Frowzie Head and Slumber Eyes. Little Light o' Day, Sunny Locks and Golden Hair, 'Lizabeth and May, Butterfly and Elfin Heart, Will-o'-Wisp and Gleam Babies have a thousand names In a poet's dream.

Heart of Life and Azure Eyes, Little Patter Feet— Names that fill the happy day With a music sweet-Mamma's Little Fretfulness. Sister Baby Blue, Buttercup, Forgetmenot, Little Love Me True,

Sugar Plum and Honey Cake, Little Tippy Toe, Pitty Pat and Dear My Soul, Little Never Grow,
Teeny Weeny, Little Wight,
Happy Wander Child,
Shuffle Shoon and Amber Locks, Tender Heart and Mild.

Little All Aloney and Funny Little Thing. Hush-a-by and Rock-a-by When the dreamers sing: Luddy Dud and Googly Goo, Little Dearie O, Nestle Down and Dimple Chin, Little Love Me So—

Thousand names a baby has In the sweetheart land, Where she leads the Dream of Life By her little hand; Rosy Cheek and Chubby Fist, Blinky Wink and Ned, But the sweetest name of all-Angel Gift of God!

-Baltimore News.

"This bacon is not fit to eat?" He lifted a bit on his fork and smelled at it suspiciously. "And the coffee is quite cold, and there isn't a morsel of toast. Really, it is too bad to expect a man to go to his work without any breakfast." "The charwoman didn't come this morning, you know, Everard, and"-Dorothy was desperately afraid that she

would cry, and she was determined not to cry, so she said no more. "Why can't you find a servant, then?" growled her husband. "Such wretched mismanagement I never saw.

"Perhaps you were more comfortable in lodgings." said Dorothy, taunted into speech.

"Perhaps you think it was a mistake

to have married me." Silence, so much recommended in cases of this kind, is sometimes the

most cruel of all retorts. It was so now. Yet Everard Payn said not a word. He knew he was behaving like a brute, but he was cold, hungry and haunted with corroding care. He turned to the fireplace and tried to poke the mass of coal and coal dust into a flame, but his efforts were ill directed, and the smoldering heap remained dead. He threw down the poker in a passion and went out into the hall and into the street, closing the front door after him with a Hour after hour Dorothy sat at the

wretched breakfast table without movand had no one to mind but herself. The tears came freely enough now. They trickled through her fingers and dropped, one by one, on the soiled ta-blecloth

"Was it true, then?" she asked herself. 'Did Everard regret already the rash step that had brought them to-He was only a poor writer, struggling for dear life in the cruel battlefield of London. She knew that he was often pressed for money, though he told her little of his money troubles. Was it not a piece of folly in them to

At length she rose and mechanically began to clear away the breakfast things. The kitchen fire had gove out. Everything was cold and dreary. And if it were all a huge mistake!

She went up stairs and began to put a few of her personal belongings into a portmanteau. One volume she thought she must have—a copy of "The Imitation of Christ." She found it after a little search, but then she remembered. It had been a gift from Everard-how long ago it seemed-in the days of their courtship. The pet name he had given her, and that no one but him had ever called her, "Dodie," was on the fly leaf in his handwriting. She could not take it. She kissed it and put it away in a drawer. Then she went on putting things together, one by one, on the bed.

The winter afternoon had given place to twilight when Everard put his latchkey into the door of the little dwelling. He had long since repented of his bad temper, and he had brought with him a twopenny bunch of violets as a peace offering. It struck him, as he opened the door, that there was an unusual echoing in the passage. Closing the door behind him, he shouted, "Dorothy!" There was no reply.

"She can't be sulking still?" he said to himself. "That is not like Dodie. Where are you?" he cried again, pushing open the door of the sitting room. He half expected to feel a pair of warm arms around his neck as he did so, but there was no sound of any kind. The room was dark and cold. With trembling fingers he lit the gas. The cold light fell on a black grate. Evidently the fire had not been touched since he left in the morning. He ran from room to room, dreading he knew not what as he threw open each door. Dorothy was not there. Nor did he notice that their bedroom window was open and that the draft caused by his opening the door had sent a scrap of thin paper on which Dorothy had written a farewell message fluttering to the floor. He gazed round the deserted bedroom, noting the signs of packing, and the truth burst on him. He felt as if she had died. Then suddenly a revulsion of feeling came upon

"She can have no heart, after all, to

leave me when she knew I was in such trouble!" he said savagely. He turned, left the house and never entered it again. A month later the landlord seized the furniture for rent and let the place

to another tenant. Dorothy woke next morning with a painful sense of something dreadful having happened, and she instinctively listened to learn whether her husband was up. Then she remembered. She got up and dressed herself and began considering what she should do. She had been careful to leave her address, so that Everard might have no difficulty

in tracing ner, and she had no convithat he would turn up some time during the day to scold her-she determined that she would submit to the scolding without a word-but, at any rate.

to take her home. She did not go out all that day lest she should miss him, but he never came. When night fell, she would have been glad to go back of her own accord, but her pride forbade her, and she remained where she was. Surely, she thought, he will come tomorrow. But that day, too, passed, and Dorothy began to realize that her husband had taken her at her

word. As a matter of fact, on the morning of the second day Everard had left word where he was to be found at the house agent's office and inserted one or two advertisements in the daily papers-he could not afford many-and then he told himself he could do no more. Dorothy was dead to him-lost in the great whirlpool of London.

A year went by and Dorothy, pale and thin and shabby, was slowly dragging her way through one of the great thoroughfares. Her heart was heavy, for there was a cradle in the poor room she had left and in the cradle a baby girl. What Dorothy Payn had gone through during the last six months only she and her God knew. At one time she had all but starved, but one of that much sneered at class-district visitors -had found her out, given her sympathy, money and fresh hope for the future. Since her recovery she had supported herself chiefly by typewritingan art she had learned in the days of

her girlhood. A few days before Mrs. Rainforth, who had succored her, had written to tell her of a situation for which she might apply. It was the post of schoolmistress in a school in the north of Ireland. Mrs. Rainforth had told Dorothy's sad story to the clergyman of the parish, and he had promised that he would do what he could to get the post for her, and she had good hopes that she would obtain it. It was not the life she would have preferred, but, in contrast with the hardships of the last 12 months, it looked like paradise. Dorothy was now on her way to meet one of the school managers who was examining candidates for the place.

On her way she passed a church. She slipped in and sat down. Thoughts of God came into the girl's mind. She had not said a prayer for years. Was there not something in the Bible about answering prayer-some promise that whatever we pray for would be granted? She was sure of it. At once Dorothy resolved to put it to the test. She would pray for this post in Ireland. Sinking on her knees. Dorothy poured out her petitions to the Father of her spirit, nor did she content herself with merely stating her request, but returned to it again and again, beseeching the Almighty that this thing might be granted to her. She saw the school manager, and he professed to be well satisfied with the proofs which she furnished of her fitness for the post.

Three weeks went slowly by. Dorothy thought she had never known time to pass so slowly, and then one morning a large envelope was handed to her. It bore the Ballyrowen postmark, and her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely tear open the cover. There was nothing but her few poor testimonials returned to her, with a civil note saying that the managers regretted to be unable to avail themselves of her services. That was all. That was the victory of her prayer!

Two months after her great disappointment Dorothy obtained a large manuscript which was to be typewritten as soon as possible. Hurrying home, she threw off her hat and jacket, lit the lamp, and, taking a peep at her sleeping baby, began her task. The little thing slumbered on. She was so used to the click of the machine that it never disturbed her now.

The manuscript was a story by Gideon Armstrong, a writer of whom she had heard once or twice within the last few months. She dashed at the written nages and covered several sheets before it occurred to her that the handwriting was familiar to her. "It could not besurely it could not be- Yes, it was her husband's!

So he was Gideon Armstrong! He was known, becoming popular, perhaps rich-at all events, well off-and she, the poor, discarded wife, was starving in a garret, glad to earn a pittance by doing the work of a clerk in connection with the manuscript which would fill his pockets and make him more famous than ever! Dorothy clasped her hands before her on the table, rested her head on them and wept bitterly.

At last she bent to her work and for a time wrote steadily. But suddenly she came to a full stop.
"It was impossible for Dodie to say

Her own pet name, the name Everard

had given her when they were lovers, looked out at her from the paper; put. evidently by mistake for the name of the heroine. She must have been in his mind, she said to herself, or her name could not have found its way to the paper! She blushed and her eyes shone. But what was she to do? Was she to hold her peace and let him go? If he indeed remembered her-

Then an idea struck her. Here and there throughout the manuscript she substituted "Dodie" for the name Everard had given his heroine. She thought he would be sure to notice this, to wonder why it had been done, to make inquiries. If he did not choose to do so, if

he made no sign, she could go on as she That night the manuscript was finished. Next day she took it back to the office and received the few shillings that were due to her for her labor. Then

she went home and waited. For the next three days her heart beat with sudden painfulness at every ring that came to the lodging house door. After that she began to fear as well as hope, and when week after week went by and her husband made no sign she knew the heart sickness of hope deferred, and after that the torpor of de-

One evening she could not workbaby was worrying, and the time that should have been spent over her typewriter was given to soothing the little one's cries. Weary and half distracted on account of her neglected work, Dorothy was sitting down to her machine when she noticed that the baby's cough mixture was nearly finished. Only a few drops were left in the bottle. It was scarcely 10 o'clock. The drug-

gist's shop would be open it she well at

Throwing a shawl over her head, she went out, closed her door behind her and began to descend the dark staircase. "Can you tell me whether a Mrs. Payn lives here?" said a voice close to

Dorothy was silent. She felt as if her

heart must stop beating if she tried to "I thought I heard some one coming

down. I shall do you no harm. Surely you need not be afraid to tell me if Mrs. Payn lives in this house." "Everard, do you want me? I am

When Dorothy came to herself, she was lying on the floor of her room, her head resting on her husband's arm and baby screaming lastily in her cradle. Soon she was able to take the child and

hush it. "Is that our baby, Dorothy?" said her husband, wondering. Dorothy blushed and nodded and put the child into

In the long talk that followed Everard explained that he had tried in vain to find his wife, and had only seen the name "Dodie" in his manuscript when it had been delivered to him along with a bundle of proof sheets that afternoon. After the talk there was a long si-

lence. Dorothy slipped out of the room and got the baby's medicine, and when she came back her husband said to her: 'Do you know, I always believed that

I should find you one day? I had an offer to go to Edinburgh, but I refused it because I felt certain that you were in London.

Dorothy made no reply, but she threw her arms around her husband's neck and kissed him. He glanced down and saw that his wife's eyes were closed and her lips were moving. He thought that she was thanking God, but he did not know that what she had in her mind at that moment was an unanswered prayer.-John K. Levs in New York Press.

Sinmere Football.

The Siamese youth have only one game worth considering, and that one is indigenous-or native to Burma-the question of parentage being a much mooted one. At all events the game requires a certain amount of activity and is very interesting to the onlooker. It is a kind of football-in fact, I have heard it called Burmese football-played with a ball about four inches in diameter, made of braided rotan, entirely hollow, very strong and resilient. The number of contestants is not arbitrarily fixed, but play is sharpest when there are enough to form a circle about ten feet in diameter. The larger the circle after it has passed the desirable diameter the slower the play.

The game is to keep the ball tossing into the air without breaking the circle. As a man fails at his opportunity he drops out, and when there remain but four or six the work is sharp and very pretty. The ball is struck most generally with the knee, but also with the foot, from in front, behind and at the side. Some become remarkably clever. I have seen a player permit the ball to drop directly behind his back, and yet without turning return it clear over his head and straight into the middle of the circle by a well placed backward kick of his heel. - Harper's Weekly.

The Points of a Cat.

A good cat-the kind you want to have in the house, if any-will have a round, stubby, pug nose, full, fat cheeks and upper lip, a well developed bump on top of the head between the ears, betokening good nature. A sleepy cat that purs a good deal is apt to be playful and good natured.

By all means to be avoided is a cat with thin, sharp nose and twitching ears. It must be remembered also that a good mouser is not necessarily a gentle or desirable pet. Although any good cat will catch mice if she is not overfed, quick, full, expressive eyes generally betoken a mousing cat.

The greatest mistake—probably the most common one—in the care of domestic cats is overfeeding, particularly too much meat. In the wild life a cat has exercise which enables her to digest food. In the lazy house life the same full feeding leads to stomach troubles and to "fits." — Woman's Life.

The Lighting of a Room.

The lighting of a room, says The Pharmaceutical Era, depends to a large extent upon the color and material of the walls-in other words, upon the percentage of light reflected by them. Recent experiments have shown the proportion of light reflected to be in percentages as follows: Black velvet, 0.4: black cloth, 1.2; black paper, 4.5; dark blue, 6.5; dark green, 10.1; light red, 16.2; dark yellow, 20; blue, 30; light yellow, 40; light green, 46.5; light orange, 54.8; white, 70; mirror,

The Slamang.

The gentle siamang is a gibbon and no monkey. In assemblies on the tree tops live the siamangs, whooping over the octaves, calling to their friends from miles away and swooping off to meet them, racing steeplechases with the winds. I have seen, and hope to live to see again, a pack of the siamangs going through the jungle, a long black arm and a small crumpled body swinging wildly from it like a pendulum run mad, then a suicidal fling, a crash in the covering green, and so they are

Tame they are the gentlest creatures. The Malays catch the young ones and bring them to our doors, knowing that buy we must. It is not among the possibilities for a Mem to resist the forlorn, small, speechless thing when it winds its long arms and fingers round her neck and hides its black, wrinkled face of an old woman, with round, unhappy eyes, in the softness of her morning gown. Or it lurches across the veranda on a pair of very bandy little legs, balancing itself with outstretched arms. But they always die. They who have weathered torrential rains under the open heaven die in captivity of consumption and cough out their ill comprehended souls like Christians huddled in a blanket. -

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

Blackwood's.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Gart H. Fletchers. GUARD YOUR HEALTH

SOME RULES BY WHICH YOU MAY PROLONG YOUR LIFE.

The Careful Eating of Simple Food Regularity In Habits of Living and, Above All, Proper Breathing Are Essential to Longevity.

Men and women know less about the care of their own health than of any other subject. That is the oldest and plainest kind of a fact. The farmer who keeps his cows and horses alive and well into very old age dies when he should be in his prime. The woman who knows all about the care of linen. oilcloth, flowers, etc., knows nothing about her own mucous membrane or the care of her children's teeth. Ignorance shortens by a third the normal life of the average man who passes 50. It kills outright thousands and millions in In some ways this may have been a

good thing. Men and women have died when their active careers were ended and the populations harried by the struggle for existence were not bothered unduly by the care of the aged. When so bothered, as Eli Reclus so grewsomely relates, it has been the custom of various peoples to hasten the end for the old folks even to the extreme of murder

Probably you take a very solemn and mysterious view of doctors' wisdom. Learn that it amounts to very little. The surgeon is a remarkable chap, and he has reduced cutting and slicing to marvelous perfection. But his friend, the pill and prescription giver, can really do very little. He can only help nature along to a limited extent, and the more he lets nature alone the better it is for the patient as a rule. With the aid of drugs he can free the system from a clogged up state, and that is about all he can do. When he has given you castor oil or salts or something to make you perspire, his work is done. Will you kindly take, therefore, a lit.

tle advice and see if it does not improve your condition? Eat little-remember that what you eat does not give you strength. It simply repairs the waste of tissues. Your food is as important to you as the oil on a locomotive's axles, not more important. Do not imagine that food to your body is what coal is to the engine. The engine gets its strength from coal. You get yours from the air that you breathe. The Swiss mountaineer with a few crackers will climb all over the Alps, while you, full of all sorts of fancy food, cannot follow him. The big dark men rowing your boat on the Nile go all day on a handful of parched corn and a handful of dates. They eat meat perhaps once a month-you could not begin to do their work with ten times the nourishment. Do not starve yourself, but of that there is never danger. Eat little while you must work. Eat enough once a day, and do no work for two hours afterward, and don't sleep within two hours of eating.

Eat very slowly-nothing can exceed that in importance. Eat simple things and change your diet frequently from one simple thing to another. Never eat half grown things. Lamb, veal, young imals of any sort are poisonous. They are as bad as green fruit. Nature means that her creations shall reach maturity and punishes those who kill and eat them prematurely. Eat regularly, always at the same hours, and chew care-

Pay great attention to breathing. In that is the secret of long life and energy. You knew, probably, that your blood, having accumulated the impurities of the body, passes through your lungs to be cleaned. Through the lungs impurity leaves the body and through the lungs the blood takes up fresh supplies of the strength on which your work is done. The electricity of the air is taken up by the red blood corpuscles and the life current goes back through

the system full of vigor. Breathe in slowly and breathe out just as slowly. If you work in an office, stop occasionally to take ten very deep breaths. Go to your work when possible on the platform of the car and devote that time to proper breathing. One hundred deep breaths per day slowly inhaled and exhaled, filling your entire lung capacity from the bottom to the very top, will easily add two inches to your chest measure in a year. No young man or young woman need have a flat chest. Proper breathing will give you proper lungs and hence a chest of the right sort.

Careful eating, simple food, slow eat ing, long chewing; avoidance of such American crimes as hot cakes, hot bread, hot biscuit, horrible hash, etc.; regularity in all functions of the body -eating and sleeping at the same hours and sleeping the same number of hours with extra sleep one day in the week; careful breathing above all. You can live two weeks without food. You cannot live five minutes without air, and that alone should make you understand the importance of the lungs.

Try to make yourself strong and healthy, and if you succeed use your health to make your brain work. Think and talk to your fellows and take an interest in the politics and future of your country. If you don't do that, you might as well as not die of buckwheat cake poisoning as ice water degeneration. - New York Journal.

Walt Whitman's School. Admirers of Walt Whitman will be interested in learning that the good people of Woodbury, N. Y., have preserved the school where the poet once taught. This school was built in 1807, and when the new school was built the old one was moved to one side. It is now used for public gatherings. Whitman was born at West Hills in 1819. His parents moved to Brooklyn when the boy was only 4 years old, so it is highly improbable that he ever attended the school as a pupil. When 18 years old, however, he became the teacher of men looked at each other, gasped and the Woodbury school.

Before the discovery of One Minute Cough Cure, ministers were greatly disturbed by coughing congregations. No excuse for it now. Evans Phar-

- Fewer proposals would undoubtedly result in fewer matrimonial fail-

The ladies wonder how Mrs. B. manages to preserve her youthful looks. The secret is she takes Prickly Ash Bitters; it keeps the system in | neys, regulates the liver, tones up the perfect order. For further particulars call on Evans Pharmacy.

DUST AND ITS VALUE.

to the Atoms.

The Fertility of the Soil Largely Due

"If it wasn't for dust," said Professor Wiley, the chief chemist of the agricultural department at Washington, "man would have to devise a new plan of existence. He would be compelled to provide himself with food by some other means than agriculture. You could not have a garden or a farm without dust. It would not be possible for a crop to grow unless the soil contained an organism capable of converting nitrogenous matter into nitric acid. Nitrogen is indispensable as plant food, and plants can assimilate it only when presented in the form of nitric acid. commonly known as aqua fortis. That is incapable of autolocomotion, and can be distributed only through the dust which falls upon the soil and upon the leaves of trees and plants; hence dust is essential to the pursuit of agriculture, and if it wasn't being carried about constantly on the breeze through the air we would simply have to quit farming. Animals would have nothing to feed upon, and we would have neither meat nor bread nor vegetables. "I have been spending some years,"

continued Professor Wiley, "in the investigation of the agricultural value of dust, and it is a very important subject. The soil is continually being revived and enriched from the particles that are floating about in the atmosphere. They come from two sourcesfirst, atoms of the earth's surface caught up by the wind and distributed elsewhere, and, second, what we call cosmic dust-that is, mineral matter of meteoric origin. "We are getting gradually to under-

stand its quantity, its value and the important part it plays in agriculture. The heavenly bodies are constantly shedding fragments of iron and other mineral substances, which fall with great velocity and when they reach the atmosphere that surrounds the earth are heated by friction and catch fire by contact with the oxygen. They are then burned to ashes and scattered in minute and invisible atoms. Some of the larger pieces that become detached from the stars reach the earth without being entirely consumed. We call them meteors, but the little particles that permeate the air, because of this perpetual and violent bombardment from the stars, are composed of phosphoric acid, potash and other chemicals, which are absolutely essential in renewing the fertility of the soil.

"What we call terrestrial dust is also of great importance to agriculture. In many places the soil is almost entirely composed of particles that have been left there by the winds. This is particularly true of soils that are made up of volcanic ashes, which are carried immense distances from the craters. A considerable percentage of the soil on the earth's surface was originally volcanic dust, which has been distributed by that good friend of man we call the wind. Pompeii and Herculaneum illustrate the great depth to which volcanic dust may reach. These are called Æolian soils.

"The dust from the streets of cities is of a composite nature, and carries all sorts of fragments and atoms in varions stages of decay. It has a high degree of agricultural significance, because it is loaded with germs of all kinds. Some of them are very useful and some are injurious. The effect upon the public health is not injurious except where the dust carries pathogenic germs -that is, the germs of disease. As an illustration, the sputum of a consumptive, if ejected on the sidewalk, is reduced to dust when it dries, and is then distributed through the air in the form of germs. If they find lodgment in the lungs of a human being whose physical condition allows them to revive and grow, the disease gets a foothold and can be conveyed from one to another."-Chicago Record.

These Men Were Not Modest. A modern scientist assures us that men of real genius are always proud, and he gives the following examples as proofs of the truth of this statement. When Mirabeau was dying, he said to his servant, "Prop up my head carefully, for it is the most remarkable head in all France."

Michael Angelo wrote, in 1542: "All the differences between me and Pope Julius arose from the fact that Raphael and Bramante were jealous of me and tried to overthrow me. Yet everything that Raphael knows about art he learned from me."

Rossini addressed some of his letters to his mother as follows: "To Mrs. Rossini, the mother of the distinguished

Finally, Schopenhauer, when he was asked where he would like to be buried, replied, "The place does not matter, as posterity will know well enough where to find me." These are certainly striking examples

in some respects, but it would not be difficult to find others quite as striking of real men of genius who were noted for their modesty.

They Knew.

Two men were standing outside a jeweler's window admiring the gorgeous display of glittering gems that lay before them. Presently one of them, pointing to an object in a red plush tray, said: "Just look at that scarfpin represent-

ing a fly. Any one can tell that's not

"Well, I should think so," answered his friend. "Whoever saw a common fly with such a bright appearance? Why, it makes me weary when I think that the jeweler who produced that fondly hoped that some one would purchase it to deceive his friends. If I saw that on a man's scarf, I could tell directly that it was enameled imitation."

At that mement the object of their condemnation moved across the tray, flew in the air and vanished. The two moved away without a word.

Happy is the man or woman who can eat a good hearty meal without suffering afterwards. If you cannot do it, take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat, and cures all forms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Evans Pharmacy.

- The poet probably sings of the silvery moon because it comes in halves and quarters.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures the kidstomach and purifies the bowels. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

Personal Eccentricities.

If most people were not able to hide their personal eccentricities," said a popular physician, "we'd think the whole world was going crazy. A doctor in general practice is continually consulted about the strangest things. I was consulted recently by a business man who feared he was becoming insane because he felt an irresistible impulse, whenever he spoke, to touch his lips with his right forefinger. I laughed him out of his panic and loaned him a book in which a thousand analogous cases are cited. It was nothing alarming-simply a morbid kink in a hard brooding and thus paving the way to something worse.

"I know scores of people who have equally curious idiosyncrasies. One is a lady who invariably touches the walls and quality of any crop. of houses when she passes corners; another lady always starts across the street with her left foot first, and still another never fails to tap the knob of her front door five times before she turns it. "I know these things sound like the

vagaries of a disordered mind, but no well posted specialist would regard them as serious. Their origin and development are a deeply interesting psychological study and entirely too complex to explain to the general public, but I mean that they are not necessarily manifestations of insanity as the word is ordinarily understood. They are merely eccentricities, and, as I said before, thousands of people possess them in secret."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Lowly Start.

A tramp called at the kitchen door of a St. Joseph residence a few days ago. He was ragged, cold and hungry, and his feet were wrapped in rags. When the hired girl opened the door in answer to his knock, she scowled. She did not quietly. "Some of these blooded anilike tramps.

"If you please, miss," said the tramp, taking off his old, battered cap and making a bow that had the semblance of politeness about it, "can you give me a few old, soggy biscuits?"

The request was so unusual that the hired girl called her mistress, who happened to be in the kitchen at the time. The tramp repeated the request to her. "Why, what do you want with old

biscuits?" she asked. "Wouldn't you rather have something good to eat?" "No, ma'am," the tramp replied. "I want soggy biscuits-all I can get of

em. It is a well known fact that they produce dyspepsia and that dyspepsia brings on nervousness. Anybody knows that nervous people are ambitious, and that an ambitious man generally gets rich. It's wealth I'm after, and I'm starting at the foot of the ladder to get it."-St. Joseph News.

One Day In India.

Everyday life for the English woman in Calcutta is said to pass about as follows: About 7 o'clock in the morning comes the light bread and butter breakfast, followed by a drive or a ride. When she returns, she makes one of the changes of dress with which the Anglo-Indian day is punctured, then has a real breakfast at 10. After this comes a long morning of industrious idling before 2 o'clock, the hour for tiffin. Calls are made between 12 o'clock and 2, for after tiffin Calcutta goes to sleep. Four up again and dress for the afternoon drive. At 8 everybody dines, and then follow cards, dancing, billiards or the theater.

Needed No Advice.

Nothing galls the natural pride of the true blue Scotchman more than to have Scotland overlooked. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship. 'England expects every man to do his

"Not a word about poor Scotland." dolefully remarked Donald.

His friend cocked his eye and, turning to his companion, said: "Man, Donald. Scotland kens weel eneuch that nae son o' hers needs to be tell't to dae his duty That's just a hint to the Englishers.

The Mystery. Promoter (at the end of the glowing description of his new scheme)-There's millions in it! Cautious Investor-And still you want my paltry \$500!-Somerville

- The lighter a man's head is the higher he is able to carry it.

Hidden Beauty

In Egypt the custom is for Princesses to hide their beauty by covering the lower part of the face with a veil. In America the beauty of many f our women is hidden because of the weakness and sickness pecu-



If the Egyptian custom prevailed in this country, many sufferers would be glad to cover their premature wrinkles, their sunkencheeks, their unnealthy

complexion, from the eyes of the world with the veil of the Orient.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

orings out a woman's true beauty. It makes her strong and well in those organs upon which her whole general health depends. It corrects all menstrual disorders. It stops the drains of Leucorihœa. It restores the womb to its proper place. It removes the causes of headache, backache and nervousness. It takes the poor, debilitated, weak, haggard, fading woman and puts her on her feet again, making her face beautiful by making her body well.

Druggists sell it for \$1 a bottle. Send for our free illustrated book for women The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

OLOR and flavor of fruits, size, quality and appearance of vegetables, weight and plumpness of grain, are all produced by Potash.

Potash,

properly combined with Phosworked brain. The only danger was in | phoric Acid and Nitrogen, and liberally applied, will improve every soil and increase yield Write and get Free our pamphlets, which

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93 Nassau St., New York

Dropped The Subject.

"Ten thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. "Do you believe anyone ever paid any such a price,

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned, without stopping her needlework even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?" "Yes, there's an article on valuable

dogs and it speaks of one that was sold for \$10,000. I don't believe it." "It may be true, James," she said

mals bring fancy prices, and there is no particular reason why the paper should lie about it." "I know that Maria, but just think of it-just try to grasp the magnitude

of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it. Ten thousand dollars for a dog! Why Maria! that is more than I am

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others." She went calmly on with her sew-

ing, while he fumed and sputtered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak, feminine "Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Evans Pharmacy. - The lower house of the Tennessee legislature increased the appropriation for pensions for Confederate sol-

diers from \$60,000 to \$100,000 for the

next two years. For a quick remedy and one that is perfectly safe for children let us re-commend One Minute Cough Cure. It is excellent for croup, hoarseness, o'clock tea is the signal for them to be tickling in the throat and coughs. Evans Pharmacy.

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