MILES OF VARYING LENGTH.

Measures of Distance Differ Greatly in Several Localities.

Among the English-speaking peoples of the earth there are four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical mile of 6,085 feet, making a difference between the two of about one-seventh; then there are the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its standard mile. The German mile today is 24,318 feet, more than four and a half times as long as ours. The Dutch, Danish and Prussian mile is 18,499 feet, three and a half times as long as ours, and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five of ours, for their mile is 9,153 yards long.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

New Zealand Dairy Business.

The dairy business is increasing rapidly in New Zealand, and the government is doing all in its power to boost the trade.

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

Bobrikoff Gets Sensitive.

Governor General Bobriakoff has commanded the Finnish local government to make extensive preparations for the Northern Scientific congress, as it would be most regrettable if anything should occur to give the foreign visitors an unfavorable impression of the conditions in Finland. The local government is quite willing, however, that the visitors should realize fully what Bobrikoff has done for Finland.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rough on Pa.

"What is a vacuum, ma?"

"That part of your father that is directly under his hair."

Raising Eagles.

Nils Lvag, a farmer living some miles from Rorvik, earns some extra moeny by capturing eagles. He knows where the nests are and scales the high cliffs and takes the young, which he sells for good priecs in Christiania. He has had many fights with the parents, but never harms or kills them, as by their death his source of revenue would be gone.

His Occupation.

"Haven't you any occupation?" asked the woman at the kitchen door, after listening to his tale of woe.

"Yes, ma'am," said Tuffold Knutt, "I am a hunter."

"A hunter? Of what?"

"Grub, ma'am."

Agree to Norway's Demands.

The Swedish-Norwegian commission to draft a plan for the revision of the consular system of Sweden and Norway, proposes separate services for the two kingdoms. This was generally expceted in both cos. and in untieNorway no other solutf the difficuion olt question would havn acceptable.e bee

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

What Had He Done.

Husband (reading the paper)—What fools some men will make of themselves.

Wife—Now, Henry, dear, what have you done this time?

Water in Wood.

Green wood contains fully 45 per cent of water, and thorough seasoning usually expels 36 per cent of this fluid.

Millions of sufferers use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain every year and call it blessed. Ask your druggist; he knows.

Heard in a Book Store.

"I suppose that work in sixty volumes is an encyclopedia?"

"No; it is called 'The Love Letters of a Mormon Elder.'"

Unforseen Results.

Dolly—I believe Julia Gibbs is a mesmerist.

Polly—Why?

Dolly—I went to sell her a ticket to our piacnica nd she sold me one.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
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 MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good
CURE SICK HEADACHE.
25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

DIED FOR ANOTHER.

UNPARALLELED SELF-SACRIFICE OF THREE SONS.

They Voluntarily Submitted to Be Devoured by a Pack of Hungry Wolves in Order to Save Their Old Father from a Similar Fate.

When Scaevola, in the days of ancient Rome, to show his contempt for a tyrant's power, thrust his right hand into a fire and held it there until it was consumed, he gave an example of sublime courage and daring which poets and orators have since immortalized. But the story is only a legend.

Infinitely greater than the legendary deed of Scaevola, because of the sacrifice, was the action of three young men in Russia, according to a story which has come from the far northern government of Archangel, along the borders of the White sea, who voluntarily faced death in its most awful form and knowingly embraced it that they might by the sacrifice of themselves save the father whom they each loved and reverenced. The names of these heroic young men are not revealed, but their devotion is worthy a place at the head of the highest deeds of self-sacrifice.

The young men and their father set out to make a journey by sleigh from Archangel to a village 150 miles distant along the shores of the White sea.

UNPARALLELED SELF-SACRIFICE.

They had taken a supply of ammunition so as to be provided against an attack by wolves, with which the region is overrun. Unfortunately a storm so dampened the powder that it was useless, and before their stock could be renewed the dreadful wolves to the number of 200 appeared. Knowing that if they remained together they would all perish, the sons determined upon a desperate scheme through which it was hoped one or more of the party might escape. The scheme was for one of them to leave the conveyance and give fight to the wolves, thereby delaying the latter in their pursuit of the sleigh. When he fell, as undoubtedly he would, the wolves would stop to devour him and probably to fight among themselves, for injured wolves, especially when stained with blood, are frequently eaten by their stronger comrades. The delay would give the occupants of the sleigh a possible chance of escape. But if the wolves again grew hot in the trail another of the brothers was to make a sacrifice of himself, and so on until the father remained.

To determine who would be the first victim the sons drew lots and the choice fell upon the youngest. Grasping his knife and with an affectionate adieu to his father and brothers, he waited until the leaders of the wolves were at the back of the sleigh and he could almost feel their hot breath as their red, hungry tongues shot out in rage and their baleful eyes shone in savage ferocity. And then with a committing prayer to Heaven he jumped to the ground, sheathing his knife in the first brute that reached him. Again and again the bloody knife was raised and as often found a fleshy scabbard until overpowered by numbers he was dragged to the ground and torn to pieces.

For the occupants of the sleigh, which was speeding along as fast as the powerful horses could draw it, it seemed but a few minutes before the cries of the wolves again filled their ears, and soon the leaders of the now thoroughly maddened pack were up to the sleigh. Lots were hastily drawn and the second son, knife in hand, jumped out and faced the infuriated beasts.

He did not die unavenged. For a little later, as the pack again took the trail and came in sight there was not over half a hundred of them. The two young men must have made awful havoc among them to so deplete their numbers, for even allowing that the sated ones fell out of the trail, the number killed or so injured that they were devoured by their companions was great.

As the leaders again came up to the sleigh the remaining son, after imploring his father to drive to the utmost, and if necessary to turn two of the horses back toward the pack and ride the other to some possible place of safety, jumped out of the conveyance and faced the animals with his knife.

Only imagination can picture that scene, for the third son perished as the other two. But the father was not again pursued by the wolves. The delay saved his life, and he reached a settlement in safety, to tell the horrible story of his escape and of the sublime deaths of his heroic children.

WEEDS THAT POISON MEN.

Animals Can Eat Them Without the Slightest Injurious Effect.

Out of weed study is certain to come remarkable information, for the poisonous plants are the most strangely constituted and given to astounding variations. For instance, the common poke berry presents a spectacle of contradictory qualities. Birds eat the berries, which to men are poisonous. Cattle may eat the leaves when green and fresh, but if perchance they should eat a wilted leaf it would poison them. The roots are deadly poison, yet the shoots which grow up six inches high in the spring are an excellent food for man—the rival of asparagus and equally healthful. Science has at last paused to inquire why this should be so, and some day the chemical action which can make a deadly poison by wilting a leaf when the fresh one is harmless will be discovered.

Similarly it has been observed of American false hellebore or itchweed that the seeds are poisonous to chickens, and that the leaves and roots are poisonous to men and horses, but that sheep and elk, which chew the cud, seem to relish the plant. In all the poison, when in the system, acts alike, paralyzing the heart and spinal cord. The poisonous element of corncockle has not yet been explained, but its curious action has already been observed. When extracted it mixes freely with water, froths like soap and, though odorless, will when inhaled produce violent sneezing. Caper spurge, the common gopher plant or spring wort, is curious in that the mere handling of it will poison to the extent of producing pimples and often gangrene. It is a thing that cattle can eat without harm, and goats eat freely, but the milk of the latter will then be deadly poison. In men a moderate dose will produce general collapse and death in a few hours. The poison of the sneeze weed develops mostly in the showy yellow flowers and is violent. The young plants are comparatively harmless and even in the mature ones the poison varies greatly—some having scarcely any at all.

In the case of this plant and the woolly and stemless loco weed some effort has been made to find out where they get their deadly poisons. That of the loco weed is a most subtle thing. The poison of the woolly loco produces strange hallucinations in its victims. It affects the eyesight and silently reaches one after another of the vital functions, killing the victim in two years time.

Some animals after eating it refuse every other kind of food and seek only this. They endure a lingering period of emaciation, characterized by sunken eyeballs, lusterless hair and feeble movements, and eventually die of starvation. So mystic an element gathered from the earth and the air naturally causes wonder and the desire to know what such things may be and why they are.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Bashful Elijah.

There Isabel—we Noah well—
Woo'd by a bashful feller,
For Theodora of this belle
Adored but dared not Ella.

At last one Eve upon the porch
In Ernest tones he pleaded,
He'd give up Paul to win her heart
Her love was Saul he needed.

"I wish that Ida heart to give,"
Unto herself she Seth—
"If Phebe Levi am a flirt
His Si will close in death."

He'd Caesar Randal little while
As Titus he was Abel—
From his big Guy a tender Luke
Beamed Dora tresses sable.

No sooner Adelaide his arm
About her waist so clever,
Than up she Rose Andrew away—
She wouldn't have it—never!

In vain did he for Mercy Sue—
This foolish swain Elijah.
"Oh, Hugo 'Ira hall," she jeered,
"I never could Abijah!"

He ne'er came Mary time again
And never after seen 'er—
And he's grown Grace since that sad day
While she's grown Evelina.
—Eugene Field.

DRAGGING FOR FLOUNDERS.

How the Net Is Constructed and Handled.

The scheme of our fishermen was to scrape the bottom at a slow pace. The net was a good sixty feet in length, a sort of twine fence that rose to a height of thirty feet or so at the middle part and tapered to six or seven feet at the ends, which were each bound with a stout piece of wood and bridled on to the drag-lines that led to the sloops.

On these drag-lines were short wooden slats, of about the stoutness of fence palings, placed from six to eight feet apart. Twisting and twirling and ever moving forward, the slats were calculated to create a panic among any flounders that might be outlying and scare them toward the center of the line of advance.

The flounder is a slow swimmer, and it is a sedately moving arrangement, indeed, that does not overtake him. He is not only a slow fish, but also one of placid ways, and when overtaken by the advancing line of netting, it is his habit to seek a quiet spot. The quietest spots that he can find in a hurried search are the inviting pockets that open out left and right on the net. These pockets were sufficiently wide and hospitable to enwrap a wine cask at the entrance, but at the inner end, so rapidly do they taper, it would take no infantile arm to wedge in a workingman's dinner pail.

The crew of a flounder sloop are two in number; sometimes it is two grown men, sometimes a man and a well-grown boy. In this case, Charlie, the Minna's skipper, was a fair-headed fellow of 26 or 28, compact, muscular and active. The boy, August, 16 years of age, was a short and stock boy, rather slow to grasp an idea, but a safe executive once he understood what it was that his captain ordered.

During this dragging operation, says James B. Connolly, in Scribner's, with the vessel sailing always across and sometimes almost into the wind, the crews take things comfortably. Everything was working nicely by 8 o'clock, and then our two skippers had an easy time of it to watch each other and sail their parallel courses; and, with dragging lines taut and with the net in the right place, with everything working properly, it became the boy's business to boil the coffee for breakfast.

The President's Church.

The head of 80,000,000 of people worships in what is probably the smallest city church in the United States. The dimensions of the little building are 26x51 feet. It is a quaint miniature of a chapel, with a tiny, though orthodox, steeple. Otherwise it is bare of ornamentation, within or without. Save for their pine board backs, its cushionless pews are like the rough-hewn benches of frontier schools.

No carriages roll up to the President's church. He himself invariably walks. And there is no hint of half-heartedness nor backsliding in his tread, for his sturdy gait serves the President in his Sunday pilgrimages as well as his secular tramps to Cabin John's bridge.

The little German Reformed church has a membership of 200, with sittings for only 175. Before 10 o'clock Sunday mornings visitors begin to assemble and form in waiting line in front of the church. By dint of much crowding the regular congregation is enabled to give up one-third of the room. In the meantime, about fifty of the throng have been admitted to the church. Now comes the president, trailing no unnecessary glory, and hurrying as if to keep a tardy appointment. In reality he is always promptly on time. Sometimes he is accompanied by Miss Alice, occasionally by Mrs. Roosevelt, whose regular place of worship is St. John's, and almost always by his side or close in his wake skips little Archibald or Kermit, sturdily imitating his father's imperial pace. Not infrequently the President is accompanied by guests, and at times the eight places in his pew have been filled.

CAVE DWELLERS IN CHINA.

A Large Number on Hill Slopes Along the Yellow River.

The fact has escaped attention until recently that there are many cave dwellers along a part of the Hoang Ho or Yellow river. It happens that they are found on that part of the river where the bridge on the railroad which is to connect Pekin with Hankow on the Yantse is to be built, and August Slosse, a Belgian engineer who lived among them for six months while making studies for the railroad in that region, has been telling some facts about the troglodytes.

Along the banks of the river the people live in clay huts, but higher up, among the hills, only a short distance from the stream, they make for themselves permanent habitations dug in the hillsides. There are many villages of these caves, not only the habitations, but also the temples, the shops and the storehouses for grain being nothing more than these dark artificial caves. Many of the caves are nearly as spacious as the smaller New York flats. They are about nine feet high, ten to twelve feet in width, and have a depth of fifty to sixty feet. They are dark and gloomy abodes, but the people who live in them think they are much preferable to the clay huts in which their neighbors live on the river bank. No adornment of the interior is attempted, excepting in the temples, whose walls are whitewashed and covered with rude paintings in lively colors, that under the bright light which is constantly burning gives these sacred rooms quite a gaudy appearance.

The only particular advantage the underground rooms seem to have is that they are cool in summer and warm in winter. The inhabitants are gentle and even timid, and Mr. Slosse said that, being unaccustomed to seeing whites, they almost invariably disappeared into their caves when they saw any of his party approaching. It was curious to see them at a distance working in their little fields above or below their dwellings, only to find not a soul in sight upon nearer approach. They would all mysteriously sink into the ground, and apparently there were no human beings for a mile around, though undoubtedly there were thousands of the troglodytes in their burrows listening at their doors for the footfalls of the intruding strangers.—New York Sun.

Too Cautious.

"I have the greatest confidence in Dr. Slocum as a physician," said one of the doctor's patients. "He never gives an opinion till he has waited and weighed a case and looked at it from every side."

"Um-m!" said the skeptical friend. "That's all right if you don't carry it too far. There have been times, you know, when he's been so cautious that his diagnosis has come near getting mixed up with the post-mortem."

Great Britain's Weather Bureau.

Great Britain is now running a weather bureau on American lines.

A fat man always has more troubles than he has sympathizers.

Half-Sick

"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."
S. T. Jones, Wichita, Kans.

If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THREE STORIES IN ALL.

How a Witty Guide Described Mr. Cleveland's Boathouse.

During Clevealnd's first term as president he had built for himself a handsome boathouse on the shore of Upper Saranac lake, near the Saranac Inn. It was a long, low affair, with a deep excavation beneath for the storing of boats and fishing tcakle. Dave Kronk, a famous guide of the region, never tired of describing the glories of the president's boathouse, which he regarded as the real wonder of the neighborhood. On one occasion Richard Harding Davis, then a reporter in Philadelphia, visited the president socially, and was met at the station by a native, who said he had been sent with his wagon to drive the guest to the inn.

"There is Mr. Cleveland's new three story boathouse," he said, passing the structure.

"Three-story?" asked Mr. Davis. "I see but one."

"Well," said the native, "there's the story you see, the story underneath, and the story Dave Kronk's allus tellin' about it."

Positive Proof.

Judge— hat proof have you that this man s absent minded?

Attorney—Why, he actually stopped his automobile at a wtaering fountain.

SLICKERS?
WHY TOWER'S FISH BRAND OF COURSE!
THE STANDARD BRAND OF WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT
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ESTABLISHED 1836.

Take Time for the "Good Things."

Come back into the life of thought again! Read and converse with family and friends. Get out your music, and practice again at the piano and organ. Go to church on Sunday even if the Sunday dinner must be plain as a consequence. Take time to think. Concentrate into little time the necessary home work; master it, and do not let it master you. Choose what shall occupy your thoughts, what shall engage your tongue and what shall take up your time. Stop living in the small tea-cup round of house-work and neighborhood society. Live with your children. That is the only way you can live for them. Enter into their higher life. Learn to foster the first sparks of generous ambition, and to fan into a glow the early and feeble glimmerings of deep feeling. Give up what is small, and see that you learn to know great from small and to choose wisely. Art, literature and music, all the refinements of intellectual and emotional being, stand ready for those who invite them in.—Woman's Home Companion.

Pigmy Camels.

The western portion of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is a pigmy of its kind. These camels are snow white, and are on that account almost worshipped by the people. The shah presented the municipality of Berlin with two of these little wonders. The larger is 27 inches high and weighs 61 pounds. The other is four inches less, but the weight is not given.

Air.

"I tell you," said the landlord of the summer resort near the top of the mountain, "a man can't get too much of this pure air."

"No," gasped the tenderfoot, who was unused to the elevation. "I can't get half enough of it!"

Rheumatism

The liniment bottle and flannel strip are familiar objects in nearly every household. They are the weapons that have been used for generations to fight old Rheumatism, and are about as effective in the battle with this giant disease as the blunderbuss of our forefathers would be in modern warfare.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid, sour condition of the blood. It is filled with acrid, irritating matter that settles in the joints, muscles and nerves, and liniments and oils nor nothing else applied externally can dislodge these gritty, corroding particles. They were deposited there by the blood and can be reached only through the blood. Rubbing with liniments sometimes relieve temporarily the aches and pains, but these are only symptoms which are liable to return with every change of the weather; the real disease lies deeper, the blood and system are infected. Rheumatism cannot be radically and permanently cured until the blood has been purified, and no remedy does this so thoroughly and promptly as S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and sends a stream of rich, strong blood to the affected parts, which dissolves and washes out all foreign materials, and the sufferer obtains happy relief from the torturing pains.

SSS

S. S. S. contains no potash or other mineral, but is a perfect vegetable blood purifier and most exhilarating tonic. Our physicians will advise, without charge, all who write about their case, and we will send free our special book on Rheumatism and its treatment.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Partly Familiar With It.

"How do you manage to make two kinds of apples grow on one tree?" asked the alderman, who was on his vacation.

"I don't know as you'd understand it if I was to tell you," said the owner of the orchard, "but it's done by a process of graftin', and—"

"Oh, I know all about grafting," interrupted the alderman, impatiently. "What's that got to do with it?"

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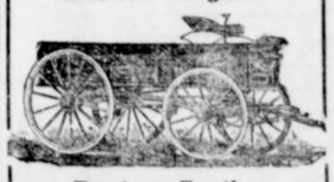

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Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep and look well.
You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever.
Now what you want is Cascarets. Go and get them today--Cascarets--in metal box--cost 10c. Take one! Eat it like candy, and it will work gently--while you sleep. It cures, that means it strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels, gives them new life. Then they act regularly and naturally. That's what you want. It's guaranteed to be found in
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BEST FOR THE BOWELS
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