

A BAD BEGINNING.  
"So the engagement's off?"  
"Yes," she advised him to practice economy, and he started in by getting her an imitation diamond.—Detroit Free Press.

THE TRAMP LEFT.  
Tramp—Please, ma'am, I haven't a friend or relation in the world. Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you if you get bitten. Here, Carlo.

CURES RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH  
B. B. Cures Deep-Seated Cases Especially.—To Prove It. B. B. Sent Free.  
These diseases, with aches and pains in bones, joints and back, agonizing pains in shoulder blades, hands, arms and legs crippled by rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, or neuralgia; hawking, spitting, nose bleeding, ringing in the ears, sick stomach, deafness, noises in the head, bad teeth, thin hot blood, all run down feeling of catarrh are sure signs of an awful poisoned condition of the blood. Take Botanic Blood Balm. (B. B.) Soon all aches and pains stop, the poison is destroyed and a real permanent cure is made of the worst rheumatism or foughest catarrh. Thousands of cases cured by taking B. B. It strengthens weak kidneys and improves digestion. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. Sample free by writing BLOOD BALM CO., 14 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

The present head of the famous Krupp works represents the third generation of this family of gun-founders.

### No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

### Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness. You need Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

### Buckingham's Dye

50 cents of druggist or P. H. & Co., Nashua, N. H.

### RIPANS

A year ago last June I was troubled greatly with indigestion after meals. Often upon retiring at night I would be seized with dizziness, which often kept me awake for hours. I was recommended to take Ripans Tablets by one of my friends who had himself found relief for them. I immediately found relief in their use, and have since had no return of my complaints.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year.

### Cabcarets

Best for the Bowels. Druggists. Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

### Mexican Veterans

The Collins Land Co. Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

### HEADACHE

FEVERISH CONDITIONS AND COLDS CURED BY CAPUDINE Sold by all Druggists.

### Free Test Treatment

If you have no faith in my method of treatment, send me a box of capsules for a trial. I will send you a box of capsules and explain to you the nature of the disease and how my treatment cures it. Write to Dr. J. F. SHAFER, 222 Penn. Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

### Pay

MASSEY BUSINESS COLLEGES BIRMINGHAM, ALA. RICHMOND, VA. HOUSTON, TEX. COLUMBUS, GA.

### Boyanette Station

Business, North and 17th. Typewriting College. Louisville, Ky. Open the whole year. Students can enter any time. Catalog free.

### HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

SORES, ULCERS. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

### \$3 PER DAY

Really made at home, matting cylinders. No canvassing. The Home Remedy Co., Assen Building, ATLANTA, GA.

### PISO'S CURE FOR

SORES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. Manufactured with Thompson's Eye Water.

### "I'M GOING TO, ANYWAY."

When you've set your head to do it, when your judgment says you're right, when your conscience gives its sanction, when you pitch in with all your might, don't let any one prevent you. Though the odds seem big and strong; every obstacle must vanish. As the swift days roll along— "Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

What's this life that we are living, but a mighty hurdle race? Every obstacle encountered makes you quicken up your pace till, with mighty bound triumphant, you come safely to the goal. You have toiled for, you had longed for, in the center of your joy and say: "Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

O the loose-hung jaws encountered in the course of but a day! O the lives devoid of purpose, O the waste of time and energy! They're the workings of men who know not what strong faith and will may do; know not that the world's a servant To the man who gains his true end— And who sets his jaw to say: "Well, I'm going to, anyway!" —S. W. Gilliam, in Los Angeles Herald.

## A HEROINE OF HOME

### How She Entertained an Angel Unawares.

EDWARD LESLIE kissed his wife fondly when she ran to the door to welcome him home from business, but when he reached their cozy kitchen he dropped wearily into the easy chair by the fire and rested his head upon his hand. He was tired after a long day's work, with nothing but a couple of lumps to stay the inner man—tired and worried. They had been married now nearly twelve months, and they found housekeeping more expensive than they had anticipated, and the better times they had hoped for seemed as far off as ever. It was nearly the end of the month, too, and the rent would soon be due. The coal, also, had yet to be paid for, and then there was the interest on some "tickets" which must be paid, or his little wife would lose the little jewelry she treasured so, but which she gave up so willingly to help the man she loved in the hard struggle to get their little home together.

"Dinner is nearly ready, dearest," she said as she hooked her hair back from her forehead. "And you are hungry and tired, dear, and worried."

Presently the postman's sharp rap caused him to spring up and run to the door. He came back more slowly.

"It's from Uncle Mac," he said.

"Well, I am surprised. He arrived in England yesterday morning, and—oh, good heavens! we must put him off. We can't do it."

Mrs. Leslie took the letter.

"My Dear Godson Ted—I have come back to England after fifteen years in Australia. As things are not too well with me, I propose to come and stay a few months with you. I suppose since you are married fortune is smiling upon you, and they say three can be kept as cheaply as one. Expect me to-night about 9. All news then. Your affectionate uncle, MAC."

"Why, I always thought your Uncle Mac was doing so well, Ted," she said, slowly, as she finished.

"So did I," said her husband. "But, then, everyone abroad is always doing well. I must write at once and put him off."

"No, Ted, dear," his little wife said, bravely. "Because you are married, I don't want him to think we are quite so poor. We will manage somehow."

But she sighed a little as she thought how quickly, even now, the weekly pay dwindled to a shilling or two before Friday night.

Barely an hour later Uncle Mac announced his arrival with a performance on the little brass knocker which startled several of Mr. Leslie's quiet neighbors.

"Glad to see you, my boy. Glad to see you. Nice little place you got, but awkward to find. Took the wrong train at Broad street, so had to come up on the tram. And I say, Ted, my boy, why on earth don't they put the pavement all the way along the street? Half way down I got mixed up in a mountain of mortar, quite lost my temper, and nearly my umbrella. As I said to a man who came down with me, 'That's an infernally ugly looking thing.' Your wife, eh, Ted?"

Uncle Mac, as he caught sight of Nellie in the hall, "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Ted," he said, walking into Nellie's dainty little drawing-room—the pride of her life—bringing with him sufficient of the much-sized mortar on his boots to build a small-sized villa. "Come over to the light and let me look at you."

"Nice face, but tired," he said, quite audibly, although intended only for himself. "Smart girl, but no strength or backbone. Novel and the sofa and picture full-dal-lals. Wonder why he married her?"

"Because he loved me and I loved him," said Nellie, proudly.

"I beg your pardon," said Uncle Mac, hurriedly. "Silly habit, speaking your thoughts aloud. Learn it in the lonely bush. No offense. Hope you're happy and your love will last, but they do say when poverty comes in at the what's-its-name love skoots out of the thingummy."

"That's wrong, my dear, isn't it?" said Edward, slipping his arm round her waist. "Poverty only make our love the tighter. But come, Uncle Mac, my little girl has some real old Irish stew for supper, and I'm sure you're hungry."

"You're right, Ted, my boy," cried Uncle Mac. "I'm absolutely ravenous."

"You won't mind the kitchen, will you, Mr. —?" Nellie began.

"Mac, my dear, plain Mac; that is, of course, Uncle Mac, to you," he replied. "Personally I prefer the kitchen."

During supper he kept them in the merry with stories of his life in Australia, but Nellie's eyes noted with apprehension that his appetite was likely to be a serious strain on her limited larder.

"Good tack, this," he said presently, with appreciation. "Knocks billy and damper hollow. But you're not eating much."

"Oh, I've plenty, thank you," she stammered, but Uncle Mac silently noted that the meat had been served to Ted and himself, while her plate made a brave show with little else on it.

Nearly a week passed and one day Nellie was just wondering whether she would have an egg or her lunch now, or wait till 5, when a ring came to the door, and she ran up to find—Uncle Mac!

"Bit surprised to see me so soon, ah, my dear?" he says cheerfully, "but the fact is, I've run out of cash, so I thought I would drop down earlier and have a bit of lunch with you."

"Have lunch with me?" cried Nellie in a horror-stricken voice. "I'm afraid I have nothing in the house, Uncle Mac."

"Oh, anything will do," he replied, carelessly, "and if you have nothing in the place, give me two bob, and I'll run

### JOSEPHINE IN MARTINIQUE.

#### An Account of the Great Hurricane of 1766.

Although Martinique is an earthly paradise in its outward aspect, it has always been subjected to the wildest convulsions of nature. The first white invaders were told by the native Caribs of the fierce wind storms which swept the island at unexpected times and the French planters soon learned that a case-vent, or hurricane house, was an indispensable adjunct of every plantation. These were not unlike the "cyclone cellars" of the Western plains, though they were usually built into or under the side of a hill, with walls of stone several feet in thickness. The door was of thick plank, there were no windows, and the air within, if the storm was of long duration, became most oppressive.

The great hurricane which destroyed the property of the father of the hero of the 21st of August, 1766, some seven weeks after Josephine's third birthday. Young as she was at the time it made an indelible impression on her mind, and after she was Empress she used to thrill her ladies-in-waiting by vivid descriptions of that day of terrors. She had been snatched from her morning bath by her father, who had only time to wrap her in a large bath towel, and the full fury of the storm burst upon them as M. Tascher and his baby daughter passed through the door of the case-vent, where Madame Tascher and the terrified household slaves had already sought refuge.

Scarcely had the massive door been closed and bolted than the hurricane was upon them in all its fury. The tall palms withered and bent beneath its blows; mango and calabash, orange and guava trees were quickly stripped of their limbs or forcibly uprooted; roof-tiles from the mansion, boards from the negro quarters and branches from trees were hurled through the air. The door of the case-vent groaned on its hinge hinges, and strained at the iron bars stretched across it. The air within the cave became hot to suffocation; moans and cries from the terrified negroes; but little Josephine uttered not a word. Close clasping her arms around her father's neck, and clinging also to her mother's hand, she lay quiet and calm. The hours passed slowly; but finally the storm ceased to blow at its fiercest, and M. Tascher commanded the huge negro who had charge of it to open it a little way. Carefully and slowly the bolts were drawn and daylight admitted. All was quiet without. The darkness that had accompanied the storm, caused by the dense clouds and sheets of rain, had been dispelled by the sun, which was now shining brightly. The wind had died away to a moan; exhausted nature lay prostrate, torn and bleeding. Hardly a tree was left standing; huge cedars, cedars and sapodilla trees had been uprooted and cast to the ground. But the most mournful spectacle was the palm avenue, in place of the tall cypresses, with their waving plumes, was a ragged row of shattered stumps. The huts of the negroes, which had been grouped about the sugar mill, were entirely destroyed, and soon a hundred desolate figures were groping in their ruins. But the crowing desolation of all was the total destruction of the Tascher mansion.

Only the great sugar house remained standing of all the buildings pertaining to the estate. To this structure the new homeless family directed their steps. Its walls were of stone some two feet in thickness. Its rafters heavy and covered with earthen tiles, the doorways were broad, and the beams were of iron. The ground floor where the machinery was placed, were two large chambers. The beams supporting the floor were sound and strong, and the floor itself intact, and there the family took up their abode. M. Tascher de La Pagerie never rebuilt the great house, and thus fate, or fortune, willed that Josephine should know no other place of residence while she lived in Trois-Isles, unless visiting at the house of a friend, or at still stranger places of abode; the grim Carmelite prison, the stately palace of the Tuilleries and cheerful Malmesbury, in whose gardens she cherished the plants of her native isle.

### J. P. MORGAN PERMITS.

#### They Are All the Race in London at Present—A Few Samples.

They take J. Pierpont Morgan very seriously in London, and they also get a good deal of fun out of his supposed ownership of the earth. The street vendors are selling little printed cards bearing legends that indicate the prevalent idea that he is the supreme ruler of the world. These cards find eager purchasers. For instance, when the head of the family is detained in the city to an unusual hour, he presents to his indignant spouse one of these cards, bearing the words:

Permit bearer to be late to dinner on alternate Wednesdays in August.  
J. P. MORGAN.

The staid Briton who seeks an excuse for an American cocktail at the "Cecil" hands this card to an acquaintance:

Bearer has permission to treat one friend daily between 5 and 6.30 p. m.  
J. P. MORGAN.

At a game of bridge a player whose rashness gets his partner into difficulties produces this justification:

Bearer is to be allowed to go no trump without an ace in his hand.  
J. P. MORGAN.  
Good for one hand only.

One of the cards would probably find a ready sale in America than in England. It reads:

Bearer may take all pots in which his bluff is not called. I often do so myself.  
J. P. MORGAN.

But the card that is most often seen, since it fits all occasions and expresses the Morgan idea most completely, is this one:

Permit bearer to walk the face of the earth and draw breath.  
J. P. MORGAN.

### Purity of the German Language.

In spite of official efforts to maintain the purity of the German language the English words are creeping in. Says an English journal referring to a recent article in Die Nation:

"The English importations are of three classes. First there are the words that are both written and pronounced as in English, such as 'inter-view,' 'down,' and 'bicycle'—though for this last the German often uses the equivalent 'Fahrrad.' Secondly there are the words that are written as in English, but pronounced in German fashion, such as 'shawl,' 'tramway' and 'beefsteak'—which latter becomes 'beefsteeck.' With these the German writer classes the mysterious words 'kooks' and 'shilps,' which he explains to mean respectively the English 'cooks,' that is, coke—and 'necktie,' though it is by no means easy to understand how Germans learned from us to call a necktie a 'shilp.' Thirdly come the loan words that are written and pronounced in the German way—such as 'streichs,' or, in Austria, 'streich,' for a strike, and 'lori' for lorry. Most of the words of the first class relate to sport and food. As the Nation remarks, English tends to become the international code of sport, as Italian is of music, and jockey, hand-pump, match, goal, racket and even ping-pong are terms as well known and commonly used in Germany as in England. The English names of dishes are used far less accurately."

### Music in Sickness.

A correspondence has been proceeding in a contemporary on the interesting subject of music as a therapeutic agent. It is claimed, as it was before-time, that music hath charms—charms other than those which enthusiastic people seek even during midsummer heat in concert-hall and drawing room. One of the correspondents declares that a beautiful air, even when played on a barrel organ, will frequently suffice to mitigate or chase away pain. Then there are cases quoted of rabid fever cured by use of a violin, and Sir Andrew Clark and Sir Richard Quin are mentioned as supporters of the Guild of St. Cecilia. All this may help to persuade the professional unbeliever that there is possibly "something in it," but we do not ourselves quite see what examples are needed to prove that distracted nerves and feverish blood must inevitably be soothed by gentle strains of music. It is a fact self-evident. If music can charm away worry and anxiety in the case of healthy people, how much more should it soothe the sufferer on a bed of sickness. If this fact were more generally believed, we have no doubt that many sickbeds would be rendered less intolerable to the sick person.—London Globe.

### Dog Police.

For some time the Ghent police have been using trained dogs to aid them in their vocations, and the plan has been attended with much success. It has, too, this advantage about it that the use of dogs has enabled the municipality to dispense with the use of more men who would otherwise have been needed. And a dog costs but 3d. a day to feed. The training of the animals is found to be less troublesome than was supposed, and care has to be taken in selecting dogs with a suitable disposition. They are specially employed in searching dark out-of-the-way places difficult to reach where dangerous characters may be concealed. Their leaping powers in scaling walls are found of great use. They are trained to pursue persons taking to the water to escape, and those who take to their heels.—London Chronicle.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best satisfaction. Can get nearly every case as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

It would be silly for the cornet player to blow his brains out.

FITs permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 per bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 231 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A child may be spoiled and still be too fresh.

H. H. Green's Drops of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Drops of Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

The chronic kicker seldom practices upon himself.

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

It's all right to kill time, for time will eventually kill you.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Borze, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

An average sized pineapple yields nearly two points of juice.

PUNYMAN FADDESS DYES color Silk, Wool and Cotton in one boiling.

In eighteen months the hog population of the United States can double itself.

### PE-RU-NA NECESSARY TO THE HOME

#### A Letter From Congressman White, of North Carolina.

PE-RU-NA IS A HOUSEHOLD SAFEGUARD.

No Family Should Be Without It.

PERUNA is a great family medicine. The women praise it as well as the men; it is just the thing for the many little curable ailments of childhood. The following testimonials from thankful men and women tell in direct, sincere language what their success has been in the use of Peruna in their families:

Louis J. Scherrinsky, 103 Locust street, Atlantic City, writes: "I took Peruna and now she is well."

"Then my two children had bad coughs accompanied by gurgling. My wife and stomach trouble for years. She took Peruna and now she is well."

"I cannot express my thanks in words, but I recommend your remedy at every opportunity, for I can conscientiously say that there is no medicine like Peruna. Nearly every one in this town knew about the sickness of myself and family, and they have been in astonishment what Peruna has done for us. Many followed our example, and the result was health. Thanking you heartily, I am,"—L. J. Scherrinsky.

Mrs. Nannie Wallace, Tulare, Cal., President of the Western Baptist Missionary Society, writes: "I consider Peruna an indispensable article in my medicine chest. It is twenty years in use, and has so far cured every sickness that has been in my home for five years. I consider it of special value to weakly women, as it builds up the general health, drives out disease and keeps you in the best of health."—Mrs. Nannie Wallace.

Peruna protects the family against coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, catarrh of the stomach, liver and kidneys. It is just as sure to cure a case of catarrh of the bowels as it is a case of catarrh of the head.

Congressman George Henry White, of Tarboro, N. C., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman in regard to the merits of the great catarrh cure, Peruna: House of Representatives, Washington, Feb. 4, 1890.

Gentlemen—"I am more than satisfied with Peruna, and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy."

Very respectfully,  
George H. White.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Peruna is an internal, scientific, systemic remedy for catarrh. It is no palliative or temporary remedy; it is thorough in its work, and in cleaning the diseased mucous membranes cures the catarrh. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

### Any Position..

is a comfortable one to the woman who wears the . . .

### Royal Worcester or Bon Ton Corsets.

Straight front. Ease, grace and elegance. Ask your dealer to show them.

Royal Worcester Corset Co., Worcester, Mass.

### SOUTHLAND BELLE SHOES

CRADDOCK-TERRY CO.

Curious Census Statistics.

Germany's census yields curious language statistics. Of the 56,367, 178 inhabitants of the Empire, 51,883, 178 can speak only German, 3,086, 489 only Polish, 141,061 only Danish, 65,920 only Italian, 33,022 Wendish, 142,049 Masurian, 100,213 Kasubian, 64,382 Moravian, 106,038 Dutch and Frisian, 52,633 Czech and Russian, and smaller numbers Swedish, Spanish, Portuguese, Wallon and Magyar, 252,918 persons are bilingual of the greater number, 169,624 speaking both German and Polish. There are 2,220 who speak English and German and 9,356 French and German.

ONLY LUXURIES.

Plunkett—How are you getting along, neighbor?

Throckmorton—Poorly. The necessities of life are so high by George, that we can't afford to live on anything but luxuries these days.—New York News.

### Malsby & Company,

41 E. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.

### Engines and Boilers

Steam Water Heaters, Steam Pumps and Pemberty Injectors.

Manufacturers and Dealers in SAW MILLS, CORN MILLS, Feed Mills, Cotton Gln Machinery and Grain Separators. SOLID and INSERTED Saws, Saw Teeth and Locks, Knight's Patent Dogs, Birdall Saw Mill and Engine Repairs, Governors, Grate Bars and a full line of Mill Supplies. Price and quality of goods guaranteed. Catalogue free by mentioning this paper.

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The Best Ladies' Shoes in America for \$1.50 TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT CARRY THEM, A POSTAL ORDER TO US WILL BE O.K. WHERE YOU CAN GET THEM.

### CRADDOCK-TERRY CO.,

MAKERS, LYNCHBURG, VA.

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Apply to NATHAN HICKFORD, 914 F. St., Washington, D. C.

500 YOUNG MEN WANTED FOR Railway Service. Address Johnson's Practical Railway Institute, Indianapolis, Ind.

### DROPSY

10 DAYS TREATMENT. Have made Dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years with the most wonderful success. Have cured many thousands of cases. DR. H. R. GREEN'S SOUP. Box B. Atlanta, Ga.

### A Spring-step in "QUEEN BESS"

\$2.50 Shoes. SHOE CO. Give the name of this paper when writing to advertisers.—(At. 41, '02)

# SYRUP OF FIGS

Acts Gently; Acts Pleasantly; Acts Beneficially; Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y.  
For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

## Plantation Chill Cure is Guaranteed

To Cure or Money Refunded by Your Merchant, so Why Not Try It? Price 50c.