

WOMAN 112 YEARS OLD

HER ONLY SON WAS BORN WHEN SHE WAS 53 YEARS OF AGE.

Knoxville, Tenn., April 19.—In the death of Mrs. Mary Alewine at the home of her son, two miles west of Dandridge, Tennessee has lost her oldest citizen. She was born in Lexington county, S. C., March 10, 1797 and was therefore a little over 112 years old at the time of her death. Proof of the old lady's age was positive.

Mrs. Alewine came of a long-lived people. Her mother lived to be 94, and grandmother was 90 when she died. Mrs. Alewine's husband died less than two years ago at the age of 94. He was a Confederate soldier and served in the Ninth South Carolina volunteers. Previous to her death Mrs. Alewine had been blind for eight years, but otherwise she retained all of her faculties. She well remembered incidents of the War of 1812, and would tell as a great joke how her husband's friends used to twist him for marrying a woman old enough to be his mother, she being 17 years the elder.

Hardly more than a month ago application was made to the State pension board for a pension for Mrs. Alewine, and at that time the proof of her advanced age was ascertained. Her only son was born when she was 53 years old.

Lived 152 Years

Wm. Parr-England's oldest man married the third time at 120, worked in the fields till 132 and lived 20 years longer. People should be youthful at 80. James Wright, of Spurlock, Ky., shows how to remain young. "I feel just like a 16-year old boy," he writes, "after taking six bottles of Electric Bitters. For thirty years kidney trouble made life a burden, but the first bottle of this wonderful medicine convinced me I had found the greatest cure on earth." They're a godsend, to weak sickly rundown or old people. Try them. 50c at all druggists.

what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently very full of his subject.

"Oh," he said, "it was about a boy, and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then they killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy and—" "Oh, no, Donald, not another boy!" his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground.

"It was too," he insisted. Then he added, "The teacher said 'kid,' but I don't use words like that."—Woman's Home Companion for May

If your stomach, Heart or Kidneys are weak, try at least, a few doses only of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. In five or ten days only, the result will surprise you. A few cents will cover the cost. And here is why help comes so quickly. Dr. Shoop doesn't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes directly to the weak and failing nerves. Each organ has its own controlling nerve. When these nerves fail, the depending organs must of necessity falter. The plain, yet vital truth, clearly tells why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is so universally successful. Its success is leading druggists everywhere to give it universal preference. A test will surely tell. Sold by Gunter's Drug Store.

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DR. KINZE'S NEW DISCOVERY #17 Surely Stop That Cough.

FINGER PRINT SIGNATURES.

A Manila Bank Requires Depositors to Affix Their Thumb Print. Finger-print identification has been extended to commercial uses by the Postal Savings Banks of the Philippines at Manila. This bank has recently issued a series of stamp deposit cards on which are spaces for stamps of different value to be affixed. When the depositor has stamps to the face value of one peso on the card it is exchanged at the bank for a deposit book showing the amount to his credit. Opposite the lines for the owner's signature and address is a square thumb print; so that, even if illiterate, depositors may readily be identified.—London Tit-Bits.

Pointer Leads to Lost Dog's Grave.

Three years ago, while hunting in Bucks county, John D. Wilkinson of West Manayunk lost his favorite dog Fetch, and the mystery of the canine's disappearance was not solved until recently, when gunning for rabbits in the same vicinity a pointer acted so strangely around a rabbit hole that the huntsman made an investigation. The skeleton of the lost dog was in the hole and a moulty collar with Fetch on it proved the unhappy fate of the dog, who died game and lost his life in following his master's orders. A large rock blocked the dog's egress and was probably loosened from its position by the animal's anxiety and efforts to find the rabbit.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Elective Monarch.

A million of men have died to preserve the constitution as it is but Providence has passed no law excluding Americans from the pressure of events or the operation of necessities. They will have to accept them, willing or unwilling, and will gradually find that the only effect of the changes is to make their choice of a president and, therefore, of his cabinet—for cabinet ministers in America are legally only clerks—more and more a matter of vital importance.

The president of the United States will in 35 year period of time be the greatest elective monarch history has ever known.—London Spectator.

His Penny.

A little boy proposed to put a penny in the box for missions. His sister told him it would be useless to make so small a gift, saying it would never be noticed among the large contributions of others. He gave the penny, however, and when the collectors reported a collection of 26 cents, he whispered to his sister: "There! that's my penny; you said it was so little it would never be noticed, and the gentleman has told the whole congregation about it!"

The Simplon Tunnel.

About 420,000 passengers passed through the Simplon tunnel in its first year. The tunnel is 19.5 miles long.

John Wesley's Christening Robe.

The robe which John Wesley wore when he was christened is now the property of Miss Emma Fidelity of Workshop, England. It is being taken to her from her grandfather, at whose house Wesley lived for a time when but an infant.

Secret of Failure.

The secret of most men's failure is mental dissipation, wandering energies, squandering energies upon a distracting variety of objects, instead of condensing them into one.—London Chat.

Woman Landscape Architect.

Mrs. Anetta E. McCrea, the first woman landscape architect in this country, is the official landscape architect for the St. Paul road, and consulting landscape architect for other Western roads.

37 Foot Anaconda.

The largest serpent ever measured was an anaconda, which Dr. Gardner found dead in Mexico. It was 37 feet long, and it took two horses to drag it.

Dog a Bug Catcher.

Secretary Shields of the Water Board in New Orleans has a spaniel that delights to catch bugs and take them to the yard for the chickens to eat.

When the telephone wires are overlaid the speed of transmission is at the rate of 1600 miles a second; where the wires are through cables under the sea the speed is only 6,620 miles a second.

Man Climbing Power Limited.

The highest point to which man can ascend without his health being seriously affected is 16,500 feet.

"Say, doc," said the good fellow, "the shape of a man's stomach is round, isn't it?"

"Nearly so," replied the doctor. "Why?"

"Ain't it funny that nothin' fits it so well as a square meal?"—Selected.

Geo. Bell Timmerman, J. Wm. Thurmond, Thurmond & Timmerman, Attorneys-at-Law.

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THE YANKEE PASS.

It was at a period soon after the close of the revolutionary war that Aaron Whitney, a Yankee peddler, passed through the Mohawk valley on his way to Albany. The day was Sunday, and there was a law among the Dutchmen of those parts that no one should travel on that day. Moreover, there was as much antipathy between Dutchmen and Yankees as there is between cats and mice. How the Dutch ever left Holland to make homes in a new country beyond the sea no historian has ever explained, for when a Dutchman was once settled anywhere he never moved. Not so the Yankee. He would take up a piece of land, improve it, sell it and go somewhere else.

"Mein Gott," exclaimed one of the deacons of the Dutch church, "see that Yankee traveling on the Lord's day! Was ever such blasphemy? Let us take him before Justice Van der Donk, who will doubtless mete out his punishment."

So they took Aaron before the justice. He was sitting under an apple tree near his house, with a glass of schnapps beside him and a long clay pipe in his mouth. This is not mentioned as an unusual position for the great man, for all the long day he sat in no other.

"What you travel Sunday for?" asked Van der Donk, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking sternly at the peddler.

"I'm goin' to Albany and from there down east. I have sold my wares and want to get home."

"Hm," said the Dutchman, "you stay here till tomorrow. I don't want you to bring the wrath of the Lord down on us."

The peddler threw off his pack, making a virtue of necessity. At least that was the appearance of it. Really he was quite willing to remain over awhile that he might look upon the fair face of the justice's daughter, Katrina, who had looked upon him out of her blue eyes. And the girl was equally desirous of seeing more of the engaging peddler. Why it is no man has ever told us, but peddlers are proverbially fascinating to women. Perhaps it is the same audacity that enables them to sell their wares. At any rate, the peddler, leaving his pack for security, went off to the other end of the apple orchard and waited for the girl to come to him, never for a moment doubting that she would do so.

And she did. She had been long desirous of pouring out her dissatisfaction at the life she led to some person in whom she had confidence, and she felt sure that she could confide in the Yankee. She told him that her father compelled her to do all the work, while he smoked and drank schnapps; that she had a

brother who was a school teacher, and that she was tired of being a spinster. She told him that she was tired of being a spinster, and that she was tired of being a spinster. She told him that she was tired of being a spinster, and that she was tired of being a spinster.

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AS TO LETTER WRITING.

Post Card Extent of Our Attention to Relatives.

It is a well-known fact that nobody writes letters nowadays. It is true we spend a vast deal of time at our writing table, that we consume untold quantities of ink and nibs, while our stationery bill is by no means the most modern item of our ever-increasing expenditures.

But we neither write nor receive letters. The utmost we do is to "dash off notes" in answer to invitations, to "scribble a few lines" of congratulation or sympathy, as the case may be, with a friend; to express briefly but forcibly our dissatisfaction with our dressmaker, or our surprise of our milliner's account.

Never Ask For Their Fee.

A Japanese doctor never thinks of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home then he who takes aught from that home even though it be given him, is a sinner."

"Often," says Dr. Datsumoto, "a doctor will not only give his time and his medicine freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide him over his dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary and there are very few chemists' shops in the empire. When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for his medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern appliances are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee. The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he has finished with a patient, a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow, and thank his patron."

Resourceful For Cripples. The greatest achievement of the administration of Sir William Treloar who lately retired from the Lord Mayoralty of London, was the raising by him of \$300,000, with which to establish a home and a school for young cripples. To secure money for the fund, he sometimes employed very unconventional methods. He once attended a prize fight, wearing his robes of office, and solicited donations from the crowd.

Alfred Vanderbilt's Fine Stable.

A magnificent stable, containing 30 of the finest box stalls that can be built for his show horses, is in course of erection at Alfred G. Vanderbilt's farm in Portsmouth, R. I. The building is copied after the stables of King Edward, with a courtyard in the center.

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and holds the world's record for mileage traveled in automobiles.

Oldest Woman in England.

Mrs. Honor Coleman, who occupies a little cottage at Cleeve, in the county of Somerset, is generally considered the oldest woman in England. She is 107 years of age. Her mother was a centenarian, her grandmother died at 101 and her daughter is 80.

Commercial Value of Peanuts.

The farmers of Burma have recognized the commercial value of the peanut, and have this year increased the area planted to 78,743 from 37,110 acres last year and it is reported that a much larger area will be planted to this tuber next season.

Marquess a Floriculturist.

The Marquess of Tilsit, is an enthusiastic floriculturist, and at Culzean Castle, Ayrshire, has managed to grow flowers which can be seen nowhere else in Scotland.

Fluent Writers.

H. G. Wells, the English litterateur, in his youth often wrote 8,000 words a day, while Conan Doyle, it is said, once wrote a story of 12,000 words at a writing.

Exceptions in Height.

The King of Norway and the Prince of Montenegro are the only two rulers of Europe who are taller than their wives.

Lieut. Dashiell—I can't think why all the girls make such a hero of Capt. Jigger. Why, he's never smelt powder.

Maj. Jiggins—Oh, I don't know. He's been out in the conservatory with Miss Puffer for an hour this evening.

"You traded your automobile for a Jersey cow, did you? Doesn't the cow cost you a good deal for feed?" "Yes, but she doesn't cost me anything for repairs."

So much is being said and sung about "October wine" the brethren the day when the "cabbage cocktail" will prevail.

"Hasn't he an odd way of putting things?" "Yes, especially golf balls."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Because a woman wears a chic gown is no sign that she is chicken-hearted.

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(2) The Southern Ruralist, one of the best agricultural papers in the south. It is a semi-monthly edited by a farmer on his own farm, and is intensely practical and helpful.

(3) Paris Modes, a woman's magazine, monthly. There are fashions in it, as the title indicates, and they are right up to date. Do not think they are all of the sylvan-like, hipless, clothes-pin styles of the extreme devotees of the changeable flirt called "Fashion." They are all pretty and becoming and up to date, so that the ladies may feel well-dressed and in the style who follow them. But you get more than mere fashions. There are stories, poems, storyettes, incidents of travel, seasonable articles for entertainments, home keeping, cookery, care of the person, sanitation and hygiene, plant culture and all the rest that go to make up a monthly feast for the busy woman who reads as she works, who relaxes from one task and finds charm in the ever-varying features of woman's work that is said to be never done.

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