Ladies meet with many accidents in descending stairs—the result being often a broken limb or worse, but we have never heard of where a mother alls down a flight of stairs-kills her child and escape death, until our attention was called to an accident to Mrs. M. A. Owens, of 2115 K St., Washingto., D. C. We use her language:



my symptoms were so favorable and I was in no pain; could eat heartily, est well and was doing eat hearthy, jest well and was doing finely in every way, that it was safer to let nature take its course, and left me with instructions that they be advised promptly of any unfavorable symptoms. I had, without the knowledge of any one except my husband, been for some weeks using "Mother's Friend" with great using "Mother's Friend" with great relief and could see no reason why I should not continue its use, and did so. Now came a long time of suspense and waiting for developments. To the surprise of all I continued to do well, and got along better than I ever did before when enciente, although every one, including the physicians, feared the termination would be fatal.

Eight weeks and two days from the time I fell, natural labor came on and the child was taken away in the usual manner, and to the surprise of all, I was found in better condition than ever before at any previous confinement.

I had continued to use 'Mother's

Friend' up to the last hour, and experienced so little trouble that when the time came was unaware of it, and the nurse had to make me undress quick and get in bed. I said to myself, "this is the work of 'Mother's Friend,' and I am having an easy time," as on previous occasions I suffered tortures for hours Everything was so easy and rapid

that the physicians had only time to ge. in the house. Always before I had trouble with my breasts, but this time I had none, as I used 'Mother's Friend' on them as directed. I had them urawn and dried without any inconvenience. You must not forget that it was eight weeks and two days from the death of the child before confinement, and I suffered less and was stronger than ever before on such an occasion. My physicians and friends, marveled at my escape. I know that "Mothers' Friend" saved

my life, and hope every expectant mother will use it. It robs the final hour of terrible suffering and leaves her stronger and makes recovery more rapid. I have learned of marvelous results where only one bottle had been used, but the sooner "Mothers' Friend" is begun and the longer used, the better for the mother when the hour arrives. . The Bradfield Regulator Co., of At-

lanta, Ga., will mail free to any expect-ant mother their little book containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials from ladies who have used "Mothers' Friend" with happy results. druggist in the United States

# Some Facts About Cotton.

A study of the crop figures will snow that seven years successively increasing crops from 1885-6 to 1891-2 were unprecedented in the history of trade. It is doubtful if any leading crop, raised can show such an unbroken increase for seven years. Jumping from 5,700,000 bales in 1885-6, there was practically no halting until 1891-2. when the yield was 9,035,000 bales—a gain of 3,300,000 bales, or nearly 60 per cent advance in seven years.

In nineteen years cotton has brought the south over \$6,000,000,000-a sum so vast that the profits out of it ought to have been enough to greatly enrich that section. Unfortunately, however, the system necessitated by the conditions prevailing immediately after the war, of raising cotton only and buying provisions and grain in the west, left at home but little, if any, surplus money out of the cotton crop. The west and north drained that section of several hundred million dollars every year, because it depended upon them for all of its manufactured goods, as well as for the bulk of its food stuffs.

Hence, of the enormous amount received from cotton, very little remained in the south. The increase in the diversification of farm products, the raising of home supplies, the development of trucking and the building of factories are all uniting to keep at home the money which formerly went north and west. Whether the cotton raiser himself be getting the full benefit of this or not, the south at large is necessarily doing so. The increase in the attention given to grain cultivation is illustrated by the fact that the south's grain crop of 1894 was 611,-000,000 bushels, valued at \$302,000, 000, or more than the value of its en-tire cotton crop, and the yield for 1895 will probably exceed these figures by at least 50,000,000 bushels.

The importance of cotton in our foreign trade relations can be realized from the simple statement that since 1875 our exports of this staple have aggregated in value \$4,000,000,000, while the total exports of wheat and flour combined for the same period have been about \$2,600,000,000, showing a difference of \$1,400,000,000, or over 50 cent in favor of cotton. Moreover, during the same period, we have exported about \$20,000,000 of manufactured cotton goods, making the total value really \$4,200,000,000. Compared with the exports of wheat, flour and corn combined—the value of which since 1875 has been about \$3,200,000,-000-there is a difference in favor of cotton of \$1,000,000,000.

Going back in 1820, it is found that the total value of flour and wheat exported for the last seventy-four years is, in round figures, \$4,000,000,000, or \$200,000,000 less than the value of the cotton exported during the last nineteen years .- Harper's Weekly.

Take Care

Hood's

Sarsaparilla The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5. tood's Pills act Jarmoniously with

SING YOUR SONG. Take the old world as you find it; Drift along!

Blight or blossom-never mind it; Sing yoursong! See that sky, of dark or blue? Good Lord bent it over you! See the sunlight streamin' through-

Sing your song! Take the old world as you find it; Drift along! With the rainbow roses bind it; Sing your song!

For the daisy falls the dew: From the rose love wrests the rue; Good Lord made the world for you-Sing your song! -F. L. Stanton.

A RACE FOR A LIFE.



mate of the Monico, one of the Red line, and then one of the best going boats in the Atlantic service.

I had run across (while the ship was see my sister, Pat-

gaged to a young Lieutenant of the name of Rupert Rowling, the nephew and heir of old Jonathan Rowling, a wealthy, eccentric country squire in Yorkshire, and it was not only a good match for her, but Rupert, whom I had knowa from childhood-we were at school together-was one of the heartiest and most genuine fellows you'd find in a day's walk.

When I arrived at Doncaster I was surprised to find things all in an uproar. Old Rowling had, it seemed, taken some offence at an innocent but misunderstood remark of Rupert's, and had flown into a terrible passion, sweering he would disinherit him. Rupert, who was a high-spirited young cheap, gave the old man a bit of his mind, and they had a violent quarrel, which ended in Mr. Rowling turning his nephew out of the house and forbidding him ever to show his face there again. That was on Thursday, a fortnight before my visit.

On the evening of the quarrel Rupert called on my sister and told her of what had taken place, and they agreed to postpone the wedding for the present. He then left, as he started, for London, where he was due to join his regiment on the following

Saturday. The next morning (Friday) everybody was startled at hearing that old Jonathan Rowling had been found dead in a plantation on his estate. He was lying face downward, and had evidently been shot in the back by some one, the bullet having penetrated to the heart and killed him instantly; and, on a medical examination, it was ascertained that the murder-for such it doubtless was-must have been committed on the previous night, for death had taken place many hours before the body was found, The fact of the quarrel between the

deceased and his nephew was already public property, and suspicion at once pointed to Rupert as the probable culcrit. The police soon ascertained Rupert's movements, which showed that he had called on Patty, as I have stated, and that he caught the next express for London, the time between his leaving Patty and the starting of tunity to commit thd crime had he been so minded; and, moreover, his road from my sister's to the station took him alongside the plantation in which his uncle's body was found.

The London detectives were put to work, and they ascertained that Rupert had a revolver of the same calibre as the shot found in old Rowling's corpse, and the upshot was that he was arrested and brought before the

magistrates at Doncaster. The assizes were just approaching, and, when I arrived on the scene, Rupert stood committed for trial on the charge of murdering his uncle. I could do nothing to help him, but I went to the assize town and saw him

in prison. He denied all knowledge of the crime, swearing to me that he was absolutely innocent. I believed him, but the evidence was overwhelming. The station master at Doncaster spoke of Rupert's rushing into the station in a great flurry, and looking very upset; and the revolver, which he admitted he had not used for some days, had one chamber empty. Many other things, trivial in themselves, but awfully black when put together, were brought out at the trial, and before I left I had heard him found guilty by the jury and sentenced to death by the Judge. It all seemed like a ghastly

I was due to return to my ship, the Monico, and I bade Rupert goodby. I don't mind telling you that I sobbed like a child. I shouldn't have felt it so if I could have done anything, even to try and help him, but I was perfeetly powerless. My sister, of course, was in a terri-

ble way, and I hardly liked leaving her, but my whole future depended Ring line, so I wrenched myself away and was on board the Monico the next morning. We sailed the following day, which

was a Wednesday, and the last thing I heard before leaving Liverpool was that poor Rupert's execution had been fixed for Thursday in the next week. We had a heavy cargo of goods and a lot of passengers, but, I tell you, my

on that voyage than the ship, cargo, passengers and all. The Monico was considered a fast vessel at that time. She generally took just over seven days to do the passage, and we were due in New York happens to our ship, then may God on the Wednesday evening before

Rupert's execution. Everything went well till the Monday afternoon, when one of the steerage passengers, a man of the name of Charles Cappermole, fell down a gave him the Captain's orders. hatchway, breaking his back and re- engineer was a big, hard-headed ceiving internal injuries, from which Scotchman, and gripping my hand in the doctor said he was bound to die a grasp like a vice, he cried: within four or five hours. It was very

sad, of course, but couldn't be helped, it'll be a bad thing for onything we and although anything of the sort run into, I'm thinking. It will that." puts a gloom over the ship, I was too much engrossed in my own trouble to all day Tuesday. I was in a dreadful think much of it. But just after one state of mind. On the one hand I bell (6.30 o'clock) the Captain came | was all anxiety to reach port in time "Sparton," he said, "you were tell- execution of Rupert, while, on the ing me about the trouble that your other, we were risking the lives of the sister's fiance had got into. It's a crew and some 250 passengers, to say most extraordinary thing, but this nothing of the ship and cargo. man. Cappermole, has been telling the I didn't leave the deck for a moment

doctor a tale about his having shot his all day. I promised the Captain I father's landlord in Yorkshire, and would not leave a stone unturned to that he believes this accident is a insure the safety of the vessel. We cranherries, given freely, either undijudgment on him. I have seen him, put three times the ordinary number | luted or with an equal part of water. and he says the name of the man he of men on the lookout, and kept fog- is an excellent means of relieving the murdered was Rowling, which is the horning and whistling all day long, name you mentioned, I think, and if but, by a merciful Providence, we had era. In fifty cases, in which ice and you will come with me to the hospital, a clear course. We only sighted one narcotics failed to make the slightest where the poor wretch is lying, you vessel, about midday, but I could not impression, the cranberry juice in can hear his yarn for yourself." I was thunder-struck. I got the the fog lifted and the stars shone. Mc- checked both vomiting and nausea .-

of the injured man.

His statement was somewhat rambling, but with the help of a clergyman, who was a passenger, we reduced it to writing in a tangible shape, and it was about something like this:

"I, Charles Cappermole, lately residing at Marten's Hole, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, but now a passenger on board the steamship Monico (Capt. Marner) in mid-Atlantic, having met with an accident by falling down a hatchway, and being, as I well know, within a short time of death, do make this solemn statement and declars the same to be true, so help me

"I am a farm laborer, and until recently was living with my father and mother at Marten's Hole, where my father rented a small farm under Mr. Jonathan Rowling. The same farm had been in the possession of my father all his life, and of his father before him, and it was our whole living.

"Mr. Jonathan Rowling had a disagreement with my father last year but one, just before Michaelmas, about some hedges which he insisted my father should renew, but which had always been replanted before that time in dock) from Liv- at the expense of the landlord. My ty, before her marriage. She was en Michaelmas last, and he subsequently about £5. turned my parents and myself out of the farm in the middle of winter.

"My mother was in a very feeble and delicate state of health, and the eviction caused her death, and my father, being broken-hearted and ruined, was compelled to go into the workhouse.

passage money and outfit and enough ing turned back as a pauper on landing in the United States. I booked my passage on the steamship Monico, but before starting on the voyage I saw my father in the workhouse. His misfortunes had so shattered him that he was dving, and exasperated and filled with indignation, I determined to be revenged on Mr. Rowling, who had been the cause of my mother's upset and almost prostrate for a week and my father's deaths, and my ruin afterward, which is saying a great deal and emigration. "I had bought a revolver to take

with me, and, tramping to Doncaster, I laid in wait for Mr. Rowling on the evening of Thursday, the 24th of May last. I knew that it was his habit to walk through the plantation, which adjoins a lane called Danks's lane. every night between 8 and 9 o'clockhis purpose being to see if any rabbit snares had been laid by poachersand I hid myself behind some bushes in this plantation, close to the path. I presently heard footsteps, and di- ly clime. rectly afterward I saw Mr. Rowling walk along close beside where I was hiding. As soon as he got past me I stood up, and, aiming the revolver at him, I shot him in the back. He lifted up his arms, and, with a great cry, fell, face forward, dead.

"It was nearly dark, and I crept out of the plantaion into the lane without anyone seeing me. I walked that night to Wakefield, along by-roads well known to me, and from thence, Ashton, Manchester, Newton and Liv- thily. erpool, from which port I was to take passage to New York.

spoken of for the first time, and, to ding. my surprise, I found that Mr. Rupert the train giving him plenty of oppor- Rowling (Mr. Rowling's nephew) was a moment that they could find him guilty of the murder he had not committed, and I took no steps to let the truth be known. When I afterward learned that he was convicted of the murder and sentenced to death. I knew I ought to go back and own the deed and save him, but I could not bring myself to do so, and I went on board the Monico, well knowing that I was leaving behind me an innocent man to be hanged for the murder I which I shot Mr. Rowling is in my box. All of which is true, as I de-

Cappermole signed this statement, and the clergyman, the Captain, the doctor and myself witnessed it, and shortly after five bells (10.30 o'clock at night) Cappermole died, being buried at sea the next day, Tuesday.

I had been melancholy and depressed, without hope before, but now began my anxious time. Cappermole's statement was of no use unless I could get the knowledge

of it to the authorities in England in time to stop my friend Rupert's execution on Thursday morning, and it was a race against time. We were, in ordinary course, due at New York on Wednesday afternoon about 4 o'clock, which would be about 9 o'clock at night in England. We had favorable weather and had made good way, and if we kept on we should be in on time. if not before; but on Tuesday morning we ran into a dense fog, and our course was impeded and the engines were slowed down.

I sought the Captain, and told him exactly what was depending on our on my keeping my position in the Red not losing time. He was a fine fellow was Captain Marner, and he fully sympathized with me. We debated the matter, and considered it all round for a few minutes. To go full steam shead was terribly dangerous, as the lookont men could see .no distance to speak of, owing to the fog, but the Captain at last determined to do it.

"I'll do it. Sparton," he cried. "I feel that this man was sent on board ster Budget. heart seemed heavier when we started my ship, and injured so that he felt himself dying and bound to confess, by Providence, and if I don't try and save Rupert Rowling I shall consider that I have been the cause of his being hanged. If 1 do try, and anything

preserve us!" To which I answered solemnly, 'Amen !"

Rushing off to the chief engineer, I The

"I'll mak' the ship go, Robert. But Well, we tore along through the fog to cable to England and stop the

discen what she was. Toward night small but repeated doses rapidly tains, for instance, and there is a third officer to take my place for a Greig, the engineer, now had the coals | Scientific American.

short time, and hurried off to the side piled on at a fearful rate, and we shot hrough the water like an arrow; but early next morning the wretched fog came on again.

We were, of course, nearing land, and the risk of collision was every minute more serious. We kept on our mad career. The passengers knew there was something queer about steaming so fast through a fog, but I answered them all:

"Oh, we're all right. We're on our usual track, and nothing gets in our This was true to some extent, but

the risk was enormous, and every mile that we got nearer land I got more and more nervous. However, to cut a long story short, we gained New York Harbor at 3.50 on Wednesday afternoon, nearly run-

ning down an outgoing steamship some twenty miles out, and which we avoided by the skin of our teeth. As soon as we arrived I hurried on shore, by the Captain's permission, and hunted up the British Consul,

whom I dragged off to the cable company's office, and we sent a joint telegram from him and the Captain to the Home Secretary in London. I also wired to the Governor of the jail where Rupert was waiting execution erpool to my home father refused to replant them at his to Rupert himself, and to my sister. near Doncaster to own expense, and Mr. Rowland gave The message to the Home Secretary him notice to quit, which expired at | was a long one : I remember it cost me

I waited at the cable office for a reply. It came within four hours, which was pretty quick work, as my message would not reach London till about 9 o'clock at night, English time being about five hours ahead of New York. Rupert was respited till our evidence could be brought home and inquired

"I determined to emigrate to Amerinto, and in less than another month I ica, and, with the assistance of a had the pleasure of shaking him by benevolent society, I obtained my the hand as an acknowledged innocent man, her Majesty having, in the pecucash in my pocket to prevent my be- liar fashion of the English law, been pleased to grant him. a "free pardon" for an offence he had never committed. However, all was right at last. Rupert succeeded to his uncle's property and married my sister Patty in due

> But the two days following Cappermole's confession were the most anxious time in my life, I was thoroughly for a strong-nerved sailor. -- Tit-Bits.

## WORDS OF WISDOM,

When clouds are heavy blessings

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital 'Tis pitiful to court a smile when

you should win a soul. Without poesy and art the spirit

grows weary and wooden in this earth-Midnight is the noon of thought. when wisdom mounts its zenith with

the stars. To be without sympathy is to be alone in the world, without friends or country, home or kindred.

We need to cultivate every influence which tends to assist us in the contemplation of the beautiful and true. We have two lessons to teach an enemy who despises us-to value on following days, to Huddersfield, himself less highly and us more wor-

Very often the world never knows that a girl is accomplished until it is "In Liverpool I heard the murder so announced in writing up her wed-

Correction does much, but encour agement does more. Encouragement charged with it. I never thought for after censure is as the sun after a

Thou shalt know by experience how salt is the taste of another's bread, and how sad a path it is to climb and descend another's stairs. Sentiment is a divine quality im-

planted in our nature for the purpose of ennobling and beautifying the condition of our existence. Let us, then, be what we are, and

speak what we think in all things. had committed. The revolver with Keep ourselves loval to truth and the sacred professions of friendship. The very bondage that we curse,

and seek in fretful mood to break and burst, may keep us in the orbit that is traced by an overruling Providence for our good.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to to-day's that the weight is more than he can bear.

## Food for the Dead.

The burial of one Lee Ye Yueng at Chicago the other day was a great occasion in the Chinese quarter, which turned out en bloc to make a half holiday of the event. They looked woebegone in the extreme, and their purple tunics, blue silk juckets, shoes embroidered in white, red and gold; and enormous pigtails were only so many additional signs of distress. Each mourner carried in his hand paper bags and parcels, and these were given to the good man who was dead to take on his journey to another world, of which the following legend was circulated at the said funeral:

"After a Chinaman dies he must cross a dark river, beset with hobgoblins and dragons. If the dead man carries a sufficient amount of food he may appease the hunger of these rapacious monsters and at the same time fortify himself. Accordingly, meat, poultry, vegetables and salads are brought by the guests, who load the carriages with dainties."--Westmin-

## Gets a Kiss For His Heroism.

W. H. Lightheart, of Freeport, Ill .. rescued a pretty young woman from death yesterday afternoon and got a kiss from her for his heroism and presence of mind, He was crossing State street at Madison, when the young woman slipped and fell in front of a cable train not more than ten briefly explained matters to him, and feet away. The Freeport man, who was waiting for the train to pass, grasped the situation and the affrighted young woman almost at the same instant, and, lifting her to his shoulders, jumped clear of the train, now almost upon him. The girl was so overjoyed and thank-

ful that she could not find words to express herself, so she just twisted her arms around Lightheart's neck and kissed him. Then she straightened her headgear and disappeared before any one in the crowd which gathered could learn her name. - Chicago Times-

## Cranberries in Cholera.

Dr. Goriansky declares that the use of the pure and fresh juice of raw

BOB WHITE.

Old friend, I hear your whistie Upon the zigzag rail; Your cheery voice of welcome Rings on the autumn gale; When scarlet leaves and golden Dance in the amberlight, You tell me of your presence With a vim, Bob White. A whole souled little fellow

In speckled coat of brown; You heed not summer's passing Or skies that darkly frown: While other birds are quiet Your call comes to delight: And that is why I like you Most of all, Bob White! Philosopher in feather!

I'd join your happy school; The heart forever sighing Belongeth to the fool! Happy-go-lucky fellow. Tho' chilly breezes blight, There's always summer sunshine In your heart, Bob White! The world has so much sorrow, We need your lively call:

A soul to face all trouble-Ah! that's the best of all! The snow will soon be falling, Nor hill nor vale in sight. But I have learned your lesson In my heart, Bob White! -New York Clipper,

# PITH AND POINT.

"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain.' Because no one has ever fallen off t."-Fliegende Blaetter.

Don't be too stingy to pay your fellow men a few compliments occasionally, if you can't pay anything else. - Philadelphia Record. "Do you smoke?" asked a Detroit

girl of a Boston man. "Not at all," he answered, loftily, "but the tobacco I use smokes."—Detroit Free Press. When a man once engages in the business of admiring himself and suspecting his neighbors he becomes a

nuisance to the community. - Wash-

ington Post. He (waxing serious)-"Do you believe in the truth of the saying, 'Man proposes, God disposes?" She (archy)-"It depends upon whom man proposes to."-Brooklyn Life.

Tommy-"Paw, why is it that the good die young?" Mr. Figgs-"They don't die young because they are good, but they stay good because they die young."—Indianapolis Journal.

Friend-"Why didn't you ever marry?" Maiden Lady-"Because by the time my relations thought I was old enough to marry the men thought I was too old. "-New York Weekly. "Dearest girl of all," was the way

the letter began. Right there, so to

speak, he queered himself. "Of all?" she said softly to herself, "then there are others!"-Indianapolis Journal. "Women," said he, oracularly, to her, "are rarely good listeners." And the prospective mother-in-law in the hallway only applied her ear a little

closer to the keyhole and smiled grim-

ly. -Indianapolis Journal. She (to her fiance)-"I heard an old lady pay you a great compliment yesterday." He — "Quite natural. What was that?" She-'She said you must be a very bright young man to attract me as you did."-Truth.

"When we do go into politics," said Miss Strongmind, "we shall insist on having an honest election and a fair count." "Wouldn't a fair duke do just as well, sis?" inquired her younger brother. - Chicago Tribune. "Never marry a girl with the idea

that you are going to reform her, my boy," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "If she chews gum and giggles when she is a young woman, she will giggle and chew gum when she is married."-Chicago Tribune. Good-Looking Young Girl-"Will

you do something for me, Mr. B.?" "With pleasure, Miss A. What is it?" "Well, I wish you would propose to me so that I may crow over my consin. I promise I won't accept you."-Fliegende Blaetter.

#### His Skin an Armor. In Berlin a Singhalese baffles all in-

vestigations by physicians by the impenetrability of his skin. The bronzed Easterner, a Hercules in shape, claims to have found an elizir which will render the human skin impervious to any metal point or sharpened edge of a knife or dagger, and calls himself the "Man With the Iron Skin." It is true that it has been impossible to even scratch his skin with sharply pointed nails, with finely ground knives and daggers. He is now exhibiting himself, and his greatest feat is to pass with his entire body through a hoop, the inside of which is hardly big enough to admit his body, and is closely set with sharp knife points, daggers, nails and other equally pleasant trifles. Through this hoop he squeezes his body with absolute impunity. The physicians do not agree as to his immunity, and some of them think that Rhamin, which is his name, is a fakir, who has by long practice succeeded in hardening himself against the impressions of metal upon the skin. The professors of the Berlin clinic, however, considered it worth while to lecture about the man's skin, pronouncing it an inexplicable matter. - London Graphic.

Lincoln and Governor Tod. There are numerous anecdotes connected with Lincoln which seem to

have caught something of grace from that connection, and which can well be reproduced in this place. One concerns his meeting with Governor Tod, of Ohio. Mr. Lincoln said to him at one time:

"I never could understand how you come to spell your name with only one d. Now, I married a Todd, and she spells her name with two ds, and I believe she knows how to spell. What is your authority for using only one?" "Well," drawled Governor Tod, "my authority for it is in part the fact that God spells His name with only one d, and it seems I should be

satisfied if He is." Lincoln often told this story, and it amused him immensely. Some men have declared the whole incident was matter of his own creation, and that the talented Ohioan had never made the excellent reply accredited to him. Whether or not that is the case, the fact remains that the conception always seemed vastly entertaining to Lincoln.-Chicago Times-Herald.

Newspapers on Handkerchiefs. A journal at Madrid, Spain, tries to nerease its circulation by printing its news, not on paper, but on cloth. Instead of ink, a composition is used which readily dissolves in a liberal water bath. After absorbing the news, the reader merely places the sheet under one of the public tounsnowy handkerchief. - New York A Phenomenon.

There has always been an inclination to believe in the existence of a fund of nervous energy in the body that resembles the flow of a current of electricity, both in its tangible aspect and its remarkable physiological effects. The nerve centers of the body, or nerve ganglions, all start from the brain as a distinct focus, from here radiate the nerves proper as a complex system with minute tendrils that give rise to sensations of the most agonizing, as well as the most exquisite nature—the blow of a cudgel or the tickle of a straw being equally and as readily perceptible. Although no determinations of a positive character have ever been made, the gymnotus, or electric fish, is a type of organism in which the two functions seem closely allied. The discharge areas are controlled and owe their lasting qualities to the nervous system to such an extent that the fish falls into an exhausted condition if so irritated that its reserve fund of material for electrical phenomena becomes too quickly used.

In South America the eel, which is

eaten by the Indians, used to be

caught by driving a number of horses

into the river and allowing them to receive the discharge from the fish, which, when thus weakened, were drawn from the water. In cases of locomotor ataxia the nervous energy is so lacking that the irritation of any part arouses only after a deliberate in terval the sensation expected. The gradual transmission of nervous force is forcibly illustrated when a needle is inserted in the flesh; frequently ten seconds elapse before the impression is conveyed to the brain. There is no doubt that the mysterious adjunct of nerve tissue is of a most perplexing nature. Let a nerve center of the brain be affected and the part of the body controlled by it loses movement and sensation. The almost structureless composition of the brain hides within it the secret of all sensation. The slightest thrill of its particles may mean a thought 'hat will shake the earth with its importance-its quietude means either sleep or eternal peace. - Electrical Age.

### Yachting With Paper Sails.

The diversity of uses to paper may be applied is coming to be phenomenal Car wheels, boats, houses-it is long since the use of paper in these has excited surprise, but paper sails are something new. The Herreshoffs, builders of racing

boats, have lately experimented with the application of rubber to balloon and other light sails. The idea in view in making these sails of rubber is to obtain an elastic material which will allow the sails to increase in area, and consequently in propulsive power in proportion to the force of the wind. A chief reason for the employment Both the method and results when of paper stock for this purpose is lightness, a matter which counts for considerable in the fast sailing vessels. but there are other points of superiority, one thing that the composition stretches just about enough to favor both wind power and vessels, while another is that the paper sails are airtight. Besides this, practical tests have shown that the paper, properly prepared, is very durable and is less

liable to tear in case of high winds. The sails made on this new plan are not woven from strands or threads, but are made up from compressed many excellent qualities commend it sheets, those being cemented and rivited together in such a way as to form a smooth and strong union .-

During the middle ages reprisals were common. The vengeance taken for a brave defense of a town or castle cure it promptly for any one who was generally the hanging of the most wishes to try it. Do not accept any prominent officers and men among the substitute. Confinement and Hard Work

Confinement and Hard Work
Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture,
are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air.
Hard sedentary workers are far too weary
after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic.
Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and thoroughly than from Hostetter's
Storach Bitters, a renovant particularly Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic allments.

One of the greatest tasks would be to try to

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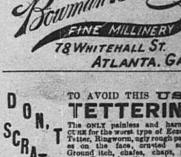
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