

THE GIRLS OF KASHMIR.

Why They Are Not as Beautiful as They Once Were.

The girls of Kashmir in former times were sold and carried away to the Punjab, in India. They commanded a large price, and parents in moderate circumstances for centuries past have been in the habit of parting with their daughters to place themselves in easier circumstances, and the daughters have generally been quite willing to escape from a life of penury and labor to one of opulence and ease.

A laboring man in this part of India cannot earn over \$2 or \$3 a month, while many receive for their daughters as high as \$1,000. There are some cases where \$5,000 was paid, but the usual price has been from \$100 to \$500.

The practice became so common as well as so damaging that a severe law was enacted prohibiting any one from removing any woman from the country, but it is said that the business goes on now as it has done for hundreds of years, and to that practice may be charged the fact that the women of Kashmir are not as beautiful as they once were.

The process of taking all the beautiful girls away, leaving only the ordinary and ugly ones to continue the race, has lowered the standard of beauty. Most of the women and girls perform field labor as much as the men, and their dress is of the coarsest and plainest materials, consisting of a garment like a nightgown made of white cotton. There is no effort to have it fit.

The condition of women in Kashmir is a very sad one, but one from which there does not seem to be any present escape. It is a constant struggle to live, without the least hope of any accumulation or of ever seeing better days.

The men only receive about 5 cents a day and the women generally about 3 cents, and that will provide only the coarsest food.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

There is nothing that is enough for a woman, but all.—"The Mississippi Bubble."

Overdone heartiness is nearly as nasty as underdone mutton.—"Comments of a Countess."

No man can be brave who considers pain the chief evil of life.—"The Heroine of the Strait."

We ought never to do wrong when people are looking.—"A Double Barreled Detective Story."

Occasion's everything, but the rub is to know an occasion when you see it.—"The Lady Paramount."

I'd be slow in advising anybody to go crooked, but when ye feel ye're in the hands of sharpers it's the only way.—"Rockhaven."

The master poets love to deal with the victory of the vanquished, which the world's thinkers know to be greater than the victory of the victorious.—"Nathan Hale."

Be sure, before you give your love and your trust, that you are giving them not only to one who deserves them, but to one who really wants them.—"Many Waters."

Useful Purposes of Rosin.

There are many useful purposes to which rosin can be applied outside of those of general practice. As a non-conductor of heat it is used in the protection of water pipes, particularly in crossing bridges, where the pipe is laid in the middle of a long box and the whole filled with melted rosin. Rosin is also used in supporting basement floors in machine shops, which may be laid over some dry material, as spent molding sand, which is carefully leveled off, and the planking laid upon temporary supports separating it about two inches above the sand.

Numerous holes about two inches in diameter being bored through these planks, melted rosin is forced through them by means of funnels until the whole space is solidly filled, and then the upper flooring is laid upon these planks. In case the floor is subjected to shocks sufficient to break the rosin it rapidly joins together again in much the same manner as the regelation of ice.

The Dragon Slayer.

At an English school a pompous youngster whose father, it was well known, had been a successful omnibus driver was one day fingering ostentatiously a large seal which he is in the habit of wearing, representing St. George and the dragon, and, having drawn the attention of a school companion to it, remarked carelessly: "Ah, one of my ancestors is supposed to have killed the dragon, don't you know?"

"Good gracious!" inquired the other, somewhat anxiously, "Did he run over it?"—London Answers.

Went Back on the Blue.

Gerald—My brother turned crimson the other day.

Geraldine—I never knew him to blush.

Gerald—I didn't say that he blushed.

Geraldine—What did he do?

Gerald—Left Yale and entered Harvard.—New York Press.

Ignoring Precedent.

Edmonia—Mrs. Topnotch is what I call impertinent.

Eudocia—In what way?

Edmonia—Why, she is not a Colonial Dame, but when she came to the colonial reception she had on a more elegant frock than any one of the Dames.—Detroit Free Press.

Fruitless.

Little Willie—Pa, what does this paper mean by saying it was a fruitless search?

Father—It probably applies, my son, to the quest of some man who was looking for pineapples on a pine tree.—Chicago News.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Why Tramps Would Not Stop at an Ohio Farmhouse.

"I thought to try a little experiment on tramps," said the Ohio farmer, "and I put up signs all along the road inviting them to call at my place. I had plenty of work for all who wanted it and was willing to give every one a fair show. They read the signs, and they came my way, but they didn't stop. They'd call at every other farmhouse, but they passed me by as if we had the smallpox. One evening I stood at the gate as one approached, and when he came up I asked:

"Did you see my signs along the road?"

"Plenty of 'em," he replied.

"Goin' to stop?"

"Not on your life."

"I can give you supper and a good place to sleep."

"Don't want it."

"See here," I continued as he began to walk away, "what's the matter that you tramps pass me by? I don't look like a man up to tricks, do I?"

"I can't say you do, but we ain't takin' no risks, you understand."

"Risks of what?"

"Why, I guess the crowd thinks you are one of them fellers who invites a tramp in to supper and then keeps him at family prayers for an hour and a half afterward in order to get even with him."

M. QUAD.

The Flier of the Future.

The Tourist (en route)—Lemme know when you near Toledo.

Conductor—Passed it thirty-four seconds ago.

Tourist—What time do we reach Adrian?

Conductor—You'll have to speak a little quicker, my friend. That's Adrian back there.

Tourist—Next town is Sturgis, isn't it?

Conductor—It was. It isn't now.

Tourist—Then it's South Bend, I suppose?

Conductor—You are a slow supposer. We passed South Bend three seconds back.

Tourist—What are we stopping for?

Conductor—Chicago. — Milwaukee Free Press.

Hopkinsville Happenings.

Our village marshal is a humane man as well as a vigilant sleuth. He supplies the prisoners in the lockup with fans and ice water at his own expense.

We understand that Mrs. Uriah Day has lost her grandfather at the age of ninety-three and that a cousin of Mrs. Darius Williams dropped dead at the age of eighty-seven. We mingle our tears with those of the bereaved.

We have been criticised for not going to church oftener, but the fact is our best coat is split up the back and cannot be repaired, and we dislike to go in our shirt sleeves. Perhaps we may be able to buy a new coat in the fall.

Brain Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutriment is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get this reliable remedy at Kaufmann's Drug Store. Get Green's Special Almanac.

The Feminine Tera.

"In your basket ball tournament is the first prize for the team that wins the most games?"

The fair devotee of the game looked disgusted.

"What foolish ideas you get!" she exclaimed. "I should think any one would know that the first prize is for the team that has the most attractive costume."—Chicago Post.

Woman's Wrongs.

She—Woman's unjust treatment begins at the altar.

He—How?

She—Why, her father gives her away, but none of the groom's friends, who know him best, ever give him away.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Proper Prospect.

Wigg—Why do you take off your hat every time, Talkalot tells a funny story?

Wagg—That is due to the force of early training. I was brought up to reverence old age.—Philadelphia Record.

And Hope Returned.

As the patient returned to consciousness he saw that during a paroxysm he had kicked the covers off. Proceeding to replace them, he remarked:

"Ha, ha! Despite the doctor's doubts I will recover."—Richmond Dispatch.

Netting For Himself.

Customer—I want fifteen yards of netting.

Clerk—For mosquitoes?

Customer—Naw, you idiot! For myself. The mosquitoes have got enough comforts already.—Baltimore News.

Thought It Likely.

Mrs. Doozle—And will you love me when I'm old and unlovely?

Doozle—I suppose so. You see, I'll be old and daffy then myself.—San Francisco Bulletin.

TEARFUL OR CHEERFUL?

Whether a woman is tearful or cheerful depends not on what she has materially, but what she is physically. Many an indulgent husband is driven almost to despair by the tearful outburst of a wife who has "everything she wants." He wants to know what's the matter. But the wife can't tell. She only knows that she is depressed and despondent.

Such a condition is usually related to some form of womanly disease. The mental depression has its corresponding womanly weakness.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription changes tearful women to cheerful women by curing the diseases which cause physical weakness and depression of spirits. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

Mrs. Alice Adams of Laboratory, Washington Co., Pa., says: "With many thanks I write to let you know how I am. I can say by God's help and your help I am well. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and two of his Golden Medical Discovery, and I can do all my work. I can't praise your medicine too highly. I will recommend your medicines as long as I live. If any one doubts this give them my address."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Keep the bowels healthy by the timely use of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

CURES FOR TOOTHACHE.

Bemidies That Do Not Appeal to the Ordinary Man Today.

The man in dental anguish sometimes curses with Burns "the venomous stang that shoots his tortured gums along." Sometimes, on the other hand, he prays. St. Augustine in his "Confessions" relates how he once suffered from "dolor dentium" (toothache), apparently in an aggravated form, for he could not speak. Thereupon he wrote on wax a prayer to God for the other brethren to repeat, and as soon as all were on their knees the pain went. "But what a pain!" he says. "Never since my tender age had I experienced the like." Southerly in his "Life of John Wesley" tells of that eminent preacher that when his own tooth ached he prayed and the pain left him.

Unfortunately ordinary men do not seem to have such efficacious faith. When the excruciation begins, they must bear it philosophically, and on Shakespeare's authority toothache finds out just the weak place in the philosopher's armor of patience. In the middle ages the devout who were racked with pain had a special patron to whom they could call for deliverance. St. Apollonia, a martyr under the emperor Philip, among other cruel indignities had her teeth pulled out. In consequence she became toothache's tutelary saint, as her emblems—one of which is "holding a tooth in pinches"—sufficiently testify.

And there would seem to have been yet another martyr, St. Blaize, who took cognizance of the disease. He was honored in the little town of St. Blaize, in Cornwall, where candles offered upon his altar were supposed to be an infallible cure for toothache.—Chambers' Journal.

GOUGH'S QUICK WIT.

A Retort That Silenced an Interruption in the Audience.

An effort of one of John B. Gough's tours of the west was to arouse his converts to a political movement in favor of prohibition, and in several states the politicians began to give consideration to the cry. The distillers and liquor dealers are said to have been so frightened that they employed men to follow the lecturer, sit among the audience and endeavor to confound him with questions. He had worked a Topeka (Kan.) audience up to a fine pitch of excitement and in his effective manner cried:

"Temperance! Temperance! Temperance! It will mean money in your pocket, clothes on your back, happiness in your home and God in your heart!"

Up leaped one of the paid interrupters and shouted to the audience:

"Money in your pockets! Why, fellow citizens, follow this man's ideas and we'll be all in the poorhouse! Think of the fields of tasseled corn that stretch on every side! Whisky is made from corn. We sell millions of dollars' worth of corn to the whisky makers. Stop the manufacture of whisky, and what'll we do?"

Then, turning to Gough, he went on: "You, Mr. Smarty—what'll we do? Tell us, if prohibition comes, what'll we do with our corn?"

"Raise more hogs, my friend," replied Gough without a second's hesitation—"raise more hogs!"—Philadelphia Times.

Sympathy.

Ted's mamma had a birthday recently and received as a present from one of her friends a ten dollar bill. Accompanying the money was a note in which the writer, after explaining that she couldn't think of anything tasteful to buy and had therefore sent the cash, made some tender references to bygone days and dear old scenes. While the recipient was sitting with the bill in one hand and the letter in the other and permitting tears to drip down upon both Ted went up to her and, putting his arms around her neck, tenderly asked:

"What's the matter, mamma? Isn't the money good?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

GUADALUPE SHRINE.

THE MOST DEARLY BELOVED SPOT IN OLD MEXICO.

Thousands From All Over the Country Make Pilgrimages to the Little Village Each Year—The Story That Is Handed Down by Tradition.

There is no spot in all Mexico as dearly beloved as the little town of Guadalupe, which is two and a half miles north of the City of Mexico.

The little village has only 3,000 souls, but many more thousands visit the place on certain days in the year when pilgrimages are made to the holy shrine of Guadalupe.

The 1st of January and the 12th of each month the faithful visit this place and toil up the hill on which it is said that the virgin Guadalupe appeared to Juan Diego, an Indian boy.

According to tradition, Juan was trudging over the hill of Tepeyac on his way to the city on the morning of Dec. 9, 1531, and as he reached the eastern slope of the hill he heard sounds like music. He stopped to listen, and at that moment a cloud appeared and in the midst of it a beautiful lady. She told him to go to the bishop in her name and to tell him that it was her wish that a church should be built on that spot, where she would always be found to give aid to all in trouble. Juan Diego hurried to the bishop with the story of the virgin, but no attention was paid to it. Upon his return home the lady appeared again in the same spot and urged Juan to go again to the bishop.

The following day was the Sabbath, and after mass Juan found the bishop and repeated the message once more. The bishop told him to bring a sign from the virgin. Juan saw the virgin again upon his return home, and she promised to give him a sign, which she did on Dec. 12 as he was going to confession. He passed this time near the foot of the hill, where she appeared once more, and while in conversation with Juan she stamped her foot by way of emphasis, and water flowed at once from the dry, barren hillside, and two holy wells mark that spot today.

The virgin then told Juan to climb to the summit of that barren rocky hill and he would find roses growing there, which he was to gather and carry in his "tilma" to the bishop. Juan did as he was told and found the loveliest roses growing just where she had told him to search for them. He gathered them all and placed them in his "tilma," a sort of blanket.

When he arrived at the house of the bishop and opened the blanket, the roses fell to the floor, and a picture in colors appeared on the blanket representing the virgin as she had appeared to Juan. The bishop fell on his knees in prayer and arose with a promise to build a chapel on the spot the virgin had designated.

Bishop Zumarraga set about to build the church, and when it was completed the "tilma" was placed above the altar in a frame of gold and silver.

That little chapel has since been replaced by the magnificent church to be seen today. There are also two other churches to mark the spot on which the roses were gathered on the summit and at the holy well where the virgin last appeared to Juan. This miracle was recognized in 1633, and in 1754 it was fully sanctioned and confirmed by a papal bull. Later, in 1824, congress decreed Dec. 12 to be a national holiday.

Hidalgo took a picture of Guadalupe for his standard, around which rallied the first army of the revolutionists, and the happy issue that her assistance gave to that war endeared her still more to the people. This picture on the "tilma" is a wonderful piece of work. Artists from all over the world have examined it and have testified that it is of no known style of painting. The Indian garment of 15th fiber is of a coarse weave. The picture appears on both sides of the cloth and is as bright as new, although said to be over 300 years old. The Church of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, in which this marvelous picture hangs, is said by experts to be one of the richest and handsomest on earth today. Its treasures can be counted by millions. It was dedicated May 1, 1709, and is 184 feet long by 122 feet wide. It has a vaulted roof, supported by Corinthian columns. The whole is surmounted by a dome, the lantern of which is 125 feet above the floor. The building cost \$1,181,000. The jewels, gold and silver plate and other rich belongings nearly all belong to the government and are estimated at \$2,000,000 more.

The church possesses a very costly crown for the virgin. It is of solid gold and weighs many pounds. There are six shields on the crown for the six archbishops of Mexico, and they are all surrounded by diamonds. There are a number of angels, each having an immense ruby on the breast, while the rest of the surface of the crown is covered with sapphires and emeralds. This crown is surmounted by the Mexican eagle, holding aloft a large diamond cross.

The poor pilgrims are not able, many of them, to form an idea of the richness of this church, with its communion rail and balustrades from the sanctuary to the choir of solid silver. They are three feet high, with a top molding a foot wide and a still more massive base. The sacred vessels are all of pure gold embedded with precious stones. The choir has some fine carvings done in ebony and mahogany. The finest is a basso relievo above the stalls, illustrating the litany of the virgin.

Artists were brought from France to paint the frescoes on the walls, and the paintings and statues were the work of the best European artists and sculptors. The organ in itself represents a small fortune.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It Needs a Tonic.

There are times when your liver needs a tonic. Don't give purgatives that gripe and weaken. DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel all poison from the system and act as tonic to the liver. W. Scott, 531 Highland ave., Milton, Pa., says: "I have carried DeWitt's Little Early Risers with me for several years and would not be without them." Small an easy to take. Purely vegetable. They never gripe or distress. J. E. Kaufmann.

CATCH PHRASES.

Their Utility in Advancing the Interests of Business Men.

There are many instances of where a suitable catch line well drilled into people has been of great value in building business. The best catch line is one that fits your business best, and the discoverer of such a line is apt to be due more to inspiration than to effort. Pick the distinctive feature of your stock or business methods and endeavor to express it in a breath.

If you can coin a phrase that expresses your central business idea or emphasizes some feature that marks your store alone, you can make good use of it. It puts into condensed form an idea that will get hold of people and influence them if persistently presented to them. One fact about your business well lodged in the heads of people is as good as a score that do not penetrate.

You can make people believe about what you like if you go about it properly. If a man comes to you today and tells you there will be a panic inside of six months, you will pay no attention to him. If another comes tomorrow with the same story, he will get no attention, but you will idly wonder what is getting into folks. The third man you will argue the matter with. The fourth will get more of a hearing, and you will begin to see signs of disaster yourself. By the time the tenth man has made the statement you will be ready to tell folks the same story yourself.

Probably you yourself could not be influenced in such a manner, but the common run of people are built that way and will believe what they are told often enough. That is why an expressive catch phrase does good. It comes to stand for you and your methods and of necessity is remembered when goods in your line are wanted.

As ordinarily used such a phrase is of little value, because it is not properly hammered into people. Such a line should go on letter heads, billheads, stationery, envelopes, should go into every ad. or circular, should be seen about the store and should appear on labels. Put it on a sticker to attach to goods and packages. Let people see it everywhere. If it means what it says, people are going to respond to it.—American Druggist.

All Were Saved.

"For years I suffered such untold misery from Bronchitis," writes J. H. Johnston, of Broughton, Ga., "that often I was unable to work. Then, when everything else failed, I was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. My wife suffered intensely from Asthma, till it cured her, and all our experience goes to show it is the best Croup medicine in the world." A trial will convince you it's unrivaled for Throat and Lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at J. E. Kaufmann.

An Optimistic Cripple.

A one legged newsboy had been hoping along on his crutch selling afternoon "extras," and when there was a lull in the business, owing to a falling off in the crowds, he sat down for a brief rest.

"How did you lose your leg?" I asked.

"Cable car," he said, with the street urchin's characteristic economy of words.

"Too bad!" I remarked.

"Oh, but it might 'a' been worse, sir," the boy replied. "The company paid the doctor and gave mother \$500. That paid all our debts and left us \$500 in bank, and it's all there 'cept \$40 we had to take out when mother was sick, and I sell more papers than most of the boys, just 'cause I've a crutch. There's one of my customers now."—New York Times.

Her One Success.

In the civil war time a western woman who had lost her husband in the field and who hoped to win a livelihood for herself and her little ones by writing sent to Harper's Magazine a story which had no special distinction and was returned. In the desperate mood that followed this rejection she sat down with pen and ink and told "why I wrote it," and her story under that title was accepted and published, winning a sympathetic response from all its readers. But this production, the echo of a vital moment, was her one story in the magazine. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that anybody could write one interesting novel if he could truly tell the story of his own life.—Harper's Magazine.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

It is the best of all.

In the game of life the one armed man p ays a lone hand.



A Slight Mistake.

The Rev. Mr. Jones—Did you say the chief had me down for a toast at the banquet?

Savage—No. He's got you down "on toast."

The Best Prescription for Malaria.

Chills, and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 50c.

Obeded Orders.

"What was the cause of that awful racket and disturbance in your office just before you came?" asked one of the tenants on the third floor.

"You know that young cowboy that came yesterday to begin the study of law with me?" said the other.

"Yes."

"Well, I thought he might as well begin at the bottom, and I told him that when he came down this morning the first thing for him to do would be to clean out the office. He found half a dozen fellows there waiting for me, but he did it, all right."—Chicago Tribune.

A Clear Cut Warning.

"Young ladies," said an absentminded teacher of Latin to his class in Virgil, "I understand that you count upon my calling on you in alphabetical order, and prepare your lessons accordingly. I am surprised and disappointed at such conduct. Hereafter I warn you I shall begin at the other end of the alphabet!"

Corrected.

Visitor—Go to the proprietor and tell him to make my bill out properly and write omelette with two 't's' and not one.

Waiter (a few minutes later)—It's all right now, sir—omelet, 1 shilling; two teas, 2 shillings.—London Tit-Bits.

Tests of Friendship.

When a woman gives notice that she has moved to the top floor and there is no elevator, she begins to find who her true friends are, and when she makes it known that she is boarding out and has no meals served at home she gets still nearer the root of the matter.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal structure.

A Fine Liver Cure.

Greenville, Tenn.

I have thoroughly convinced myself that Dr. Baker's Blood and Liver Cure is the finest medicine made for indigestion and Constipation. (I have tried them all) and was cured by the use of this medicine, after all others had failed. I most cheerfully and unhesitatingly endorse it. Yours truly, H. N. Baker, Mayor. For sale at the Bazaar.

FRUIT TREES

That Grow and Bear Fruit.

Write for our 60 page illustrated Catalogue and 40 page pamphlet. How to Plant and Cultivate an Orchard. Gives you that information you have so long wanted; tells you all about those big red apples, luscious peaches, and Japan plums with their oriental sweetness, all of which you have often wondered where the trees came from that produced them.

EVERYTHING GOOD IN FRUITS.

Unusual fine stock of SILVER MAPLES, young, thrifty trees, smooth and straight, the kind that live and grow off well. No old, rough trees. This is the most rapid growing maple and one of the most beautiful shade trees.

Write for prices and give list of wants.

J. Van Lindley Nursery Co., POMONA, N. C.

Parlor Restaurant.

1336 MAIN STREET. COLUMBIA, S. C.

THE ONLY UP-TO-DATE EATING House of its kind in the City of Columbia. It is well kept—clean linen, prompt and polite service and get it quickly. Quiet and order always prevail. You get what you order and pay only for what you get. Within easy reach of desirable sleeping apartments.

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Digests what you eat.