### Making Candied Peel.

The making of candied peel or what we call citron is a complicated process. A correspondent in Italy of The Table in London gives an account of a visit to a factory devoted to this industry. The fruit from which the finished product is made is very like a large lemon eight or ten pounds in weight. It grows in groves in Corsica and Calabria upon trees about six feet in height. The first process is to cut the fruit in halves and take out the cores, which are discarded. The peel is then sealed in barrels of salt water for two or three weeks. It is then withdrawn and soaked for twenty-one days in a succession of syrups, beginning with eight parts of sugar to twenty of water until the final one contains twenty parts of sugar to one of water. The fruit thus treated is then cooked in a number of large caldrons, where it simmers for twenty-four hours. When cool it is skimmed, cooked again with fresh syrup, cooled and cooked a third time. While still hot it is packed in wooden boxes, in which it is sold by wholesale. The peel thus treated will keep for ten years, although the fresher it is the better. The slightly bitter flavor of preserved citron is caused by the soaking in salt water. Two hundred people are employed in the factory. The women receive eighteen cents a day.—New York Sun.

### Wheat $2 a Bushel.

Some farmers are holding their wheat because they think the price will go to $2 a bushel. The price, however, may go down instead of up, and thus great losses will follow delay in selling. In all matters delays are dangerous, particularly so in sickness. At the first sign of biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion or constipation cure yourself with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't wait for your condition to improve itself, for it is apt to get worse still.

The drainage of the swamps causes the Kankakee river to be always dry.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Clocks can be accurately leveled by a new shelf, which has a fixed wall plate supporting a pivoted, adjustable shell, with levels in the top, to be set by thumb screws on the under side.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A Baltimore man was so afraid some one would get his umbrella that he locked it in his safe. That night the safe was stolen.

**Eczema**

**Painful Itching, Burning, Smarting and Swelling—Hood's Cures.**

"My little boy was severely afflicted with eczema, and we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured him. We always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand, and I have found it very beneficial for palpitation of the heart. My mother has taken it for rheumatism and it has helped her." Mrs. Viana Franklin, E. Otto, N. Y.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

**Hood's Pills** cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

### Mrs. Wharton's Disappointment.

Thoroughly tired from the work and worry of fixing up the new home in the suburb where she and her husband had moved three days before, Mrs. Wharton was just sinking into a doze when her maid came bursting in.

A lady was waiting in the parlor below, the maid said. She had a carriage, a coachman, a footman, and was dressed in the height of fashion, so must be one of the society leaders of the suburb.

Gratified at this early recognition of her by the society of the place, Mrs. Wharton put on her new black silk and hurried down.

As she entered the parlor a stately matron arose and came forward with both hands outstretched.

"Allow me to welcome you to P——" she said, with a gracious smile.

Mrs. Wharton was charmed. "A society leader of a certainty," she said to herself.

They sat and talked for some time, and every minute Mrs. Wharton became more enamored of her caller.

"To be thoroughly a part of the society of P—— there is just one thing you need," said the lady, at length.

"And what is that?" eagerly asked the young wife.

The woman stepped to the front door. "James," she called, "bring me my bag." A minute later it was handed her.

"I have it here," she said in reply to Mrs. Wharton's question, drawing a morocco-bound book from the bag. "No home is complete without 'The Society Woman's Guide.' I shall be delighted to take your order. In cloth it is $5; in morocco—"

But Mrs. Wharton had fled.

"He was a very precocious boy." "Indeed?" "Yes, at seven years of age he read Greek, and at ten he had mastered the rudiments of college yelling."—Detroit Journal.

**OPEN LETTERS FROM**

**Jennie E. Green and Mrs. Harry Hardy.**

Jennie E. Green, Denmark, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had been sick at my monthly periods for seven years, and tried almost everything I ever heard of, but without any benefit. Was troubled with backache, headache, pains in the shoulders and dizziness. Through my mother I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has done me so much good. I am now sound and well."

Mrs. Harry Hardy, Riverside, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham the story of her struggle with serious ovarian trouble, and the benefit she received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is her letter:

"How thankful I am that I took your medicine. I was troubled for two years with inflammation of the womb and ovaries, womb was also very low. I was in constant misery. I had heart trouble, was short of breath and could not walk five blocks to save my life. Suffered very much with my back, had headache all the time, was nervous, menstruations were irregular and painful, had a bad discharge and was troubled with bloating. I was a perfect wreck. Had doctored and taken local treatments, but still was no better. I was advised by one of my neighbors to write to you. I have now finished the second bottle of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am better in every way. I am able to do all my own work and can walk nearly a mile without fatigue; something I had not been able to do for over two years. Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors."

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

WANTED—Specialty Salesmen; new plan; sell goods; secure salesmen; salary, expenses, commission. W. F. Main Co., Iowa City, Ia.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

## FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

### A Woman's Good Work.

Mme. Pescova of Prague has been decorated by the Emperor of Austria as an acknowledgment of the work she has done for women. Some time ago she erected a fine building where about 2000 Bohemian women are annually prepared for the Prague university. She is well known as a writer on educational matters and as a poet.

### Engagements in Denmark.

"In Denmark a girl never knows the pure, unadulterated joy of receiving a diamond engagement ring," remarked a returned traveler. "She gets a plain gold band known as a wedding ring in that country, and it is worn on her left third finger. On the day of her marriage the bridegroom changes it to her right third finger, which is the marriage finger in that country of queer customs. When the husband dies his widow changes her ring again to her left third finger, and everybody knows that she is a widow. Being engaged can't mean a great deal of happiness in Denmark any way you take it, for a girl is never, under any circumstances, permitted to see her betrothed one minute alone."—New York Sun.

### A New Dress Preparation.

A new thing in dress material preparation is said to be one of the most pronounced successes of the season. The material is sponged so that it will neither shrink nor spot. Two pieces of material exactly alike can be taken, of which one will be treated with the preparation and the other left untouched or sponged in the usual way. Both will then be sprinkled with water. The prepared material will dry flat and smooth as when new, while the other spots and crinkles up. Serges often shrink when wet; face cloths and even covert coating will spot, and alpaca is an almost impossible wet weather fabric. When treated to the new finish they are said to be not only rain proof, but softer and silkier than ever. For cycling and seaside wear the new process is earning golden opinions, and women are said to be blessing the inventor of it.

### Short Sermon on Shoes.

Many reasons have been given for the preference shown by women generally for high heels. One is that the practice adds height to the body; another that it adds gracefulness to the carriage. To the latter one might take exception, for it may do so as long as the wearers stand still, but when they move about it imparts what can best be described as a wobbling motion which is the reverse of graceful. Tight shoes, again, are worn with the object of making the feet look smaller, but, as a matter of fact, the better shape a foot is the smaller it will look, but in the disproportionately small foot there is always involved an awkward gait. The foot of a tall woman should be larger than the foot of a small woman. The foot in length should be the length of the ulna, a bone in the forearm, which extends from a protuberance in the outer portion of the wrist to the elbow. Of course the ulna is longer in tall people, and to be graceful the foot should be also. Many people may be surprised that the foot should be as long as the forearm, and might be inclined to dispute the fact unless proved by demonstration.—Philadelphia Times.

### Angels of the Camp.

In the heat of the controversy concerning the care or lack of care bestowed upon the sick and wounded of our victorious army it is gratifying to direct attention to the work of two noble women who have been conspicuous in administering to the wants of our soldiers and alleviating distress and suffering in hospital and camp.

One of these is Annie Laurie Early Wheeler, the daughter of "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, who braved the perils of yellow fever at Santiago and the dangers aboard the fever-laden Olivette, and who continues her administrations in the hospital at Montauk.

Another is Helen Gould, who gave liberally of her fortune at the outset of the war to provide for the comfort of the troops, and whose beneficence is daily manifested at Camp Wikoff.

Annie Laurie Wheeler and Helen Gould are names that will be held in long and grateful remembrance by the survivors of the war for the liberation of Cuba. And these two angels of the camp are but conspicuous types of the noble women who have made sacrifices for their country in the late war.

All honor and glory to the American heroes, but do not let us forget the Clara Bartons, Annie Laurie Wheelers and Helen Goulds—the American heroines.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Shoulder Wraps and Capes.

Something in the way of a light wrap is considered an indispensable accessory to every well arranged toilet. It may not constantly be worn, but it is exceedingly convenient and useful to have in case one boards an open car or has occasion to remain any length of time out of doors or in a current of air. The prettiest wraps are masses of lace and fluffiness. They must have a tolerably firm foundation, but diaphanous fabrics make up the larger part of them.

One model has a shawl shaped middle portion and ruffles in the greatest profusion. These ruffles are made of lace edging four inches deep. This edging is put on extravagantly full, so much so, indeed, that it makes ruchings that might almost suggest a burdensome quantity. There are nine of these ruffle ruchings and they overlap so as to make a length of about 22 inches at the extremest point. The shawl shaped middle is more popular than the circle, which seems to indicate what has long been predicted—the gradual return to favor of the old-fashioned shawl, which has been out of use so many years that very few people possess one that is at all available. Exception, of course, is made to the owners of India shawls, who seem to cling to them with the utmost pertinacity. Other capes are made in shawl shape and trimmed with bands of flat garniture or very rich embroidery. One model is large enough to cover the figure and extends some distance below the waist line; indeed, the point at the back falls at least a third of the distance over the skirt. The collar is high and flaring and elaborately trimmed with feather ruchings. The border has five rows of rich galloon set on at regular intervals and attached to the fabric by embroidery stitches. — New York Ledger.

### Uses and Abuses of Veils.

Little by little the veils are climbing upward, and Paris says that they may now be worn no further over the face than just beneath the nose. This fashion has certainly its convenience to recommend it.

Some one has remarked: "What a comfort to be able to drink an ice cream soda or take a cup of tea without all that bother of raising the veil and the worse bother of getting it down again."

There are all sorts and kinds of veilings, but, before buying, a little study of effect is necessary. A face that looks well behind a thin gauze, with occasional dots, will look wan and haggard under a Russian net, heavy with chenille balls. Women who persist in wearing a dotted veil under one of chiffon are simply ruining their eyesight. Doctors say that the wearing of veils, dotted ones in particular, is ruinous to the eyesight, and also that oculists owe a large part of their incomes to this feminine habit.

If veils must be worn, the bow at the back must be avoided, and the ends drawn into the smallest kind of a knot and tucked out of sight. The smartest dressed women do not wear veils, though this may be only a hot weather fancy.—New York Tribune.

### Caring for Hats.

To the dainty woman who wishes to keep her hats up to the standard without a great outlay of money or constant recourse to Madame Milliner, the practical hints given her classes by a first class teacher of millinery may prove worthy of consideration. The best velveteen, says this woman who knows, is better than silk velvet, so far as durability and keeping in order are concerned, for making or trimming hats. Rain will not soil a good quality of velveteen, as a little steaming will make it as good as new, while a few drops of water on silk velvet makes little indentations hard to remove. For black hats, chip or straw, beginning to grow rusty, liquid shoe polish may be used to good advantage. Hats should be brushed every day before laying aside to keep the dust from grinding in. Artificial flowers, drooping and crushed, may be brightened and freshened by shaking for ten minutes through the steam from the boiling teakettle. Ostrich feathers respond to the same treatment. A good quality of ribbon makes the most durable, and consequently the cheapest, of all hat trimmings, standing the moisture of the sea or flying dust of business streets or country driving better than flowers, feathers or lace.

Steel ornaments may be made as good as new by scrubbing in hot soapsuds, using a nail brush to reach the interstices, then polishing it with a chamois or drying in sawdust. To renovate old black thread or French laces dip into a solution of weak green tea, then spread out upon several thicknesses of newspaper laid upon the ironing board or other flat surface. With a pin pick out each little point or scallop, cover the lace with sheets of newspapers, and put a weight on the paper, allowing it to remain 24 hours. Fine white laces, delicate ribbons and silks, may be freshened and cleaned with powdered magnesia, or, if not too badly soiled, with hot flour—taking care that it is not browned in the heating. Sprinkle the magnesia or flour upon a smooth sheet of wrapping paper, lay the silk or lace upon the paper and sprinkle more magnesia over it. Cover with another sheet of paper, place a book or some light weight on the paper, letting it rest there several days. Take the fabric up, shake well, and brush with a soft brush. For laces that require stiffening rinse in a pint of water in which gum arabic the size of a pea is dissolved, roll about a bottle and pull or pat with a soft towel until dry.—Philadelphia Times.

### Fashion Hints.

Steel and malachite form a combination noted in the newest buckles.

Nearly all of the dressy gowns this season have a sash tied in the back or at the left side.

Skirts are much gored and have flounces at the foot. These usually widen toward the back.

Blouse suits of plain and fancy weave are made with revers, belt and apron, with large buttons for fastening, and finished with braid garniture.

Entire gowns of heavy black knotted silk, with deep fringed edges, are in vogue for evening wear. They look best made over a foundation of black satin.

Ribbon trimmings will be much used in autumn millinery on both hats and toques. This is a sensible fashion, since ribbon is not easily hurt by uncertain autumn weather. The wide directoire toque still remains popular.

A new silk muslin which has some of the stiffness of horse hair and silk moreen is being made up into petticoats. It rustles almost as industriously as real silk, and when trimmed with lace and plenty of ruffles it is a good substitute.

A somewhat striking effect is produced by the use of white linen duck skirts and black satin or brocaded jackets. There is a blouse front, preferably of white India silk, with a bit of lace and a collar that is much less voluminous than any of those heretofore seen.

New dresses show flounces placed lengthwise of the skirt in the seams. They are much narrower at the top than the foot, and are so arranged that they fall in jabot fashion. They are cut off at the hem of the skirt even with the braid, and simply hemmed.

Double faced cashmere and drap d'ete will share French honors with Venetian cloth in the making of elegant tailor costumes for dress occasions. Silk gimps, velvet ribbon in various widths, white satin and gold braid are the chosen decorations for these gowns; otherwise cream or white satin, overlaid with guipure lace, will be used.

### Grim China Ware.

A good deal of annoyance has been caused by the shipment to Canton of the corpses of men, women and children who have succumbed to plague in Hong Kong. All sorts of devices are resorted to to get the bodies out of Hong Kong, the latest being the stowing of the bodies in large packing cases, which are labeled "china ware." On arrival at Canton the customs officers examine all goods that are dutiable, and as china ware is not included in the free list this new-fashioned "china ware" has, of course, been stopped in transit, and as, when the hitch occurs, no consignees come forward to claim the "goods," the trouble and expense connected with the disposal of the bodies devolve upon the Chinese authorities. How many bodies have been smuggled into Canton and Honam there is no telling, but, judging from the gossip of the tea houses and bazaars, the number is considerable.—Hong Kong Telegraph.

## A GLIMPSE OF DREYFUS.

### PITIFUL LIFE'S ROUTINE OF THE PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

**Narrative of the Cook on Board the Dutch Ship Andalusia, Which Recently Visited the French Penal Colony—Appearance of the Prisoner—Aged Rapidly.**

Our ship, the Netherland steamship Andalusia, was anchored off Devil's Island recently after a visit to Cayenne, when we were hailed from shore. At the same time a small boat put off, manned by soldiers. They came alongside to ask the captain for the loan of a cook while the Andalusia was waiting for freight. The cook of the little garrison had broken his arm, they said, and our cook was to teach one of their men, so that he might be able to attend to the kitchen until another was sent by the commander.

The captain sent me to the island, and while busy in the little kitchen instructing a soldier in the mysteries of broiling lamb chops and cooking pork I had plenty of opportunity to question Captain Dreyfus' guards. The men, who had at first seemed disinclined to speak, became loquacious after awhile. "He" was not so ill-treated as those in the world seemed to think; "he" is not confined; "he" can go everywhere on the island. Of course, two men are always at his heels. "He" gets up between 6 and 7 in the morning, and his first breakfast consists of a cup of chocolate. If the weather is good "he" goes for a walk soon afterward and winds up his promenade by a bath.

"But are you not afraid he might swim away or commit suicide?" I asked.

"Not at all," said the soldiers, "for a rope is fastened to both his wrists, and the ends of the rope are in the hands of the guard. After the bath he takes his second breakfast—butter, bread, ham or eggs and a bottle of beer. Then he goes in for study. He reads and writes for several hours."

"What kind of books has he got?" The soldiers looked at each other. After awhile one of them said:

"He is only allowed to read technical works, but he can write whatever he pleases. He is now writing an account of his life."

"Must he show you what he writes?"

"No; we read only the letters he desires to have forwarded. These are sent to the commander at Cayenne."

"And does the commander send them off as received?"

"No, they are copied and the originals are retained at Cayenne."

"What does he do besides reading and writing?"

"Two weeks ago we received permission from the commander to play cards with the prisoner, and he has become an inveterate gambler since. After dinner—he has always soup, a roast and dessert—about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we always play baccarat together."

"What are the stakes?"

The soldier laughed. "He has not got a sou and there are not probably three francs on the whole island. We play for shells. The prisoner gets his supper at 6 in the evening—roast, or ham and a bottle of beer. Soon afterward he goes to bed. He is not allowed to have a light, you know. Only the guard on the door keeps up a wood fire. He says the hours from 7 to 10 are his worst. He cannot go to sleep before 10 o'clock and the guard is not allowed to answer any questions he may put. In the day time we may talk to him, but only on the most trifling subjects, the weather, his health, etc. Our own country is not to be mentioned."

"Is he allowed to smoke?"

"No; that is, I think he is not, for the commander does not furnish him tobacco."

"May I leave some cigars for him?"

The soldier did not answer. I emptied my tobacco pouch and my cigar case on the table. I hope he got what I left for him.

As I was about to return to my ship I saw a man, followed by two soldiers, approaching the strand. Dreyfus! He seemed to have heard of my presence and measured me with questioning looks. His lips moved, but he did not speak. He is a middle-sized man, cadaverous and of a yellow complexion. His eyes are deep in their sockets; he walks with a stoop and his forehead is furrowed. He is growing old rapidly, no doubt.

Dreyfus whispered with his guard and, when the latter had nodded assent, walked up to me and shook me by the hand. "Bring my good wishes to the wide world," he said, in a voice quivering with emotion. Then he walked slowly toward his hut, where he remained standing at the door, waving his hand as my boat dashed into the billows. Half an hour later we were on our way home.—Karl Weinheber, Cook of the Netherlands Steamship Andalusia, in Kuche und Keller.

## HE HIRED THE WHOLE CIRCUS.

**How an Enterprising Candidate Won Voters From His Rival.**

"Times," said Senator Sorghum, reflectively, "ain't anything like they used to be. There's too much formality. We're getting to where the first thing that's done when a good old-fashioned impulse asserts itself is to tie some tape around it and choke it off."

"You think we are getting slightly effete?" inquired the young man who is learning the politics business.

"Undoubtedly. And the worst of it is that we are getting effete-er and effete-er. The people ain't governed as they ought to be. A whole lot of folks have noticed it. I'll never forget the first time I ran for office," he went on in a dreamily reminiscent tone. "There was one township that was dead against us. And we needed it. And we got it. But we didn't send around a lot of clumsy and commonplace agents with check books. Nor did we have to resort to any of the elaborate methods of surreptitious persuasion that I hear about so often and with so much pain."

"How did you manage it?"

"Delicately, but thoroughly. We were a little bit annoyed at first by the fact that a circus had arranged to show at the village on the day election occurred. It was only a small circus, but big enough to make trouble unless we headed off its deadly influence. Its arrival was a temptation for everybody to come to town and cast a vote, and the more votes there were the more trouble our ticket had to overcome; for that was the most prejudiced township it was ever my experience to do business in. But I didn't despair. I had a long interview with the circus manager, who combined with a love of his art a very acute business sense. The circus was showing in a vacant lot adjacent to the polls. When the crowd began to gather, it found canvas walls stretching from the main entrance to the polls. People who went to make purchases at the ticket wagon were informed that Socrates Sorghum, Esq., was giving a theatre party that day, and that there wasn't room in the tent for anybody except his guests. When they began to assemble at the polls I announced that I appreciated the expressions of loyalty and esteem which had proceeded from Elderberry township, and that in my turn I proposed to show the citizens a good time. I informed them that each of our ballots had a coupon which would be stamped by a man who stood just outside, where he could see that the holder had not been deceived into voting the wrong piece of paper, and would admit the bearer and his family to the circus. Those who were not entitled to my hospitality could follow the show to some other town and see it next day."

"Did it work?"

"Work! Several of the men on the rival ticket voted for us rather than miss the circus. But you couldn't do anything like that now," he added with a sigh. "Circuses have got so big that nobody could afford to hire one for a whole day. And, anyhow, everything is getting sort of complex and undemocratic."

## THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

**Napoleon's Soldiers Fought Like Dogs Over a Piece of Horseflesh.**

The provisions brought from Moscow, Russia, at all events such as were attainable by the rank and file, were exhausted by October 30, and horseflesh was becoming almost the only article of diet. If a man had secured a little rice or a few potatoes, he consumed his stores, if possible, out of sight, or, if of an unusually generous disposition, shared them surreptitiously with one or two intimate friends. Darker stories began to be told. One day Bourgogne, half by force, half by persuasion, had succeeded in persuading another soldier to "spare him seven half-cooked potatoes for the price of fifteen francs. As he walked on, lost in calculation as to the length of time he might prolong existence by the aid of this addition to his supplies, he missed the road.

"I first found out that I was astray," Bourgogne says, "by the yells and oaths of five men who were fighting like dogs; beside them was a leg of horse, which was the bone of contention. On seeing me, one of them came up to me, saying that he and his comrade, belonging to the transport service, had with some others been killing a horse behind the wood. As they were returning with their share to their bivouac they had been set upon by three men of another regiment, who wanted to take it from them; but if I would help them to defend it, they would give me some. Fearing the same fate for my potatoes, I told them I could not stop, but if they would hold their own for a moment, I would send them some help, and so went on.

"I had not gone far when I met two men of our regiment, and told them all about it. They went off in that direction. Next day I heard that when they reached the spot they found only a dead man, just despatched with a bludgeon of firewood, which they found lying by him stained with blood. Probably the three assailants had taken advantage of the moment when one was imploring my aid to get rid of the other, who remained alone."—Cornhill Magazine.

### The American Way of Making War.

The war is practically at an end. It has been one of the shortest wars on record. The president sent his ultimatum to Spain on April 20. The American ambassador to Spain received his passports on the following day. This makes little over three months. In that time the Americans have destroyed two fleets and, in fact, totally annihilated the sea power of their enemy. They have captured two great ports. They have defeated the Spanish troops in the field and have taken a province and thousands of prisoners. Above all, they have improvised the army with which they did this part of the work. Not bad for the interval between rent day and rent day! The manner of the improvisation is a striking indication, in some ways, of the American system. Most of the troops who swarmed up the slopes at Santiago and captured intrenched positions held by seasoned troops and swept by artillery were mere untrained butchers, bakers and candlestick makers at the beginning of the war. When they went into camp at Tampa they were the rawest of raw hands. Many of their officers were probably very little better. Their commissariat was a practical joke. Transports, medical service, all had to be created. The chief part of their equipment was their spirit as free men, their general intelligence, their lifelong habit of turning their hands and brains to anything, and to master it at uncommonly short notice. In one word, they had nothing at their back but the system; and their whole military organization is based on the belief that, with this, they have the wherewithal for the ruggedest hour that time and spite can bring against their country in time of danger.—London Daily Chronicle.

### Desperate.

"I want a horse and buggy for a funeral. Can you let me have them?" inquired the young man in the loud check suit of the cautious liveryman, whose stock occupies the same place in his affections that a wife and family should.

"Well, I guess so, if you're careful," replied the cautious liveryman slowly.

The rig was at last ready, and while the young man in the loud check suit was arranging himself in his seat the liveryman patted the horse, an especial favorite, tried the buckles of harness, shook the shafts and performed all the usual ceremonies due upon such an occasion. Then, as he handed up the reins he said, absent-mindedly: "He's very willing and speedy. Be careful not to drive too fast."

The young man regarded him in surprise for a moment, and then asseverated: "Well, by thunder, I'm going to keep up with the funeral if it kills him!"—New York Journal.

### A Magnet for Surgical Work.

Charles Aechele, an ironworker, was engaged in chipping a steel column on a new store front in Newark, N. J., when a sliver of the steel entered his eye so deeply that it could not be extracted with forceps. Dr. Webner took him to the Newark Public Eye and Ear infirmary and, after a slight incision was made, the steel was drawn out by a powerful electro magnet. The sliver was three-eighths of an inch in length. It is thought that the sight of the eye may be saved in spite of the fact that the pupil was penetrated.—New York Sun.

## PAPER SAILS FOR YACHTS.

**The Shamrock, Challenger For the America's Cup, Will Use Them.**

The great international yacht race for the America cup next year will in all probability witness an innovation in the matter of sails. It is stated that the challenger, Shamrock, will discard the old-time canvas, and set out to win or lose rigged in paper. Mr. H. McGildowney, the constructor, under whose eye the Shamrock will be built in the Queen's Island yard, at Belfast, has already carefully considered the change and discussed it with Will Fife, the designer of the yacht, and Secretary Kelly, as well as other members of the Royal Ulster Yacht club. Sir Thomas Lipton is willing to leave all details in the hands of these gentlemen, and if they say "paper," then of paper the sails will be.

At first sight this appears somewhat startling, but when it is remembered that articles which could scarcely be conceived as constructed of the hardest metal are now made of paper, there is nothing to wonder at in paper sails. From the daintiest drawing-room toy to the ponderous wheels of a railway coach one finds paper in use, so why not in sails? While sails of paper may be a novelty in western waters, they are quite common in the Orient. The Japanese, who lead the world in fashioning all sorts of things from paper, have long since used them. They have proved entirely satisfactory. The Japanese paper sails look like very fine muslin, over which glucose has been spread. They are lightly battered, and are manipulated something after the fashion of Venetian blinds.

Ireland is noted for the superiority of its paper, and no one doubts for a moment that the famous firm of Marcus Ward & Co. can produce an Irish linen paper that will be suitable for all sails, light or heavy. It is this firm, indeed, that has already succeeded in producing the material, and in their mills will be made the paper sails for the Shamrock. Every advantage is claimed for the paper sails. They are lighter, more durable, and more easily handled than the canvas. Furthermore, they will not be affected, either by dampness or water, and will be perfectly impervious to salt spray.

### A True Caballero.

Well in the middle of the grounds stands General Anderson's headquarters. As we went up the steps a tall man rather shabbily dressed proceeded us. We noticed his military bearing, and were told that he was the captain of one of the Spanish men-of-war which lies with projecting spars at the bottom of Cavite Harbor. Following his footsteps, we of necessity overheard what he said to the general's aide:

"Senor, I borrowed, some time ago, two hundred dollars from Admiral Dewey to pay off my men. I have come to repay the debt."

He turned his profile towards us, and we noticed how thin he looked. He must have starved himself to collect the money. With a very straight back, he counted out the Spanish bills, and turned to go.

"Will you not take a receipt?" asked the aide of General Anderson.

"Never from an officer," answered the gray-haired old gentleman, with a courtly old-fashioned bow.

Here at least is a true Spanish caballero.—Harper's Weekly.

### No Water, No Heroes.

The president of the Melbourne Royal Humane Society has discovered a peculiar effect of the drouth, and complains that the society has been unable to find heroes upon whom to bestow its medals, for where there is no water people cannot drown, and when people cannot drown nobody has an opportunity of rescuing them.—Sydney Bulletin.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Messrs. Macmillan, the London booksellers, have shelf room for 4,500,000 books.

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With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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

**Lyon & Co's "Pick Leaf" Smoking Tobacco** does not make every mouth as sweet as a rose, but comes "mighty nigh"—does give every one a most delightful smoke. Try it.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Twelve years ago Dusseldorf, Germany, had 100,000 inhabitants. Today it has 196,000.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Nine men constitute a jury in Mexico, and a majority gives the verdict.

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### Life-Saving Smiles.

Courtesy and kindness have won many battles, and instances are not wanting to show how easily an enemy may be converted into a friend. A writer in Lippincott's Magazine tells how the utter absence of fear once saved a man's life.

Many years ago the late Doctor Shippen, of Philadelphia, left his house in the early morning and was hurrying down the street, when he noticed a singular and ferocious-looking man, whose gaze was fastened upon him. With instinctive politeness Dr. Shippen smiled, raised his hat and passed on.

Then a shot was heard. Turning quickly, Doctor Shippen found that the stranger had just left his home with the insane intention of killing the first man he met. Doctor Shippen was that first man; but his absolute fearlessness and constitutional as well as cultivated courtesy had put the man off his guard, and the next passer-by had caught the bullet intended for him. That smile and bow had saved his life.

When the country was a century younger, a gentleman upon the frontier was hunting with friends, when he became separated from them and lost his way. Every effort to retrieve his steps led his still farther into the wilderness, and night overtook him in a strange forest.

Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree and slept. In the morning he awoke with an indescribable feeling that some one was looking at him, and glancing up, saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians. The leader of the band, in war-paint and feathers, was bending over him in no amiable mood.

The gentleman realized his danger, but had no means of averting it, not understanding a word of the Indians' language; but he was self-possessed, knew the universal language of nature, and believed that even under war-paint and feathers, "a man's a man for a' that." He fixed his eye boldly upon the Indian and—smiled.

Gradually the fierceness passed away from the eye above him, and at last an answering smile came over the face. The white man was saved. The savage took him to his wigwam, and after a few days restored him to his friends. Courage, self-command and tact had saved his life.

**Beauty Is Blood Deep.**

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Copenhagen's round tower, 150 feet high, is to be moved bodily 150 feet, to widen a street.

**The Companion for the Rest of 1898.**

The principal attractions offered by The Youth's Companion for the remaining weeks of 1898 provide a foretaste of the good things to follow in the new volume for 1899. To the first issue in November Frank R. Stockton will contribute a humorous sketch, entitled "Some of My Dogs," and in the issue for the week of November 10th will appear Rudyard Kipling's thrilling story of the heroism of soldiers in the ranks, "The Burning of the Sarah Sands." In the seven issues to follow there will be contributions by Lord Dufferin, William D. Howells, J. E. Chamberlin, the American war correspondent, Mary E. Wilkins, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, the Marquis of Lorne, Mme. Lillian Nordica and I. Zangwill. Those who subscribe now for the 1899 volume will receive every November and December issue of The Companion from the time of subscription to the end of the year free, the Companion Calendar for 1899 free, and then the entire 52 issues of The Companion to January 1, 1900. An illustrated announcement of the 1899 volume and sample copies will be sent free to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We saw at the warerooms of Southern Carriage and Wagon Co., corner Pryor and Decatur Sts., Atlanta, Ga., a fine carriage for Gov. Candler. It is one of the finest and best finished carriages ever brought to the state. This firm sells everything in the vehicle line, from $10.00 Road Cart to finest Carriage made. We advise our friends to write them for prices before purchasing Carriage or Buggy.

The length of the Grand canal from Tien-Tsin to Hangchau, in China, is 650 miles.

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