

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Mr. Isaac Brock, the Oldest Man in the United States.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., has attained the great age of 111 years, having been born in 1788. He is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms:

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but I have learned from Dr. Hartman's books that these affections are the same and are properly called catarrh.

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections.

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements."

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

Isaac Brock.

Catarrh is the greatest enemy of old age. A person entirely free from catarrh is sure to live to a hale and hearty old age. A free book on catarrh sent by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Electric Road to Mt. Blanc.

During the past summer an electric railroad was completed to the foot of Mount Blanc at Chamounix, which makes it possible to reach that place from Geneva in three and three quarters hours. But recently the journey was by diligence and took the greater part of a day.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Chasing the Foxy.

She—Is your friend going to marry the widow?

He—I think not. He told me he had a better offer.—Smart Set.

The Clouds of Doubt.

"He has told me that he loved me," said the fair girl, "but I don't know whether to marry him or not."

"I am sure he does his best to tell the truth." But, you see, he works in the weather bureau.—Washington Star.

The Easiest Way.

Husband—What are you doing in my pockets. Haven't you any money?

Wife—I have money of my own, but a man's pockets are so much easier to find.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MURRAY SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable, Non-Habit Forming.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

N. F. N. U. No. 4-1902.

When writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Science AND Invention

All rivers of Africa have a marked peculiarity. They seek the ocean farthest from their source.

The loftiest tableland in the world is that of Assuay in the Andes. An area as big as Yorkshire lies at a height of 14,500 feet.

The Alps cover a space of 90,000 square miles. In them rivers have their source, flowing into the North Sea, Black Sea and Mediterranean.

Norway's coastline is 1,700 miles in a straight line, but over 12,000 if followed round the fjords; 150,000 islands have been charted in her belt of islands.

An anemometer, or wind measure, consists of four cups at the end of arms. It is so constructed that it makes 500 revolutions while a mile of wind passes.

Twenty-four tons seaweed yield one ton of kelp. This gives about eight pounds of iodine. Seven thousand tons of kelp are made yearly on the shores of Great Britain.

The ocean used to be considered about as deep as its deepest as the highest mountains are high. It has now been proved to be half as deep again, that is, 46,236 feet.

The common lizard changes its color like the chameleon. It will become black after remaining upon black soil for about half a minute, but upon an old-fashioned wooden fence the animal soon assumes the motley gray hue of a weather-worn rail. Upon a green leaf the same lizard will take on a greenish tint.

All readers of the "Arabian Nights" will remember the thrilling consequences to the man who, while eating dates and carelessly throwing the stones about, accidentally put out the eye of the invisible son of a genie. No similar peril would attend the degustation of a species of date mentioned in recent French scientific journals as having been discovered by M. Riviere in an experimental garden, and which possesses no stone or pit whatever. This new kind of date tree is said to be very fruitful, and means of cultivating and perpetuating the species are being sought.

The little planet that rides next to the sun, bearing the Latinized name of the god of the winged foot in Greek mythology, Mercury, has always been more or less puzzling, even to astronomers. Although its discovery antedates history, such details as its size, its rate of rotation and the presence or absence of an atmosphere clothing its surface are not yet ascertained with certainty. The latest measurements of the diameter of Mercury, by Dr. T. J. J. See, of the United States Naval Observatory, make the planet considerably smaller than do the estimates hitherto generally received. The mean diameter, according to Dr. See, is about 2,658 miles. This is about 350 miles less than the figure given, for instance, in Prof. Young's "General Astronomy," edition of 1838, where it is set down at 3,000 miles, "not differing from that more than fifty miles either way."

PILGRIMS TO LOURDES.

Many Thousands Looking for Miraculous Cures of Disease.

Lourdes, which for ten months out of the twelve has a population of some 1,500, has had its inhabitants increased since early this morning to 18,000, and by to-morrow some 25,000 persons will be gathered in this little Basque village under the beetling brows of the Pyrenees, which tower over it.

We are all watching anxiously for miracles, and since we left Paris in the "white train" on Saturday our talk has been of little else. There were 500 of us in the long "white train," of whom 300 odd were sick, and three were dying when we started. Now one of the latter is dead, and if report is to be believed three of the sick were cured miraculously.

I saw none of these miracles, but those who did declare that a crippled lad, who threw away his crutches, and a consumptive girl, who rose from a stretcher and walked out of the Church of Ste. Radegonde at Poitiers, had both been sick almost to death some hours before.

Although it is but two full days since we left Paris, I seem to have been moving amid the sick and dying for several weeks. Our journey was inexpressibly pathetic. All through the hot day and two stifling nights the noise of the train drowned the irrepressible cries of our sick passengers as it jolted slowly on.

At each stopping place—and they were very frequent—sweet-faced, gentle-handed nuns, of whom there were two to every three carriage loads of pilgrims, darted here and there with water, soup or milk for the patients. White and black robed priests of the Order of the Assumption hurried along the train, praying with one sick passenger, talking cheerfully with another, comforting here, exhorting there—helpful always.

No drugs of any kind are allowed to

the passengers. Whatever may be thought of the humanity of trundling sick and dying people so many hundreds of miles in the hope of a miraculous recovery, the faith and cheerfulness of these poor souls were in themselves a miracle.

I spoke with many of them on the way, including a man who eventually died. He was in a state of loathsome decay from the waist downward, though only 22 years old, and one leg had been amputated at the right thigh before he started.

"I received extreme unction before I started," he said, "and if the Holy Virgin does not cure me I hope to die at Lourdes." The poor fellow's last visit was doomed to disappointment. He died yesterday, an hour before we left Poitiers.

At the tomb of Ste. Radegonde at Poitiers, and also at the grotto here, to which all the sick are carried immediately the trains arrive, and at the passage of the host among the sick, which took place amid great pomp this afternoon, there was frenzied eagerness among the crippled and imopotent worshippers to get nearer. All hoped against hope for a miracle to raise them from their couches and stretchers and bath chairs. It was heartrending.

Above the prayers, and even above the singing of the huge crowd, which formed an immense oval—above the powerful voices of the preachers and above the stentorian supplications of Father Marie—rose the whimpering of a crippled idiot boy.

They were drowned suddenly by the tremendous roar at the conclusion of the ceremony as a crippled lad, who is said to have lost the use of his legs for many years, dragged himself from the friendly arms which had been supporting him and ran. Was he really paralyzed? Will he be so to-morrow? There are four doctors here, of whom one is an Englishman, and they believe that miracles do occur.

To-night the church and the crosses on the hillside present a fairy-like spectacle, and as I dispatch this message a torchlight procession numbering many thousands of persons is winding along the tortuous pathway on the mountain side.—Correspondence London Mail.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Girl with a Red Cape Disturbs Animals in the Zoo.

"I'll be pleased when that youngster gets out of here," said the keeper, inclining his head toward a little girl wearing a red cape, who was making a round of the "zoo's" lion house. "Notice how uneasy the animals are. It's the red cape. Feeding time is a long way off, but that cape looks enough like a chunk of raw meat to get the animals excited."

"Talk about waving a red flag at a bull! It's nothing to exhibiting a red rag to a hungry lion. Watch that old lioness follow the youngster along the front of the cage. You'd think she was going to jump through the bars. That girl has been all along the row and has got the whole house worked up. Any time the animals are hungry a red object sets them going. Listen to the snarling. If that red cape hadn't come along they'd be taking things easy, waiting for dinner time, but now they'll chafe and fret and work themselves into a fit."

"It's always that way," said the keeper in conclusion to the Philadelphia Record, "when people wearing something red come through the house."

Unique.

In the Academy of Sciences at Tsarskoe-Selo may be seen one of the most interesting relics in the world. It is a geographical globe, eleven feet in diameter, and it is made of copper. It was commenced in the year 1654 and was completed ten years later during the reign of Duke Frederick of Holstein. The outside represents the earth and the interior the celestial spheres of the world. There is a door giving access to the interior of the globe, and in the center is a round table, which is so large that twelve persons can easily sit around it. By means of old-fashioned but reliable mechanism the globe can be made to revolve upon its axis. This curious relic weighs about three and a half tons. Ever since it was made it has been regarded as entirely unique in its way, and, though its value for geographical purposes is not now very great, it is still prized by scientists as a striking evidence of the interest which was taken in geographical matters two and a half centuries ago.

Electric Shocking of Men and Horses

A writer states that the difference in susceptibility to electric shock between horses and men is largely a question of shoes. The sole of a man's shoe has a very high resistance, but a horse, with his four iron shoes fastened on with iron nails, is apt to get the full benefit of the current.

American Hops.

The American hop fields employ about 240,000 men, women and children as pickers alone, for there are 72,000,000 hop vines to be stripped, and the crop in a good season is worth \$16,000,000.

People abuse you now, but think of the nice things they will say about you after you are dead.

FLAGS AT HALF-MAST.

At First Marine Signals of Distress, Now Signs of Mourning.

"What is the origin of the custom of displaying flags at half-staff, or, as people usually say, half-mast?"

This question, when it was put to me the other day, appeared to have an easy answer: "It is borrowed from the navy. The ensign or pennant at half-mast is a recognized sign of mourning."

"Yes; but was it at first a ship's signal of distress, as some say—even some of the good dictionaries?"

I have heard that in the seventeenth century it was so employed by the Spaniards; but, at any rate, toward the end of the eighteenth century the signal of distress recognized by French and English sailors was a different affair, as the following story shows:

Ann. 1783.—The French ship Sybille, a powerful thirty-six gun frigate, is sighted off Cape Henry by the Hussar, of twenty-eight guns. Now, the Sybille a few days before, in a drawn fight with one of the ships of the English fleet to which the Hussar belongs, sustained such injuries that she has subsequently been dismantled in a puff of wind and is under jury masts. As she is therefore unable to chase the Hussar, she seeks to entice her alongside in order to take her by boarding, and accordingly she hoists to the peak the French ensign under the English, as if admitting that she is captured. All this is legitimate, whether the Hussar takes the bait or no. But the French captain goes too far. He hoists in the main shrouds an ensign reversed and tied in a weft or loop. Now, this being a well-known signal of distress—an appeal to a common humanity which no generous officer could disregard—the Hussar at once closes. Fortunately, however, her crew are at quarters when the Sybille, hauling down the English flag at the peak and hoisting the French above, endeavors to run her on board. The extreme rolling natural to a ship not steadied by sufficient sail exposes the Sybille's bottom, and several shots from the Hussar go through her very bilge. By this time another English man-of-war comes up, and the Sybille strikes her flag, the reversed ensign with its weft, so dishonorably hoisted, remaining in the shrouds.

So much for the signal of distress theory.

We know that flags were commonly used at funerals in England, especially before the middle of the seventeenth century, not reversed or tied in a weft, but floating in their normal position. This practice was discontinued little by little, though no doubt some trace of its influence is still seen in the universal display of military flags on occasions of national bereavement.—New York Herald.

PAYING OIL WELLS OF JAPAN.

Modern Methods of Drilling Have Developed Petroleum Industry.

Mr. Rentiers of the British consular service in Japan has submitted to the British Board of Trade a report on the petroleum industry, which has of late attracted much attention and reached considerable dimensions in that country. The only place in which the oil is produced in large quantities is in the province of Echigo, on the west coast, the center of the industry being the town of Arnase, where the largest oil company in the country has been at work since 1888 with machinery imported from the United States. Here wells were dug in the sea and carried above the sea level by a double ring of piles filled in with earth. In the northern part of the province oil was discovered in 1889 and led to a fever of speculation.

In 1892 there were between 600 and 700 speculative companies with small capital at work in Echigo, and most of them failed. On their ruins arose large companies working on a great scale and with imported machinery. Hand boring has almost ceased to exist, and with improvement in methods of winning the oil came improvement in the transport of the oil to the refineries. Pipe lines were introduced to convey it from the wells to the refineries and from the latter to the railway stations, and it has been proposed to construct a pipe line all the way to Tokyo, the capital, about twenty miles away.

Petroleum has also been found in Yezo, the northern island, and it is believed that the supply there is as rich as it is in Echigo. In one place in the island wells have been dug and worked by hand for some years. Here the oil overflows into the sea, and in stormy weather boats take refuge there on account of the smoothness of the water. In 1899 the total production of the oil in Japan was 18,833,915 gallons, of which 18,713,230 gallons were produced in Echigo.—London Telegraph.

Keeping Tobacco Stores in France

To have the right to keep a retail tobacco and cigar store in France is considered a privilege worth working for, and it is said that every change of ministry is sure to give an opportunity to the exercise of the appointive power of the government, which augments the number of retail tobacco dealers.

When you see a free horse, isn't it a fact that you feel a longing to hop on and ride?

OUT OF DEATH'S JAWS

THRILLING RESCUE OF A UTICA WOMAN.

The Story of the Event as Told by Mrs. Tucker—A Horrible Experience With a Happy Ending.

How Mrs. Anna M. Tucker, of 352 Kossuth avenue, Utica, N. Y., was saved from a horrible fate when death's jaws were almost closing upon her is told in the following statement made by her to a reporter.

"It was soon after the birth of my little boy," she said. "Three different doctors had done their best for me, but they all failed to do me any good. My case seemed to be a combination of nervous and stomach troubles. I had fainting spells, my food did not digest and caused me great distress. My head felt very badly and at times I was delirious. I lost in weight from 130 to 98 pounds, I had no color, my feet and hands were cold and my limbs had a prickly sensation as though asleep. I was not refreshed by sleep although I slept heavily. I learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from a published case similar to mine that had been cured by the pills. I took three or four boxes before I was certain that I was being benefited, but continued their use until I was entirely cured.

"I am glad to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for they are the medicine that saved my life. I do not believe that ordinary medicine could have cured me."

Although Mrs. Tucker's was a severe case, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her. Lesser troubles yield even more readily to the potent action of this marvelous medicine. Not only will these pills cure cases similar to Mrs. Tucker's, but they have been proven to be an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after-effects of grip, of fevers and of other acute diseases, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and a half (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred) by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. They act directly on the blood and nerves. Avoid imitations; substitutes never cured anybody.

No Cinch.

The Boss—No I must have a married man for this position.

Applicant—Just keep it open for an hour. It's easier to get married than it is to get a job.

Changed Plans.

"Is your poor aunt consolable yet for the loss of her first husband?"

"Oh, yes; but now her second husband is unconsolable over it!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

College Colors.

"Our college colors are pink and gold," said Miss Frocks.

"Our college colors were black and blue when I was initiated into the secret societies," added her brother.—Detroit Free Press.

His Real Reason.

Biffkins—I tell you I hate to think of my wife going away on a vacation.

Bilkins—I dare say you will be lonely, old man.

Biffkins—It isn't that, but she always mowed our lawn.—Boston Post.

All Planned.

Teacher—An island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water. Take Cuba, for instance.

Tommy—My pa says that's what we are going to do before we get through.—Boston Herald.

Detected.

"What makes the actor criticize you so severely?"

"My dear sir," answered Stormington Barnes, "he hopes to make people say it is professional jealousy, thereby conveying the impression that he is in my class."—Washington Star.

An Inspiration.

O'Hoolahan—Will, the barn is painted an' Oi'll take that money if it's all the same to you.

Ottinger (surprised)—Why, you can't have painted it so soon, Pat!

O'Hoolahan (triumphantly)—Sure, Oi hov, sir. Oi mixed the yellow paint for the first coat wid the grane for the second, an' Oi put both coats on together to save time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Matched.

Mr. Drinker—I want a blue necktie to match my eyes.

Salesman—I'm sorry, sir, but we are just out of blue ties; but I can sell you one to match your nose."

If One Loses.

Mr. Dobbs (on the way to the races)—Nice ride to the race course, don't you think?

Mr. Hobbs (nervously)—Yes, but think what a long walk back.