Children Tell the Truth.

A rather flashily dressed woman, an elderly man, and a mite of a girl in white, formed a party on a Belle Isle boat last night. The woman talked in a high keyed voice that could be heard all over the upper deck, the elderly man listened in silence, and the mite of a girl propped up her mother's conversation with a few remarks of her own.

"I don't know where under the sun we will get to spend the summer," remarked the woman, in a tone that interested every passenger on the deck. "Last summer we were in Europe, and we spent the summer before at Newport. There—"

"Why, mamma," chipped in the demure little maiden. "We weren't in Europe or anywhere. We've spent the last three summers with grandma in the country."

Mamma reached over and pinched the youngster's arm, but too late, and the trip consisted principally of uninterrupted thought.—*Detroit News.*

Tea and Beer.

Sir Wilfred Lawson is not often "sold," but a story now going the rounds shows that sometimes he meets with one who is more than his match. Espying a laborer one day walking along with his old family black bottle protruding from his pocket, he entered into conversation with him. After pointing out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, Sir Wilfred earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents. The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road. Sir Wilfred's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man sixpence, he said, "Take that; it will buy you something better." The man, to the disgust of Sir Wilfred, entered a public house and spent the sixpence in beer. The liquor he had thrown waay was cold tea.—*Westminster Gazette.*

The Illusions of Distance.

The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or band of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other, and to the rest of the constellation from year to year and age to age. And yet in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocities they are whirling around invisible centers, and ever shifting their positions in space. They appear to us motionless and changeless because of our own great distance from them.

Traveling Canning Factory.

A steamship has recently been fitted with all the appliances for canning and preserving tropical productions on board. She is designed to cruise about the West Indian islands and the "keys" of Florida, to pick up fruits, turtles, guava and other dainties and preserve them on the spot; then deliver them at southern ports for transport by rail to all parts of the country. This sailing cannery will doubtless prove a great convenience to our southern coast neighbors, where fruits abound without a present market, and should be very profitable to the owners of the enterprise.

Splitting Shackles Asunder

By merely flexing the muscles of his arms is an easy task for Sandow, that superlatively strong man. You will never be able to do this, but you may acquire that degree of vigor, which proceeds from complete digestion and sound repose, if you will enter on a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and per ist in it. The Bitters will invariably afford relief to the malarious, rheumatic and neuralgic, and avert serious kidney trouble.

The greatest braggarts are generally the merest cowards.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system' while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason.

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

Slight small injuries and they will become none at all.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting direct y upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The Words of a Famous Mission Worker.

Perhaps no man in Atlanta is better and more favorably known than Mr. John F. Barclay. He for a long time has been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia. This is what he says:

"Atlanta, Ga., January 23, 1895.—Dr. C. O. Tyner: Having used Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy for several years in my family I gladly add my testimony to what has already been said in its praise. Without any exception I think it is the finest remedy on the market and nothing would induce me to do without it. "JNO. F. BARCLAY."

Tobacco-Twisted Nerves.

Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It's not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac; sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Keeps You Poor.

Indigestion keeps men poor. It muddles the clearest brain. You think it is something else, but—nine times in ten—the trouble is in the digestive tract. One Ripans Tabule gives relief, and their occasional use keeps you right. Ask your druggist for them.

Hindercorns is a Simple Remedy, But it takes out corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERRELL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Tired Women

Nervous, weak and all worn out—will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. Get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

A LOVE SONG.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear,
And the world—it passed me by:
But not that day
When you walked Love's way:
For heaven itself drew nigh,
Sweetheart!
For heaven itself drew nigh.

I was as lone as the loneliest, love
With never a dream of bliss.
But not that day
When you walked Love's way
And leaned to my arms—my kiss,
Sweetheart!
And leaned to my arms—my kiss!

And dear to my life is your love—your love,
And my soul has ceased to sigh.
For sorrow seems
Like an echo of dreams,
And the stars are in life's sky,
Sweetheart!
The stars are in life's sky!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Losing of Mrs. Pettit.

BY EDITH KEELEY STOKELY.

NATURE, in designing old Mr. Pettit's face, had not endowed it with a single artful furrow or wrinkle wherein a secret might hide. It was a beautiful old face, too, with a fringe of white whiskers all around under the chin, wide open, mild gray eyes and ruddy cheeks. Yet did a harmless deceit lodge there but for a moment the eyes laughed and twinkled, and all but called aloud, "Here it is"; and the next instant the secret was dislodged and scurrying off in plain sight of everybody, and nobody more surprised than Mr. Pettit himself.

Consequently, when Mr. Pettit stepped into the kitchen upon a certain June evening, and hung his hat upon the peg behind the door, Mrs. Pettit, suspending the kettle high in air from the operation of pouring boiling water upon the tea, said, in a tone of conviction: "Ephraim, you've got a letter from John."

"Well, now, I want to know!" said Mr. Pettit, throwing an appealing glance around upon an imaginary and admiring audience, "If women don't beat all! I was saving that letter till after supper."

"We can just as well have it with our tea," said Mrs. Pettit, pulling the cosy over the teapot, and leading the way to the supper table. "John must have something particular to say. We had a letter from him this week."

The two snow crowned heads were bowed for a moment in simple grace, and then, as Mrs. Pettit poured the fragrant Hyson into the old-fashioned china cups, her husband proceeded to open the letter.

Not very much, after all. Two square yellow tickets and one of those short notes that are always portentous:

CHICAGO, Ill., June 10th, 1895.

Dear Father and Mother: I inclose you two round-trip tickets for Chicago, which I expect you to make use of right away. Our boy is to be christened next week, and the christening can't go on without you. Your loving son, JOHN PETTIT.

P. S.—Telegraph me when you start. J. P.

Mrs. Pettit dropped her hands into her lap with a look of blank dismay. "Why, Ephraim," she protested, "I can't go."

"John wouldn't like it," said Mr. Pettit, softly, confining his gaze to careful stirring of his tea. "It's our first grandchild, you know."

Involuntarily Mrs. Pettit's gaze wandered through the open window to a tiny hillock, which, with its marble shaft showing dimly through the twilight, told its own tale of "Eleanor, aged seven."

"I have never left her," she said, with troubled eyes.

"She would wish it," said Ephraim, gently. "John knows all, and he wishes it. Sixteen years is a long time for grieving, mother. She is a grown woman in heaven by this time."

Nothing more was said after this. The soft darkness of a June night began to fall. The katydids called from the grasses; a huge June bug beat itself noisily against the window screen; the cow lowed from the meadow without.

At last Mrs. Pettit pushed aside her untasted food and said, with a pitiful tremor in her old voice: "We'll go, Ephraim. It's wicked of me to be staying at home grieving, and neglecting the loved ones that need me. We will write to John to-night and tell him so."

Thus it came to pass that a few days later a certain train pulling out of Wilson's Ferry carried with it a quaint old couple with whom we have to do. The old gentleman wore his whiskers after a good old country style, and looked over his silver-bowed glasses with the most benignant eyes in the world. As for the old lady, fellow-passengers glanced idly upon her, and then turned to gaze again. Such a sweet old face, seamed with added years and care, but beautiful withal in its frame of clustering gray curls. No one smiled at the old-fashioned bonnet, the long, slender-waisted black dress, or neatly folded shoulder shawl. No one seemed to think of the oddity of the black silk mitts with their short fingers, although they had not been put on before since Eleanor's funeral. Every one seemed kindly interested in the big brown basket with a cover and two handles. Before the journey ended it had opened wide its hospitable cover to soothe with ginger cakes and tarts the cries of more than half a dozen travel-worn babes, and had won the earnest blessings of as many tired mothers.

Six hours of rumble and noise and dust, glimpses of waving green fields and distant towns, a fleeting acquaintance with strange faces and other lives, good-bys 'mid youth and laughter and silent good-bys with tears, and the train steamed slowly into Chicago.

It seemed to be the final destination of all humanity. Such crowds of people, such noise and bustle! But fortunately the trend of humanity seemed in a general direction.

"Maybe you ought to have telegraphed, John, as he said to," remarked Mrs. Pettit, in a dubious voice. "He would have been here to meet us."

"I know the way. We've got to take the suburban train," said Mr. Pettit, grasping the big carpetsack with one hand, and parcels, bags and the umbrella with the other. "You just keep close to me, Lucy. That suburban train doesn't wait more than five minutes."

Through the big iron gates and up the wide stairs, everybody meeting and greeting everybody else, boys shouting and cabmen crying their fares, and at last open air. That is, not open air like the broad meadows and sunny garden plots of Wilson's Ferry, but open air much like gazing up from the bottom of a good old-fashioned chimney, so tall were the buildings on either side, and so very little of the blue sky visible overhead.

It was all very new and very strange to Mrs. Pettit; yet, notwithstanding her bewilderment, she faithfully followed the guiding carpetsack, hurrying onward in its wake, until they were well out on the streets and she was quite breathless with the brisk walk.

Then, as the carpetsack shifted its position for a moment to the pavement, and its owner turned to mop his brow, Mrs. Pettit saw, to her utter dismay, that, while his hair was gray, and from the back he presented an appearance not unlike that of Ephraim, this man she had been religiously following was, in fact, an utter stranger, and that she herself, Mrs. Pettit, was lost!

Quite unconscious of the mischief he had wrought, the stranger shortly resumed his carpetbag and his pace together, and joined the great merry-go-round of people; while the old lady, like a bit of flotsam stayed for a moment in its course, clinging helplessly to the brown basket, stood looking about in bewilderment, while people whirled and eddied and divided about her.

"I guess yer lost, ain't you?" said a big, kindly voice at her side.

Mrs. Pettit smiled into the honest face of the man, who wore a blue suit with brass buttons, and a star upon his breast.

"I don't know," she said, a little tremulously, "but perhaps I am; that is, if you don't know where my son, John Pettit, lives."

"Pettit—John Pettit. I don't seem to place him just now," said the policeman, placing his hand upon his chin, in a thoughtful and reassuring manner. "You don't happen to know his street or number, now?"

"No," said the old lady; "Ephraim always directs his letters, and he has his address on a card in his pocket. But I know they've put a new wing to the house lately, and it's painted brown and has bow windows."

The old lady waited anxiously, while the officer in the kindness of his heart appeared to ruminate deeply.

"I don't seem to remember such a place," he said presently; "but we can find it. If you'll just step down to the station with me—it ain't far—where lost people stay, I'll ring up the central police."

Mrs. Pettit relinquished the brown basket into Officer Mellen's hands, and walked cheerfully along by his side. "I hope your family are all well," she said, politely.

"Well, tol'rable, thank'ee," said the officer, with rather a new sensation. "The baby worries some o' nights. She's only two months old, you know, and colicky like."

"Well, now, I'm so glad I brought it," said Mrs. Pettit, reaching for the basket. "Such a big bunch of catnip, too, just in the bloom; twice as much as John's baby will need. It's a sure relief for colic. And here's some young verbena plants I dug this morning with plenty of earth around them. Maybe your wife would like them."

Thereupon a paper bag and a pasteboar box changed hands.

"I thank'ee kindly, ma'am," said the policeman, touching his cap. "The catnip we get at the drugstore ain't much better than dust, and my wife ain't owned a flower since she's been married." In his secret mind he was wondering where he could get enough dirt to fill a flower pot to plant them in.

The Detention Station was a large, high-ceiled room, with rows of long, hard benches along its walls, a little window behind which sat a man at a desk, and numberless policemen passing in and out, some accompanied, some alone. The man at the desk gave to each newcomer brought in, a check bearing a number, and made a corresponding entry in a large book. Mrs. Pettit found herself suddenly 58.

"You'll be called for," said Officer Mellen, touching his hat; "and it's much obliged I am for your kindness, ma'am." To himself he added as he turned away: "It's a shame for the likes of her to be put in this place."

There were dozens of people seated on the benches—men, women and children—some with heads bowed in dejection, misery, sickness or despair, others upright and defiant, many grown old in ways of sin, others but beginning to taste of temptation. Into this company Mrs. Pettit walked, with her dear old face and guileless eyes.

"Such a lot of people lost!" she thought in wonder. "It's a mercy if they all find their friends before night."

She touched a man upon the arm who sat huddled up beside her. "Are you sick?" she inquired, anxiously.

The man raised a reddened, bloated faced, and gazed unsteadily at her. "Yes," he said huskily, "sick of life."

A mist gathered in the old lady's eyes. "I was once so, too," she said, sympathetically, "when my Eleanor was taken; but with the Lord's help I'm living it down. Maybe somebody's dead belonging to you."

"I'm dead to them," said the man, bitterly, sinking into his old position.

Mrs. Pettit was mystified; but this was plainly a trouble that catnip cannot reach—a trouble of the heart.

"I'm sorry for you," she said, quaveringly, laying her quaintly gloved hand upon his arm; "but whatever your trouble is, with the Lord's help you can live it down."

"102," said an officer, touching the man on the shoulder.

The man rose to follow, hesitated, then held out a trembling hand. "With the Lord's help, when I get out of this I'll try to live it down," he said, huskily. He looked at the withered hand within his own a moment with twitching lips, then gently laid it down and left the room.

Down the rows of poor humanity moved Mrs. Pettit. Ginger cookies caused baby eyes to shine, and kindly words dropped like rain upon arid hearts. The brown basket brought forth bunches of fragrant June pinks, clusters of elder blossoms and packages of marigold seeds. A bottle of home made cordial and a dozen fresh eggs were put into the hands of a young woman with hectic cheeks and a hollow cough, who held a wayward brother's hand anxiously in her own. "There won't be much left for John's wife," thought Mrs. Pettit, regretfully; "but dear knows these poor creatures need it."

Two hours later the doors swung violently in, and an excited group entered. An old gentleman with a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, a tall young gentleman looking very red and excited, and two officers. A moment's conversation at the desk, and 58 was called.

But "58," close in conversation with two little vagrants, the baby girl in her lap and the boy at her side, with traces of tears still upon her old cheeks, had forgotten that she had ever been given a number.

"You will never be hungry again," she was saying, solemnly, "never beaten, never forsaken. You shall go home with me, and Tony shall own the dog, while the white kitten that will drink nothing but cream shall belong to the baby sister."

"Mother!" said a voice at her side—a voice in which there were both joy and tears, and in a moment a pair of strong arms had her in their embrace.

"Lucy," said another voice, which sounded like Ephraim's muffled with a feather bolster, "I'll never forgive myself for losing you—never."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Pettit, "and Ephraim, too! I'm glad you've come. There is so much trouble in world, and here I've been sitting to home shutting my ears to it. Ephraim, I know you won't care. You've never opposed me in anything in my life. I'm going to take these children home with me and keep them. There's nobody in the wide world to look after or do for them."

"But, mother, such a charge at your age—" began her son.

"John," said Mrs. Pettit, with the solemnity of conviction, "it's the Lord's call. They're sweet, handsome little things, and such a life as they've led? Ephraim, you don't object? We will call the baby Eleanor, in memory of our own."

For answer Mr. Pettit stooped and lifted the baby girl in his arms.

"I guess we've got money enough to hire a nurse if they are a charge," he said, triumphantly. "John, you're a lawyer; you can fix up the papers as soon as you like."

And so the losing of Mrs. Pettit, like the wandering of a clear brook over parched meadows, leaving fresh and grateful all behind, carried also on its bosom to a harbor of safety two tender human souls.—New York Independent.

What a Blind Farmer is Doing.

H. S. Humiston, the blind farmer and head of the Chicago colony at Hammond, La., is in the city.

"The first time I was in Chicago," said Mr. Humiston, "I had my sight. It was long before the war, and the city was being raised so that it could have a drainage system. With many of the boys, I enlisted when the war came on, and with General Sherman I marched through sections of all but two of the Southern States. I told the boys I would come back to live. I did not know then that the war would cost me my eyesight, but it did, so I determined to take to farming. I bought ten acres on the line of the Illinois Central in Louisiana, and became the first of the Northern colonists.

"The place I now have is but ten acres, and I know every tree and shrub. My blindness did not prevent me from helping to cut down the dense forest and make the ground ready for seed. I wanted to show what a Northern man could do. My only companions and help are my wife and sisters, yet I ship enough fruit back to Chicago to net me $3000 a year. I call my little farm Mentor, because it has been my teacher. I knew nothing about horticulture when I started it; now I have learned much and am surrounded by a colony of old comrades. By getting a few more Chicagoans down our way, with the assistance of those we leave behind, we will soon make this city the center of Southern trade, instead of New York, and that is one thing our colony is trying to do."

Mr. Huminston has been invited to deliver an address on the "New South" before members of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Confederate Veterans' Camp in Chicago.—Chicago News.

A Growing Industry.

The other day the Postoffice authorities at Washington had their attention called to the circular sent through the mails to students in schools and colleges offering to furnish them with essays and speeches for so much per hundred words.

Many heads of schools and colleges urged the department to rule these circulars out of the mails, but after due consideration the authorities decided that they could not exclude them.

In one shape or another this business has been going on for many years. It is dishonest for a pupil to buy an essay or a speech and palm it off as his own, but there will always be youngsters who will do it at any risk. The temptation is hard to resist in some cases. Take, for instance, a bright boy who is gifted with mathematical talent. His teachers take it for granted that he can write passably well and they demand good compositions and speeches. But this is the one thing in which the pupil is deficient. He has a head for figures, but he has no command of language. When such a boy is pushed to the wall he is tempted to borrow or buy the productions of others. He does it to maintain his standing at school. With him it is a case of necessity.

There is one good thing about this ready-made speech industry. It enables some very clever men and women to earn many extra dollars which they could not make in any other way. It helps one class though it may injure another. The ruling of the Postoffice Department is on the right line, but the business is a bad one and there should be some way to put a stop to it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Citric Acid.

Enormous quantities of citric acid are used in calico printing, in pharmacy and in the preparation of artificial lemonade. About an ounce and a quarter (570 grains) of pure citric acid dissolved in a pint of water gives a solution which has the average acidity of good lemon juice. When diluted with several times its bulk in water, sweetened with sugar, and scented with a single drop of essence of lemon, an artificial lemonade is cheaply produced, which is much used as a cooling drink in fever hospitals.

It has also been used in the navy as a substitute for fresh lemon juice in the treatment or prevention of scurvy, but has been found much less efficient. In fact, this artificial lemonade is by no means equal to that made from pure lemon juice, whether used at table or for invalids. In rheumatism or rheumatic gout the fresh juice of the lemon is preferred on account of the bi-citrate of potash which it contains. Pure lemon juice is also a valuable remedy in sore throat and diphtheria; cases have been recorded in which children have apparently been cured of this terrible disease by constantly sucking oranges or lemons.

Pure citric acid possesses, like some other acids, the power of destroying the bad effects of polluted water used for drinking; but it is, perhaps, better to boil the water before adding a little citric acid to it.—Chambers's Journal.

How Blankets Were Named.

Blankets took their name from one Theodore Blanquet, who established the first manufactory at Bristol about the year 1340.

FAKE FURNITURE.

HOW BOGUS ANTIQUES ARE MADE TO ORDER.

The Counterfeits Are Made Abroad and Sold to Gullible Americans —Imitating Worm Holes With a Shotgun.

NEW YORKERS spend thousands of dollars every year on "genuine antiques" that have never celebrated even so much as their first birthday. The frauds in this line of goods are wonderful to look upon. The old-time furniture is copied so cleverly and with such attention to detail that it would deceive any but an expert. According to the statements of several New York antique dealers, there are at present for sale in this city three carved oak clocks which chimed away the passing hours to blind Milton, and no less than five chairs on which Cromwell sat. Of course, he signed the death warrant of Charles I. while sitting in each of them. There is also so much of Shakespeare's furniture in the market that one might be forgiven for suspecting that poet of having run a furniture store. The fraud is practiced in the first instance on American importers abroad, and they, in turn—some of them—take it out on the curiosity fanatic in New York.

American dealers go to Europe every year and buy large stocks of these goods, for "wooden nutmeg" furniture cannot be bought wholesale at home. The reason for this is not far to seek. European countries, and England especially, are so rich in historic objects that it is an easy matter for the "fake" furniture dealer to get correct copies of old time furniture. This has been simplified since the kodak became so common. The little black camera is the furniture fakir's best friend. When a new design is required the dealer visits the various museums and sends his assistants to all the auction sales where choice collections are being offered, and snaps off every design he desires to copy.

In order to get the detail perfect the negatives are enlarged and prints are made the exact size of the original. These copies are handed to the wood carver. Special men are engaged to do the carving. They are men who have devoted their whole lives to this branch of their handicraft. Their principal requirement to be successful is the ability to keep their mouths shut.

One of the principal reasons why it is so difficult to detect these antique frauds is that nearly all the articles are made from old wood. Cartloads of wormeaten oak pews are bought daily by the furniture fakirs, who haunt the cities and towns where old churches are being torn down or renovated.

Grandfathers' clocks, in fine carved oak cases, are in great demand. As a matter of fact, only one or two genuine ones are known to exist. This fact does not phase the antique dealer; old, carved clocks are called for and he supplies them. There are plenty of ancient clocks with plain cases to be had, but these are of little value until the fakir has put in his fine work. He renovates the works which are seldom looked at, after which he proceeds to add some beauty spots to the case. A figure of some dead and gone monarch or celebrity is carved on the door. The date of 1612 carved underneath the figure will add at least $50 to the value of the article. The rest of the case is usually ornamented with conventional designs taken from the carver's big stock.

If the oak has not the necessary wormeaten appearance the energetic dealer will load up his shotgun and fire a charge at the wood. Tables, bureaus and heavier pieces of furniture get shot at more than clocks. Great care is taken that none of the leaden pellets shall be exposed to view. In some cases they are extracted, and if in this process a panel should happen to crack the purchaser is informed that Oliver Cromwell or some other well known gentleman had caused the damage while on a spree.

The process of ancient clock making does not stop with the carving. The wood is rubbed down with sandpaper and artistically stained. French polish is then applied, coat after coat, so that the stain cannot possibly be washed away. The glossy appearance produced by the polish is taken away by brushing it over with powdered pumice stone. A final brushing with beeswax and turpentine produces the softness to the the touch that is "only to be found in extremely old woodwork." A clock treated in this manner is often sold for $200; the entire cost to the dealer here is never over $50, including purchase price, freight, packing and duty.

This method of manufacturing is confined to England. The cheaper class of goods is made in Belgium. The antique merchant there believes in turning out quantity rather than quality, and carries his frauds even further than the Englishman. All the furniture is made with new wood, which is softened with steam and stamped to the required design by steel dies under hydraulic pressure, which leaves the "carving" in relief. The wood is afterward immersed in a solution of potassium bichromate, which hardens and darkens it at the same time. After this it is put through the usual process of wax polishing, and eventually finds its way into the American parlor.—New York Press.

House Flies as Bacillus-Bearers.

That flies carry about infection from place to place, and from person to person, has long been an article of popular belief. Their influence in the spread of ophthalmia has attracted the attention of all who have written upon the social history of Eastern countries. As every one knows, there is some sort of fatuous religious scruple that forbids the Egyptian or Asiatic from brushing away the flies that settle on and about his inflamed eyelids. Hence it has been generally assumed that he carried about the specific poison of ophthalmia, and that theory has of late years received scientific endorsement by the wonderful discoveries of bacteriology. At the Royal Society last month some interesting experiments were shown by T. W. Burgess, illustrating the capability of the common house fly for transmitting infection. His plan was to expose a fly to momentary contract with a culture of bacillus proligiosus and then to allow it to escape into a large room. At various subsequent periods the fly was recaptured and made to walk over the sterilized surface of a cut potato. These infected slices were then placed in the incubator, and after a time showed flourishing cultivations of the original bacillus. These results, it is worthy of careful note, were obtained even when the fly had spent several hours in active movement about the room between the time of its original infection and recapture.—Medical Press.

WORTH KNOWING.

Lamp wicks soaked in vinegar will burn with a more brilliant light and will not smoke.

Slices of oranges are rather unmanageable. A better way to prepare this fruit for the table is, after peeling, to take a fork and a sharp knife and cut into small pieces. This makes a juicy, agreeable dessert.

Water and vinegar bottles which have become discolored can be cleaned with coarse shot or with small pieces of raw potato. Put a little cold water in the bottle with the shot or potato and shake until the stains are removed.

Dr. Duncan, writing for Demorest's, says that pure cinnamon makes an invaluable drink if one is where there is any danger of typhoid fever from poor drainage or impure water. Steep and drink freely, as it has power to destroy infectious microbes.

Equal quantities of lemon juice and glycerine make a fine emollient for the skin. Use at night and wear a pair of well perforated kid gloves. In the morning wash the hands thoroughly in warm water, rub well with a few drops of lemon juice, and, after a few applications, the skin will be soft and smooth. It is equally good for the face and neck.

A use has been found for old umbrella frames. They make excellent frames for branching and vining house plants. With a file, a pair of pinchers and some fine wire or stout thread any additions can easily be woven in to make the frame closer, according to the need of the plant. We can imagine that such a canopy covered by a fuschia, or nasturtium vine in full bloom would be a thing of beauty.

Consumption of Stamps.

The people of the United States use, on an average, 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each and every day of the year, or a total of about 4,380,000,000 per annum.

J. STONE RECOVERING,

Owes His Health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From The Sun, Gainesville, Fla.

The many friends of J. Stone, of Palmer, Fla., will be pleased to know that that estimable old gentleman, who has for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism, is recovering. At one time it was impossible for Mr. Stone to use his right arm. The gentleman in question was in the city yesterday, and when asked by a *Sun* man to give some reason for his recovery, he said:

"Well, sir, you will not believe me perhaps, but my recovery is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I think them an excellent remedy and must accept this opportunity, if you will permit me, to advise all who suffer as I have done to try them. I'll guarantee relief. Two years ago I was suffering from rheumatism; you know what condition I was in. I read an article in a Christian paper of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I took seven boxes of them. The result was more than any human being could have expected. I grew better fast.

"Someone then advised other medicine, saying that I had taken enough of the pills. I heeded the advice and the result was I grew worse again and lost the use of my right arm. I could not move it a particle. Eight weeks ago I commenced to take the pills again and now I can use my arm without any pain whatever. They are a wonderful pill and I drove several miles to-day to purchase another box of them.

"I wish you would publish the following affidavit I swore to. I ask this of you as a means of displaying my gratitude as well as to endeavor to save some other poor sufferer."

The *Sun* man consented and the following is the affidavit which the happy man swore to yesterday before J. C. B. Koonce:

The above was sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of May, A. D. 1895.
J. C. B. KOONCE,
[SEAL.] Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Why Preserve the Trees?

An additional reason why America should preserve her trees is being contributed by scientists, who anticipate that in the not far distant future the great motive power of civilization will be water, as related to gravitation and electricity.

Trees are the greatest water lifters. The wise men tell us that an oak tree of average size, with 700,000 leaves, lifts from the earth into the air about 123 tons of water during the five months it displays its foliage.

From the leaves the water is evaporated and formed into clouds, which, depositing their weight of moisture, ultimately supply the Niagara, capable of supplying a large part of the motive power of the country.

Trees are especially designed to facilitate evaporation through the moisture spread over their myriad leaves. The new prospects as to coming motive power offer a very potent reason why they should be preserved and cultivated.

Spare the trees. The destruction of our remaining forest areas would be a step toward economic suicide.—*Boston Globe.*

Wood-Pulp Mosaics.

The process pursued in Germany by manufacturers of varicolored wood-pulp mosaics is said to give the most perfect results in that beautiful art. Among the most important processes is that of placing the moist pulp into heated mosaic molds of the desired size and shape and in these forms placing it under the press. As a result of the heat the shellac in the mixture softens; regains its adhesive power and the curd cement hardens rapidly, so that both substances unite under the pressure so entirely with the wood particles that the resulting mass may be taken out of the mold in a few minutes without the loss of form. After the cooling process, these wood-pulp mosaics are less susceptible to moisture or change of temperature than any natural wood and are claimed to be more durable.

BRILLIANT PROSPECTS.

Fifty-Third Session of Cox College, Manchester, Ga.

Never in the history of the Southern Female (Cox) College has the correspondence with patrons been so extensive as it has been this summer. More students than is usual have registered. The largest number of old ones will return. Applications are continually coming in. Old friends and alumnae are earnestly working for the college, and every indication points to a most prosperous session. With a faculty of thirty from Europe and America, with magnificent buildings, with all modern equipments and appliances, with advantages of the Exposition, this famous old institution offers eminent attractions and facilities in the way of education for young ladies.

Apple Marmalade.

Wash your apples, quarter them and cut the cores out. Put on to cook with water to cover them. Cook till soft and pour into a cheese cloth bag. Let drain through but do not squeeze. To every quart of juice use one pint of granulated sugar; boil fifteen minutes.

The pulp of the apples may be used by pressing through a sieve. Add one cup of sugar and the juice of a lemon to each quart of pulp; if it is too thick to cook, add a little water. Boil for thirty minutes, stirring constantly. Put in small crocks or bowls. It makes a nice spread for the little one's bread.—*Womankind.*

The Cause of Thunder.

The lightning spark heats the air in its path, causing sudden expansion and compression all around, followed by as sudden a rush of air into the partial vacuum thus produced. If the spark be straight and short the clap will be short and sharp; if its path be a long and crooked one, a succession of sounds, one after the other, with a characteristic rattle, will be heard, followed by the echoes from other clouds. The echoes have a rolling and rumbling sound.

Notice.

I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have my book on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

Mothers Who Use Parker's Ginger Tonic insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress.

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

A Standing Army of Peace.

The aggregate number of employes of all the roads in the United States is as large as the standing army of Germany. This means that the 1,890 railroads in this country employ 900,000 persons, and that one person in every ninety of our population depends for a livelihood upon a railroad. From the general railroad statistics for last year, it will be learned that our 1890 railroads carried about 500,000,000 passengers, which means that if every passenger had been a different person, our railroads would have carried about half the entire population of the globe. In addition to this, about eight hundred million tons of freight were carried. To transport these hosts of passengers and move these mountains of freight required 35,000 locomotives, 32,000 passenger cars and over 1,100,000 freight cars. Counting in all second tracks, sidings and yard tracks, there are something over 230,000 miles of railway tracks in this country. The actual distance covered, however, is 176,461 miles. Every hundred miles of railroad gives employment to 515 men.—*Exchange.*

The Onward March

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, **fully 98 per cent.** are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

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Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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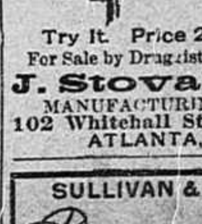

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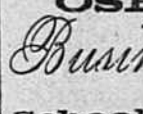

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