ZEB'S GHOST STORY.

THE OLD HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE WITH A SO CALLED SPOOK.

He Relates a Tale of How He Punished a Critter Who Almost Frightened His Wife and Himself to Death Several Years Ago.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

IT was a gusty October night on the Cumberland mountains as I sat with Zeb White before his big kitchen fireplace, and now and then the wind wailed among the pines in a way to make one feel a bit creepy. We had roasted and eaten the chestnuts and lighted our pipes for a smoke when I asked the old man if it wasn't a good night outside for spooks.

"It's jest the right sort of a night," he replied, "but I ain't skassly expectin' one to visit us. One did call on me one night, though, six or seven years ago."

I begged him for the story, and as the doors and windows rattled and the wind moaned in the big chimney he continued:

"I got home one evenin' to find my ole woman so skeered that she was

"THE GHOST WAS LOOKIN' THROUGH THAT WINDER AG'IN."

whiter'n snow. I reckoned she had been struck dumb for awhile, but bimeby she got the use of her tongue and sez to me:

"'Zeb White, git out that Bible and begin to sing and pray, fur our time has surely come to leave this airth!'

"'What's bin a-gittin'?' sez I.

"'A ghost! I sot in the open doah, waitin' fur yo', and a ghost walked out from behind the mewl shed and stood and looked at me. Zeb, the Lawd has sent a warnin' to git ready!'

"I don't believe no sich talk," said the old man, "but she was so sot that she had seen a ghost and was powerful skeered. We went to bed, and 'long about midnight she yelled out and woke me up. Then I seed the ghost myself. He was lookin' inter the winder over thar, and fur two or three minits I couldn't move a finger."

"Then it was a he ghost?" I asked.

"Yes, I reckon it was. Yes, as nigh as I could make out it was a he ghost. It had a face like a man who'd suddenly met a b'ar and got dreadfully skeered. His eyes was rollin' and his jaws workin', and I felt chills go over me as I said to the ole woman:

"'Pears to me that our time on this airth is powerful short, but I'm goin' to git up and make a fight fur it with the ax!'

"'Don't do it, Zeb,' sez she as she shakes from head to heel. 'If yo' make that ghost mad, we're dun fur fur suah. Look at his eyes, will yo'!'

"'I'm a-lookin', but I ain't gwine to lay yere and let no critter of a ghost make up faces at me even if he's ten feet high!'"

"When I got outer bed, the ghost vanished, but I didn't sleep no mo' that night. The ole woman was fur believin' that death was at hand, and most of the next day she was readin' the Bible and singin' hymns. I didn't take it as no sign sent by the Lawd, but I was mightily puzzled to know jest what it was. That evenin' I sot in the doah with my rifle till 10 o'clock, but nuthin' showed up. Then we went to bed and mebbe it was 2 o'clock in the mawnin' when my ole woman hooted sich a hoot that every h'ar on my head riz on end. The ghost was lookin' through that same winder ag'in, and I was that upsot that I couldn't stand up when I rolled outer bed. Befo' I could git my rifle the thing was gone and the ole woman was in a fit. When she cums out of it, she begins to sing and pray, and I reckon I was almost as big an idiot as she was. All I could do was to stand and stare and wonder if these old mountings had finally come to turnin' out spooks and ghosts as well as b'ars and wildcats. Bimeby, when she could speak, she was fur runnin' away and leavin' the house and everything behind, but I was gittin' riled up, and I sez:

"'We don't stir a foot till that ghost proves hisself a bigger man than I am. Yo' kin huddle up on the bed, and I'll watch fur the critter the rest of the night out.'

"That's what I sez, and while she whimpers and groans I sot down on a cheer and kept my eyes peeled and my finger on the trigger."

"And you believed it was a ghost?" I asked.

"Can't skassly say what I believed," he replied. "I had heard heaps of talk about spooks and speerits and I reckoned one might hev bizness with me. When it cum daylight and the ole woman was too upsot to git breakfast, I begun to git real mad. She wanted me to sing and pray with her, but I jest walked out and went over to Sam Smith's and sez to him:

"'Sam, I'm a-wantin' a drink of co'n juice outer that jug of yo'rs, fur mebbe I'm not long fur this world and I want to go out of it with the taste of good whisky in my throat.'

"'Bin hevin' dreams?' sez Sam as he brings out the jug.

"'Wuss—heaps wuss. I've seen a ghost.'

"'Shoo! Did he leave any tracks?'

"Waal," said Zeb as he reached for his pipe from the mantel and looked a bit foolish, "I went on to tell Sam all about it, and when I had finished he told me jest what to do. When I started fur home, I was carryin' his big b'artrap. When I flings it down at my doah, the ole woman crawls out to ax me what I was gwine to do.

"'Cotch the ghost,' sez I.

"'But how kin speerits be cotched?'

"'Can't rightly say, but I'm gwine to 'speriment a leetle.'

"'Ar' yo' a-defyin' of the Lawd, Zeb White?' she asks as she begins to weep.

"'I'm a-defyin' of nothin', but jest waitin' fur that ghost to cum.'

"'Yo'll burn an' burn fo'ever fur not heedin' the sign.'

"'Mebbe I will, but yo' keep quiet an' don't skeer that ghost away.'"

"And did it appear?" I asked as the old man took a long minute to fill his pipe.

"Fur suah," he answered. "Yes, sah, olmeny the ghost showed up. He was gwine to look inter the winders, same as befo', but he changed his mind when he stepped inter that b'artrap. I used to be sunthin' on the yell myself, but the way that ghost hooted beat my time all holler. The ole woman fainted dead away, but I got outer bed and lit up and dressed myself and wasn't in no great hurry either. The hootin' kept up, and arter about ten minits I went out to see what a ghost looked like. Thar was a bed sheet lyin' on the airth, and with one leg cotched in the trap was a man. I knowed him to once fur an onery critter named Piny Green, livin' furder up the mounting. He was sorter down on me kase I wouldn't naybur with him, and he was playin' ghost to spite me. When I axed him what he was doin', he purtended his darter was sick and wanted camphor. I left him right thar and went in to my ole woman and nursed her up and told her what I had cotched in the trap. I never seen her so mad befo' or since. She'd bin layin' it to the Lawd, and it was only that pesky Piny Green. I went out and cut some switches, and then I held the candle while she licked the varmint till he couldn't hoot another holler. Then I got him outer the trap and let him go, and he jest limped off to No'th Caroleeny and never cum back."

"And what did Mrs. White think about ghosts after that?" I asked.

Before old Zeb could answer me Mrs. White appeared in the kitchen door and said:

"What yo' critters dun talkin' 'bout at 10 o'clock at night? Better git to bed or yo' won't be fitten to hunt that bee tree tomorrer!" M. QUAD.

BOUNTY FROM BERESFORD.

British Admiral Meets and Aids His Former Gunner.

As Lord Charles Beresford was coming out of the Waldorf-Astoria, says the New York Times, he was approached by a small but powerfully built man dressed in a dark blue serge suit somewhat the worse for wear and, saluting the admiral in the regulation naval style, said to his lordship:

"Beg pardon, admiral. Don't suppose you remember me, John Billings? I was your chief gunner on board the Condor at Alexandria."

"Why, Billings, my man, you here? Certainly I remember you perfectly," said the admiral in evident surprise as he extended his hand to the man and gave him a hearty shake. "What has brought you to America?" went on his lordship, beginning to question the man. "I thought you might still be in the service. You are not an old man yet. Did you get your discharge?"

"Yes, sir," replied Billings as he thrust his hand in an inner pocket and pulled out a big blue envelope containing his discharge paper, which he unfolded and handed to Lord Charles. His lordship, after hastily glancing over the paper, said:

"Well, you have no reason to be ashamed of this, Billings. I am glad to see it is a clean bill of fare. What are you employed at now?"

"Out of work at present, sir, I'm sorry to say. I came to the United States about seven months ago and got a job as a puddler in the Carnegie Steel works in Pittsburg, but some of us got laid off about a couple of months ago, and I came on to New York to see if I could get other and better work, but it's no use. It's hard for the likes of me to get decent work, sir, mighty hard."

"I am very sorry to hear you tell me this, Billings," said Lord Beresford, taking in the situation and at the same time pulling out a large roll of bills, several of which he handed to the man. "Let me hear from you if you do not succeed in getting some kind of employment soon," went on the admiral as he also gave the man a card. "That address will always find me while I am in New York, and whatever you do, man, brace up, and don't get discouraged."

The gunner was profuse in his thanks, and as Lord Charles turned hastily to step into the waiting hansom the man came to attention and repeated the British naval salute.

NEWEST OCEAN LEVIATHAN

Kaiser Wilhelm II. Expected to Break All Records.

A description of the new North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II., recently launched at the Vulcan yards, at Stettin, Germany, which in many respects will excel all other passenger steamships afloat, has been sent by the United States consul, J. E. Kehl, stationed at Stettin, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Times. The cost of the new vessel has been $3,806,571, and she is scheduled to sail from Bremen to New York on her maiden voyage in the early part of next April.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II. is built according to the German Lloyd requirements for the highest register of the four deck ship class. Her double bottom is divided into twenty-six watertight compartments, while the hull proper is divided by seventeen bulkheads into nineteen watertight compartments, each compartment having separate outlets to the promenade decks.

There are four sets of four cylinder expansion vertical engines, with surface condensers, each set working on three cranks, two sets for each propeller shaft. The engines will indicate altogether 38,000 to 40,000 horsepower. They are set up in pairs, one behind the other, so as to bring a watertight bulkhead between each pair, thereby increasing the safety of the vessel. The steam will be produced by twelve double and seven single end boilers.

The ship's accommodations are for 775 first cabin passengers, 343 second class passengers and 770 steerage passengers.

The contract for the Kaiser Wilhelm II. calls for no less than twenty-three knots, like the Kronprinz and Deutschland, which do almost one knot better than their contract, and it is expected that the Kaiser Wilhelm II. will break all records by going twenty-four knots and possibly more.

A Valuable Publication.

There is a publication that is always very much looked for, on account of the instructive reading matter that it contains. We refer to Hostetter's Almanac for 1903, published by the Hostetter Company, Pa., proprietors of their famous Stomach Bitters. This medical treatise is published in the English, German, French, Norwegian, Swedish, Bohemian and Spanish languages, and contains interesting reading in regard to your health, many testimonials as to the efficiency of the Bitters, many amusing anecdotes and other items that will interest you throughout the year. Don't fail to obtain a copy from your druggist; also give the Bitters a trial if you are a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation or nervousness. It will cure you.

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

Will. McDaniel has opened a neat cigar, confectionery and fruit store in Ryan's building, Jacksonville, and keeps a complete assortment of the best of everything in his line Standard brands a specialty. Give him a call, for he will treat you well.

Caught Indians In Trap

How Old General Harney Fooled the Sioux

In the days before railroads crossing the plains was a hazardous trip. Indians were always laying for the trains, and the trail was the scene of many bloody encounters.

"Along in 1855-56," said a veteran of the trail recently, "General William S. Harney was in command of the United States soldiers on the then frontier. His headquarters were at Fort Leavenworth. The wagon trail for Oregon and California led from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Kearney, Nebraska, then to Julesburg, in Colorado, from there to Fort Laramie, through old South pass to Badger and then to Salt Lake.

"Every now and then a band of Sioux would ride up to an ox train, kill if they felt like it and always drive away the stock. Soldiers would be sent out and have the pleasure of following the Indians' trail until the weather would make winter quarters necessary. Harney started from Leavenworth after one band, taking about 400 cavalrymen, or dragoons. The Indians loafed along ahead of him till they reached the mountain, and then Harney turned back. It was the old story, the Sioux said, and their scouts followed the soldiers until they were well into Kansas. Then the Sioux knew the country was clear for new operations.

"Harney stopped on the Blue river, in northern Kansas, near where Marysville now stands. A wagon train reached there from Leavenworth, and Harney had all the freight unloaded—simply seized the train. Then he put 400 soldiers into those wagons, and in two were mountain guns.

THE INDIANS FLED IN DISMAY.

"The outfit was seventy miles on the way to Laramie when the big day came, and it came quick. Behind them on the trail the men on the outside saw a war party. Some say there were 500 Indians in it. Even if they hadn't been painted, the fact that they were without women or children would have told the story. The train made the usual preparations for an Indian attack, throwing the wagons into a circle, or more of an ellipse, and unhooking the five lead yokes to each wagon. A front wheel of each wagon touched a hind wheel of the one in front, and the tongues were turned to the outside. At the front end of the corral an opening about fifteen feet was left, but at the rear the opening into the corral was about fifty feet wide.

"Harney didn't have time to drive his oxen into the corral, or else he did not want to. Only the five yoke of leaders were unhooked, and they were then chained to the front wheel of their wagon. The space in the corral was all clear for the Indians, whose method of attacking a wagon train was to rush into the corral and do their shooting. They were a happy lot of braves this day. The war band started for the trail when the corral was forming. They spread out like a fan and then came together again and started for the big opening as hard as their war ponies could carry them. A whooping, variegated mob, with no more clothes than the paint gave, it fell into the corral, and then real fun began.

"Those soldiers, who had been sweating under canvas for a few weeks, wanted excitement and revenge. The tarpaulins went up, and they shot down into that mess of braves as fast as they could load. The two mountain guns completed the surprise, and the bucks hardly fired a shot before their ponies were climbing over one another to get out the way they came. It was the only real Indian panic. When the last Sioux brave able to ride disappeared across the prairie, there was a big mess to clean up. I've heard all kinds of stories from men who say they were there giving Harney's band of dead Indians as ranging from 100 to 400. Nobody seemed to know the exact number, but it was enough to cause the eastern friends of the poor Indian to demand Harney's court martial. I think there was a court of inquiry, but it was held that the method used was not only one with results, but was instructive to the Sioux as well."

A Strategist.

He was too old to jump on a moving car with safety and was handicapped by a heavy bag of tools slung over his shoulder. Half a dozen motormen had disregarded his signals to stop and had run their cars past the crossing at even greater speed than that with which they approached.

The old laborer didn't grumble or swear. He waited on one rail for the next car. As it drew near he signaled the motorman to stop. The power was increased to run by, as before, and the old man turned as if to get out of the way. The heavy tools slipped from his grasp and fell on the rail. The motorman frantically shut off the power and set his brake hard. The wheel was within a yard of the obstruction when the car stopped. The old man picked up his bundle and smiled broadly as he climbed on the front platform.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" said the motorman.

"Much obliged," said the old man, still grinning. "You're the only accommodating motorman I've seen today."—New York Tribune.

To Cure Constipation Forever, take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Tamed Fierce Tiger

Trainer's Thrilling Battle With A Ferocious Beast

Frank C. Bostock, the famous trainer of wild beasts, says that the wildest animal he ever trained came near getting the best of him, but once conquered was forever after subject to his master, but to him alone. Mr. Bostock thus describes the contest between man and beast for mastery:

This animal was Delhi, a tiger of the royal Bengal species, as beautiful an animal as ever trod the jungle in search of prey and as vicious as though he were possessed of a horde of evil spirits.

At last one day I entered his cage, armed with a shield, such as trainers sometimes use, while in my right hand I carried a good, heavy club made of leather and filled with shot. Delhi welcomed me with a roar and leaped toward me. He landed upon the shield, which I held in my left hand, and at the same instant the heavy club landed

THE TIGER SPRANG AT BOSTOCK.

on Delhi's skull. The beast fell to the floor half dazed, but quickly prepared for another spring.

Again he met the shield and the club, and again he tumbled to the floor of the cage. This time I did not wait for him to recover, but walked out of the cage.

On the day following when I visited Delhi's cage I was met with snarls of mingled hate and fear. I decided it would be time enough to let Delhi know I could be kind after I had fully demonstrated the fact that I could meet brute strength with strength even superior to his own. This time I discarded the shield and the club and armed myself with a whip.

I entered the cage, and Delhi sprang to meet me. An animal of this kind always springs for the throat of his intended victim, and as I am a man of more than ordinary stature Delhi's leap gave me ample room to dodge him. I dropped on one knee as the great body passed over me.

I turned almost as soon as I dropped and sprang to the end of the cage against which Delhi dashed himself, and before the beast could turn for a second attack I seized him by the scruff of the neck and the loose skin of his back, raised him the full height of the cage and hurled him to the floor. The animal, though half stunned, turned and made a second leap. Again I dodged him, again I picked him up, and again I threw him to the floor of the cage. I knew that by this time the beast would be thoroughly frightened, so I drew the whip and laid on until I had the animal racing around the cage with howls and screams of pain.

When I entered the cage the day following, it was a totally different animal that came cringingly forward to meet me.

I found him to be all that I expected he would be—one of the most intelligent beasts I had met in my lifelong association with animals—and he learned so rapidly that finally I decided that he, with a pair of specially clever lionesses and a Great Dane, would make one of the cleverest group acts ever seen in the world.

Before entering the arena with them I had mapped out in my mind a grouping in which Delhi was to be the apex of a small pyramid. I had placed in position a set of steps upon which this grouping was to be made, and it was with great difficulty that I induced Delhi to take his position at the top. Once he was there, however, I turned my attention to the lionesses. One of these was a particularly affectionate creature of whom I was very fond, and as she walked over to take her position I stooped to pat her upon the head. There was a roar from Delhi, perched on the steps above me, and the great brute sprang upon my back and shoulder, tearing my clothing into shreds and drawing the blood from several ugly looking gashes which his sharp claws inflicted.

I turned on the beast with my whip, and after administering a few sharp lashes he again was in complete submission.

Delhi was jealous!

This was the end of Delhi's career as a performing animal. He would never act with other beasts.

A New Remedy.

The old friends of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will be pleased to know that the manufacturers of that preparation have gotten out a new remedy called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and that it is meeting with much success in the treatment of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, impaired digestion and like disorders. These tablets are easier to take and more pleasant in effect than pills, than they not only move the bowels, but improve the appetite and correct any disorders of the stomach and liver. For sale by City Drug Store.

SETTLE UP.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to Savage Bros. will please call and settle at once, by cash or note. The books have been placed in my hands, and after Jan. 1, 1903, the books will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

J. M. HURLEY,
Central Point

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The SPORTING WORLD

E. C. Schaeffer's Career.

E. Carroll Schaeffer of Reading, Pa., the all around amateur champion swimmer, is twenty-three years old. When he entered the University of Pennsylvania a few years ago, he was 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighed about 118 pounds in swimming cos-

E. C. SCHAEFFER, KING OF AMATEUR SWIMMERS

tume. At that time he was thin and flat chested. He had previously been what might be termed a fair all around swimmer—that is, as far as the average self taught swimmer goes. As he was fond of the water and had considerable pluck Professor George Kistler, the swimming master at the Houston club, took hold of the youngster and coached him into such form and speed that today he stands out as one of this country's foremost racing men.

Before taking up training for swimming Schaeffer's chest measurement was not much above 32 inches. Today, in condition, he weighs 138 pounds, measures at least 38 inches, chest; stands 5 feet 7½ inches and has a development of upper body and shoulders that gives him great power while racing through the water on the double overarm, by which method of propulsion he has made all his records.

COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN.

Recommendation of a Well-Known Chicago Physician.

I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, constricted coughs, with direct results. I prescribe it to children of all ages. Am glad to recommend it to all in need and seeking relief from colds and coughs and bronchial afflictions. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal panacea for all mankind. —MRS. MARY R. MELENDY, M. D., Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is for sale by City Drug Store.

TROPHIES FOR WHITE HOUSE

Superb Collection of Big Game Heads to Adorn Library Walls.

President Roosevelt's interest in the big game animals of America is responsible for one of the most interesting features of the decorations of the new White House, says the New York American. This consists of what in many respects is the most striking collection of animal heads to be found in the United States. These will be placed on the walls of the library.

Though only eleven species of animals are in the collection, each of the heads is believed to be the largest and most superbly mounted one of its kind in existence. Despite the fact that the president has been an indefatigable hunter of game none of his many trophies has a place in the collection. This is due to the fact that when he suggested that the collection be made he insisted that each head should be the best of its kind that could be obtained.

In the collection is the head of an immense bison which was killed by Indians twenty years ago, the head of an Alaska moose with an antler spread of seven feet, an elk having a horn circle of eleven feet and with seven points to each horn, two Alaska caribou, a bighorn sheep, a mountain lion, a silver tipped grizzly bear, a white Alaskan sheep and a Kadiack island bear.

The collection was made at the president's request by a New York physician and represents an expenditure of more than $5,000.

A Cold Wave.

The forecast of sudden cold in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health, and probably my life." It cures coughs, colds, la gripp, bronchitis, pneumonia and all throat and lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs.

Novel Ironing Table.

Now comes an ironing board which differs very much from the ordinary one. True, the board itself is very similar to the old fashioned one, but connected with it is an attachment which on account of its manifest usefulness will commend itself.

The attachment comprises a brace, a series of pivoted links, two rods and

TABLE WITH ATTACHMENT.

an apron. The brace is secured to the lower face of the board and projects from its side. The links are carried by the brace, the rods are secured to the links, and the apron is connected with the rods.

The ordinary ironing board is a clumsy affair, and it is not always easy to prevent clothes that are being ironed on it from getting soiled.

A Good Cough Medicine.

(From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Aus.)

I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it.—W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Wockner. This remedy is sold by City Drug Store.

All pain banished by Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

HOT FROM THE FRONT.

A War Correspondent and His Story of a Great Event.

Newsgathering, not fighting, is the trade of the war correspondent. But it is news at any personal cost, and a fine unpremeditated heroism often goes with the gathering of it.

One morning after the siege of Paris, when the city was believed in London to be still in the hands of the commune, Sir John Robinson, manager of the Daily News of London, reached his office to find the late Archibald Forbes lying on the floor asleep, his head on a postoffice directory, while the printers were hard at work on his manuscript, the story of "Paris In Flames," a most vivid description of the last days of the commune.

"Forbes had telegraphed from Dover announcing his coming," said Sir John Robinson, "the printers had been waiting, and thus the country heard of those terrible days for the first time.

"London was ablaze with excitement. Bouverie street was impassable through the newsboys shrieking for copies, and in parliament Mr. Gladstone was questioned that afternoon and could only say he hoped the story was exaggerated.

"When Forbes wakened from his slumber amid all this turmoil, what a spectacle he was! His face was black with powder, his eyes red and inflamed, his clothes matted with clay and dust; he was a dreadful picture. He had been compelled to assist the communists in defending a triangular space upon which three detachments of the Versailles troops were firing, and had actually taught the citizens how to build a barricade."

By aid of dummy dispatches addressed to Lord Granville and the queen, Forbes escaped from this threatening triangle and wrote all the way to England, being the solitary passenger on the mailboat.—Youth's Companion.

Revolution Imminent.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the Kidneys and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and clarify the blood. Rundown systems benefit particulary and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by City Drug Store.

The Apology Was Still Worse.

A philanthropic lady visited the asylum at Kingston, Canada, says Brooklyn Life, and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion.

"And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

"Do they feed you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a broad and broadening smile on the face of her attendant and on asking the cause heard with consternation that the old man was none other than Dr. Clark, the superintendent.

She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may be gathered from these words: "I am very sorry, Dr. Clark. I will never be governed by appearances again."

To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing the blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days, to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by City Drug Store.

Origin of the Cannon.

It is a curious fact that the first cannon was cast at Venice. It was called a "bombard," and was invented and employed by General Pisani in a war against the Genoese. The original bombard, which bears the date of 1380, is still preserved and stands at the foot of Pisani's statue at the arsenal. The bombard threw a stone 100 pounds in weight; but another Venetian general, Francisco Barde, improved it until he was able to handle a charge of rock and bowlders weighing 3,000 pounds. It proved disastrous to him, however, for one day during the siege of Zara, while he was operating his terrible engine, he was hurled by it over the walls and instantly killed.

The Lipari Islands.

From the Lipari islands of mythology, the abode of Æolus, the ruler of the winds, and the scene of his meeting with Ulysses, to the Lipari islands of today is a very far cry indeed. There are no hotels, and the islands are almost unknown to tourists, while the 13,000 inhabitants are almost in a state of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. They tender their services voluntarily as guides and refuse payment, regarding all visitors as their guests. The donkey is the only means of locomotion. Horses are unknown in the island.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures dyspepsia, indigestion, stomach troubles, and makes rich, red blood, health and strength. Kodol rebuilds worn out tissues, purifies, strengthens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinson of W. Va. says: "I have used a number of bottles of Kodol, and have found them to be a very effect and, indeed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments. I recommend it to my friends.

Inexpensive Garment.

"Yes," said the soprano in the choir loft, "religion is absolutely free and without price."

"And yet," grumbled the basso profundo, "it is considered quite the thing to make a cloak of that cheap material."—Baltimore News.

Too Much.

Clara—Didn't you find Charlie Castleton too fresh?

Maud—I should say so. I didn't mind his kissing me, but I thought it was too much when he asked me to be his wife. —Life.

As Soon as Possible.

Diner—Waiter, bring me a napkin.

Waiter—In a moment, sir; give you the first one that is vacant.—Boston Transcript.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

ALASKA OIL GUSHER.

Said to Have Spouted Two Hundred Feet When Tapped.

A special dispatch from Valdez, says the Tacoma (Wash.) correspondent of the New York Times, announces that an immense oil gusher was struck at Cotella, on the southern Alaska coast, at a depth of 200 feet. An Indiana company has been boring at Cotella for several months, but did not expect to find oil so near the surface.

The gusher took everything away with it, rising nearly 200 feet before it could be capped. The oil is of good quality, being valued at $4 a barrel at the well. It is near to water transportation and will cost $3 a ton to reach Pacific coast ports.

Ten miles of coast lands in the vicinity have been located for oil borings. Cotella is near Kayak, thirty miles south of Copper. A large body of coal was recently discovered near the same place. The syndicate owning the well now flowing has announced its intention of refining the oil on the spot.

The discovery indicates that the oil bearing strata bears upward from California, striking Alaska near the Copper river. An important new industry is thus added to Alaska's resources.

Japanese Fashions For Women.

Probably the most startling prophecy uttered by any of the speakers at the convention of the National Dressmakers' association in Chicago, says a dispatch from that city, was made by the organization's president, Mme. L. L. Rapp, when she declared that wraps and jackets of all kinds during the coming season will be distinctly Japanese in origin. For the first time in the history of modern fashions the well dressed woman of America turns to the far east for inspiration in her choice of modes, shapes and general designs—to Tokyo rather than to Paris. With this end in view, sleeves are to be full and free, and the garment itself will fit closely only at the neck.

A Cinnabar Mine.

A very curious old mine with many romantic associations is that at Quindio, in the United States of Colombia, where cinnabar, the ore of mercury, has been wrought from the time of the earliest Spanish explorers, almost 200 years ago, at a spot 10,000 feet above the sea. Its locality is further remarkable as being one of the wettest places on the globe. It is exceptional for the rain to cease throughout the greater part of the year.

Sure Test.

"I don't know whether she sings or not."

"You would if you heard her."—Puck.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

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