POPULAR SCIENCE.

The result of recent analyses show that the loss of weight suffered by coal from exposure to the weather is considerable. In some cases it reached 33.08 per cent, while the deterioration in quality for purposes of fuel or gas-making reached a still higher figure.

Vesuvius is an interesting sight just now. One stream of lava flowing down from the centre is 100 feet wide and from 7 to 14 feet deep, while a hundred other smaller streams are running down the cave and a big column of black smoke rises into the sky.

Photography has lately determined the depths to which the sun's rays can penetrate through water, and the result is that at a depth of 553 feet, the darkness was about equal to an exposure on a clear but moonless night. The exposed plates at this depth gave no evidence of light action.

A curious lake has been found in the island of Kildine, in the North sea. It is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, and contains salt water under the surface, in which sponges, codfish and other marine animals flourish. The surface of the water, however, is perfectly fresh and supports water creatures.

"Everybody should know that to eat when tired is to place upon the digestive organs a burden which they are wholly unable to carry," says Modern Medicine. "When the body is in a state of fatigue, the digestive organs are unable to perform their natural functions; the glands of the stomach will not form gastric juice; the saliva is deficient in quantity, and the whole digestive apparatus is incapable of doing efficient work. When exhausted one should rest before eating. If a faint or 'all-gone' sensation is experienced, relief may be obtained by drinking a glass of hot water or diluted fruit juice of some sort."

Mind Reading.

You can read a happy mind in a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the quondam bilious sufferer or dyspeptic relieved by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative also provides happiness for the malarious, the rheumatic, the weak, and those troubled with inaction of the kidneys and bladder.

The lobster factories along the Maine coast have closed after an unsuccessful season.

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1865 it cost 20 *cents a bar*. It is *precisely* the same ingredients and quality *now* and *doesn't cost half*. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

A horse can live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c., 25c.

How's This?

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

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

Eyes

Ears and nose are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pains between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant, uncomfortable discharge. All these disagreeable symptoms may be removed by the use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

Economy in a New Town.

"This hay fever is a peculiar complaint," said the stout man next to the window as he looked around at his companions on the car seat. "For half a dozen years or more my wife has had a regular dose of it the last week in August. The only help for her has been a hurried journey up to Mackinaw, or somewhere in the Michigan woods. But this year she seems to have skipped it. I don't know why it is, but I scent a faint theory. For the last six weeks I have been talking hard times to her. In fact, it's been my one sweet song. I've croaked so constantly that she couldn't help but become impressed with the serious phase of the thing. Well, a day or two ago I said to her in a half joking way:

"'Isn't the hay fever a little overdue or sidetracked, or something?'

"'My dear,' she solemnly answered, 'after all you've said to me about economy for the past month or so I really didn't feel that I could afford to have it.'

"And, by George, she hasn't even sneezed a sneeze."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstruations, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhœa, womb trouble, flooding, nervous prostration, headache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of **Womb Troubles** are dizziness, faintness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble as sure as the sun shines. That **Bearing-down Feeling**, carsing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. It is wonderful for Kidney Complaints in either sex.

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

A RIVAL'S LOVE.

PEOPLE said I was the luckiest fellow living, and I quite indorsed their opinion, for I had not only entered into possession of a decent little legacy left me by my uncle, but I had also won the hand and heart of Ada Miller, the prettiest and most charming young lady in the whole county.

People said her father was immensely rich, and that she would come in for a handsome fortune at his death; but what cared I about that? For had I not sufficient for us both, even if she were penniless? And did I not love her with the whole strength of a pure and disinterested love? I cannot begin to describe her to you, for the task is quite beyond me. Suffice it to say that she was admired by all who knew her, and loved by not a few.

The latter circumstances ceased to disturb me when once I became her accepted lover, though before that time it occasioned me a great deal of anxiety, and caused me to spend many a restless night.

Of one lover in particular had I been jealous, for to my excited and fear-laden imagination he seemed to possess everything that a young lady could desire. He was tall, broad-shouldered, handsome, with a pleasing manner and faultless dress, and in addition to all this, he was endowed with more than an average share of this world's goods.

He was madly in love with Ada, but conducted his wooing in a way with which not even his closest rival could find fault. Kind, considerate, and gentlemanly, never obtruding his presence unnecessarily, he yet managed to pay her considerable attention, and many an anxious time did I spend, fearing that his superior attractions would put me in the shade.

Fate, however, decided otherwise, for when I summoned up courage to put my fortunes to the test, Ada shyly accepted me, informing me in a most engaging manner that she had never loved any one else. You may be sure that I was in ecstasies, and scarcely knew for the next few months whether I walked upon air or upon solid ground.

Our engagement was to last a year, at the end of which time our marriage was to take place.

The time had almost elapsed, and nothing had occurred to mar the harmony of the scene, when, quite unexpectedly, something happened which filled me with the deepest horror, and which causes me to shudder even now as I recall it.

It has partly to do with my rival, Horace Rishton, whose existence for the time I had almost forgotten.

He had received the news of our engagement in an apparently calm and quiet manner, and his subsequent behavior had led us to regard him as being more than ordinarily affected by it, but in the event I am about to describe, I was enabled to see how deep and tragic the effect upon him really was.

The revelation came in this wise.

It wanted but two days to our wedding, and I had occasion to go on a little business connected with it to a neighboring town, a place some four miles distant from my home. Having accomplished my errand, and finding that I had some considerable time to wait for a train, I resolved to walk back, so, striking out, I soon left the town behind me.

It was a fine moonlight night, and as it promised to continue so, I determined to take a short cut across the country, which I reckoned would save a quarter of an hour at the least. The road would be very lonely, for it was a path that was seldom used, but that troubled me little, for my thoughts were company enough that night.

I had gone somewhere about two miles when the moon suddenly clouded over, and I was left in comparative darkness.

As I knew the way, however, I thought nothing of it, but trudged cheerfully along, thinking only of Ada and our approaching union. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, the ground gave way from under my feet and I felt myself falling headlong down, down into the depths of the earth. How far I fell I knew not at the time—I learned afterward that it was about thirty feet—but I expected instant death when I reached the bottom, and without doubt that would have been my fate had not the bottom of the hole been filled with water to a considerable depth. This broke my fall, and also by its coldness restored me to my senses.

I struck out on coming to the surface, and swam around to find something to which I could hold on. After a considerable time spent in searching, during which the full horror of the situation began to dawn upon me, I at last discovered a piece of woodwork fixed in the side of the pit.

This I eagerly grasped, and, resting partially on it with half my body in the water, I began to consider my position.

I knew at once the place into which I had fallen, and as the knowledge flashed across my mind I cursed myself for having been so careless to stumble into it. It was an old, disused shaft, which had been there for generations. Not many people were aware of its existence, for it was in a wild and solitary spot scarcely ever visited by any one. I, however, had seen it several times in my moorland wanderings, and had always regarded it as a dangerous place. It was partially fenced round, but I must have wandered in through one of the gaps.

There was no footpath anywhere near it, so I must, in the darkness, have lost my way. However, here I was, and the question confronted me, how was I to get out?

I tried to discover if it was possible to climb out, but the sides of the pit offered no hold of any kind, so I had to abandon that idea.

I next shouted, in the hopes that some solitary wanderer might hear my cries, but no answering voice was heard, until, after I had shouted myself hoarse, I was obliged to sink back in silence and despair.

My heart sickened as I thought of the loneliness of the place, and how days, and even weeks, might elapse before any one passed that way.

I struck out frantically round the pit to seek again for some means of escape, but my search was as fruitless as before.

Despair took hold of me. I thought of Ada, of our approaching marriage, of the preparations which had been made, and the plans which had been formed.

How bright the world had seemed but a moments before, and how keenly I had anticipated its pleasures! And now it was all over. I must think no more of entering again the bright region above and sharing in the joys that awaited me there. I was doomed to die—to die a lonely, solitary, horrible death, and to lie in a watery grave. As I held on to my feeble support and thought of all this, my brain reeled within me, and I feared that my reason must give way.

Death instead of marriage! What a contrast! Just when I ought to be leading my bride to the altar and stepping across the portal of married life, to let go my hold here and fall into the cold, relentless arms of Death! And what of Ada then? Surely she would sorrow, and grieve, and be disconsolate.

But Horace Rishton! What of him? Might they not become man and—But, no, the thought was torturing, and drove me in a fit of frenzy to shout again with all my might. But it was all in vain, for no one heard.

How the night passed I cannot tell, neither do I know how the morning hours dragged on, for I was numb with cold, and faint with hunger and fatigue. I only know that after what seemed to me to be ages, footsteps drew near, and a voice called out from above:

"Are you there, Fred?"

My heart leaped into my mouth, and for a moment I was unable to utter a sound. At last I murmured, in a faint voice:

"In heaven's name, get me out! I'm dying."

"Can you hold on another minute?" the voice asked. "I've got a rope here. Keep up till I fasten it to this stake. Can you slip a loop round your body, or shall I come down to you?"

"Send the rope down. I'll manage to pass it round," I shouted eagerly.

In another minute it was dangling before my eyes, and was soon passed under my arms, after which I gave the word to draw up. Slowly I ascended, and at last emerged into the light and freedom of the upper air.

As I lay upon the ground—for my legs were useless to me—I looked at my deliverer, and wept for very joy at my release.

It was Horace Rishton who had saved me, and if ever my heart went out to my rival, it was then.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you," I began.

"Give me no thanks," he interrupted harshly. "Thank heaven instead. Heaven and hell have been fighting over you, and heaven has won. But you little know how near you have been to death."

I looked up in wonderment at him, for his words were unintelligible to me. He took no notice of my look, but continued:

"I guessed where you were, call it instinct or whatever you like. No one else did. They will seek everywhere but here. But I seemed to know, and—well, the devil tempted me, nay, he fought with me. Don't you know why? You love Ada Miller, do you not? Then, so do I. Yes, with a love that is all-consuming—a love which gives me no rest night or day, a love which makes it impossible for me to live without her. You have won her hand, but don't you think I envy you? Don't you think I even hate you at times? And when I guessed you were here, don't you see that the devil tempted me to leave you here and to say nothing whatever about it? But Ada has chosen you, she loves you. Your wedding day draws near. Go—take her and be happy. But for me happiness in this life is over."

He turned away to unloosen the rope which he had made fast to one of the stakes of the fence.

I watched him wonderingly with a dazed mind, when all in a moment, before I could think or speak, he reeled, fell over, and toppled headlong into the pit from whence he had drawn me, carrying the rope with him.

"Good heaven, he's gone!" I shrieked, and springing to my feet—for the numbness left me for a moment I rushed to the mouth of the shaft crying frantically, "Horace! Horace!"

But no answer came to my cries. A loud splash succeeded his fall, then all was still and silent as the grave. I looked around for help, but no help was near, and overcome with weakness, fatigue, and horror, I fell senseless to the ground.

When I came to I found myself in the same position, and knowing that it was extremely improbable that any one would pass that way, I put forth all my strength, and dragged myself with great difficulty in the direction of home.

When I had gone a mile or so I entered upon a more frequented road, and soon fell in with those who rendered me all the assistance I required.

My story caused a great sensation, as you may be sure, and for a time I was the one object of interest in the place.

Ada looked upon me as one given back from the dead, and rejoiced over me accordingly. Her joy would have been complete had it not been for the unfortunate death of Horace Rishton, for that naturally cast a gloom over us all.

Of course, his death was put down to accident, and much regret expressed at the painful occurrence, but I, who had seen the whole thing, knew that it was no accident, though, rightly or wrongly, I kept the knowledge to myself.

Why should I blazon abroad the fact that Horace Rishton, after gallantly saving my life, had deliberately destroyed his own?

It would have been a poor return for the service he had rendered me; it would have done no good to those who knew him and who revered his memory; and above all, it would have been a source of constant pain and grief to my own darling wife.

By accident therefore let it be, and may his soul rest in peace!

Every year we pay a visit to his grave, and as we gaze upon the silent tomb, we think with gratitude and yet with regret of a rival's love.—Household Words.

A Queer Duck.

The queerest duck that ever swam is owned by a San Francisco man who keeps a big farm just outside that city. The name of the duck's owner is Mr. E. J. Wilkinson, and he is very proud of his feathered pet.

The duck is just an ordinary appearing, white, quacking bird such as everybody is familiar with, and yet it stands alone in duckdom as a unique specimen. The queer thing about this particular duck is that it has a trick of laying two eggs at one time; in other words, an egg within an egg.

As a rule the shell of the outside egg measures about nine inches around, while the inside egg measures about four inches. The outside egg is just like the inside, with the exception that the yolk or yellow part is slightly flattened out from being pressed against the shell of the inside one.

Sometimes the freaky creature will lay two double eggs, each one weighing from a quarter to half a pound and measuring from eight to ten inches around the outside. Mr. Wilkinson is very proud of his particular pet, and says that he will never part with the downy creature as long as he has money enough left to buy feed for his talented bird. No one has ever known any kind of a fowl to do the wonders that this duck performs regularly, and though several people have offered large sums for the freak, Mr. Wilkinson steadfastly refuses to tell her.—Chicago News.

A Pneumatic Tired Farm.

Mrs. Mary Johnson has a pneumatic farm near Lennox, South Dakota through the surface of which a gang of expert drillers has been trying for weeks to sink a drive well. To a depth of between 120 and 130 feet the tubing enters the soil without difficulty, but as soon as the air cushion is reached the wind rushes out with a screech like a locomotive. Sixteen-pound sledges are tossed into the air as lightly as feathers and operations have to be suspended.

When this occurrence took place the first time the workmen figured that they had merely struck a wind pocket. After waiting several days in the hope that it would exhaust itself they pulled out the tubing and made a fresh start in a new location. At about the same depth as before the old programme was reported. A half dozen attempts have now been made with no greater degree of success. From the last hole the wind smelled so strongly of gas that the drillers were unable to work over it.

Curious Competitions.

The Belgian artisan spends his leisure in a very novel manner. He breeds a special cock for crowing, and that which can outcrow its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The modus operandi is to place the cages containing the roosters in long rows, for it appears that propinquity creates the spirit of emulation without which the proceedings would fall flat. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the cock which scores the highest number of points in the allotted time. A great number of these competitions have recently taken place in the Liege district, and in some cases heavy bets have been made on the result.—Tit-Bits.

Statistics About the Buffalo.

The vital statistics about the buffalo, as gathered at Washington, are melancholy. W. T. Hornaday, Superintendent of the National Zoological Park, gives it as his opinion that the whole number of buffaloes, running wild and in captivity, in North America, was about 1000 in 1889. Of these, twenty-five were in the Pan Handle of Texas, twenty were in Colorado, twenty-six were in Southern Wyoming, ten were in the Musselshell County of Montana, and four lone beasts were wandering in Western Dakota. In the Athabasca Territory of the British possessions it was estimated that there were 550. Between 250 and 300 are accounted for in captivity in the United States. A herd has also been located in the Barren Grounds of Hudson Bay Territory, and is said to number 150.—New York Times.

A Paris Exposition Novelty.

One of the novelties proposed for the Paris Exposition of 1900 is to swing a midair suspension railway from the top of the Eiffel Tower to the summit of the distant Trocadero, from which will be hung by roller chairs making the journey back and forth. The Eiffel Tower is 985 feet high. It will give the reader some notion of what that means to recall that the copper cap on the top of Washington Monument is only 555 feet from the ground.

Imagine a trip from nearly double the elevation of Washington Monument. Some folks found the journey round the Ferris wheel at the World's Fair at Chicago a nervous ordeal. Compared with this proposed aerial cable line, the Ferris wheel is positively ridiculous as a hair starter.

A Snake's Long Journey.

A black snake, measuring six and a half feet in length and five feet and a half inch around the largest part of its body, was found coiled around the axle of a Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern boxcar in the company's yards at Jeffersonville, Ind., the other morning. The snake was first seen in the Cincinnati yards by Conductor Cole several hours before and an effort was then made to kill it, but the reptile crawled into a hole leading to the hollow part of the wheel attached to the axle and was lost to view. The snake made the trip from Cincinnati to this city, a distance of 120 miles, and did not seem in the least disturbed thereby.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Czar is Insignificant.

The figure of the Czar is insignificant and undistinguished. He is well under the middle size. His tall and stately young wife can easily look down on the top of his head. The Emperor's lack of height is the more remarkable since he comes from a family of giants. His father was one of the strongest men physically in his dominions. Alexander II. was of towering height, and Nicholas I. was a superb figure of a man. There is a singular contrast between the Czar and the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, some of whom, if not exactly divinely fair, are uncommonly tall.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

LININGS FOR COLLARS.

In making bodices with a high collar it should be remembered that the collar ought to be lined with either very light goods or with material of which the dye is indubitably fast, as the dampness and constant friction of the neck are very likely to make the color of the lining stain the skin.

CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

A National congress of mothers, to consider all subjects relating to the home, especially those which bear upon the moral, mental and physical training of children, will be held in Washington in February, 1897. Headquarters have been established at No. 1400 New Hampshire avenue, in that city, for the reception of communications in regard to the congress.—New York Post.

BLACK MATERIALS FOR WINTER.

Black materials are to be greatly favored this winter, and a special and attractive exhibit of stylish and elegant black goods made this week included French armures with bourette knots, mohairs and canvas weaves with boucle figures, English whipcords, camels' hair serges with glossy silk and wool stripes in raised designs, plain and fancy alpacas and brilliantines, satins, moires, both plain and brocaded, Henriettas in silk warp and sheer all-wool combinations, drap d'ete, repped silks and repped wools in both fine and heavy cords new designs in crepons, and many handsome textiles in crepon effects. The mohairs and Henrietta cloths, the faced cloths, are represented in different qualities and prices, and possess a degree of durability that is unsurpassed by nearly any black material save silky English serge, which is less dressy in effect than the finer woven fabrics. Many other standard black textiles are displayed that are in steady demand, as the outlook for the winter season indicates an even greater demand for handsome black fabrics than was experienced a year ago, when this color largely prevailed.—New York Post.

YELLOW IS TO PREVAIL.

Yellow is a favorite color this season. Notwithstanding that it is the hue of jealousy, of decadent literature, of biliousness and other unpleasantnesses, the American woman has decided that she will wear yellow this winter. You may see yellow velvets, silks, cloths and other fabrics in the store windows, and inside on the counters you may find many, many more. The merchant scents the fancy of his customers afar off, and by the time my lady has quite made up her mind that she wants some certain thing, there it is in the stores ready to her hand.

It is not only in dresses and linings of mantles that the Chinese hue will be found. It will appear in millinery in many shapes and shades. Ribbons are as easily made of yellow as of any other color, and feathers and laces can be yellowed with equal facility.

There will be many shades, and each shade will have a different name, distinctive and generally odd. The men and women who prepare new styles are ingenious, and can think of all kinds of designations for variations of the same color. So we have "old colonial yellow," "tip of the canary's wing," "crushed lemon," "autumn leaf," "buttercup," "brimstone," "old ivory," "golden sands," "golden rod" and dozens of others. Most of these shades are attractive, and none are downright ugly, so long as one likes yellow at all.

It is a peculiarity of yellow that certain shades of it can be worn by either blondes or brunettes. The rich effect of yellow in conjunction with dark hair and bright brunette complexion is understood by every one. But it is a new thing to many blondes to learn that there are shades of yellow that are most becoming to their complexions. It is the intention to use yellow a great deal in connection with brown in dresses and hats this autumn. It is a pretty combination, the yellow showing up bright and distinctive against a dark brown background.

Among other directions in which yellow will be the dominant color must be mentioned luncheons and teas. There will be yellow luncheons and yellow teas. The charming effect of yellow lamp shades, and yellow ribbons setting off the pure white napery of well-appointed luncheons, can be imagined. It will be even better than the pink, which has so long held sway at these functions. On a dark afternoon, too, yellow decorations will brighten up a room almost as much as the rays of sunshine.—New York Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Velvet brocade has come in again.

Grays and mixtures of black and white will be extremely fashionable throughout the autumn, but later on they will give place to warmer colorings.

Broadcloth and smooth, rather firm goods are to be preferred for winter wear, as they take embroidery and decoration much better than lighter and softer fabrics.

A new skirt has the front and side breadths as plain as the contour of a box-coat. The back is shaped like umbrella gores, with but a little fullness at the waist. This is gathered into a narrow space at the back of the waist line.

Faced cloths appear in a very elegant variety of deep and beautiful dyes—cress and oak-leaf greens, deep sumac reds, sage-gray. Several handsome shades in olive and reseda and innumerable rich, warm browns are among the most attractive colors, while the smartness the new Danish red is certainly the color. A little of it placed judiciously to lighten a sombre costume is very effective.

Among the epaulette trimmings on French dinner and evenings gowns are those showing numerous long loops of broad velvet ribbon or of piece velvet lined with satin, that fall over the short full puffs of the close coat-sleeves. Bands of the same are then carried from the shoulders to the belt, rosetted at the back, and ending in front in a girdle, or in long loops and ends at the left side if the waist is a round one.

The ingenious young woman may make for herself the most elegant costumes at exceedingly small cost. Let her select, at the bargain-counter if she will, a remnant of cloth, fine, firm, soft and flexible, and have the front and side breadths cut out by the most accurate measure—indeed, it would be better to have the whole skirt perfectly fitted to her figure. Then, if she is possessed of the requisite ingenuity, she may stamp her costume and braid or embroider it herself.

THE PASSING TIME.

The frost'll soon be sprinkled
On the furrows, gleaming gray:
But shall we miss
The summer's kiss
Or mourn the rose of May?

Why weep for time that's flying,
O'er graves of roses sighing?
Lo! when one rose is dying
Another decks the day!

Let Winter roar around us,
And hide the hills with snow!
For all his skies
The broad suns rise
As in the long ago.

And love to love replying
Still kisses back the sighing;
There—where one rose lies dying
Another's grace will glow!
—Atlanta Constitution.

PITH AND POINT.

He—"My life without you will be a lonely one." The Heiress—"But think how busy you will have to be."—Life.

Wife—"What would you do if I stayed out every night until midnight?" Hubby—"Jove, I'd stay at home."—Truth.

"It's all over." As the woman uttered these words she dropped to the floor. The baby had spilled the ink.—West Union Gazette.

He—"Have you any reason for doubting what I say?" She—"Yes, I have." He—"What is it?" She—"I don't believe you."—Puck.

Offspring—"Pa, what does fee-simple mean?" Pa—"It's the fee a man gives to the minister when he gets married."—Boston Transcript.

"Let's go shopping to-day, Tess." "I can't, Bess; I've got lots of things to buy to-day. I've nothing to do to-morrow; I'll go then."—New York Sun.

"Is Miss Cahoots in?" inquired the caller. "That depends on you. Are yez Misther Jones?" said Bridget. "Yes." "She's gon' out."—Harper's Bazar.

"What office are you after this time?" "None at all." "Then, what are you running for?" "Because I don't want to be conspicuous!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"We girls are going to have a harvest home festival." "What! to show big pumpkins and things!" "No such nonsense—engagement rings and photographs."—Chicago Record.

Wicks—"I heard a pretty compliment to Hamlin, the actor, to-day. Squeesicks says he possesses the art which conceals art." Hicks—"That's a fact. You'd never know he had any."—Boston Transcript.

Author—"You have no idea how many stamps I use up mailing my manuscripts." Critic—"Very likely. I think there ought to be round trip tickets for manuscripts at reduced rates."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"I just finished Miss Skryber's new novel this afternoon." "I have heard something of it. Is it, ah—suitable for home reading?" "Strictly. I know I would not like to be seen reading it in public."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Maria," said Buggles to his wife, with an idea of instructing her in political economy, "do you know what civil service is?" "Jasper," said Mrs. Buggles, with memory of recent contact with the cook, "there isn't any."—Tit-Bits.

"We're going to have an entirely new kind of writing in our schools this year," said Tom to his mother. "It's all to be perpendicular after this instead of the slantindicular. I guess it's because the slantindicular looked so lazy."—Harper's Bazar.

Connubialities: Mrs. Billus—"John, you ought not to be so hard on the young man that comes to see Bessie. You were a young lover once yourself, and my recollection is that you were sometimes a very silly one." Mr. Billus—"Silly? I was an idiot, Maria; I was an idiot! I've found it out since."—Chicago Tribune.

When the Kaiser Travels.

On the day before the Kaiser sets out on a railway journey extraordinary precautions are taken less any mishap should befall the imperial traveler. Every bridge is minutely examined, and in particular tunnels, bridges, etc., as well as the state of rails. The engineer is made responsible for their being in a fit condition. On the day of the journey itself, and shortly before the court train starts, a pilot train or locomotive with an engineer is sent on ahead for a short distance and the line of route again gone over and examined. If there are sleepers, loose rails or stones lying in the vicinity of a building place they are watched during darkness by people specially deputed for that purpose. On the approach of the train the number of men set to watch the line of route is increased, while others are placed before and in the tunnels, at level crossing and on the larger bridges. Several officials, who are made answerable for everything being in perfect order, as well as for any delays, accompany the train. In case any defects in the locomotive of the court train should become manifest engines are ready to be substituted. The traveling and non-traveling public is kept at a distance from the train at stations where stoppages are made for any purpose whatsoever. Signals at night are avoided so as not to disturb the repose of the monarch. The railway officials are in a state of feverish anxiety; telegrams fly to and fro, and the least delay is announced. In short, every conceivable measure is taken to cause the journey of the exalted traveler to pass off as easily and as pleasantly as possible.—London Telegraph.

House of Commons Manners.

It is striking to what an extent the manners of the House of Commons have changed within the lifetime of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Villiers. When Mr. Ferrand, the member for Knaresborough, was making a furious attack on Cobden, according to the latter's description, "Colonel Sibthorpe plied the fellow with oranges to suck, in an affectionate way that resembled a monkey fondling a bear." Fancy Mr. "Tommy" Bowles plying Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett with oranges during one of the latter's fiery attacks on Mr. Chamberlain! In Burke's day honorable members used to lie full length along the benches in riding-boots, and amuse themselves, not only by sucking oranges, but by cracking nuts.—London Saturday Review.

Choose Their Own Coffins.

There are at least 200 people walking the streets of San Francisco in good health and likely to live many years, who have already arranged the details of their funerals. They have selected the coffins in which they will be buried, and paid cash for the same, as well as for the burial plot, hearse, etc."—San Francisco Call.

SICK NEARLY THIRTY YEARS.

BRILLIANT SERVICE IN THE WAR FOLLOWED BY PROLONGED SUFFERING.

High Private Briggs Brings His Wartime Valor Into a Life and Death Combat—He Speaks of His Struggles Since the War.

From the Tribune, Hornellsville, N. Y.

There is no man in Oneida County, New York, who stands higher in the community than Mr. William H. Briggs, a wealthy farmer, and resident of Bridgewater, and a prominent member of the G. A. R. His statement will not be news to his friends, as they all know whereof he writes, but it is commended to the consideration of the public. Mr. Briggs writes as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure and satisfaction to be able to give honor where honor is due, and to that end I make this certificate, hoping it may be the means of others being benefited as I have been.

"I am a farmer residing near Bridgewater, Oneida County, New York; my name is William H. Briggs, and I am 56 years old. I am an old soldier, and member of the G. A. R., having served as high private in Co. A. 1st New York Artillery, during the whole four years of the Rebellion. Though not a pensioner, and never an applicant for pension, I contracted through malarial climate, disease of liver and stomach, from which I suffered continuously, in various forms. In 1863 I had the jaundice, and it continued for years, to a greater or lesser degree. I never was free from dyspepsia, and palpitation of the heart, and suffered from nervous debility to such an extent that I could neither rest by night nor work by day. Night after night I walked the floor tormented by vague fears, which I knew were purely imaginary, and yet I could not shake them off. I came home in June, 1865, and from then until 1894 I was constantly attended by physicians, having employed three at different times during that period. These good doctors gave me occasionally temporary relief, but the good effects of their treatment quickly disappeared, and left me more despondent and wretched than ever.

"I did not believe in giving up, and was about to send to Utica for a another physician, when Mr. H. Seifert, the blacksmith who attends to my horses, recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as he assured me they had done wonderful things for him. I had read of these pills before and felt somewhat inclined to try them, before Seifert spoke of them, but his recommendation settled the matter, and I became Dr. Williams' patient. I took Pink Pills steadily until I have consumed four boxes, growing better and better every day, my liver working freely, my kidneys acting normally. My heart no longer troubled me, and I could digest my food. All that water brash, heart burn, buzzing in the head, as if there were a great empty space in my cranium, disappeared, and life began to be worth living, which it had not been since my army service. I was cured in less than one year from the time I began to take Pink Pills in 1894, and have been in fair health ever since. Of course, I have to be careful, as I easily catch cold, and it is apt to settle in my right side, but a dose or two of the Pink Pills soon set me to rights again, and I shall never be without them, unless something very unforeseen occurs.

"I do not want it understood that I am casting any stress against those who are pensioners. If I were needy I should certainly ask for what I am entitled to, but being amply provided with this world's goods, I do not require it. My old comrades can testify that I have helped many a one of them to get a pension.

"The above statement is true in every particular. I certify on honor.

"(Signed) WM. H. BRIGGS."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Striking Bargain.

"These undershirts I bought here last month," he began.

"I remember it," said the clerk. "It was a great bargain. Do you find them warm enough?"

"They were warm enough when I first put them on, but I didn't think to inquire about them this morning."

"Inquire about them?"

"Yes. Ever since they were washed the baby has been wearing them. Now, if you have anything that isn't quite so much of a bargain and is a little more likely to remain any size, I'd like to see it."—Chicago Post-Dispatch.

Jaymore—Soakley was bitten by a mad dog last week.

Clogson—Did he take hydrophobia as a result?

Jaymore—No, but the mad dog took delirium tremens.—Washington Times

Corn

is a vigorous feeder and responds well to liberal fertilization. On corn lands the yield increases and the soil improves if properly treated with fertilizers containing not under 7% actual

Potash.

A trial of this plan costs but little and is sure to lead to profitable culture.

All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

She Would Not.

He led her into the beechen grove where they had carved their initials on a tree years before. The letters had grown together and formed a knot.

"Shall we not follow their example?" he asked in anxious tones.

She blushed and answered: "I will knot, if you will."—Detroit Free Press.

It Took the Ribbon.

Dear Sir:—Having used several boxes of your TETTERINE, I can say that it is the best remedy I have ever found for skin diseases. After failing with Cut cura and other similar preparations, through the recommendation of a friend I tried a box of TETTERINE, and two applications was all that it took to effect a complete cure of a breaking out on my feet of long standing. I think it is the best salve in the world for skin diseases." Yours truly,

R. R. ALEXANDER, Mt. Selma, Texas.

1 box by mail for 50c. in stamps.

J. T. SHUPTRINE, Savannah, Ga.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist. Under absolute guarantee to cure. Book and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

In Search of Heirs.

The heirs of the following persons (all of which persons once lived in Georgia, and in the counties set next their names,) namely: John Tickle, Clarke County; John Stroud, Wilkes County; John Graves, Sr., Jasper County; Conrad Ancley, Pulaski County; John W. Allen, Elbert County; Micajah Bland, Washington County; Winslow Rowe, Elbert County; will find something of interest to them by addressing Georgia Title Guarantors Co., 702 Temple Court, Atlanta, Ga.

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

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

SALARY or Commission to a good agent in every town or city. It does not make any difference whether you have ever worked at the business or not. Ladies can do as well as gentlemen. Paper devoted to the upbuilding of the South. Address The Southern Real Estate and Financial Journal, 205 Kiser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

DON'T BE CUT WITH A KNIFE. We can cure you without it. If you have the PILES use Planter's Pile Ointment. We guarantee to give instant and permanent relief. Send five two-cent stamps to cover postage and we will mail FREE package. Address Dept. A, New Spencer Medicine Co., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

WANTED STATE AND LOCAL AGENTS, Male and Female. Those having had sufficient experience to warrant their taking charge of large territory, will do well to address us at once. We are in a position to suit almost everybody, both as to territory and terms. A modern and taking plan. Sick and death benefits. Write for terms. UNION BENEFICIAL ASSOCIAT