THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before, And he passed by the door, And again The pavement stones resound As he totters o'er the ground

They say that in his time, Ere the pruning knife of Time Cut him down, Not a better man was found By the crier on his round

But now he walks the streets And he looks at all he meets Sad and wan, And he shakes his feeble head, That it seems as if he said, They are gone.

The mossy marbles rest On the lips that he has prest In their bloom, And the names he loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said-Poor old lady, she is dead, Long ago— That he had a Roman nose, And his cheek was like a rose In the snow.

But now his nose is thin And it rests upon his chin And a crook is in his back, And a melancholy crack In his laugh.

I know it is a sin At him here, But the old, three cornered hat, And the breeches, and all that, Are so queer!

And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree, In the spring, Let them smile, as I do now.

At the old forsaken bough Where I cling.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

POLLINET'S DUEL.

I was indebted to my good friend Felix Depaille, professor of music in our town, for the following story, which happened in those bad old days when scoundrels who were expert with weapons terrorized over a whole city because the insane code of honor compelled an inoffensive citizen to go out to meet certain death at the hands of a ruffian who had wantenly insulted him.

"Ah, those days, mon ami!" said Depaille. "So different from my life now! You love not the duello in England. You laugh at us and beat a man with your brutal arms and fists when he insults you. That recalls to mind the Englishman who came to Dijon 50, 60 years ago and fought a duel. Ah, but he was a drole, that Englishman!"

"It is a good story, I can see," I said, glancing at Depaille's deep set eyes, sparkling.

"You will love it, mon ami, but in those days I was furious against your brutal ways. I have learned better since. This Englishman, see you, came to Dijon. He was great and rich, and he was named Sir Evelyn Booth, baronet, but in those days we did not understand your English titles, and we called him Milor Sir Lord Booth. He was young and very rich, and he roamed about France with his attendant, who was his secretary, perhaps remaining a day in one place, a month in another. He was a great, tall man, with powerful limbs, but he was lazy-oh, so lazy! When he seated himself, it was to sprawl on three chairs. He looked upon us as an inferior race and was very insolent and arrogant, but spent lavishly; also he disdained to speak our language, which he called lingo, and M. Pointon, his secretary, interpreted for him. Milor, I assure you, was well known in the city, where he staid three weeks.

"Now, at that time Pollinet, one of the most infamous duelists, was residing in Dijon, where he had made himself feared, but when Milor Booth came to Dijon Pollinet, to the relief of good citizens, was away in Paris, and there were many who hoped he might meet a better man than himself in the capital and never return, but they were disappointed. Pollinet returned, more insolent

"You must understand this Pollinet professed to have the greatest hatred for the English, whom he declared were all brutal, ignorant and clumsy, unfit for association with a refined race and to kill whom was a duty and a service to humanity. At that time you were not popular among us-it is often so, my friend -and these sentiments were looked upon as highly patriotic and were applauded by his friends. What more natural than that on his return to Dijon he was told of the rich English milor who was-what you call-swaggering about the city in his insolent way?

"'Ah!' said Pollinet. 'One of that accursed race in this city? Well, we shall see-we shall see! If it be possible to force him to fight, there shall be one less of those insolent fools. Bah, but I doubt it! They are cowards and will lick the dust rather than fight. Where is he to be

'He is staying at the Hotel Lisbon, but he is often in the cafes,' said Braconnier, a big bellied, loud voiced fellow, who looked up to Pollinet as his master.

" 'Tonight, then,' said Pollinet, with a menacing smile. This Pollinet, I must tell you, was a great fellow of nearly 6 feet, broad and plump and a very good liver. He

must have the best and plenty of it, and he daily increased in embonpoint, though he lost little of his activity. With rapier or pistol he was supreme, and it was said that he had already killed his twentyfirst. He had served in the army as a colonel, so he declared, though there were some who could take an oath that he began life as a baker's apprentice and was afterward valet | nate your second.' to Colonel de la Tournies.

"That evening Pollinet sent three | for me, 'said Pollinet, drawing him-

of his triends out into the city to obtain news of the Englishman, and presently Braconnier returned breathless to say that milor had just entered the Cafe Grande Monarque, in Rue Pelissier.

" 'Come, then, my friends,' said Pollinet, with a laugh, 'let us call on this terrible Englishman. You shall have good sport, on the word of Pollinet, unless he is a coward, and even in that case I shall terrify him.'

"Laughing gleefully, Pollinet and six of his friends set out for the cafe. They were in luck. Milor was there, sprawling as usual. He was seated with a bottle of wine at one of the tables near the door, with a chair for each foot, and he disdained to raise his head when the party entered. M. Pointon, in appearance a gentleman, was sipping wine with him, and they only spoke in monosyllables at long intervals.

"Pollinet smiled significantly at his companions, and they took the nearest table to the Englishman, but still milor did not deign to raise his

head. "Pollinet called for wine for his party and then remarked loudly: Pah! Surely I can smell an Englishman. There must be one of those island pigs near me!' The rest laughed loudly, and all turned their eyes to milor, but he did not even raise his eyes, though the secretary cast one searching glance in Pollinet's direction.

" 'Ah,' resumed Pollinet, 'there are English yonder, and the smell nauseates me! Look at that man's bulk and his boorish pose! Those barbarous islanders!'

"Again the party laughed, and Pointon whispered something to his master, who yawned and made some

"The attack was not succeeding so well as Pollinet had expected. It was like throwing stones at a wooden figure, and he became angry and sent a waiter for Blanc, the propri-

"'What do you mean, Blanc,' said Pollinet, raising his voice so that he could be heard all over the room, by allowing pigs of Englishmen to defile your establishment which we honor by our custom? Turn them out instantly.'

" 'Sh-sh, monsieur!' said the unhappy Blanc in a whisper. 'I beg pardon, but it is an English milor and his attendant.'

" 'As I know, and I tell you to turn them out, unless you want to lose our custom.

"Poor Blanc, afraid of offending either party, was white and perspiring at every pore. 'But, monsieur,' he stammered, 'forgive me, but he -he pays well. Likewise he is terrible, and I-I dare not.'

" 'Obey instantly, insolent,' said Pollinet arrogantly, 'unless you see ruin! Where is your patriotism?'

"Before he could reply there came a providential intervention for the cowardly proprietor. At that moment Pointon approached the party, with an insolent smile on his face. 'A thousand pardons, messieurs, he said sweetly, 'but monsieur, my master, is annoyed by your loud tones, especially yours, monsieur, indicating Pollinet with a bow. 'He begs of you either to moderate your voice, keep silence or leave the room.' And he bowed to them again.

"Pollinet's friends could not help smiling at this courteous but effective counter thrust, and the brave sprang up, livid and dumb with fury. The secretary had not waited for his reply, but returned to his seat, and Pollinet followed close or his heels and planted himself before milor, who did not change his posture, but looked on the passion inflamed face of the bravo with lazy contempt, as one might look on a snarling mongrel.

" 'You island pig!' said Pollinet, his voice thick with passion. 'You dare order me to be silent, insolent, scum, barbarian! Go back to your filthy island! Go before I whip you!' And he took milor's hat from his head and flung it toward the door. 'Follow your hat!' said he, dancing round the table in his rage.

"The Englishman yawned, slowly raised himself and looked at Pollinet with unmoved countenance. ak him,' he said to his secretary English, 'if he is a clown, or if he means it for an insult?'

" 'An insult!' screamed Pollinet. 'Yes, yes, he shall go back to his barbarous island a corpse!'

choice of weapons, I believe?' said you must remember. Monsieur, who Pointon for his master.

you choose, at any time! I will kill you!' cried Pollinet.

" 'It shall be now,' said the secretary coolly, and he called for the proprietor, who came, as obsequious and craven as ever. Yes, if messieurs needed it, he had a large room, very retired, but messieurs

would recollect that he was a poor "At a sign from milor Pointon cut him short. 'Lead the way,' he said. 'Messieurs'-to Pollinet and his friends-'follow, please.'

"Blanc led him to a deserted room at the back of the house, got water and sponges at Pointon's orders, and then the door was closed upon him. The baronet locked it and stood with his back against it, looking intensely bored.

" 'Monsieur,' said Pointon, addressing Pollinet and speaking very coldly, 'my principal has choice of weapons, and he ordains that the duel shall be fought in this room and immediately. Please to nomi-

" 'My friend M. Georges will act

self up arrogantly. 'Allow me to the floor, where he lay senseless. remark you betray ignorance of etiquette, monsieur, in calling us all

"'Perhaps so, but I had a purpose. I wished you to hear my arrangements with your second. My principal has chosen his weapons. He elects to fight with nature's weapons-his naked fists. So you will prepare yourself at once, mon-

"Pollinet sprang forward, but Georges was before him. 'What!' Fists! Outrageous! Have you no notions of honor, you English? Name your weapons, I say!'

"'I have already done so,' said Pointon, with a grim smile. " 'And we refuse,' cried Georges.

Your suggestion is an insult.' " 'My principal has been insulted,' said Pointon coolly. 'He demands satisfaction and has chosen

his weapons.' "The Frenchmen were instantly a jabbering, gesticulating group. It was monstrous, outrageous, an unheard of insult! Pollinet would, of course, refuse so insulting a business, and so on.

"Milor at this juncture made some remark to his secretary, who, raising his voice above the hubbub, said:

'My principal has been insulted. he demands satisfaction, and if monsieur is not ready in five minutes he will thrash him.

"Again there was a confusion of tongues. They would not stay to be insulted any longer. They would leave the room and publish the Englishman's baseness to the world. But milor stood with his back against the door, with a grim smile on his lips, and there was not one of them who cared to ask him to

"Presently milor glanced at his watch and then began to divest himself of his coat and vest. 'Is your principal going to defend himself like a man, or be whipped as a coward?' asked Pointon of Georges.

"Again there was a torrent of speech, especially from Georges, and Pollinet made no preparation. 'Very well. Time!' said the secretary, and milor squared up to his opponent, who was livid, and touched him lightly on the cheek.

" 'I warn you,' said Pointon politely to Georges, 'that monsieur will find it difficult to fight in his coat. Once more, are you ready?

" 'A moment,' said Georges, and there was a hurried consultation among the six, who were thoroughly cowed, after which Georges spoke. 'We protest against this,' he said, 'but M. Pollinet will fight, but we shall demand satisfaction for the outrage.

gayly. In silence Pollinet was di- which they could germ and sprout. the Englishman with far less confidence than one would expect from

" 'Time!' called Pointon again, and the encounter began. Milor's ennui had gone. He was no longer a drawling, blase aristocrat, but an athlete. He began by dealing a light blow on his opponent's nose, which drew blood and brought such a comical look of surprise on his face that Pointon could not restrain his merriment, but the next moment the brave broke into a fury and rushed on milor, his hands going like windmills. The baronet played with him, contenting himself by warding off the blows, and only occasionally dealt one himself, till at last he floored the Frenchman with a left

hander on the jaw. "His friends crowded round Pollinet, helplessly gesticulating and chattering, and Pointon had to sponge his face and fan him.

" 'Brutal! Brutal!' exclaimed Georges in a state of fiery indigna-

" 'Time!' said Pointon, looking at his watch, and unwillingly the bravo was made to rise and face his antagonist. The duelist's attack was more feeble this time, and milor punished him a little more severely. finally sending him to the ground, again moaning and groaning. Again hands and voices were raised in hor-

"Georges bent over him and then turned to Pointon. 'Monsieur,' he said, getting his words out with difficulty, 'honor is satisfied. My principal acknowledges defeat.'

" 'No, no,' said milor, condescending to speak French for the first "'Very well, then. We have time, 'this is a duel to the death, has sent so many men to death, will "Yes, yes, swords or pistols, as not appreciate an encounter in which neither his antagonist nor

himself is killed.' "A groan of utterest indignation went through the group. The brutality of the Englishman! Was it not incredible? They would publish the affair all over the city, all over

France. " 'As you like,' said the baronet, with a grim delight that made their hearts sink. 'I did not begin the business, remember, and what I call brutality is to insult an inoffensive man and then assassinate him. 'Come, pig,' addressing the pros-

trate bravo, 'get up!' "There was more protest, but the baronet was inflexible, and again Pollinet had to face him, and the Englishman fought to punish this time. He delivered his blows with strength and science, till the bravo made no attempt to retaliate, but, with his hands before his face and groaning at every blow, sought to escape his antagonist. But it was useless. Milor meant to teach a stern lesson, and, with his antagonist screaming for mercy, he finished with a terrific blow between the "drown his sorrow in drink" should has eight times as many miles of rail- more men in war since 1776 than any eves that sent Pollinet crashing to jump overboard.

"The baronet stood over him. 'As the greatest contempt, spurning the body with his foot-'as this is a coward, I refuse to soil my hands any to light and was written by John longer on his cowardly carcass, but I give you to understand that if I Feb. 18, 1812, gives an account of meet him again in this city or elsewhere I shall claim to finish our duel. Pointon, assist me to dress.'

"In dead silence the baronet put on his coat, and, with a polite 'Bon soir!' they left the room and returnhe screamed. 'Is this an insult? ed to the public room to finish their wine, as if nothing had occurred.

"The next day 'The Duel of the Mad Milor' was in the papers and on everybody's tongue, and, though wonder was expressed at the barbarian eccentricities of Messieurs les Anglais, there was rejoicing at the punishment meted out to the bravo who had long been a terror to the city. Pollinet was invisible. His features had been terribly battered, and he quietly left Dijon without leaving his address with any of his friends.

"You English," said Depaille, in concluding his story, "do not understand the niceties of the field of honor, but you are overwhelming tuckian, and was willing, as one of in the brutal game of 'le boxe.' "-Tit-Bits.

Lord Lonsdale as a Driver.

Lord Lonsdale is master of the most fashionable pack of foxhounds in England. It is no easy task to control a field which may number creased subscription to enable him to meet the annually swelling expense of hunting the country. A performance of Lord Lonsdale's time was the driving match he arranged with Lord Shrewsbury in March, 1891. Lord Shrewsbury, owing to a misapprehension, did not come to the starting post. Lord Lonsdale did, and performed the truly remarkable feat of driving (1) a single horse, (2) a pair, (3) a fourin-hand and (4) a pair, riding postilion five miles each over a bad appearing to be much hurt, he prostretch of road in 55 minutes 35 4-5 seconds, or 20 miles in 56 minutes 55 4-5 seconds, including changes of vehicle.

The Seed and the Soil.

Professor Doellinger, one of the most erudite theologians of the Roman church, remarked in a lecture before the Munich Academy of Sciences, on the subject of "Founders of Religion," that religions did not drop ready made from heaven, nor could religious systems find a permanent resting place without a soil " 'You shall have it,' said Pointon | prepared to receive new ideas, on sted of his coat and vest and faced In fact, the ideas must have been in a state of germination, growing gradually to fruition, to spring into life at the touch of the founder's magic wand. It is the same with nations. They do not spring like Minerva out of Jupiter's head, full fledged. They are of slow growth, and when the proper leader and legislator steps upon the stage the material must be ready to be formed into homogeneous whole.—Minorah.

A Striking Monument. Nowhere in the world can be found a more striking monument than that erected on the shores of Lake Issy-Kul in central Asia in honor of the Russian General Prjevalski, a famous explorer of that region. The tomb is hollowed out in the summit of a jutting cliff on the eastern margin of the lake, and the monument consists of an enormous, rough hewn block of gray granite, 25 feet high, over which is thrown a chart of central Asia.

There Was a Lady Present.

"Never," said an elderly woman, shall I forget the first time that I was called a 'lady,' which term, in my day, you must remember, was all distinctive. As a very little and very green girl I looked forward to the faraway time when I should attain it as nothing short of an epoch. It came to me, however, much sooner, and in quite a different way than I had expected. I was traveling in the far west and alone. My father had put me on the train, the conductor was to keep an eye on me, and my uncle was to meet me at my destination. The train was crowded with rough western miners. Little as I was I was the only representative of my sex on board. For awhile the journey was uneventful. Then some little altercation expanded into a dispute, and before you could say Jack Robinson we were in the midst of a free fight. At the first loud word I had cowered behind a seat, and when the pistols appeared I was nearly dead from fright.

"But before a shot could be fired some one grabbed my shoulder. It was one of the onlookers, who had caught sight of me and who, picking me up bodily, now held me up so all could see. 'Gentlemen!' he cried, 'there are ladies present.' At the magic words the pistols dropped instanter. The men turned and saw me, a poor, pale, miserable morsel of femininity, perched upon my champion's shoulder. The humor of it was too much for them. The next minute they were laughing. The fight was over; the day was mine. I'm sure that the good old more reasons than one am I not likely to forget the first time that I was referred to as a 'lady.' "-New York

The man who really intends to

KENTUCKY'S FIRST DUEL.

this is a coward, 'he said in tones of An International Encounter, In Which an Englishman Came to Grief.

An old letter, which has just come Ross of Paris, Ky., under date of probably the first duel ever fought in Kentucky. If it is not the first. it is at least the most remarkable encounter that has taken place on Kentucky soil. Mr. Ross says: "On the 1st day of November,

1811, James Allen of Kentucky and

the subscriber met with Thomas

Fuller, an Englishman, and his company, at a small branch between the United States Saline Salt works and Fort Massack. Making a stop at that place, Messrs. Allen and Fuller entered into a conversation which led to a very serious recontre. After learning the name, nation and residence of each other, Fuller asked Allen if the Kentuckians were anxious for a war with England. Allen replied they were warm for war. Fuller said they need not be, for one Englishman could drive five Kentuckians. Allen thought one Englishman could not drive one Keneach was present, to have the thing tested. Fuller was willing also, but it must be done in an honorable way. He would fight with pistols, standing about one pace apart, to which Allen was agreed. Fuller, finding Allen in earnest, said he 700 horsemen and horsewomen, but thought it too savagelike to stand Lonsdale did it so well that when so near each other, and proposed he wished to resign the mastership | that they should choose seconds and the hunt guaranteed a largely in take distance ten steps apart. This proposition was agreed to, and the preliminaries settled, but Fuller said he had a wife near Pittsburg, and before they fought he would go which excited great interest at the aside and write a few lines to her. so that if any accident should happen to him she might know it. He went and returned in a short time ready for action. "The combatants then took the

places assigned them and at the word they both fired, and Fuller fell, having received the ball of his antagonist in his left breast, but not posed another round. They then proceeded to fire again, upon which Fuller fell a second time and declined fighting any more, and was found to have received the second ball in his breast, within an inch of the ble to imagine. It was a chamber

"Allen was surprised to find that the balls had not taken effect, and suspecting some stratagem, he protested he would kill Fuller on the spot unless he would fight again or acknowledge himself a coward. Fuller, rather than smell powder again, would submit to anything. a Dutch blanket was discovered in | boys." eight folds, and one quire of paper opened and spread under the blanket, both between his waistcoat and shirt, and upon lifting up the blanket the two balls were found, having penetrated through the eight folds of the blanket and were lodged on the paper. His breast, notwithstanding the fortification, was very much bruised and black, and he appeared considerably injured.

"Allen received no material injury. The first ball struck between his feet and the second grazed the skin on the side of his head. And thus ended a contest which proved the superiority of the Kentuckian, and exposed the boasting, imperious Englishman to eternal contempt and disgrace. And it is highly probable from his own story and conduct that this same Fuller is employed to do business for the British in the western country and among the In- asked. In plain English, the interdians. The subscriber was the sec- pretation seemed to be: ond of Mr. Allen and is willing to attest the truth of the facts above stated. He is now on his way home, which is on Brush creek, in

the state of Ohio."-New York Sun.

Mounting Photographs on Glass. It is frequently the case that one may desire to mount photographs upon glass. This is very easily done, but one or two points should be very carefully observed. Do not attempt to mount a photograph on cheap glass. The effect will not be satisfactory. Select a good plate, clean it thoroughly and place it where it will rest steadily under a considerable pressure. Soak four ounces of gelatin for half an hour in cold water, then place in a glass jar, adding 16 ounces of water. Put the jar in a large dish of warm water and dissolve the gelatin. When dissolved, pour in a shallow tray. Have the prints rolled on a roller. albumen side up. Take the print by the corners and pass rapidly through the gelatin, taking care to avoid air bubbles. Squeeze carefully on to the glass. The better the quality of glass the better the effect.-New York Ledger.

English Butterflies.

English butterflies unluckily command an exceptionally high price in the collectors' market. This is probably one reason why, as Natural Science points out-many important species of British butterflies are disappearing.

A sure Preventive.

By taking a regular course of Prickly Ash Bitters for the next two or three weeks and an occasional dose term of restraint has never been thereafter, the blood, liver and bowels used with more telling effect. For will be so cleansed, strengthened and regulated as to easily keep the body free from disease germs should yellow fever appear in your locality. Prickly Ash Bitters is sold at Evans Phar-

- In proportion to its size, England ways as the United States.

Excessive Precision.

Accuracy is a most desirable thing on ordinary occasions, but there are times when it palls. It is soothing to hear the English language spoken with the easy confidence and unerring grammar which betoken intelligence and good breeding, and especially so when it is uttered in public places by uniformed persons from whom you ordinarily hear such remarks as "Hi!" "Get a move on yer!" and "Can't you look where

yer goin?" A middle aged man who had made his way through the mob of depot employees who use this style of vocabulary was happy to find the conductor on the sleeping car a young man with a gentle voice and a deliberate and refined manner. He was more than gratified when he saw him later on the journey take a copy of one of the Latin classics from his pocket and begin to read. His pleasure at the spectacle made him almost forget that in his haste to catch the train he had neglected to eat any lunch. Approaching the conductor, he endeavored to mingle knowledge getting with agreeable intercourse.

"Have you been on this road long?" he inquired.

"No," the conductor answered without looking up. "This is my first week.'

"Do you like the work?" "All labor is distasteful, but I endeavor not to allow my mind to dwell on the irksome phases of my

duty." The conductor had not taken his eyes from the book, and his questioner abandoned all idea of sociability and proceeded with the matter that was nearest his heart.

"Will you tell me," he asked, when and for how long this train stops for dinner?" "Not at all."

"Are you sure of that?" came the inquiry in tones of protesting an-

"Yes," the gentle voiced conductor replied as he leisurely turned a leaf. "I am quite sure. The train does not eat."-Washington Star.

Telling Evidence.

Long chamber, one of the dormitories in Eton college, furnished some 50 years ago a Spartan training which it is now almost impossiof horrors, and the toughest boy might easily break down under the tortures there inflicted.

Fagging was a commonplace of the day, and the large boys even assumed a careless right to flog the younger ones if they chose. But of all the evidence against this battlefield of youthful life nothing is His jacket was then unbuttoned, and | more telling than an indirect bit of to the astonishment of the beholders | testimony quoted by one of the "old |

> He says that when he was about to be married he applied to a life insurance company for a policy in favor of his wife. He went before the board, 16 men sitting in deliberation at the table.

"You are a fellow of King's college, I see," said the chairman. "I believe that is so stated in your pa-

"Yes, sir." "I infer, then, that you were in Eton college?"

"Yes, sir." "How long were you in college?"

"Eight years." "Where did you sleep?"

"In long chamber, sir."

"All that time?" "Yes, sir." "We needn't ask Mr. Okes any more questions," said the chairman significantly, and no more were

"If you passed the last eight years of your early youth in long chamber and are alive at the age of 29, you have a robust constitution."-Youth's Companion.

"Lost at Sea."

Many a fishing schooner that sails out of Gloucester with her ensign fluttering gayly from the "main truck" comes in by Cape Ann, on her return from the banks, with her colors at half mast. A dory or two lost in the fog or run down in thick weather by an ocean grayhound that no more felt the collision than if it crushed an eggshell-at all events, a couple of men or more for Davy Jones' locker-such is only too often the tale brought back from the fishing grounds to Gloucester, our chief fishing port. Tears at parting, weeks of anxious suspense, and when the ship comes home tears again for a lost husband, son or brother - that story is common enough on Massachusetts bay. And even if neighbors say, "Don't cry, dearie; perhaps some ship has picked him up and he'll come back to you," the hope is short lived. "Lost at sea" is a familiar line in the death columns of the Gloucester papers.-Gustav Kobbe in St. Nich-

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chart Hitchirs.

- The gauge of the Roman chariots, 2,000 years ago, was 4 feet 81 nches -same as standard railroad gauge of today. - An authority on such matters

states that the United States have lost nation in Europe.

to which the Expectant Mother is exposed and the foreboding and dread with which she looks forward to the hour of woman's severest trial is appreciated by but few. All effort should be made to smooth these rugged places in life's pathway for her, ere she presses to her bosom her babe.

allays Nervousness, and so assists Nature that the change goes forward in an easy manner, without such violent protest in the way of Nausea, Headache, Etc. Gloomy forebodings yield to cheerful and hopeful anticipations-she passes through the ordeal quickly and without pain-is left strong and vigorous and enabled to joyously perform the high and holy duties now devolved upon her. Safety to life of both is assured by the use of "Mother's Friend," and the time of recovery shortened.

"I know one lady, the mother of three children, who suffered greatly in the birth of each, who obtained a bottle of 'Mother's Friend' of me before her fourth confinement, and was relieved quickly and easily. All agree that their labor was shorter and less painful." JOHN G. POLHILL, Macon, Ga.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price. BOOKS Containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address upon application, by THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA-

Winthrop College Scholarship - AND -

Entrance Examinations.

THE examinations for the award of va-cant Scholarships in Winthrop Col-lege and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on July 15th, at 9 a. m Applicants must not be less than fifteen years of age

When Scholarships are vacated after July 15th, they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination The cost of attendance, including board, furnished room, heat, light and washing, is only \$8 50 per month

For further information and a catalogue

address President D B JOHNSON, Rock Hill, S. C.

Reething Children

Are generally Puny. Stomach upset, Bowels out of order-do not rest well at night. The very best remedy for children while teething is PITTS'

CARMINATIVE. Stomach and Bowels, cures era lefantum, Chelera Morbue, Grip-ing, and acts premptly. It is good for adults, too, and is a specific for

Sold by all Druggists, 25 and 50c.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE In effect June, 13, 1898.

11 50 am 6 10 pm 12 50 pm 7 00 am 2 15 pm 10 15 am 4 05 pm 2 30 pm 10 20 am 4 25 pm Ar Hendersonville 8 28 am 3 05 pm 11 35 am 3 05 pm 10 00 am 4 00 pm 120 pm 8 80 pm 6 80 am Lv Asheville.. 2 85 pm 10 50 am Ly Calhoun Falls... Ar Baleigh....... Ar Norfolk..... 2 55 pm 5 00 pm 5 15 pm 6 20 pm 7 20 pm 7 35 pm 7 85 pm 9 10 pm Ar F-irfax... Ar Charleston 6 00 am 6 50 am 8 30 am 8 40 am 9 45 am Ly Charleston

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Atlans, Atlanta and all points on S. A. L. Close connections at Augusta for Charleston, Savannah and all points.

Close connections at Greenwood for all points on S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg with Southern Railway.

For any information relative to tickets, rates, schedule, etc., address

W J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, Ga. E. M. North, Sol. Agent
T. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.

GEN. R. E. LEE, SOLDIER.

Citizen and Christian Patriot.

A GREAT NEW BOOK for the PEOPLE. LIVE AGENTS WANTED Everywhere to show ample pages and get up

EXTRAORDINARILY LIBERAL TERMS!

Money can be made rapidly, and a vast amount of good done n circulating one of the nobleat historical works published during the pat quarter of a century. Active Agents are now reaping a rich harvest. Some of our best workers are selling OVER ONE HUNDRED BOOKS A WEEK.

Mr. A G. Wil iams, Jack-on county, Mo, worked four days and a half and secured 51 orders. He sells the book to almost every man he meets. Dr. J. J. Mason, Muscogee county, Ga., sold 120 copies the first five days he canvassed H. C. Sheets, Paio Pinto county, Texas, worked a few hours and sold 16 copies, mostly morocco binding. J. H. Haona, Gaston county N. C. made a month's wages in three cays cauvassing for this book. S. M. White, Callahan county. Texas is selling books at the rate of 144 copies a week.

The work contains biographical sketches of all the Leading or erals, a vast amount of historical matter, and a large number of beautiful full-page illustrations. It is a grand book, and ladies and gentlemen who can give all or any part of their time to the canvass are bound to make immenessums of money handling it.

An elegant Prospectus, showing the different styles of binding, sample pages, and all material necessary to work with will be sent on receipt of 50 cents. The magnificent gallery of portraits, alone, in the prospectus is worth ouble the money. We furnish it at far less than actual cost of ma utacture, and we would dvie you to order quickly, and get exclusive control of the best territory, Address

ROYAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, EXTRAORDINARILY LIBERAL TERMS!

ROYAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Eleventh and Main Streets, RICHMOND, VA.