gregate of \$1,250,000,000 chargable to Indians to date. The Indian wars under the government of the United States are stated to have numbered more than forty, and to have cost the lives of about \$19,000 white men, women and children, including about five thousand killed, in individual encounters, of which history takes no note, and of thirty thousaud Indians, including 8,500 killed in personal encounters .- Globe Demo-

But She Was Wrong.

When the crowd was filing out from the theater young Mr. Youngly stepped on the pretty girl's dress. 'Oh, shoo!" the pretty girl exclaimed, as she was thus suddenly hove

Young Mr. Youngly saw his opportunity.

"Don't shoo me," he smartly said. "I'm no cow." "No," the pretty girl made answer, as she swept demurely past, "but you

will be when you grow up.' And it was seven or eight minutes before young Mr. Youngly could light his eigarette. - Rockland Tribune.

Would Make an Alteration. Biggerstaff-Young Huggins says he adores the very ground Miss Fosdick

walks on. Timberwheels-He wouldn't have such an affection for it if he knew it was mortgaged to its full value. - Dctroit Free Press.

Open the Safety Valve When there is too big a head of steam on, or

you will be in danger. Similarly, when that you will be in danger. Similarly, when that important safety valve of the system, the bow is becomes distructed open it promptly with Hostetter's Stomath Bitter, and guard ngainst the consequences of its closure. Billiousness, dy-pep in, malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaint, nervousness and neuralsia are all subjugated by this pleasant but potent conqueror of disease. The first and last thing required of genius

Dr. Ki mer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y. There is even a happiness that makes the

Miss Brown of Dalton.

By the simple Wine of Cardui Treatment of Female Diseases, thousands of afflicted women are restored to health every year. It corrects the menstrual irregularities from which nearly all women suffer, and is being universally used for that purpose now. Ask your druguist for McElree's Wine of Cardui. Speaking of this class of women diseases, Miss Laura P. Brown, of Dalton, Ga., says: "I have been suffering from excessive menses for two years, constantly getting worse, and I feel that McElree's Wine of Cardul has saved my life. I looked forward to each month and thought I could not endure such misery another time. I can't express my gratitude for the wonderful relief."

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions. Nerves irritated by tobacco, always crav-ing for stimulants, explains why it is so bard to swear off. No-To-Bae is the only guaranteed tobacco habit cure because it acts directly on affected nervo centers, destroys ir-ritation, promotes digestion and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk. No-To-Eaois sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Always Cures
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bad Breath, Debility,
Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Distress
After Eating, and all evils arising from a
weak or disordered stomach. It builds up
from the first dose, and a bottle or two will
cure the worst cases, and insures a good appetite, excellent digestion and result in vigorous health and buoyancy of spirits. There is
no better way to insure good health and a
long life than to keep the stomach right.
Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is guaranteed to
do this. The Tranquillzing After-Dinner
Drink. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured
by C. O. Tyner, Atlanta.

They Call It Overwork. Bus ness requires a clear head; yet how few business men-with all their sense-realize what is the troub e with their heads. They what is the trouble with that heads, that it call it ever-work, worry, anythine but what it call it is it is it is stealthiet of at near su-unly comes disguised as something else. Wouldn't you be convinced if a box of R pans Tabules cleared your head and brightened up the business outlook?

"I Have Tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," -avs a mother, and so will you when you know its revitalizing properties. W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writest "Suffered with Catarrh for fitteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Drugglets, 75°.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a dector's bid.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children

teeting, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle Summer

Weakness Is caused by thin, weak, impure blood. To have pure blood which will properly sustain your health

and give nerve strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla

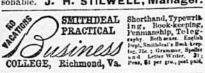


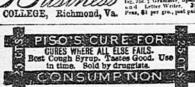
FOOD NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS

CHILDREN * JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. *

Brunswick, Ca.

This is the finest Hotel in its appointment This is the mess froct in table is supplied south of Baltimore. The table is supplied with all the delicacies the market can afford. The Cui-ine is excellent, and service prompt the cui-ine is excellent, and service prompt. and attentive. Open all the year. Rates reasonable. J. H. STILWELL, Manager.





"A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE AIR." | make quite a nice looking woman," There is a bird I know so well, It seems as if he must have sung

And snow returns to hide the earth;

And waits for May. He lingers long

While flowers fade: and every day

Repeats his small, contented lay;

The season's change, if love is here

He does not wear a Joseph's coat

Of many colors, smart and gay;

His suit is Quaker brown and gray,

With three dark patches at his throat.

Not one can sing so brave a song.

It makes the pride of looks appear

A vain and foolish thing, to hear

A lofty place he does not love,

In hedges, and in little trees

And so he tells in every ear,

And yet of all the well-dressed throng

His "Sweet - sweet - sweet - very merry

But sits by choice, and well at ease,

That stretch their slender arms above

The lowliest home to heaven is near

I like the tune, I like the words;

That if but one of all the birds

My little brother of the air.

They seem so true, so free from art,

So friendly, and so full of heart,

Could be my comrade everywhere.

I'd choose the song-sparrow, my gear,

-Henry van Dyke, in the Century.

least!

would make a tolerable study for my

next heroine. I may as well put her

to some useful purpose. Heigho! I think Aunt Meg was crazy to invite all

He paused a moment, as the merry

"They're laughing at me. Girls

"Cousin Kenneth, are you there?"

"Well, what's wanting now?"

"May we come in?"

"I may as well say yes!"

mitted her two companions.

little less unceremonious!"

sweetheart out in Canada-"

girls."

in his ear.

the woods."

had been.

apartment.

Van Piemen's Land!"

"Flora!" exclaimed Rosa.

dear little den you've got here."

as he appears in his native wilds!"

honev bees on a bed of heliotrope, and

very pretty, in her blushes and uncer-

And Mr. Ross was left alone with

the heavy musk roses nodding at the

open casement and the dreamy mur-

in's breast, all unconscious though she

The sun was low in the sky when

Kenneth returned from his abstracted

ramble in the woods, and the wide,

old-fashioned country house was very

still as he ascended toward his own

Mr. Ross gazed vacantly round the

room with something of the bewil-

dered feeling that might have be-

longed to the Eastern Prince when he

found himself transported from pole

"I'm in the wrong room, I believe

-for there is Flora Edgeworth's light

no end of ribbons and gloves and lace

He balanced the coquettish little

"So this is the fashionable style of

chapeau, eh? I wonder now whether

Mr. Ross adjusted the article

"Upon my word, it don't look so

jauntily on one side of his curls, and

wise quite a decent fit if a fellow holds

"Don't meet round the waist by

good six inches, but I can hold it up.

I wonder what makes the thing drag

on the floor and cling round one's

legs so! Oh, I know-the crinoline

to pole in an enchanted dream.

collars on the bureau.'

"hat" on his hand.

the thing!"

Rosa's hat would fit me!"

viewed himself in the mirror.

by the rustling of muslin.

ought to go under!"

pearl of girlish laughter echoed in the

always think a bachelor fair game."

those girls here at once!"

adjoining apartment.

into the room.

Kenneth

HREE girls domi-

room! There's an

Ross

A Foolish Masquerade

Because he'd bless me, every year,

The meadow brook; and there he sings

In "Sweet - sweet - sweet - very merry

Till all the field with pleasure rings;

With "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry

As if to say, we need not fear

cheer."

cheer."

chear."

cheer."

cheer."

the whole-Tomb of the Prophet! is that the girls?" Beside my crib when I was young; Mr. Ross gave a blindly desperate Before I knew the way to spell jerk at his "sacque," and a pull at the The name of even the smallest bird, His gentle, joyful song I heard. crinoline: but all in vain. The gay voices, intermingled here and there Now see if you can tell, my dear, with a ringing laugh, or a snatch of What bird it is that, every year, song, drew nearer and nearer. For Sings "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry an instant Mr. Ross wildly contemplated a rush through the hall to his

He comes in March, when winds are strong own door, but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a retreat But still he warms his heart with mirth, would be impossible. "I must stay and face it out!" he thought, "but hold on! there's the closet. It's just posssble they will

only stay here a minute or two. And totally chlivious of the "majesty of man," he fled precipitately into the closet.

"Why the deuce didn't I think to secure the key?" he thought, as the girls streamed into the room. "However, I can hold on to the door-handle if any one attempts to get in. By Jove, if the girls should see me in this rig. I should never hear the last of it.

He leaned against the shelves, and breathlessly awaited the progress of "Why!" ejaculated a soft voice-Rcsa's own-"where's my hat? Was I careless enough to leave it down stairs? Florn, you have hidden it.' "I wonder what you'll accuse me of

next!" said Flora, in an injured voice. "You told Mr. Ross that Consin Simon's letter was to-to" "Your sweetheart! Well, he ought to be, I'm sure. He is the handsom-

est young man I know." "Oh, Flora! he don't cont pare with Mr. Ross." "Ross, be honest," said Flora,

"which do you like best -Cousin Ken, or Simon Montrose?" "Flora!" "Tell me now, honestly."

The answer came in a low, half inaudible voice. With "Sweet - sweet - sweet - very merry "Kenneth!" The heart under Alice's sacque gave

great jump! Mr. Ross's head came in contact with something on the upper shelf, and down came a rain of band boxes on his occiput! There was an instant's terrified

silence, and then all the girls began to ciled in the next scream in chorus. "How silly we all are!" said Rosa end of my writing sremulously; "it's only the cat." "As if a cat could make such a for one month, at noise as that!" said Flora. "Call

Uncle John? Alice, do look and see

pushed his papers | what it is!" "No--you look!" faltered Alice. into a confused "I'll look myself," said Rosa Fernheap, shut his desk all, bravely advancing to the rescue. with a vindictive snap, and lighted a But when the door-handle refused to turn, even she blanched. "Some one is holding the door in

"Three chattering, noisy girls, each side. Call the men!" with a tongue three times its proper "There is no necessity," quoth a length! There's my cousin Flora, voice from behind the panels, and the Alice Aymer, and Rosa Fernall -blue eyes, black eyes and melting gray; by next moment the door flew open, disclosing a tall form in blue, and a the way, that little monkey Rosa, countenance whose utter sheepishness isn't bad looking. I rather fancy that peculiar shade of brown hair. She can never be described!

"Cousin Ken!" shrieked Flora. "Mr. Ross!" faltered Miss Fernall. "Why, it can't be possible!" ejaculated Alice.

And then the three girls clung to each other in paroxysms of laughter. "The fact is, ladies," commenced Kenneth confusedly, "I— Won't some one help me off with this mouse-trap? Miss Alice, I'm very sorry I've split Tap! tap! tap! sounded softly on your sacque, but- Well, if you won't the panel of his door, and he had just | stop laughing I can't explain, that's time to take his heels off the table the long and the short of it!" But Rosa Fernall had stoppel

before Flora Edgeworth put her head laughing already, and the pink of her cheeks was deepening into scarlet. She had just remembered the words carelessly spoken not five minutes

In an inexplicably short space of "I just want the girls to see what a time Mr. Ross had torn off his feminine adornments, and fled ignomini-Flora threw open the door, and adously, followed by peals of laughter of his cousin and Alice Aymer. Rosa "Here he is, girls! the old bachelor. -strange piece of contradiction- had began to cry! "Now, young ladies," said Mr. Ross, "Poorlittle thing! she's hysterical," throwing his half-smoked eigar out of

said Aunt Meg, who had just appeared the window, "I'll trouble you to be a on the scene. But Rosa was not hysterical. For Alice and Flora had pounced on his sheets of loose manuscript like

The full, delicious moon of summer was in the mid-heaven that night, as were laughing over the rather illegible | Kenneth Ross strolled into the garden chirography. Miss Fernall stood moodily puffing at a cigar, and connear the door, a little confused and templating the teasibility of leaving Warburgh to avoid the girls' sarcasm. "I was a fool," said he aloud; "but - Who's there?"

"Don't he cross, Kenneth," said It was Rosa, coming from the lower Flora. "We're going down to the part of the garden. By the full brillpost office now. Rosa Fernall has iant moonlight he saw the traces of written a twelve-page letter to her tears on her cheek.

"Rosa, you have been crying!" "No, I haven't!" And to prove the "And," pursued the releatless truth of her assertion, Rosa began to Flora, "we're going to post it. Come, cry afresh.

"Look here, Rosa," said the young man gravely, "I have been thinking of leaving Warburgh to-morrow." Rosa cried on.

mur of maple boughs and far-off bees "But," pursued Mr. Ross, "I'll stay if--if--you'll only tell me to my face "A twelve-page letter to her sweetwhat you told my cousin when I was heart!" he pondered. "She must have hidden away like a foolish rat in a had something very interesting to trap, Rosa. Speak, little one!" write. Canada, eh? I wish it was 'What shall I tell you?" faltered

Mr. Ross rose from his easy-chair. "That you love me! that you will and began to walk up and down the be my wife!"

And she told him so -- in the lan-"It's too confounded hot to breathe guage lovers best like to hear. And here!" he said, impatiently taking up Mr. Ross stayed in Warbarg, and his hat. "I'll go and take a tramp in braved the ridicule of Alice and Flora, with little Rosa marshalled on his Flora Edgeworth had succeeded in side. - New York News. planting a rankling thorn in her cous-

Loaded Him With Change. A street car conductor told a good story about a man who tried to fool him. This passenger was aware that the conductor had but a few dollars in change in his pocket on the first trip every morning. So two mornings in succession this passenger tendered a \$5 bill. The conductor let him ride gratis. Next morning the conductor was loaded for him, but the man with the big bill didn't appear. But the next morning he was on hand with his bill and the conductor accepted it. He harded the man \$2 in coppers, \$1 in nickels, and the rest in dimes. But wrap on the bed, and Rosa's hat and he is sorry he did it, for the passenger has the coppers piled up at home and takes ten of them with him. The conductor gets them .-- Lowell (Mass.)

Twenty-one Children in Twenty Years Worcester has many families of from eight to fifteen children, but so far as heard from, Francis Fervais, a carpenter, holds the palm. Gervais bad! And now where's the sacque? has the distinction of being the father

A little tight in the sleeves, but other- of twenty-four children, twenty-one little blessings having come to him his arms well back. There's Alice's and his wife, Louise, in twenty years blue muslin dress. I've two minds and of married life. Only nine of these a half to put it on, just for the joke of survive, the others having died in infancy. The nine are rugged-looking Amomentary silence ensued, broken children, and they make the little home on Oak Hill resound with their hearty sports. Their names and ages are as follows: Frank, aged eighteen; Arthur, seventeen; Roch, fourteen; Henry, ten; Louise, nine; Eugene, five; Edward, four; Eva, three years, and Albert, nineteen months. - Wor-"I'm not certain but that I should cester (Mass.) Telegran,

WORDS OF WISDOM.

mused Kenneth, strutting backward Love is the poetry of the senses. and forward before the mirror. "On Love begins too well to end well. What a husband forbids a wife de

> All bow to virtue and then walk away. The morals of the world are only casuistry. The worst of all misalliances is that

of the heart. Love is the beginning, middle and end of everything. Whoever has learned to love has

learned to be silent. There is no game of chance more hazardons than marriage.

The world ceases to be a pleasure when it ceases to be a speculation. It is hard to convince a pessimist

that there are any chestnuts that do not have worms in them. You never know how much you have always loved a man until you see him

achieve a great triumph. There ought to be more people who know by experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Men are lost not so much from doing the notoriously wrong, as from neglecting to do the obviously right. Some men love a girl for herself,

love her because they can't help it. He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in the harvest is a son that causeth shame. The man who sits himself down on the road to success and waits for a

ride will never reach his destination. Areal thoroughbred boy's definition of a sissy boy is one who will go through a gate when there is a fence

to climb. There are men who think they wind up the universe with their watch key every night, forgetting that this is a stem-winding age.

The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are but a feeble folk, yet they make their houses in the rocks; the locusts have no king, yet go forth all of them by bands.

He Ate the Pisto'.

The boys are telling a rather good story on a Fargo citizen and police officer, which runs something in this wise: The citizen had purchased a candy revolver for his little boy, which closely resembled a genuine weapon. Last night he was in the ladies' waiting room at the Northern Pacific awaiting the arrival of No. 2, smoking a cigarette. It's against the rules to smoke in this room, and when the officer stepped in he detected the smell of smoke, and after sizing up the crowd finally located the citizen calmly smoking away.

"Here," said the officer, "if you want to smoke you'll have to go out-

side.' "Don't talk to me that way," replied the cigarette smoker, "or I'll blow you full of holes." As he said this he drew the candy weapon from his pocket and leveled it at the officer. The candy was wrapped in tin foil, and looked like a sure enough revolver. The crowd, at least, took no chances. Convinced that there was going to be a shooting and that a "copper" or somebody was going to be killed, there was a unanimous desire among the bystanders not to witness the slaughter of the devoted guardian of the peace. Everyone made an attempt at the same time to reach the door. Several might have been injured if the prompt action of the police officer hal not prevented the panic that seemed imminent. Heseized the citizen's right arm and pushed it up and back so that if the candy revolver was discharged it would be in the air. Then he shouted: "You are under arrest!" and led him out into the hallway, which was soon crowded. The citizen still held the candy revolver, which looked formidable enough in the dim light. He seemed to have lost his bold front and was trembling with fear. In faltering tones he said: "Don't put me under arrest. I would rather eat this revol-

ver than be locked up in a police "Well," said the officer, half in

jest, "you eat that revolver, and I'll let you go." "All right," he returned, and to the amazement of every one, including the officer, he put the barrel into his mouth and bit off a large section. Before the crowd recovered from its surprise the trigger had disappeared from view and by the time the officer discovered that he had been the victim of a joke the revolver had been eaten .-Fargo (North Dakota) Forum.

One More Insatiate. Science is an exacting taskmaster, and he who serves must be ever ready to give up time, talents, hope, ambition, even life itself at the beck and call of the tyrant. The search for the North Pole has cost many lives and more treasure, and yet there is no lack of enthusiasts who are ready to take up the work where the last victims had laid it down. The latest idea is to explore this region by means of a balloon, which seems quite the most visionary and hopeless of all of the many fruitless efforts that have been made in that direction. The effect of intense cold on the gas in the balloon, the possibility of blinding storms, the impossibility of getting out of trouble in case of accident, and the certainty that no rescuing hand could reach the party, as no one would know where to find them, should all be considered. It may be among the possibilities of science to store gas under pressure and at such a low temperature that an amount could be provided sufficient to bridge over any emergency that might arise; but in tasks of this kind there is so much to be looked out for and guarded against that only a temperament of the most elastic and daring description would think of going into it. The history of explorations is punctuated with horrors and tragedies and fringed with the bones of martyrs to science. This, however, is no bar to future investigations, and there is not the slightest difficulty in filling up the ranks when the order comes to go forward. - New York Ledger.

Onyx and Petrifled Wood. Probably every visitor to the Columbian Exhibition spent some time in admiring the beautiful specimens. of onyx and petrified wood shown on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Of late there have been some exceedingly fine slabs of this material worked out and used in wainscotings in handsome dwellings. It is said by an expert that in Utah are the finest onyx fields in the known world, and that the largest slabs ever cut out have been taken from quarries in that State. Petrified wood is being used in manufactures of various sortstable-tops, pauels, sections for mantels, brackets and similar pieces are brought out and used with excellent a bit of cartilage from the ear of the three dollars a day gold mining. - New effect, - New York Ledger,

BUDGET OF FUN

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The City Girl and the Cow-A Friend's Advice-Vindictive-A Sensitive Soul-Averaging It, Etc Etc.

> And the girl with the city flavor, To the country takes her flight, To ask as shyly as yesteryear, If the dreadful cows will bite.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE. The Tenor-"It's very hard to keep the wolf from the door.'

"Why don't you try singing to it?" -Life. A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER. Dick--- "Well, the heiress has no-

cepted Brown. He says he feels as if he was walking on air. Harry---'That's better than living on it."---Puck. DIFFICULT.

Mistress---Bridget, I have a new bell that I want you to ring at meal times. Bridget--"Shure, ma'am, how kin Oi, when I have to wait on the table.' --- Brooklyn Life. some love her for her wealth, some

> VINDICTIVE. Jess-"Here comes that disagreeable Miss Jones.' Jack-"Don't you like her?"

Jess-"I hate her; sometimes when we meet I don't even kiss her !"-Puck. AVERAGING IT. "Are you happily married?" "I---I guess so. The extravagance

of his protestations of affection for me just about equal his economy in buying dresses."---Indianapolis Jour-A SOFT SPOKEN SPOUSE. Mrs. Knagger--- "You are utterly

heartless; that's what you are!" Mr. Knagger..."I told you I lost my heart the first time I saw you; but you'd never believe me."---Boston Transcript. DISCOVERED.

"Managing editor?" "I am." "I presume, then, that on you rests the responsibility for referring to my daughter Pattie as 'Fattie.' "--- Indian-

apolis Journal. WITH A RESERVATION. "Who is the master of this house?"

swered his ring. "Well," was the cautious response, in a resigned tone, "I am the husband and father."---Life.

asked the agent of the man who an-

SKILLED LABOR. Friend-"I'm told that most prescriptions cost little or nothing to

make up.

Druggist-"Yes; but we charge for deciphering the penmanship and translating the Latin."-Puck. A SENSICIVE SOUL. Miss Passe-"So you are really an rtist! Indore art!

De Auber-"Then I suppose you paint, yourself, a little?" Miss P. (drawing herself up) -- "I think you are awfully rude, Mr. De Auber."---Puck.

WESTERN JEALOUSY.

"I thought you had sailed for Europe on important business," said the New Yorker to the Chicagoan. "Naw!" replied the latter, in a tone of disgust; "when I got to the dock I found that the name of the steamer was the St. Louis and I postponed my trip for a week."-Brooklyn Eigle.

POWERFUL PLEA. The Judge-"Have you any reason

o offer why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" The Prisoner-"I ain't got much to say, but it's right to the pint. When I shot the feller, I was only doin' it fer fun; an' here you fellers are wantin' to hang in cold-blooded malice. so you are."-Indianapolis Journal.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY. Police Inspector-"It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the burglar and so ably captured him, but need you have injured him to

the extent of necessitating his removal to a hospital?" Lady-"How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up for three hours for my husband! I thought it was him."-Comic Cuts.

EASY WINDOW-DRESSING. Applicant-"I see you advertise for

window-dresser." Dry Goods Merchant-"Yes, sir. Have you had much experience?" "I arranged the window display in the store I worked in last, and every woman who passed stopped and looked

"That's something like. You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in? "Mirrors."-New York Weekly.

FOR LACK OF GOLD. Lover (in whisper, 'neath window) -"Are you ready to lower yourself down, darling?" Isabel E. Loper-"Quite ready."

Lover-"Have you got every thing? Isabel E. L .- "Yes; everything but papa's pocketbook; I couldn't find it

anvwhere." Lover (dejectedly) -"Alas! For obvious reasons we shall be obliged to postpone our departure."-Boston Conrier.

RIGHT IN HIS LINE. The street car was crowded, and as it turned a corner sharply a man who

was standing in the aisle made a grab at a strap, but missed it and involuntarily embraced a sharp-faced young woman standing near him. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" he said. "Sir!" she exclaimed "you are a boor! "No, madame," rejoined the peni-

tent offender, "I am not. I am a newspaper man." "You are, hey?" was the contemptuous rejoinder. "What do you know about a newspaper office, I'd like to know?

"I am the pressman." The sharp-faced young woman turned a little redder, but she didn't say anything more. - Chicago Tri-

A Curious Custom. A Soudan slave has the right to so-

lect a master more to his liking. To be safe from recapture the bondsman new proprietor, - Washington Star.

Hungry Alligator's Quick Luncheon. Ever since last winter the Zoo has been closed and locked up, and during all that time the big fifteen-foot 'gator, which makes his home in one of the miniature lakes, has had to shift for himself for something to eat. During the last few weeks hunger must have worried the old fellow, and in the dead hours of the night he told the neighbors of it and startled them, as well, by his loud bellowing, which sounds like a cross between the trumpeting of an elephant and the roaring of a lion. During the last few nights there has been no bellowing.

The explanation of his silence is that he has been fed. He has feasted on the daintiest morsel that over tickled a 'gator's palate. For some time there has hung around the electric light and water works plant a mangy dog. The employes wished for the dog catcher to come around, but as he was busy elsewhere they concluded to disposo of the dog humanely and make the gator happy. So they collared the dog and threw him to the gator, which was taking a nap in the middle of the pond. The dog gave a frightened "Yep yep!" as he spied the saurian, and swam toward shore with a speed that

fairly cut the water. The 'gator blinked his eyes in astonishment and seemed to ask himself if he had been dreaming. Two flips of his tail and he had moved with the speed of a racing shell up to the dog, the immense jaws opened, the lower jaw slid under the dog like a scoop-net, down came the upper jaw, a suppressed yelp from the dog and a smile of ineffable happiness from the 'gator and all was over, so far as the dog was concerned. The old fellow, however, did not seem to be satisfied, for he swam all around the pond looking for more logs. Finding none, he returned to his siesta with an eye blinking open every now and then and a glance upward to see if the same thing were go-

Empty!

(Fla.) Times-Union.

ing to be repeated .- Jacksonville

She was getting on backwards, and the cable car started too suddenly, so she fell off into the dusty street, soiling her raiment, bumping her head and ruffling her temper terribly.

As she was stout, red-faced, elderly, and claimed to be a cousin of an officer of the road, the conductor was or professed to be, much in terror of her, and as he really had rung the bell a trifle too soon he bore her abuse calmly. He was manifestly glad when she ceased talking at him and fell to brushing off her dress with her pocket handkerchief, and his face, as he went back to the rear platform, wore a distinct look of relief. But presently the stout woman discovered a rent in her skirt, and this fact added to her wrath. The conductor had gone forward to the grip car and she felt a great desire to rail at somebody, so she turned to the man who sat beside

The man made no answer and only moved a little further along the seat. It was a summer car and all the other seats were filled, so he was obliged to stay where he was or go to the platform, and presently some newcomers forced him to sit near her once more. After a moment or so of frowning sileace spent in examining that awful tear sitt again turned to him and inquired why he had not had the manners and sense to catch her as shand refreshing to the taste, and acts

"It was impossible, madame," he answered quietly, although his face ushed under her visible contempt and the inquiring glances cast at him by the other passengers who had wit nessed the catastrophe, and she rudely queried: "Why, I'd like to know?" For answer he looked down at the arm which had been nearest the outside of the car, and the woman was silent and the other passengers sympathetic as their eyes followed his for

the sleeve was empty from the shoulder. - New York Recorder.

A Silver Skull. The police of Quincy, Ill., have arrested George Burns and detained him on account of his peculiar actions. It was discovered that there was o cause for his eccentricity. He had papers which showed that he was the ead engineer on the steamer City of Savannah, which was wrecked off the coast of Massachusetts on January 18. 1884, while en route from Boston to Florida. He was reversing the lever when the steamer struck the rocks, and he was thrown into the mrchinery,

receiving injuries which crippled him for life. There were 118 lives lost in the accident, and Burns is one of the thirtyseven survivors. For a long while he lay on a cot in the death row of Bellevue Hospital, New York. Dr. Hayes Agnew attended his case and removed five ribs from his left side and trephined his skull, using six ounces of silver sheeting for this purpose. He was compelled to wear a plaster of paris jacket for four years after the

accident. A portion of the lower end of his spine and both elbow joints are gone. One knee cap is on the back of the leg, and his heart is on the extreme right side of the body. He is now sixty-four years of age, and walks very well and has a cheerful disposition. He is a member of the G. A. R. and served during the war on the ironclad gunboat Essex, which was stationed at Cairo during the early days of the Rebellion. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lost a Leg.

A dispatch from Rochester, N. Y .. relates that Edwin B. Chapin and Samuel Bradley, the latter a cripple with a wooden leg, were riding in Genesee Valley Park, the other day, when a passing bicycle frightered the horse and it ran away. The buggy was tipped over, both occupants were thrown out, and Mr. Bradley's wooden leg was caught between the spokes and wrenched off. When Mr. Chapin recovered consciousness he found himself with his head in the lap of a lady who had witnessed the accident and had rushed to his assistance. Another sympathetic lady had the wooden leg of Bradley, who was lying some distance from Chapin, and the two were trying to adjust the artificial member to Chapin's person. In the meantime some one had discovered Bradley and sent for the ambulance, stating that a man had had his leg cut off in a runaway acciden' .- New Orleans Pica-Gold Mining in Maine,

Not a few people in Maine make at least a living by gold mining. Gold

is found in many parts of the State, but in small quantities or under such circumstances as to make systematic mining unprofitable. A "miner" living near Byron brought into Lewiston a few days ago a nugget of gold weighhas only to escape by night and snip ing over an ounce. He makes two to York Sun.

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Al Baking Powder absolutely pure

Sun Flowers.

The cultivation of sun flowers for

beir seeds, which are fed to the poul-

try, is said to be on the increase in

Pennsylvania, the country of fine farms

and economical, prosperous farmers.

As long ago as 1826 the following

notice of the value of the sun flower

appeared in a Charleston publica-

Native Oil-Finer, sweeter oil, no

country can supply than what we can,

with little trouble and expense, pre-

pare for ourselves. The tall annual

sun flower will prove this, its seeds

bruised and pressed yield an oil as sweet

and as fine as that we import from

Florence. From a bushel of this seed

a gallon of oil may be drawn and with

this advantage, that it can be obtained

at any time, quite soft, bland and

fresh. The seed also and mass that

remain, after the expression of the oil,

are of excellent use to feed and fodder

hogs, poultry, etc. But besides all

these uses, the growing plant is of

eminent service, it having been proved

that near twenty times as much pure

depelogisticated air is exhaled from

one plant in twenty-four hours, in

light and clear weather, as a man res-

pires in a vitiated and impure state in

that space of time. Hence the inhabi-

tants of close, ill-aired and unwhole-

burglar. Mr. Jones saw a man with a

mask going through the pockets of his

pantaloons, and as quick as thought he

shot at him, the intruder making good

"Why," said Mrs. Jones, thoroughly

"I saw a man robbing my pockets,

"Well, he didn't get anything," said

"Ob, I tried 'em myself before w

It is enough to know that Hindercorns takes out corns, and agreet re lef it is, 15 c, draggists.

SYRUP ! FIGS

Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant

gently yet promptly on the Kidneys,

tem effectually, dispels colds, head-

aches and fevers and cures habitual

constipation. Syrup of Figs is the

only remedy of its kind ever pro-

duce., pleasing to the taste and ac-

ceptable to the stomach, prompt in

its action and truly beneficial in its

effects, prepared only from the most

healthy and agreeable substances, its

many excellent qualities commend it

to all and have made it the most

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL, LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

cleanses the sys

went to bed."-Adams Freeman.

awake, "what did you scare me for?"

cultivation.

his escape.

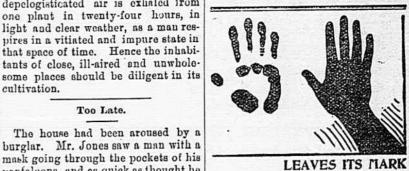
and fired at him."

she, complacently.

"How do on know?"

World's Production of Money Metals.

The New York World says: "The world's production of gold and silver for 1894 has been compiled by Richard P. Rothwell, edidor of the Engineering and Mining Journal. The result shows that a little over eighteen times more silver than gold was mined-5,205,065 kilos as against 280,146. The increase in the production of gold (\$27,219,438) was not as great as was expected, the output of the Transvael reaching only 60,707 kilos (\$40,346,000;) but the production for 1895 will be much greater. The decrease in the production of silver (134,681 kilos) was caused by the fall in the average price of silver from 78 cents per ounce in 1893 to 62 cents in 1894. The decrease in the commercial value of the year's production was \$28,812,087, in a total of only \$105,-429.034. There were several serious crrors in the different mint reports of last month, which Mr. Rothwell has corrected, and his revision from official and original sources may be considered final."



-every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time. Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the womanly functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

TO AVOID THIS USE TETTERINE The ONLY painless and harmless count for the worst type of Eccama, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches the face, crusted scalp, Ground teth, chafes, chapp, pinspies, Poison from try or poison cak, in short ALL ITGHES. Send 500, its statups or cash to J. T. Shuptrina, Sayannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it. GOOD POSITIONS

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take 100 of our Georgia salesmen there, at our own expense, during the month of Sentemb r, October and
November. O r book, "TRUMPET BLASTS," is the
greatest seller and most attractive book on the marketE. B. Smith, Jr. Jasuer Co., Ga., reports 23 orders in
soven days. F. J. F wher, P.k. Co., Ga., teps ts 33 orders in six days, Send for un information, SOUTHIWESTERIN FURLISHING HOUSE, No.
208 North Coherge St., Nashville, Tenn.



How it looks, to the women who wash with Pearline, when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap-rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these Pearline women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to "wear a fool's cap unawares."

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