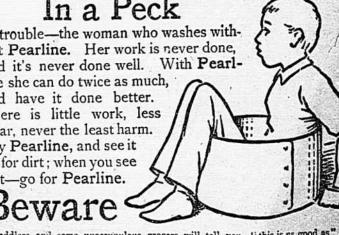
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ine she can do twice as much, and have it done better. There is little work, less wear, never the least harm. Try Pearline, and see it go for dirt; when you see dirt-go for Pearline.

into the house. When Mrs. Putnam returned to the room Dick was still Beware killing rats, and he didn't let up until more than thirty lay dead on the Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the

same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation has bonned with back 255 an imitation, be honest-send it back.

and it's never done well. With Pearl-

omelet from collapsing. Beat the indulgence has worn out.-Chicago to one-third of a cup of Mocha and two-thirds of Java (or thereshorts)