

Hunted Mustangs Leap to Death.

The annual wild mustang hunt began in the valleys and mountains southwest of New Kanah, Utah.

Then another tried the leap. His forefeet caught, but he fell backward to the rocks.

A SUPPOSITION, MERELY.

Tess—Did you notice how that man stared at me?

A GRAVE PROPOSAL.

Tess—Did he really propose to you? Jess—Yes, and it actually made me shiver.

The First Ironclad.

According to records recently discovered, the first ironclad was built in the sixteenth century.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headaches to a cancer, you will never get well until you have your bowels in order.

Even the professional swindler works his way in the world.

H. H. GREEN'S SOUS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Sponges.

The girl who marries to please her family assumes an awful responsibility.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

A bent pin on a chair is no joke if you can't see the point.

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

True happiness, with some people, consists in being able to say "I told you so."

Piso's Cure is the best medicine ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.

Dull care isn't a marker to a dull razor.

See advertisement of E-M Catarrh Cure in another column—the best remedy made.

A woman can't throw a stone, but she can have a sigh.

Colds

"I had a terrible cold and could hardly breathe. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it gave me immediate relief."

How will your cough be tonight? Worse, probably. For it's first a cold, then a cough, then bronchitis or pneumonia, and at last consumption.

Coughs always tend downward. Stop this downward tendency by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

LIBBY'S

Atlas of the World

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CATERERS

DROPSY

LIBBY, McNeill & Libby, CHICAGO.

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THE SONG OF LIFE.

One must sing of the sunshine; One must sing of the rain; One must sing of the songs of joy, And one must sing of the strain.

THE MAROONING OF CAPTAIN SUTLEBURY.

By R. E. Vernese.

MISS JOAN RYE was having the last hat pin run through the dooplet of hats by her maid, so that, quite plainly, she was going out to brave the sun.

She rose as graceful as a panther, and full of spirits, and went out swiftly and silently into the park.

The kennels were in quite the opposite direction, but then Miss Rye had a passion for the water-side, particularly this morning, when the sun was so riotously hot, and the mere sound of the swish in the reeds would be cooling.

She would be alone and unpestered for once. Captain Suttlebury could bestow his insufferable attentions upon the bounds. She laughed aloud at the thought.

It was understood, as such matters generally are understood, that Miss Rye was the destined bride of the Captain. He was ugly, vulgar, and one of the wealthiest of landowners, so that he could marry anyone he chose.

"Beauty and the Beast," as Lord Wattle remarked to his distant connection and temporary private secretary, Mr. Dick Maynard, meant this affair.

The young man nodded. "I hope she'll refuse him," he said, frowning.

"My dear man," said Lord Wattle, "how can she? Lady Wattle would be understood that Miss Rye and Suttlebury have fixed it up, kindly making my house the base of operations. He's a vulgar little brute, and he'll flutter around till she's worn out. Then I shall have to congratulate him."

Maynard shut his mouth at this feeble-minded view and bustled him off to his study to devise disinterested schemes whereby Beauty might be saved from the toils, and woke early and angry, with a conviction that a secretarial post precludes one from undertaking the duties of a knight-errant.

He went down to the lake (because in the morning nobody ever went there), got a rod from the waterman, and, having punted himself across to the shady side, fixed the pole in the reeds by way of anchor, set his float running, clinched his rod in the bows, and promptly fell asleep among the cushions, with a pipe in his mouth.

That is why the following things came to pass when about half an hour later Miss Joan Rye came down to the bathhouse, followed at a discreet distance by the irrepressible Captain Suttlebury, who by an ill chance had marked Miss Rye's direction, and had not therefore taken the trouble to inquire of her maid as to where she might be found.

The Captain, turning towards Maynard, "you can take my punt and fetch this pole back here. After that you yourself for some days in a manner that 'no woman was worth,' without marked success.

Meanwhile Joan came to the water's edge. A shimmering heat-haze lay lightly over the lake, making dim the further shore under the hill, whose luminous pines would, as she knew, throw the coolest shadows, and all among the rushes on either side of the bathhouse the cots winged across on the other punt, disregarding even the supercilious smile with which Captain Suttlebury handed him the pole. Then, without a word, he pushed off. As the gap between the two punts widened to a yard, before either of the two were aware of it, Joan had taken a running leap from one to the other. She was beside Maynard now, and the gap had grown a gulf of a dozen yards, and the Captain's smile turned to a stare of dismay.

"Yes," said Joan. "It is stuck in the reeds. You can almost see it from here."

"Then, Mr. What's-his-name," said the Captain, turning towards Maynard, "you can take my punt and fetch this pole back here. After that you yourself for some days in a manner that 'no woman was worth,' without marked success.

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"What the—what are you doing?" he stammered angrily.

Joan settled herself composedly down among the cushions.

"Marooning you," she said.

"Maroo—maroo—what do you mean?"

"Had manners on the high seas," Joan explained affably. "I am the pirate queen of the lake this morning, and any one displeasing me has to suffer. Your punishment is to swim ashore or else wait until someone calls for you. The pole is in the reeds, remember, in case you want it, and don't forget lunch is at two. Good-by, Captain Suttlebury!"

She waved her hand at him mischievously and beckoned Maynard to pole on.

"You are sure you wish it?" he asked, anxiously. "I don't think he's the sort of man to forgive it."

"That is what I hope," she said. And at that he had no more scruples.

"As fast as you can, please," said Joan. "For I'm sure he's using bad language now, and I've been insulted enough for one morning. And I am so vexed to have made you lose that pike, Mr. Maynard."

Later in the day Captain Suttlebury was observed by the waterman and rescued, but that was not until after lunch, and everyone was curious to know what had become of him. Not caring the spirit to confess his discomfiture, he decided to leave Wattle House by the next train, which he did, much to Miss Rye's grief.

Later in the year, much to her mother's horror—an married Lord Wattle's private secretary.—The World's Events.

Sick of Tigers.

A cynical old man once found himself in the company of a large number of Anglo-Indians, and he proceeded to ask each guest if he had shot a tiger.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the questioner, "may I sit next to you at dinner? I am so weary of hearing about the deaths of tigers."—The Athenaeum.



Recommendations of the Congress.

EVIS M. HAUP of the Isthmian Canal Commission; Captain H. M. Chittenden of the United States Engineers at the Yellowstone National Park, and William Pierson Judson, Deputy State Engineer and Surveyor, presented some interesting stereoscopic pictures before the International Good Roads Congress at Buffalo.

Mr. Haupt showed some examples of neglected highways in various parts of the United States, and in contrast some of the modern paths of business and pleasure travel here and abroad, and pointed out where the inability to get produce to market at a critical time had resulted in the loss of much more money to farmers that would have been required to keep the road in decent condition for travel.

Capital Chittenden's illustrations were of road construction and maintenance in the vast National Park. One remarkable contrast between east in different parts of the country was brought out by Captain Chittenden, who stated that the sprinkling of the Yellowstone Park roads in dry weather costs about \$125 a mile, while at the session of Wednesday Professor Holmes, State Geologist of North Carolina, cited instances where durable roads had been built from clay and sand in North Carolina for \$125 a mile and did not require watering.

Mr. Judson showed how the Higbie-Armstrong law was working out the salvation of country highways in New York State.

Senator H. S. Earle, of Detroit, President of the League of American Wheelmen, made a vigorous address, in which he spoke of the work accomplished by wheelmen for road improvement, and advocated placing a tax on every seat in every wheeled vehicle used on a road in the United States to form a fund for the repairing and rebuilding of roads.

The Committee on Resolutions made a long report, some of the principal recommendations being:

That the work of the Government Office of Public Road Inquiries in the Department of Agriculture should be enlarged into a bureau, and that an appropriation of \$150,000 should be made by Congress for this purpose.

That it is necessary for the purpose of carrying on the work of good roads construction to complete and protect a chain of organization in each State, Territory and county for thorough, concerted action, and that the National Good Roads Association be authorized to organize a State Good Roads Association in its respective State or Territory.

That we recommend the plan of State supervision and co-operation to the several States.

That this congress indorse the use of the wide tire on all public roads, and the payment of the usual road taxes in cash instead of in labor.

A committee of five was appointed to see that the matter of a national appropriation is placed before every Representative and Senator in Congress.

A Fine Argument.

One of the best arguments yet offered for road improvement is contained in a report of the Industrial Commission on the distribution of farm products. The important fact is here brought out that the cost of hauling farm products to markets over country roads is in excess of the cost of operating all the railroads in the United States. It has been shown by careful inquiry that the average haul of the American farmer to the nearest shipping station is twelve miles. The average cost per ton for hauling over the ordinary country roads is twenty-five cents per mile, or \$2 per ton for a twelve-mile haul. Careful estimates place the total number of tons hauled at 300,000,000 per annum, and this, at the average twelve-mile haul, would make the total cost \$900,000,000, as compared with the \$818,000,000 expense of railroad management. Farmers, on their own, ought to appeal to Congress, for they probably add the expense of hauling to the cost of the product. Yet, with few exceptions, this class of producers has stood in the way of road improvement.

The Blessings of Flowers.

There is pleasure in seeing our pretty girl acquaintances wearing, at their own raising, there is pleasure in decking our elderly visitors in the modest splendor of lavender, purple, blush and white sweet peas; and there is a hopeful optimism that comes to the owner of a garden when she shares it with the boys and girls whose homes are bare of all beauty. Hopeful because they are so grateful for the little breast knot of flowers; hopeful, because even that little thing wakens a love of the good and the beautiful, and then to better things. The one so fortunate as to have a garden is blessed with the means of conferring much happiness and doing a vast amount of real good.—Los Angeles Times.

Late, Indeed.

The chairman of a lecture committee of a literary society sat restlessly on the stage before a large and waiting audience, wondering why the expected lecturer did not arrive. Finally, he felt that some sort of an excuse was necessary, and stepped to the foot lights.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I regret this delay and am unable to account for the absence of Professor Smythe, who was to lecture here tonight. He told me that he would be on time if he was alive, and, as he is not here, we must conclude that he is dead."

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Turkish Flags Half-Masted.

The most remarkable feature of the memorial services held in Constantinople in honor of President McKinley was that on the day of the funeral the Ottoman gushadish at the Therapia harbor hoisted their flags at half-mast. This is a unique occurrence, as the Turkish flag is never half-masted. The Egyptians do it regularly, but the Turks look upon it as a bad omen and insist that the Turkish flag shall always be at the top of the mast. The commander of the French gunboat went on board the English gunboat to thank the captain for having landed a large party of marines and sailors to attend the services at the Chapel.—London Telegraph.

Value of Object Lessons.

The United States has one serviceable road where France has a hundred. A person who has bounced over our country thoroughfares in the mud of an early spring is willing to stand the case more forcibly.

Cows in the United States.

New York State has more cows than Pennsylvania and New Jersey combined, more than any other one State in the Union, Iowa being second, Illinois third and Wisconsin fourth. The entire number of cows in the States and Territories, in the exact census figures, is 16,292,360, with a total valuation of \$154,812,106.

The railroads of Austria belong largely to private companies, while those of Germany are a Government monopoly.

EXERCATION, INGNOMINY OBLIVION.

Such is the Fate of Wretches Like Colozos, the Assassin.

The savage attack upon the wretched assassin of President McKinley by the crowd gathered at the gates of Auburn prison is another reminder of the execration in which such a criminal is held by all the people.

In the World's interview with the assassin of King Humbert the murderer complained of the fury of the bystanders. "Everything and everybody was against me," he said; "every mother's son every woman and child present seemed bound to kill me, or at least to harm me as much as was in their power." And he professed surprise and bitter disappointment that none of the "poor people," or even the soldiers, whose cause he thought he was serving, showed the slightest regard for his life.

It has been the same here. Not a solitary human being—not even the most wild-eyed of the Anarchists—has expressed any sympathy with the assassin at Buffalo saved him from instant death. Only a strong detachment of police prevented the crowd at Auburn from despatching him. Even his father bitterly lamented in his presence that he was ever born. His family are to change their name to escape the ignominy and reproach that attaches to it.

And for what? "It was a mistake!" wailed the doomed man on his way to prison, saying, "Nobody was helped." To complete the lesson, consider the covering and whimpering wretch, his bravado all gone, "shaking in the palsy of fear" and collapsing in abject terror as he was dragged limp and shrieking to his cell. And in the week beginning October 28" a lightning bolt of death, the body destroyed with quicklime, and an unknown grave!

Is it not well to recite these facts for the everlasting remembrance of other half-baked intellects that contemplate serving some nebulous "cause" or gaining the notoriety they mistake for fame by attacks upon the heads of governments? Their reward is execration, ignominy, oblivion!—New York World.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.—Franklin.

An apt quotation is as good as an original remark.—Johnson.

Progress is the activity of to-day and the assurance of to-morrow.—Emerson.

To be vain of one's rank or place is to show that one is below it.—Stanislaus.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents one becoming so.—Rochefoucauld.

God is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.—Colton.

Despite all refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse and brutal will.—Champlin.

Human nature is so constituted, that all see, and judge better, in the affairs of other men, than in their own.—Torence.

The mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity, and cast down by adversity, is generally abject and base.—Spurgeon.

A Notable Bridge Feat.

In the transportation of logs from the heart of the California timber belt to the mills, an important engineering feat has been accomplished. A canon on the south fork of the American River had to be traversed, and as it was 1000 feet deep, was determined to build a steel-wire suspension tramway. The distance across the canon is 2850 feet. Between the two terminal towers the space is 2650 feet. Two parallel cables span this immense gap, without support between the towers. On these cables runs a cage conveying a car capable of carrying 3000 feet of green, and, therefore, very heavy, timber on each trip. The tower terminals are anchored in the solid rock, supporting the cables, on which, over the canon of a depth of 1000 feet, where the river's course seems like a rivulet, passes to and fro the skeleton iron cage, running on deep-grooved trolley-wheels, and carrying its enormous load of green timber with great apparent ease.

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Worth Knowing About.

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No need to apply burning plasters to the face and torturing those already weak from suffering. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives a safe, speedy and certain cure. The most horrible forms of cancer of the face, breast, womb, stomach, stomach, tumors, ugly cancers, eating, festering sores, persistent pimples, blood poisons, catarrhs, rheumatism, terrible itching scabby skin diseases, etc., are all successfully treated and cured by Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Druggists, Chemists, and Medicine Dealers sell it. Also many testimonials, by describing your trouble and writing Blood Balm Co., 12 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga.

"It's all right to pick your company," says the Manynuk Philosopher, "but don't pick them to pieces."

The Japanese and Their Shirt Collars.

The increase in stature among the Japanese is very perceptible; and the substitution of tepid and even cold water for the hot baths among many of the people is responsible for an increasing floridity of the complexion. Before the advent of military discipline on European models the Japanese were notable as the smallest necked race in the world, a firm of London collar makers with a large trade in Japan asserting that thirteen inches was the normal circumference of a full-grown Japanese's throat. In a little over twenty years, owing to more athletic development, the average has risen an inch and a half! To athletic development should also be added greater avoidance, inasmuch as a more generous diet and abstention from parboiling is bringing its reward in an accumulation of muscle and tissue.—Chambers' Journal.

Largest in the World.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., are the largest manufacturer of cocoa and chocolate in the world. They received a gold medal from the Paris Exposition of last year. This year they have received three gold medals from the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. Their goods are the standard for purity and excellence.

Unquestionable.

Teacher—"What does u-l-l-y spell?" Johnny—"U-l-y, er—u-m—m—"

Teacher—"Come! Come! Suppose a great big boy were to strike a little fellow, what would you call him?" Johnny—"I don't dare to tell yer Ma'am."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE ORIGINAL WAS PRESERVED.

Clara—Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Spangschott's? Miss Maydevel (angrily)—Yes; and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence. Clara—Gracious! What was it? Miss Maydevel—Why, on the back of every picture were these words: "The original of this is carefully preserved."

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

In a hurricane blowing at eighty miles an hour the pressure on each square foot of surface is three and a half pounds.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. I, LOUIS GOETZ, Clerk of the Court, do hereby certify that FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1892. W. W. GLASSON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The people with the biggest ideas seldom have any money to carry them out.



Mrs. Kate Berg, Secretary Ladies' Auxiliary of Knights of Pythias, No. 58, Commercial Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., After Five Years Suffering Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Whatever virtue there is in medicine seems to be concentrated in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for five years with profuse and painful menstruation until I lost flesh and strength, and life had no charms for me. Only three bottles of your Vegetable Compound cured me. I became regular, without any pains, and hardly know when I am sick. Some of my friends who have used your Compound for uterine and ovarian troubles all have the same good word to say for it, and bless the day they first found it."—MRS. KATE BERG.

\$5000 FOREFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, headaches, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address Lynn, Mass.



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It illustrates and describes all the different Winchester Rifles, Shotguns and Ammunition, and contains much valuable information. Send at once to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

EE-M Catarrh Compound

Cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis and Colds.

A mild, cool, pleasant emollient, purely vegetable, which any lady can use. We give an irrefragable guarantee that if you use EE-M Catarrh Compound you will be cured. References: Dunn's Bradstreet's bank in Atlanta, Ga. EE-M is not a nostrum. It is a tobacco-urea we make EE-M medicated ointment and soothing liniment, carrying same medical properties as the compound. Samples Free. One box, one month's treatment, one dollar, postpaid.

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