ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients, and of the highest strength. It is impossible to make a purer or stronger baking powder.

*—San Francisco Board of Health.*

## ACUTE DYSPEPSIA

### SYMPATHETIC HEART DISEASE OFTEN ATTENDS IT.

**Mrs. V. Curley, of Clarence, Iowa, Tells an Interesting Story of Her Experience With Pink Pills.**

From the Republican, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.]

Mrs. V. Curley who has resided in Clarence, Iowa, for the past twenty-two yeras, tells an interesting story of what she considers rescue from premature death. Her narrative is as follows:

"For ten years prior to 1894, I was a constant sufferer from acute stomach trouble. I had all the manifold symptoms of acute dyspepsia, and at times other troubles were present in complication—I did not know what it was to enjoy a meal. No matter how carefnl I might be as to the quality, quantity and preparation of my food, distress always followed eating. I was despondent and blue. Almost to the point of insanity at times, and would have been glad to die. Often and often I could no sleep. Sympahetic heart trouble set in and time and again I was obliged to call a doctor in the night to relieve sudden atacks of suffocation which would come on without a moment's warning.

My troubles increased as time wore on and I spent large sums in doctor bills, being compelled to have medical attendants almost constantly. During 1892 and 1893, it was impossible for me to retain food, and water brashes plagued me. I was reduced to a skeleton. A consultation of physicians was unable to determine just what did ail me. The doctors gave us as their opinion that the probable trouble was ulceration of the coats of the stomach and held out no hope of recovery. One doctor said, 'All I can do to relieve your suffering is by the use of opium.''

About this time a friend of mine, Mrs. Symantha Smith, of Glidden, Iowa, told me about the case of Mrs. Thurston, of Oxford Junction, Iowa. This lady said she had been afflicted much the same as I had. She had consulted local physicians without relief, and had gone to Davenport for treatment. Giving up all hope of recovery, she was persuaded by a friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was almost magical.

I was led to try them from her experience, and before many months I felt better than I had for a dozen years. I am now almost free from trouble, and if through some error of diet I feel badly, this splendid remedy sets me right again I have regained my strength and am once more in my usual flesh. I sleep well and can eat without distress. I have no doubt that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only wish that I had heard of them years ago thereby saving myself the years of suffering and much money."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

## AN UNEXPECTED OIL STRIKE.

**A Hunter Ran a Fox Into a Cave, and Subsequent Proceedings Were Startling.**

Three prominent residents of Binghamton, N. Y., indulged in a fox hunt recently. As they were returning home the hounds struck the trail of a fox. They followed it and came upon their hounds barking under a ledge of rocks on the western slope of the old Baker farm. One of them felt around the ledges for any other hole by which the fox could escape, using a small crowbar. He climbed to the top of the ledge of rocks, striking all around with his bar.

Suddenly it slipped through his fingers and went down a small fissure. In endeavoring to get it out he lighted a match and dropped it into the fissure. A flash and sudden explosion occurred. A jet of flame shot upward higher than the surrounding tree tops and illuminated the surrounding country. About 100 feet below the place where the well was burning they discovered a flow of oil issuing from a crevice. The stream was large enough to fill a two inch pipe. The village is in excitement over the find, and prospectors are flocking there in numbers. The crowbar was found again and bore unmistakable signs of the "third send" upon it.

**The Sultan's Library.**

The sultan of Turkey has issued an imperial decree to the effect that three copies of every book and pamphlet on any subject whatsoever that has been printed or published in any language in any part of his dominion, from the time he ascended the throne to the present day, are to be sent to the imperial palace and one copy to the new library at the Sublime Porte, which is now being built by his majesty's orders.

It is stated in well informed circles that his majesty has three objects in view. First, it is an economic way of furnishing two libraries. The second is that it will encourage native authors (whose lot under the circumstances can hardly be regarded as a happy one) in writing and publishing new works, and the third and most important object of all is that his majesty's specially employed censors and secretaries will be better able to control and check any publication containing anything to which the sultan and his advisers may object. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Logs Preserved In Water.**

Some magnificent logs of spruce and yellow pine, which have made their way down from the sources of the Delaware to the Kensington mills, are now floating in the Aramingo canal just below the Girard avenue bridge. Excellent material for tall masts and flagpoles and huge beams over 70 feet long and 2 feet square on the end are noticeable among the mass of floating timber. Contrary to the popular belief, timber is best preserved when submerged in water, and what appears to be a mass of refuse clogging portions of the canal is in reality valuable lumber stored there for reasons of economy. Such economy can be overdone, however, and many a noble piece of timber, which has become waterlogged during a long period of time, now lies along the bottom of the canal.—Philadelphia Record.

## GEORGE IV NO GENTLEMAN.

**He Said So Once, and at Another Time He Proved It.**

When Lord Liverpool was forming his ministry in 1822, he thought it absolutely necessary to have Canning at the foreign office, although aware that the appointmen would be obnoxious to George IV. The Duke of Wellington undertook the unpleasant task of communicating Lord Liverpool's determination.

As soon as the king knew what was wanted of him he broke out: "Arthur, it is impossible. I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he should never be one of my ministers again. I am sure you will agree with me that I cannot do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I would not do."

Another man would have been silenced, but the great soldier, always equal to an emergency, replied:

"Pardon me, sir, but I don't agree with you at all. Your majesty is not a gentleman."

The bold assertion startled the king, but the duke went on, "Your majesty is not a gentleman, but the sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself, and these duties render it imperative that you should employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

"Well, Arthur," said the king, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must."

Although he did not like being told he was not a gentleman, George IV had once, at least, while regent forgotten he was one. This was when he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's face, with "Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!"

The insulted officer could not return the compliment without committing something like treason—it was out of the question to challenge the prince, while to let the insult pass unnoticed was equally impossible.

The colonel filled his glass and threw the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying, "His majesty's toast, pass it on!"

"Hamlyn," cried the regent, "you're a capital fellow! Here's your health."

And they were fast friends from that evening.—New York Advertiser.

## SWALLOWED THE JUMPING BEANS.

**Thought They Were Capsules and Took the Dose In the Dark.**

A good citizen in the northwestern section of the city has been through an exciting experience. Being a dyspeptic, the gentleman visited his physician. A prescription was written for him which the druggist filled. The result was a small box of capsules, which he took home and placed upon the sideboard, with the remembrance of the instructions to take two every hour in the evening after eating until bedtime. These were obeyed implicity.

It was dark in the dining room, and the gentleman went for his medicine the first evening without a precaution of a lamp and administered to himself three doses of two capsules each before retiring. He was awakened some hours afterward by a strange sensation. For aught the man could tell he seemed within to be a mammoth penuchle board on which a million little objects were dancing.

He could distinguish kicks and jumps so vividly that it was in vain for his wife to try to convince him that he was dreaming. She suggested the doctor, and the servant was dispatched in hot haste. Before he arrived the sick man asked for more of the capsules, which were brought to his bedside. When the cover was removed, there were Mexican beans instead of capsules, the kernels bouncing as merrily as spring lambs. The box of capsules had been misplaced accidentally by the young son and heir and the beans put in its place. The doctor does not say what kind of medicine he finds useful in such cases.—Washington Post.

**Passing an Examination.**

The story of a well known bishop which reached me the other day seems good enough for publication. The bishop was one day examining a batch of deacons for priests' orders. After the theoretical part of the examination, he said to them: "Gentlemen, you have passed a most excellent examination in theory. I should now like to see you do something practical. I shall go into the next room and personate a sick man. You will come in, one by one, address me as a sick parishioner, and say something comforting." When his lordship had retired, the candidates were in some confusion, and nobody cared to begin, but at last a mad Irishman volunteered to be the first. He entered the study and approached the bishop, who was lying with a woebegone air on the sofa, and thus addressed him: "Oh, Anthony, Anthony! The drink again! Shure it will be the death of ye! Turn from your evil ways before it's too late and be a man!" This is said to be the last time that the bishop held a practical examination.—London Truth.

**What and Where Is Heaven?**

Alger says that "heaven" is not distinctively a world situated somewhere in immensity, but that it is "a state of pure spiritual existence, having nothing to do with any special time or place." He further says that "heaven is a state of the soul or a state of society under the rule of God's will, either in this life or in a future state of existence." From the above it is clear that the great authority therein quoted considered that "heaven" does not mean a bounded place of abode, but simply unlimited existence in a state of joy for the souls of virtuous respecters of God's laws.—St. Louis Republic.

**A Bar to Bigamy.**

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said, "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.—Boston Home Journal.

**A Poky Old Place.**

Lady Betty (proud of old ancestral mansion, where the family have lived ever since the reign of Henry VIII)—Just fancy what papa's having done! He's having the electric light put in!

Prosaic Sister-in-law (from Chicago)—I'm real glad to hear it. It'll be the making of the place.—London Punch.

**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.**
**World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.**

## DECORATION DAY.

BY WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Out from the long past comes the memory of a nameless soldier grave and of a heart that broke because her love was not. Out from the past come the shadows of numberless unknown and named heroes, who gave their all of life to perpetuate the union. In the trying times of strife and carnage, when cannons belched and muskets flashed death everywhere, little mounds of earth sprang up in rows here and there in the southland. The memory of these known and unknown dead suggested the beautiful custom of decorating the graves with the choicest flowers of spring, the practice proclaiming to the children and children's children forever that the deeds of these men who died for God and country shall be memorialized as long as courage rates as a virtue.

As time passed members of the army of veterans who returned to their homes dropped out of life, so that now, besides the great national burial places in the south, every cemetery of the north is hallowed by the presence of sleeping soldiers. Wherever these heroes lie flowers are taken at each recurring anniversary and placed as votive gifts upon every sacred altar grave of liberty. History tells of sky-piercing monoliths, of colossal statues and artistic mausoleums erected to the memory of great captains of conquering armies, while thought—if thought there was at all—of the hosts of common soldiers who poured out their life blood for the glory of these chieftains, was as a flitting fancy at eventide, banished with its birth. It remained for the American people, who govern for themselves and are alone supreme, to declare that the humblest life sacrificed in the cause of freedom is as sacred as the penates of the household—as priceless as that of the general who bared his breast to death-dealing bullets.

The problem of human government must be sought to be solved by each successive generation. Blessed is that one which throws such added light that the next one may discern with clearer vision the working of the still-to-be-solved question. The errors of a people—their discontent and mistakes, may sorely try the safety as well as the perpetuity of a government. The labors, the pains and the sorrows of the soldier army must ever serve as warning, as entreaty, as encouragement and as strength to the living and their successors. Each returning Decoration day teaches the lesson of the pricelessness of liberty and union.

For the soldiers who sleep and the cause for which they died the wooded dells are searched, the broad fields are scanned and cultivated gardens are stripped of their choicest gifts. Hail the nation that honors its defenders, dead and living, and let Decoration day be and abide forever, a holy day in the nation. Time has softened the asperities of other days; the opposing passions of men, whose differences were based upon honest conclusions, have been subdued into respect and admiration for the courage that stamped the action of each in the trying times of infinite peril, and a common country is the heritage of all. The custom of decorating the graves is in no sense an awakener of strife, but a sublime tribute to exalted worth.

The once ensanguined fields of the south are now being turned over by bright plowshares, and will presently yield fair harvests to the peaceful workers; the voices of the mockingbird and brown thrush fill with a melody the groves through which once passed hostile armies. The sound of war is heard no more in the land, and may the memories and lessons of Decoration day preserve an everlasting peace to the nation. The one great baptism of blood should be efficient to the perpetual sealing of the republic in peace and harmony throughout the length and breadth of the land.

**The Terrors of War.**

Mrs. Henpeck (visiting her first husband's grave)—Yes; here lies a hero. You would not be my husband to-day had he not been killed in the war.

Mr. Henpeck (fiercely)—Yes; what a curse war is!—Puck.

## AN AVERTED CATASTROPHE.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.

It was midafternoon of the 29th of May, and Johanna Yoho was gathering flowers for Private Tom to take to town for the Decoration day ceremonies.

"Lucky Tom don't fuss takin' 'em along now," she said, standing on tiptoe to reach a lofty branch of syringa; "guess he's gittin' kind o' less pernickelty 'bout toting things as he gits older. I do like tuh know that my flowers is in the procession if I kain't see 'em."

Trusting Johanna! True, Private Tom of late years meekly accepted his floral burden as, while the stars still mounted guard in the sky, he set off on his fifteen-mile walk to town. The flowers, however, never graced the procession. Well, well! Fence corners and old comrades told no tales of gleefully-deserted baskets, and so peace folded her wings over the home of one old soldier.

"Hanny, Hanny," called Private Tom, from the house, "where's th' key tuh th' cedar chist? I want tuh get my best close out."

"In th' little blue bag in th' purple bandbox on the right hand o' th' top shelf o' th' cupboard in th' spare room. Key tuh spare room's on th' clock shelf. Tom, these roses is th' purtiest yit; mebbe they'll trim up th' goddess o' liberty's wagon with 'em."

"Like es not," replied Private Tom, adding, under his breath, "ef they git 'em."

"Hain't heard nothin' o' Jim, have ye?" called Johanna, happily unconcious.

"Not yit; mebbe some o' his folks'll be along to-day. I hain't seen Jim sence he had th' quinsy, 'n' I was laid up same time with rheumatiz."

"As ye would be now, 'less I'd a made ye take that patent medicine ye was so sot against. Must a tasted pretty bad though of ye wouldn't have me in th' room while ye took it—'twas good, though."

"Humph, it didn't hurt them laylock bushes under th' window none," chuckled Private Tom, laboriously panting up the stairs to the spare room. "It'll be good tuh see ole Jim to-morrow, sure. We stood shoulder tuh shoulder four years 'n' not a inch difference between us. Not a Decoration day have we missed together, either. Land o' liberty, I wish Johanna wouldn't lock up a body's close es ef they was gole 'n' precious stones. Ain't seen 'em even sence ole Sergt. Jenks was berried las' fall."

Fifteen minutes later Johanna discovered her brother dancing about the room and raving like a madman while he vainly strove to get into his coat.

"Land, Tom, 'tain't ingy rubber, don't treat it so; ye'll never get into it thataway."

"Nor any other," groaned Private Tom, "sence I'vegot so fat settin' round th' house. Johanna, I kain't go t' th' exercises to-morrow!" He sank down, his face in his hands. Not once had he failed to place a flag on the grave of his old commander; not once had he missed marching through the town to the old tunes, his heart beating savagely and blithely as that of a boy. And to-morrow Private Jim must go alone!

"THESE ROSES IS TH' PURTIEST YIT."

"There's yer ole close."

"D'ye think I'd wear *thim*, patched 'n' threadbare? 'Twouldn't show respect tuh dead er livin'. I'm gittin' old, too, 'n' mebbe it's the last."

"Anybody home?" called a cheery voice below.

"It's Jim's niece—you go 'n' tell her, I kain't," Private Tom faltered.

"How do," said the visitor; "dreadful hot, ain't it? I come over with a message from Uncle Jim."

"Tom ain't goin'; he—"

"No more's Uncle Jim. He kain't wear his best close; ye see, he ain't wore 'em sence Susy's weddin', and now he's got that thin over the quinsy an' Lucy's troubles that they hang on him like a shirt on a beanpole an'—la, Private Tom, are ye crazy?"

For Tom had almost rolled downstairs, a coat over one arm, a vest in the other hand and a pair of trousers trailing after him.

"No, I hain't—I'm goin' over tuh Jim's tuh swap—ef he's got thin, I've got fat, an'—" the rest was a distant wheeze.

And so it happened that Privates Tom and Jim changed their coats, though not their views, and walked side by side in the Decoration day parade, as usual.

## BARNEY JENNINGS' CHARGE.

Barney Jennings lived a very uneventful life in his Carolina home until the breaking out of the late civil war. His opportunities were very few, and he had not availed himself of those he might have seized. He was a shiftless, harmless, happy-go-lucky fellow, with abundance of leisure and little or no cash.

When he offered his services as a soldier in the southern army the captain was averse to accepting him because of his unsavory reputation, and only yielded after most urgent entreaty on the part of the ne'er-do-weel. Barney served in the army of the Potomac, or James, participating in the leading battles and winning an enviable name as a fighter. Had he been able to read or write he would have been given a commission.

Alas! at Chancellorsville poor Jennings had his left leg shot away, and his soldier days ended, much to his disgust and discomfiture. Returning home, he hobbled about on a "peg-leg," surrendering himself to whisky drinking and fighting over again his battles, under the "stoops" of the village stores or before the tall bars of the saloons. Whatever scruples he may have had before the war as to accepting charity, he now felt himself a proper ward of the community. Poor fellow! his appetite for liquor grew stronger every day, and he soon passed into a state of nearly continuous inebriety. His heart nearly broke when tidings came from Appomattox; but, like a brave soldier, he accepted the issues of battle, saying: "The feller wot lams yer is jesterfied in hol'in' on s'long's his hilt do'n slip."

Before Barney fought at Chancellorsville there had been a battle near his native village, and in the little cemetery were graves of union as well as confederate soldiers who had fallen in that contest. Those of the former were in a group in a deserted and neglected corner of the burial ground, and when the beautiful custom was inaugurated of decorating with flowers the sleeping places of the heroes Barney was greatly distressed because the programme did not include those of former foemen.

"They mought er been wrong," he persisted, "in pilin' down onter us, but they fit p'intedly, 'n' I reckon they'd wives 'n' mammies that cried over 'em."

But Barney was a trifle ahead of his neighbors in spirit of amity. The day came, when a wealth of flowers was spread over each southern soldier's grave, while no thought was bestowed upon those that were concealed by weeds, beneath the scraggy oaks and elms. When the speeches and hymns were over a party of young people strayed down in the union quarter, and their astonishment was great when they saw that every grave was covered generously with wild flowers. Near by they saw Barney extended upon weeds his bloated body had broken by its weight.

The touching tribute was Barney's last act upon earth; for he never awoke from the sleep into which he had fallen. He died beside the graves of former enemies, whose courage had inspired his praiseworthy action.

When the next anniversary day came loving hearts recalled Barney's charge over in the deserted corner, and since that time no distinction has been made in that little cemetery between the union and the confederate dead.

## DECORATION DAY POEM

"Forward!" was the word when day
Dawned upon the armed array.

"Fallen!" was the word when night
Closed upon the field of fight.

"Hurt, my boy?" "Oh, no! Not much!
Only got a little touch!"

"Wonder what the folks would say,
If they knew the news to-day!"

"Forward!" was the word that flashed
Homeward, when the cannon crashed.

"Missing!" was the word sent home,
When the shades of night had come.

"Fallen?" "Yes: he fell, they say,
In the fiercest of the fray!"

"Died last night!" the message said,
Thus the morrow's papers read.

One young heart that heard the word,
Fluttered like a wounded bird!

One was broken! Bowed her head!
"Mother! Mother! Mother's dead!"

Two green graves we'll deck to-day,
Sons and mothers side by side.
None will dare to tell us "Nay!"
Both for Right and Freedom died.

While we honor him who fell
In the fiercest of the fray,
We will honor her as well
Lying by his side to-day.

Let the flowers forever fair
Bloom above our fallen braves,
While the angels guard them there,
Glory lingers over their graves.

Long ago one sweet young soul
Entered her Gethsemane,
Death to her the greatest goal,
As it must to many be!

But life lingers—O! so long!
And the years so weary grow!
Tears have choked her heart's sweet song
Dimmed those eyes that used to glow!

O! the bleeding, broken hearts,
Living long their lingering death,
Pierced by countlessa cruel darts,
Smothered sobs beneath each breath

Comrades! Call the roll again!
Write their name on glory's page!
Those who bore the grief and pain,
Fiercer far than battle's rage!

When they lie there by his side,
Dearer to him than his life,
Mother, Sister, Sweetheart, Bride,
Or his dear devoted Wife,

And you deck his grave again,
Write her name—but not beneath!
By her agony and pain,
Crown her grave with fairest wreath

Angels called the roll again,
Wrote her name above the stars
For her patient faith in pain,
Deeper far than battle scars.

Three green graves we deck to-day,
This is the third, where lies his bride.
None will dare to tell us "Nay!"
For these three for freedom died!

—H. H. Van Meter, in N. Y. Evening Post

## TO MEMORY DEAR.

Some members of the Grand Army of the Republic have recently expressed their disapprobation of Decoration day being turned into a regular holiday—a day for big baseball matches and sporting meetings—instead of being solely regarded as a day, as intended by congress, for the decoration of the graves of those who fought for the union, and for the keeping in lasting memory the deeds of those who saved it. The rising generation, says the Illustrated American, knew not those troublous times. It cannot, therefore, be blamed if it does not feel the same personal interest in the dead that do the men and women who lived amidst the tragic scenes enacted in this country from 1861 to 1865. But, at the same time, it must not be supposed that the rising generation is less grateful to the heroes of the civil war than the members of the grand army are to those of the revolution. It may be that it can no longer say with Longfellow:

"Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers"

but it can finish the verse with the words:

"Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours."

**Remember the Soldiers.**

Remember the soldiers, children,
Remember them all with flowers!
Theirs was the battle and theirs the pain,
Ours is the peace and ours the gain;
Theirs was the sowing, the harvest ours—
And all we can give them to-day is flowers!
—E. C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.

## TONY'S PRETTY FLOWERS.

The spring had been so late in coming that the good and loyal people of Teckerdsville scarcely knew what they should do about flowers for Decoration day. The hitherto never-failing snowballs and lilacs were in embryo, while of the wild flowers not even a spring beauty or a wood violet was to be seen.

The ladies got together and talked over the situation; the committee of arrangements solemnly decided that something surely had to be done, and that without delay. Then the ladies met the committee, when there was much more talking than ever, which finally culminated in a wrathful outburst from Old Mrs. Malliner, a soldier's widow:

"See yere, now, all there is we'se gotter have flowers ter put onto the graves 'n' all the snivelin' 'n' talkin' back in the worl' hain't ergoin' ter hurry up spring one bit. What's more, we jist kain't put off decoratin'; so we'll hafter take up er collection fer buyin' uv 'em. Here goes my quarter."

This innovation was a startling one to the Teckerdsvillians, who, if patriotic, were also economical, and their contributions were not made with startling alacrity. Still, after much persistence and a thorough canvass of the town, an amount was raised that, in the opinion of everybody, was ample for the end desired. There being no hothouse or flower store in Teckerdsville, Tony Malliner, only son of the widow, was instructed to proceed to Detroit and make the purchase.

Decoration day opened warm, but with every promise of an all-to-be-desired occasion. The villagers decked themselves in their best attire, the farm wagons came lumbering into town, filled with happy creatures, glad to get away for a day from the arduous toil of the home. Bluejays chattered

ALAS! THE FLOWERS DID NOT MATERIALIZE.

in the apple trees, robins sang soft love notes to their mates, and sparrows twittered upon every hand.

Presently, however, as the crowds gathered, so did the clouds. Patriotism, however, is strong, and the people like to get together in the country. Hence, while they gossiped and speculated upon the possible events of the day, they gave little heed to the falling smoke from the chimneys or the fitful whiffing of the winds, those sure precursers of a rainfall.

The speaker, the preacher, the church choir and the chairman had gathered upon the stage that stood on the outer edge of the cemetery, while two or three thousand people were gathered in front. Then a raindrop fell sputtering here and there upon the new bonnets or dresses of the women, and the derbys of the men. Neighbor regarded neighbor nervously, but no one flinched as a slow, drizzling, but decidedly wetting rain set in.

Chairman, preacher, speaker, choir all did their part without abatement of one jot or tittle of the programme. Loyally the people stood at their posts, uttering no complaints, if they did fail to cheer.

Then, after the benediction was pronounced, the chairman called up the committee to distribute the flowers. Alas! the flowers did not materialize. In their stead, in the paper boxes once containing them, were wretched masses of pulpy, vari-colored paper, tangles of wrapped wire, etc. Tony had purchased a lot of miserably made paper flowers instead of nature's own dear gifts.

"They was so much cheaper," he was careful to explain.

Still there was no end to small flags, so that two of them were placed upon each soldier's grave and thus amends were made in part for Tony's blunder. But Teckerdsville never did and never will forgive him the sorry trick he played.

**Grant's Tomb in New York.**

Work on Grant's tomb at New York has been resumed, and will be continued until the monument is completed, which will be in March, 1896. Gen. Porter said about the work: "There has been a great deal of care bestowed upon the construction of the tomb. The granite is faultless. It is quarried in North Jay, Me., and all the large stones are finished at the quarry and sent to New York in boxes. The smallest imperfection is enough to cause the rejection of a stone. When the stones are laid you could not get the point of a knife between them. They fit exactly, and the contractors, as well as the architect, are inexorable in their demand that the work shall be above criticism."

**Largest Regimental Loss.**

The largest regimental loss on either side during the late civil war was sustained by the Twenty-sixth North Carolina—Pettigrew's brigade, Heth's division. They had a full quota of 800 men on July 1, 1863, but in the single battle of Gettysburg lost 588 men, 86 killed and 502 wounded, not including the "missing," of whom there were 120. According to Col. W. F. Fox, in one company, 86 strong, every man was hit, and the orderly who made out the list did so while suffering from a wound in each leg. Surely those were times which not only "tried men's souls," but made heroes of those who survived and martyrs of the dead.

**New Use for the Cycle.**

Still another novelty in cycledom—the chimney sweep's tricycle. Residents in Brixton, a suburb of London, have been somewhat startled by the spectacle of an individual of sable and somber appearance careering around on a tricycle, to which his brushes and other apparatus are attached, and uttering the well-known sweep's cry.

**Decoration Day.**

A china decorator May is named,
And pretty cups she paints, though all unfamed.
Asked little Flo: "What shall you paint, today?"
"Nothing at all, my darling," answered May;
"I thought you'd paint a lot, to-day," said Flo
"Because it's *Decoration day*, you know!"
—Youth's Companion.

**Oh, Be Joyful!**

Willy—Say, pop, I'm glad you wasn't killed in the war.

Father (pleased)—Are, you, Willy? Why?

Willy—Because I'd be going to the cemetery to-day, instead of the ball game.—Puck.

**The Old Guard Dwindles.**

There are more soldiers' graves to decorate to-day than ever before. The old guard dwindles.

**LIKE A SIEVE.**

The chief function of the kidneys is to separate from the blood, in its passage through them, of certain impurities and watery particles which make their final exit through the bladder. The retention of these, in consequence of inactivity of the kidneys, is productive of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, albuminuria and other maladies with a fatal tendency. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a highly sanctioned diuretic and blood depurent, impels the kidneys when inactive to renew their sifting function, and strain from the vital current impurities which infest it and threaten their own existence as organs of the body. Catarrh of the bladder, gravel and retention of the urine are also maladies arrested or averted by this benign promoter and restorative of organic action. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia also yield to the Bitters, which is also specially beneficial to the weak and nervous.

Gayboy (at party)—Miss Wool is finely formed. Miss Wool (who overheard the remark)—Yes, and the form is all wool.

Jack—I proposed to May last night. Tom—How did you come out? Jack—Head first.

**HOW'S THIS?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure!
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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALBERT DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20 1894.

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