

RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

Appropos of the vast amount of travel to the World's Fair, Colonel Haines, president of the American Railway Association, has just read a paper at the American Railway Congress at Chicago, which is of interest, not only to railway men, but to all who use the rail. This includes almost every one, for, nowadays, there are few who do not make frequent use of the modern methods of getting from place to place.

Considering the great volume of traffic through the year, the loss of life is exceedingly small. It was Charles Francis Adams who said, from a study of statistics, that the safest place in the world is a railroad train. Yet, there are accidents, as the newspapers daily show, and many, especially collisions, that might be prevented. To prevent the latter, there are but two methods in use, the block signal and the flagmen.

The block signal is a simple and admirable scheme to insure safety, and if the employees who work it, could be depended on, it would be infallible. Yet, according to Colonel Haines, it is impossible to use the block system on eighty per cent. of the mileage of the country. It will continue necessary to depend on the signalmen and brakemen.

The safety of a train depends, after all, chiefly on the engineer, who must keep a vigilant eye upon everything, behind as well as before him. The latter duty is not difficult, but in the performance of the former, he is obliged to depend largely upon the assistance of the rear brakemen. Colonel Haines takes occasion to say, that so much reliance should not be placed on this one person.

"The most intelligent and most experienced men in the crew," he says, "should be the engineer; the best acquainted with the curves, grades, bridges, cuts, embankments, and other physical characteristics of the road; the best informed as to the trains passed, and to be passed, and when a stop is made, or the train slows down at an unusual place, he knows the cause and the probable detention, not only after it occurs, but also before, and can often select the safest place for a stop. It is he, then, and not the flagman or conductor, who should determine when the rear of his train is to be protected, and the flagman should act promptly when the signal is given to him, but not before, except in emergencies that can readily be suggested."

But the great points in the management of a railroad, are discipline and supervision. There must be, as Colonel Haines remarks, an unquestioning obedience, similar to that which is enforced from soldiers. There must also be close and constant inspection. He remarks:

"Close inspection insures efficiency of appliances, of regulation, and of discipline, and this is greatly lacking even on the best railroad systems in this country. Money expended in salaries for men to do nothing else but see that rules are observed, is looked upon as wasted. What is wanted, are not spies or detectives, but a staff of inspectors, reporting directly to the general manager, outside of any department officials. This is what is done in armies, and the positions are held in honor, and filled by the best men on the general's staff. With such a system of inspection, the management does not have to wait for a bridge to fall down to learn that it was rotten, or for a score of lives to be lost in an accident, to know that train rules were habitually disregarded."

Yet, after all, it must be said that care is exercised in the management of the roads. It is to the interest of the companies to avoid accidents, which are always enormously expensive. On the part of the large companies, the vigilance and care used are unceasing.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The attendance at the World's Fair has been large, but has not so far quite reached the figure expected. During June, the paid admissions reached about 100,000, and July will make a still better showing.

On Sundays the crowd has been distinctly less than was hoped for—a circumstance due to various causes. There was, for one thing, too much made of this as the "workingman's day," thus establishing a sort of class distinction, than which there is nothing the American people resent more. Sunday should have been regarded as everybody's day, the same as the days of the week. Moreover,

there was not a complete exhibition on Sunday.

The attendance at the Fair will now steadily increase, and, as soon as the very warm weather abates, will be very large. Whether it will ultimately prove a financial success remains to be seen; in every other respect, it is a success already, and will leave a profound and lasting impression.

Georgie Drew Barrymore, who has just died, was one of the most gifted of American actresses. She had a manner all her own, and in her particular line, was unapproachable. In the parts of women of the world; dashing, warm-hearted widows; blunt, sincere, faithful, unpretentious heroines of comedy, and like characters, she was the best actress of the day. In less skillful hands, some of these parts would have been coarse; but Mrs. Barrymore was a lady to the tips of her fingers. She was trained in the highest school of dramatic art, for the Drews have been an honor to the stage for generations, and her mother, Mrs. John Drew, who is considerably past 70, is still playing, and, until lately, has been with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who entertains for her the highest esteem.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Review of Reviews for July, gives a photographic portrait of Thomas A. Edison, for a frontispiece. The "Progress of the World" dwells briefly on several subjects of interest, and has some excellent portraits than usual to illustrate them. The contributed articles are: "An Englishman's Impressions at the Fair," by Rev. F. Herbert Stead, M.A.; "Electricity at the World's Fair," by J. R. Cravath; "Two Giants of the Electric Age—First, Thomas A. Edison, Greatest of Inventors," by Charles D. Lanier, with many illustrations, and "Sir William Thompson, Lord Kelvin," by J. Munro; and "Our Fifteen New Forest Reservations." Then follow the "Leading Articles of the Month," a well chosen selection, and the reviews of the books and magazines.

Among the Social, Political and Economic problems discussed in the *July Arena*, are "Our Foreign Policy," by W. D. McCrackan, A.M.; "Bimetallism," by C. Vincent; "Women Wage-Earners in the West," by Helen Campbell; "The Money Question," by C. J. Buel; "Pure Democracy versus Vicious Governmental Favoritism," by B. O. Flower. The Bacon-Shakespeare case calls forth carefully expressed opinions from many eminent thinkers among which are Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, D.C.L., O.B. Frothingham, the Marquis of Lorne, Appleton Morgan, L.L.D., and Henry George.

Confederate War Journal for July, has a two-page picture of the battle of Bull Run, with General Joseph E. Johnston's description of the battle. It has also a good portrait and sketch of the general, and several short articles, mostly about the same battle. There is a roster of the officers of the confederate states army and navy, with portraits of several of the more prominent of them.

Donahoe's Magazine for July, has an abundance of good reading. "Robinson's Hidden Life" is a good story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. John F. Finnerty continues "Thirty Years of Ireland's Battle," James W. Clarke asks, "Is Wall Street Immoral?" and there are several other articles that one might read with great interest.

In the July number of *The North American Review*, the dominant questions of the hour are discussed as usual, in the most interesting manner. The Countess of Aberdeen writes on "Ireland at the World's Fair," and a paper possessing particular interest on "The Family of Columbus," is contributed by the Duke of Veragua.

The character of the population in northern New England and New York is changing, and the reasons for that change are given in an article on "French Canadians in New England," by Henry Loomis Nelson, in the July *Harper's*. Two full-page illustrations by C. S. Reinhart accompany the text.

A Clever Dog.

A gentleman once left his dog on the box-seat of his gig, while he went into a shop. The horse, taking fright at something, started off, and the reins trailed along the ground. Immediately the dog jumped down, caught hold of the reins with his teeth. The horse dragged him along for some distance but was at last obliged to stop.

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ORDINATIONS AT HARRISBURG, PA.

Two Young Men Raised to the Priesthood by Bishop McGovern.

On Wednesday, July 19, Rev. Thomas McGovern, Bishop of Harrisburg, began his mid summer ordinations at St. Patrick's Pro-Cathedral, West State street, Harrisburg, Pa. Sub-deaconship was conferred Wednesday and deaconship Thursday, upon Mr. William Edward Martin, of Gettysburg, Pa., and Mr. Michael Joseph Buckley, of Johnstown, Pa. Bishop McGovern was assisted by Rev. Germanus Kohl, rector of St. Patrick's Pro-Cathedral and Rev. Francis Seubert, rector of St. Laurence's Church, Harrisburg; Rev. Gilbert A. Benton, of St. James' Church, Steelton, Pa., was master of ceremonies.

The ceremonies incident upon the raising of the young men to the first two of the major orders, attracted to the church many members of the congregation and others; but the ceremonies of Friday morning attending their elevation to the sacred priesthood, drew larger numbers thither. Those officiating in the sanctuary were the same as on the previous days, but there was a greater and more perceptible solemnity in the exercises, being, as they were, the final bonds uniting these youthful Levites in everlasting union with Holy Mother Church.

Rev. John Holleran, of Columbia, Pa. and Rev. Thomas CroTTY, of Littlestown, Pa., acted as sponsors to Revs. Martin and Buckley during their reading of the missal. Among the visiting clergy present in the sanctuary were Very Revs. Anthony Kaul, Lancaster, Pa. and Adam Christ, Lebanon, Pa.; Revs. J. C. Farran, Johnstown, Pa. and Thomas McGrath, Harrisburg, Pa.

At the end of the ordination Mass, Fathers Martin and Buckley gave their blessing to large numbers of people, who pressed forward to the sanctuary railing for that purpose. Father Martin made his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., and Father Buckley completed his theological course at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Owing to recent deaths among the clergy and the rapid growth of the diocese, Bishop McGovern finds himself greatly in need of priests to carry on the necessary mission work. The diocese has a dozen or more ecclesiastical students in the various neighboring seminaries; some of these, however, will not be ready for ordination for several years. In the meantime, the priests of the diocese are busily engaged looking after the spiritual welfare of numerous converts, and an increasing Catholic population.

Concerning Wrinkles.

There are several kinds of wrinkles. Some women whose lives are comparatively free from care have their faces furrowed with lines that do not indicate age or trouble. Such are the wrinkles that might be called constitutional or hereditary.

A young society woman in New York well known to have had a singular care-free life, has a forehead seamed with horizontal lines that result entirely from a trick she has of raising her eyebrows when she is talking earnestly or emphatically. It is a family peculiarity that was possessed by her mother, her grandmother and doubtless her great-grandmother before her. As the wrinkles do not impart to her face an expression of ill temper or irritability, they are not objectionable, except in so far as they mar the smoothness of the skin.

Such wrinkles are readily distinguishable from the traces of petulance or ill health—the perpendicular creases between the brows that indicate a frequent frown, the drooping lines at the corner of the mouth that suggest discontent or distress, the crow's-feet about the eyes that herald approaching age. From all these a woman may well wish to be free.

Many wrinkles may be avoided by the woman who will take some pains with her expression when she is by herself. She who bends over her book, her desk, or her sewing with knitted brow and compressed or working lips need not be surprised if her face refuses to smooth itself when she turns to other employments. It would cost her very little trouble to avoid such tricks of feature.—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Coffee-Pot Problem.

It would certainly seem, in view of the many inventions in the coffee-pot line and the number of patents issued on this indispensable household utensil, that one might find something that would reduce the task of making it, to a reasonable minimum; but many housekeepers, after trying the new styles, go back in a sort of hopelessly despairing way, either to the cheese-cloth bag or the old-fashioned egg-and-common-pot method of our grandmothers. Experiment has demonstrated to the satisfaction of many critical authorities that the coffee-pot with a wire-cloth strainer soon becomes useless for all purposes except as a domestic irritant. In that line it is a most pronounced success, for it is scarcely conducive to good temper or that dispatch which is necessary in most households about breakfast time, to wait from fifteen minutes to half an hour for the coffee to run through or else have the good man of the house rush off to business, without his much-prized cup of that comforting beverage. Coffee-pots with perforated tin strainers rust out in almost no time and have the additional objection that after a short time of using, the tin discolors the coffee and often gives it a disagreeable metallic flavor. Coffee is a beverage in such general use that economy and rapidity in its preparation are of great importance, and some practical and durable coffee-pot is one of the crying demands of the day.

Quite True.

A lad, asked what he understood by "celerity," answered, "Something to put hot plates down with."

A DESERT CARAVAN.

A Graphic Pen-Picture of the Arabs on the March.

A great caravan in march is a superb spectacle, albeit too infrequent now in Northern Africa. At first Arabs alone can detect it, a mere speck lost in a dusty halo, whence it emerges at length, a tawny-colored mass possessed of a strange motion, the swarming of a thousand lives in one. Here and there silhouettes of straggling camels stand profiled like hieroglyphics on the dusty sky, as, incessantly trailing its snake-like curves, the caravan advances. Hours after being sighted it passes in slow file, led by a vanguard of blooded camels, whose gait and bearing have an air of arrogance not customary to that race of proletarians, the chieftains seated aloft in their floating burmooses, alert of eye, with gun in hand, statuesque guardians of the caravan-treasure.

Behind them the camel drivers, exhausted less by loads than with the fatigues of the journey, their legs and croppers bald and scarred by blows, struggle forward languidly, thrusting out the tongue as they press their huge, spongy feet in the yielding ground. What resignation in their soft, staring eyes! Verily, no philosopher knows better than these poor brutes how the future is, as they trail the drivers, their emaciated features vaguely illumined by eyes of fire and white, gleaming teeth piercing their parched lips. Of all who started with the caravan how many have fallen by the way, abandoned to agonize alone in the desolation?—*Scribner Magazine*.

The Possibilities of Increased Railroad Speed.

When in 1881 the train time between New York and Chicago was reduced to twenty-six hours and forty five minutes there was no great practical reason for reducing it an hour or two more. One must pass a night and lose a working day on the journey. Bringing the time down to twenty-five hours, as was done two or three years later, enabled the man who left one city in the evening to arrive at the other early enough to dine and go to the theatre the next morning. Or if he started in the morning, he gained an hour and three-quarters for his business the next morning. Indeed, if he were a tough traveller, and travelled merely for business, he could make it, he would do about as well to start in the evening by a thirty-six hour train and stop two nights on the way. By so doing he got tolerable lodgings, he lost no more business hours than if he had taken a twenty-five hour train and saved the extra fare of the "limited" trains. But the twenty-hour service immediately introduced new conditions. It enabled a man to do business in New York, in Chicago and again in New York on three consecutive days, and to get in each city a fair business day. For instance, leaving New York at three o'clock, he is in Chicago at ten the next morning. He has really been twenty hours on the way, but for business purposes he has been only nineteen, because of his difference in longitude. Then he has four clear hours in Chicago, and leaving at two in the afternoon, is in New York again at 11:15 the next day. The new trains, therefore, are essentially business men's trains, and if the acceleration of speed stops at the present limit the gain in time will still be one of the most distinct and important improvements in train service that have been made in recent years.—*From "The Fastest Train in the World," by H. G. Prout, in North American Review for July*.

Shellfish for Invalids.

Some of the different varieties of shellfish are considered choice articles of food. They have a nutritive value a little less and somewhat similar to fish, but are not so easily digested. Oysters are the most easily digested of this class of food. Next come lobsters and crabs, and lastly mussels.

For invalids and dyspeptics this class of food should be excluded from the diet, with the exception of oyster, and these for a person of weak digestion should be eaten raw or merely warmed through, as cooking renders the oyster tough and more difficult of digestion.

The raw oyster agrees with almost every one, although a few find themselves obliged to discard the hard part, eating only the soft portion. The hard part is muscle, which binds the two half shells together, and the soft is the liver.

"Mayme."

When the fine and distinctive name of Mary came down to May, Mollie, and Minnie the worse was not yet done. When the splendid name of Elizabeth degenerated into Lisbeth, Eliza and Lizzie there was yet a sillier level to reach. May with an "e"—Maye, and "Elizabeth with an 'e'—Elizabeth this is the way "they" write it now. Even the stately Katherine has wilted down through Kate, Kitty and Kit to the imbecile Cathey, and a friend tells me that not very long ago his eye feasted on "Mayme." Now this same friend is something of a cynic on the woman question. Think how he glowered over that discovery; of how the hours dragged until he saw me and then the joy with which he opened the subject of Woman, reserving for an illustration of my most in tense climax a column of social news where Mary somebody prouetted in public as Mayme.

Mrs. Cleveland Would Not Resign.

During the four years which intervened between President Cleveland's two terms of office, his wife acted as his secretary. He finally became of the opinion that the duties were too onerous for her in addition to those others, social and domestic, that engaged her. They were, he applied to a friend to obtain for him a trustworthy person to certain necessary writing. This letter of appeal was speedily followed by another, in which the ex-President said that he had acquainted his wife with the new plan. "She is very much hurt," he wrote, "at the idea that I should give her labor of love to any one else to perform. I have promised that no one shall assist me but herself. Will you please tell the new amanuensis that Mrs. Cleveland refuses to resign."

In a French School.

Teacher: "What is the matter, boys? You are all covered with mud?" Pupils: "Oh, sir, we've only been playing the Panama Canal game!"

A CLOSE CALL.

The New Marine Editor is a Brilliant Success.

Just after the deep-toned bells had tolled the solemn hour of midnight Thursday night and while that portion of our population not in attendance at the dog fight were buried in slumber and dreaming of the future greatness of this Territory, our esteemed and wide-awake fellow-townman, J. B. Johnson, Esq., was aroused from sleep by the barking of his dog. Mr. Johnson realized from the peculiar inflection of the dog's voice that something was amiss and he sprang out of bed and drew aside the curtain. The sight which greeted his eyes nearly paralyzed him. Right across the street in the Black Bear restaurant, he discovered a wild, weird tongue of flame dancing about and instantly realized that the salvation the town depended on him. A large empty beer box had been carelessly kicked against the stove and caught fire and was blazing with the ferocity of a demon when Mr. Johnston looked out.

He dressed himself with the rapidity of lightning and dashed into the street to give the alarm. Then the star-spangled canopy of heaven looked down upon an awful scene. Men dashed to and fro in the frenzy. Women cried out in mad despair. Children were struck dumb and hid away to wait for death. While a portion of the crowd rushed for the engine house, another kicked in the door of the restaurant and extinguished the conflagration with a bucket of water. When the chivalrous Colonel Baker stood on the steps and announced that the peril had passed, a shout of relief went up which startled the very stars in their sockets. It was a close shave. Had the building become one mass of seething, roaring flames, had the wind then sprung up and blown a hurricane, had it been impossible to obtain water and the people become panic stricken, this town would have been blotted off the face of the earth, to be heard of no more. When all danger had passed and the people realized their narrow escape, there was an hour of rejoicing, and we doubt not that more than one heartfelt prayer arose to heaven.

The above was written by our new marine editor, late of Chicago, and is after the latest Chicago style. We rather like his gait, and shall raise his salary to \$7 per week and give him plenty of room to spread himself.—*Arizona Kicker*.

Boys and Boys' Ways.

"Watch that boy now," said Phil. "Which boy?" said Ned. "That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned with their parents had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw Will taking a great deal of pains to find a good place.

First he had noticed a large book full of pictures on the table. After looking at it for a few moments he had hunted out a large easy chair and was tugging at it to get it to the table. "There—he's got it squared around just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now, he's moving the lamp nearer it," said Phil.

"And—well, if I ever! If he isn't putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted towards her, and said:

"Come mamma, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair and settled the stool to her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mamma, take my chair," he said. Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped and returned with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.

Two Ways of Putting It.

A gentleman travelling in France found himself in the same compartment with a lady. He wanted to smoke, and as French railways there is no objection to smoking, unless the objections come from other occupants of the same carriages he raised his hat, and in the civil way asked the lady did she mind the smell of tobacco.

"I do not know, sir," she answered. "No one has ever smoked in my presence."

The reply was so good, so princessly, as one might say, that it was promptly spread abroad. In the process of spreading it reached the ears of a young ballet dancer, who was so well pleased with it that she determined, the first chance should be with her, to put on a few airs herself. But notoriously ballet dancers are stupid. However an occasion presently occurred—a gentleman very civilly inquired did she mind if he smoked.

"I do not know, sir," she answered haughtily. "No one has ever asked me before."

Hood's Cures



Sophie McKeldin
When 7 years old began to be troubled with eczema on the head, causing intense itching and burning, and affecting her eyes. Her mother testified: "We gave her six bottles of

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IRELAND'S POPULATION.

Should Erin Be Depopulated of the Flower of Her Young Men and Women.

What has been the reason for the great decrease in the population of Ireland? What has been her curse, apart from (although in a great measure owing to) England's misgovernment? Is it not that her people have mainly relied on the land of their sustenance, and that they had season or other mischance has found them with no other means of living to resort to? And so they had to face one of two alternatives; practical starvation at home or emigration. And this amongst a people who not only have an intense love of home, but who appear naturally to possess industrial aptitude, calculated to make their country prosperous! Need these things be? Although the new countries of the West are goodly lands of hope for the emigrant, yet need Ireland be depopulated yearly of the flower of her young men and maidens who cling to home and parents despite all hardships and scanty fare, and who part from their country with a sore wrench never wholly forgotten throughout life? And all the while there is running to waste that only need the manual dexterity referred to, but a whole treasury of water-power, and seas teeming with fish. Both political parties have seemed to recognize these facts of late, and we gratefully acknowledge the good likely to be done by Mr. Balfour's light railways in opening up the country and the action of the Congested District Board, and the development of the dairy industry. Those of us who are Home-rulers are inclined, however, to believe that Ireland's full industrial development can only come under a complete system of self government, and under that self government we look forward to a golden future, though it may be attained but slowly and through many difficulties. But be that as it may, we who believe in the golden future are bound to strain every nerve to prepare the people for it, and so it will be seen that in this work of promoting the industries of the country persons of the most widely differing opinions (so long as they be lovers of their country) can meet together and strive together for a common end, however diverse may be their expectations and desires regarding the future of Ireland at the World's Fair," by the Countess of Aberdeen, in North American Review for July.

A Dressmaking Hint.

To make stuffed pipings cut bias stripes two and one-quarter inches wide, the length of the skirt at its widest part and the same length of strips of cotton wadding two inches wide.

Fold the wadding twice, so that it shall have four thicknesses and shall be half an inch wide, and then baste it firmly along its entire length.

Turn under one edge of the material just one quarter of an inch, and the width of an ordinary seam, and baste it down securely.

Then place the folded cotton in the center of the bias strip, and fold over first the raw, then upon that the turned edge, and hem the latter flat with long stitches that catch only to the cloth beneath.

When this is done the piping will be complete and should measure just three quarters of an inch in width. Repeat this for as many rows of piping as you wish.

Bast the piping carefully to the skirt, at whatever distance between the rows you may prefer, and sew it firmly into place, without allowing a single stitch to pass through the piping, lest it be flattened and lose its effect.

WHO DESERVED THE WHIPPING?

In a recent magazine article, is cited an actual case of a father's interference with the mother's government of their child, and shows the pernicious effect upon their offspring.

When parents seriously differ on these matters, there should be some compromise among themselves, whereby unity may be preserved in the presence of their children.

The following dialogue has its counterpart in too many families:

"Mamma, please give me another piece of pie?"

"No, darling, one piece is enough."

"Half a piece—please, mamma?"

"No, Freddie, no more!"

"Just a very little piece, mamma, dear?"

"No, Freddie, no!"

"Do give the child a piece," says the husband. "I'll risk its hurting him."

And the mother gave it! What else could she do?

"Mamma, may I go out to play?"

"It's very chilly, and you have cold. I do not think it is best."

"Bundle me up warm, mamma, and I won't take any cold."

"I fear you will. You must play indoors to-day."

"Just a little while—please mamma?"

"No, Freddie, you must not go out to-day."

"Do let the child go. What a girl you are making of him! Dress him warm and let him go. It will do him good."

And Freddie went out!

"May I have my blocks in the parlor, mamma?"

"No, Willie, make your block house in the dining-room. Miss L. is an invalid, and I want the parlor very quiet."

"I will be very quiet."

"You will intend to be, but you cannot help making some noise, and as Miss L. very rarely goes anywhere, I fear she will be very tired, at best, so be a good little boy and play in the dining-room this afternoon."

"I won't make a bit of noise, or tire her one speak."

"You must play in the dining-room, Willie, and not say any more about it."

"Nonsense! It will do her good to see a happy little face, and give her something beside her own pains and aches to think of. Let him bring his blocks into the parlor."

And he brought them in!

"What a torment that boy has got to be!" says the father, later on. "It's tease, tease, tease, from morning till night. It's enough to wear out the patience of Job! If you won't whip him, I will."

And he whipped him!

Query: Who ought to have been whipped?

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FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893.

TUMBLING TOM.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

It was the opinion of all the Bayport boys that Tom Carrothers, or Tumbling Tom, as he was nicknamed by them, was a circus man. He could perform so many acrobatic feats that he was the wonder and admiration of all his schoolmates. The number of somersaults he could turn was really astonishing. He could go all the way around the playground, no matter how agile a monkey might be, as well as all the regular performers in Barnum's or Forepaugh's, can't he, fellows?"

"Every bit," said Jack Green, promptly. "Why, if Tom wanted to join a show he could be making \$400 or \$500 a week. I only wish I could do what he can."

Now most boys have very exaggerated ideas about a circus. The salaries of ordinary performers are very low, when it is considered that they only have a chance to work four or five months of the year. The life they are obliged to lead is about as rough and hard as it possibly can be, and, in moving from town to town each day, there is very little time for sleep or rest. The gold and spangles that go with it are best appreciated when seen from the spectators' seats.

While the foolish suggestions of his schoolmates did not put any new ideas into Tumbling Tom's head, they greatly strengthened him in a decision he had long since made, and that was to go out with a circus whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Night after night he imagined himself in a pair of pink silk tights turning a series of thrilling somersaults over the backs of a herd of elephants, and then bowing to the thundering applause of a vast throng of people. He fancied he saw his name on walls and billboards in letters each of which was as big as himself, and he saw, too, the circus proprietor coming to him at the end of the week with a roll of bills as thick as his fist.

How proud his parents would be of him, then, he thought to himself. If he had confided in them and learned their views upon the subject, he might have thought otherwise.

The small boys of Bayport one day were plunged into a most pleasurable state of anticipation by the arrival of a small brigade of men with brushes and paste buckets. They came in a huge traveling van, on the sides of which were painted in letters each of which was as big as himself, and they went from one end of the town to the other, filling the windows of the stores with lithographs in red and yellow colors, and pasting on all the available walls great three sheet posters that announced the coming of "Binger's Greatest Show on Earth."

To quote from the posters, it was "a most colossal collection of curiosities contributed to by every county on earth." It had "the creme-de-la-creme of the creme-de-la-creme of circus talent," and "the aggregation of animals was absolutely unparalleled." Those who read the bills were cautioned by these words, "Be not deceived," and they were furthermore advised, "Wait for us, for we are coming!"

Among the boys most feverishly excited over the advent of "Binger's Greatest Show on Earth" was Tumbling Tom. He never tired of looking at the cheap pictures of acrobats, riders and animals that were everywhere to be seen.

The day the circus was due at Bayport Tom was up before dawn. After he had hurriedly eaten something he left the house without waking anyone, and began to climb the hill road that led to Malvern, a town some six miles away, where Binger's had shown the night before.

Binger's was only a small cheap wagon show, and Tom knew that it must come over this road. When he got to the top of the hill he sat on the fence and watched the circus eyes bent in the direction of Malvern.

Finally the circus wagons came in sight and Tom's heart began to beat faster. First there was a yellow cart with a pony that was driven by famous Binger himself. Then there was a gilded chariot, to which six beautiful white horses were harnessed, and an elephant followed next with slow, lumbering stride. Two camels came behind, after which there were a number of wagons in a struggling fashion.

In the early morning light the circus people looked faded and weary, and Tom dropped for want of sleep. Some of the drivers, in fact, were dozing on the wagon seats, and every one spoke in cross, surly tones, that showed a general discontent.

But to Tom everything appeared glorious. He followed the circus to the lot upon which it was to exhibit, and watched as though fascinated, the preparations that were soon going on around him.

The men jumped from the wagons and threw off their sleepy air. In a short time a hole had been dug in the center-pole, and the huge tent was raised, from which flags and streamers soon were flying.

Binger flew everywhere about, giving his directions, and the men worked with a will, while soon the appetizing odor of fried ham and eggs rose from a small tent where the cook was getting breakfast.

"Look here, sonny," said a man whose trousers were tucked in his coarse, heavy boots, "do you want to see the show? Just pitch in and carry some water for the elephants."

Tom eagerly took the bucket and began to work. He brought water from a stream near by until his arms ached. The man who had spoken to him ate his breakfast in the meanwhile. He came from the small tent chewing a toothpick, and he seemed very contented as he handed Tom a ticket.

"I say, mister," began Tom nervously, "do you think I could get a chance to go with the circus?"

"I guess not," was the response. "You're not strong enough for a canvas man."

"I mean as a performer," persisted Tom. "A performer, eh?" and the man winked to several others who had drawn near. "Well, let's see what you can do."

batic feats, and the little group of circus men that gathered around seemed quite surprised to see him do so well.

Among those who witnessed his performance were "the famous Brothers Berati, direct from the Russian Circus," to quote again from the bills.

As a matter of fact, their real names were not Berati, but Robinson and Jones, and they were in no way related to each other. They had never been in Russia in all their lives.

At the beginning of the season there were three Brothers Berati, but owing to a disagreement one left. Since then the act had not been going on so well, and the remaining "brothers" were trying to find someone to fill his place.

"Look here, Johnny," spoke up Jones, about whom was a suspicious odor of liquor, "if you'd like to go with the circus, maybe we can fix it for you. Me and my partner want someone for our brother act."

A chance to be one of the famous Brothers Berati! The thought almost took Tom's breath away.

"It would take a few weeks to break you in," continued Jones, "but you could do odd jobs, and make yourself useful. So Binger wouldn't object. What do you say, Johnny?"

Tom was perfectly delighted with the proposal, and told him so. "All right," said Jones, "I'll speak to Binger about you, and see you tonight after the show."

The foolish boy went home, arriving just in time for breakfast. At school it was all Tom could do to keep his secret from the other boys, but he knew that if he confided it to anyone it might result in the defeat of his plans.

"Father," he said after supper, "may I go to the circus to-night?"

"No," said Mr. Carrothers very decidedly. "I've heard that it is a cheap disreputable affair and not worth seeing. When Forepaugh's comes to Norwich next week I'll take you over to what he can do."

Now that was a very fair offer, but it did not satisfy Tom. "I'd rather go to Binger's," he said. "I've got a ticket, and it won't cost anything."

"You're getting into a bad way, Tom," said Mr. Carrothers, grinning and shaking his head. "Carrying water for the animals," said Tom in a sullen tone.

"So that's where you were this morning," said his father. "Well, you can't go. If you're anxious to work you'd better get a little more about the lawnmower for a week."

Tom knew that it would be useless to plead any further with his father, and seemed apparently resigned to the situation. At nine, after murmuring something about having a headache, he went to bed.

He took care to undress, and then anxiously waited for his parents to retire. When his mother came into the room and kissed him and stroked his forehead several times, he pretended to be asleep.

When she was gone, however, he jumped out of bed and hastily dressed. He stuffed the bolster lengthwise in the bed so that it might be mistaken for a human form, and gathered what clothes he needed in a bundle. It was an easy matter for him to slide down the side of the pillow, and he reached the ground without making any noise.

As he walked away his heart smote him somewhat as he thought of his mother.

"Well, it can't be helped," the foolish boy said to himself. "A fellow would be a fool not to take such a splendid chance. I'll send mother \$100 a week out of my salary."

When he reached the circus lot the performance was nearly over and they were already preparing to move away. The heavy wagons rolled along, and where he saw the brothers Berati. They had just finished their act, and the perspiration was streaming from their faces.

"Hello!" cried Jones. "I've spoken to Binger about you and it's all right. Everything's fixed, so you can leave with us."

It was a twenty-mile drive to the town at which the show was billed to appear next, and so it started off early. Tom rode with a man on the top of the cage of hyenas.

"Here, just take the reins while I try to catch a few winks of sleep," said the man, and he dozed off and let Tom drive all the way.

As for Tom himself, he had very little desire for sleep. The night was dark and the road was a rough one. As the heavy wagons rolled along, the fierce growls and cries that occasionally came from the wild animals sent cold shivers through his body.

The week that followed was the most horrible one that Tom ever experienced.

When he ran away from home it was with the fear that his father would at once come after him and take him back. But he need not have worried, for the days passed by and his father showed no disposition to interfere with his plans.

"He's washed his hands of me, I suppose," thought Tom, with an uneasy feeling. "I wish I was safely back home again."

It was obliged to work so hard and sleep so little that he soon grew thin and pale. His bones ached and he felt that he was going to be sick.

In addition to his daily practice with the Brothers Berati, he was called upon to take part in their act, he had to help care for the animals, and during the performances he peddled pink lemonade, peanuts and candy. He seldom had an idle moment, and the men put all the work on him they could.

While the brass band played away, the circus was poorly attended. Binger began to look anxious. Everyone was surly and cross, for salaries were unpaid. There were curses, and often a kick, for Tom on a sides.

In their practice the brothers Berati did not seem to care whether Tom broke his neck or not. As he was the lightest of the three, all the dangerous leaps and somersaults fell to him. He had several bad falls, and he was so roughly handled, that at times it was all he could do to keep from crying out with pain.

"Don't be a baby," Jones would growl. "If you don't look out you'll get something to cry for."

He had a bad temper, and sometimes got drunk. Tom had grown very much afraid of him.

At last, the night came when he was to make his debut. Tom had always longed for this occasion, but he was a sorry-looking object as he sat on an old, battered trunk in the dressing tent, arrayed in soiled pink tights.

"Now look out for yourself," said Jones, as the tree entered the ring.

While the brass band played away, the Brothers Berati, with the most extravagant gestures, began their act. A number of difficult feats were successfully performed, and finally Tom stood on Robinson's shoulders to execute a somersault and land on those of Jones, who was some distance away.

As Tom stretched out his arms to the spectators he felt terribly faint and dizzy. With desperate haste he turned the somersault and landed on Jones' shoulders, but lost his balance.

Jones roughly seized him by the

ankles to steady him, but he fell head first like a log on the heavy roll of carpet, where he lay as though he were dead.

The spectators rose excitedly in their seats, and women and children screamed. Tom was hastily carried off by his companions, and, to quiet the people's fears, the ringmaster made the announcement that "one of the Brothers Berati had fainted, but he was now all right."

Then the performance went on. For three days Tom was tossed in a delirium. When he began to realize anything he found that he was in a strange room, with his mother and father bending over him.

The circus people had abandoned him and left him without funds. But a kind-hearted landlord had taken him in and cared for him. A search through Tom's pockets had disclosed his address, and his parents had been telegraphed to come.

"Oh, mother and father, what a fool I've been!" groaned Tom, when he saw them. "Can you ever forgive me for running away with this circus?"

His mother's eyes filled with tears, and his father said, rather huskily: "Yes, yes, we forgive you. But let's say nothing more about it. You're not to talk if you want to get well and go home with us."

And nothing more was said about it. It was a week before Tom could be removed to his home, and he was a different boy from that time forth. When ever his eager schoolmates besought him to tell them his experience of circus life he would say disgustedly: "I've had enough of circuses to last me all my life!"

Dancing.

It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it may seem a kind of sacrilege to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made, it would be chosen to make it along other lines than those of art. But, in truth the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts. For light upon the problems of human culture we naturally appeal to the anthropologist.

"Dancing," says Taylor, "may seem to us moderns frivolous amusement; but in the infancy of civilization it was full of passionate and solemn meaning. Savages and barbarians dance their joy and sorrow, their love and rage, even their magic and religion. The forest Indians of Brazil, whose sluggish temper few other excitements can stir, rouse themselves at their moonlight-gatherings, when, rattle in hand, they stamp in one two-three round the great earthen pot of intoxicating kawl liquor; or men and women dancing a rude courtship dance, advancing in lines with a kind of a primitive polka step; or the ferocious war dance is performed by armed warriors in paint, marching in ranks hither and thither with a growling chant terrific to hear."

Taylor proceeds to describe the dance of the Australians and the buffalo dance of the Mandan Indians, who, wearing masks to mark their impersonations, with rude songs and pantomimic gestures, enact the incidents of an imaginary hunt. And then he adds:

"All this explains how in ancient religion dancing came to be one of the chief acts of worship. Religious processions went with song and dance in the Egyptian temples, and Plato said that all dancing ought to be thus an act of religion.—Popular Science Monthly.

An Arab's Loves.

An Arab, meaning a tent dweller, for, in an equine sense, the town dweller is no Arab, loves first and above all his horse. No need to recite the oft-sung affection he will lavish upon him. Next he loves his fire-arm. This, poetically speaking, ought to be a six-foot, gold inlaid, muzzle-loading horror of a matchlock, which would kick any man but an Arab flat on his back at every shot; but actually in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is rather a rifle, and a big, slow, old gray express horse, but I and everyone else here—because everybody knows him—are mighty fond of him.

Blowing Soap Bubbles.

There are many ingenious and pleasing tricks to be played with soap bubbles.

Take a wire ring and hang a large soap bubble from it. This may sound hard, but it is easy, to do. Be careful to remove with your finger the drop of water which will hang at the bottom of the bubble and which will rather ruin the effect. Put your blowing tube through the bladder gently and blow a small bubble. It will fall to the bottom of the other and stay there without breaking it. You must be careful to blow the smaller bubble lighter than the larger. In order to do this, shake off the water from your tube before blowing the smaller bubble.

Here are some hints for getting a good mixture from which to blow bubbles. Dissolve out an ounce of gum arabic in water, and add a pint of distilled water or, in the absence of that, rain water. Cork it well and keep it in a cool place. At the end of eight days it will be in good condition for use. Only pour out as much at a time as you need for your experiments. It may thus be made to last for a very long time.

Ladies on Bicycles.

The most comfortable and most becoming attire for a woman on a bicycle, is the simplest one, and of that the underwear is the most important part. Petticoats? Perish the thought! The only compromise possible in this direction is a short divided skirt of some light material, matching the dress in color. But this would probably take a year off that extra decade of beauty. Woven Austrian lights are the only garb which guarantees the complete ten years.

The outside dress must not be so full as to interfere with the motion of the limbs, nor so scant as to make the outline of the figure too evident. The skirt should be evenly weighted around the bottom to counteract any embarrassing freak of a sudden gust of wind. The neatest waist is the regular habit bodice, open at the neck for the insertion of a shirt bosom with collar and scarf.

"Corsets should be left at home." A hygienic waist and a clear conscience, should be the cycle woman's only support. Shoes must be low in the ankle, and broad at the toes. As for the hat repudiate any suggestion of the milliner's show window, and wear something severely simple, the Alpine equestrian hat, for instance, and, after one sees the lady in marching order, she will see that it is very apt to heed any hints she has to offer.

MR. D'AUBIGNE.

How He Was Evicted Out of Plain Old Dobbin.

"I am looking," said the dusty, travel-stained man with the valise, for an old friend of mine who used to live on this street."

"What's his name?" inquired the policeman leaning against the lamp-post.

"Dobbin." "No man of that name living along here."

"No I reckon not," said the dusty traveler, looking in a perplexed way at a memorandum in his hand and then at the row of stately dwellings in front of him, "but he used to live in a one-story cottage right where the big stone front stands."

"Was he a short, heavy man with a bald head and one leg a little shorter than the other?" "Yes that's the man. Where is he now?"

"Always walked with his hands behind him and wore chin whiskers." "That describes him exactly."

"Why, he got a street-paving contract three or four years ago and he's worth \$100,000."

"Good for Dobbin! What's become of him? Is he in Europe?" "No," answered the policeman, pointing at the big stone front. "He lives right there and his name's D'Aubigne."—Chicago Tribune.

FRYING, BRAZING AND STEWING.

A Few Suggestions That May Prove of Value.

The ordinary process of frying is rarely understood. Food is made greasy and often indigestible because the fat is not as hot as it should be and the pan not deep enough. The fat must be smoking hot—about 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Experience will soon teach a cook that the required temperature is reached when a bit of bread browns in a few seconds if placed in the kettle. A thin layer of fat is the best, and the fat must be whatever is being fried and all the juices and flavors are kept within, the fat outside not being able to penetrate it.

The same practice should be followed with boiling, broiling and roasting. If the fire is very hot at the bottom, the albumen of the entire surface of the meat is coagulated, and the fluids are thus inclosed. The heat may then be gradually lessened and the interior of the meat allowed to cook more slowly. In brazing, and stewing the meat is covered with a liquor of vegetable or animal juices and cooked slowly in a vessel, with a closely fitting cover to prevent evaporation. The reason of this is more clearly understood when it is remembered that in making soup the meat is always to be put in cold water.

A Horse's Heroism at a Fire.

I want to tell you an incident of the fire which burned the stable where our horse Jim was kept. Jim was always turned loose at night in a big box stall in a yard back of the stable.

The night the fire began to roar and roll towards his quarters he trotted to the high board fence at the back, reared up on his hind feet, with his front feet drove the boards off the fence clear across the alley and bounded through the opening.

When he had gone about fifty feet from where he left the barn he stopped and looked back, and not seeing the four horses that were with him he turned and whinnied for them.

When they didn't come, the big old fellow lifted his head high in the air, curled his tail over his back, and, like a horn leader, rushed back through the opening he had made, ran around the corral yard, whinnying all the time until he had got his four friends to follow him. Then, with a great trumpet-like neigh, he just sailed through the broken place in the fence and his four friends followed him.

Jim is now fifteen years old, and is a big, slow, old gray express horse, but I and everyone else here—because everybody knows him—are mighty fond of him.

Typewriters for Ireland.

Mr. Dougherty Will Take Several Machines to Erin's Isle.

Mr. Patrick Dougherty, of the firm of P. Dougherty & Co., tobacconists, will enjoy a vacation of two months, visiting points of interest in Scotland, England, Ireland and France. He will be accompanied by his sons, Frank and William, and Mr. G. Nelson Williams.

The party sailed from New York for London on Saturday, on the Atlantic transport line steamer, Manitoba. They will be in Dublin on Monday, and will be on the journey through Great Britain will be made on the silent steeds, Mr. Dougherty purchased a number of typewriters, which he will take to Ireland and present to the schools in the rural districts.

Mr. Thomas McHugh, who is associated with Mr. Dougherty, sent to New York and saw the travellers off. Mr. Dougherty has recently visited the other side, and invariably returns with a store of pleasing incidents.

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

SUM EGGS.

Put one pint of milk in the double boiler with two tablespoonfuls of vanilla; break four eggs separately and whip the whites until stiff and dry; then stir in four tablespoonfuls of powdered and sifted sugar; with a tablespoon take up the whipped whites—about the size of an egg—and drop them into the boiling milk. Put in as many as can be handled conveniently. When they are firm on one side turn them carefully and cook until firm on the other; when all are done, mix the well-beaten yolks of the eggs with the milk and cook (stirring all the time) until the custard crusts the spoon; strain into a bowl to cool; when cold pile the sum eggs in a high glass dish, pour the custard over and around them and serve. In making soft custard do not allow it to boil, as that would cause it to curdle; if it should curdle pour in a little cold water, stirring rapidly and strain quickly.

BAKED OMELET.

Heat six tablespoonfuls of milk and melt a small piece of butter in it. Do not let it boil. Take six eggs, beat the yolks with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and a tablespoonful of flour. Stir into the hot milk, adding lastly the stiffly beaten whites, a little parsley, and pour into a well-buttered iron spider. Put into a hot oven. In a few minutes it will be risen firmly and delicately browned. Slip on a platter, folding it in the middle.

SCALLOPED LOBSTER.

Pick out all the meat from one large or two middle-sized lobsters and chop it all quite fine, with a little pepper, salt, cayenne and a spoonful or more of white sauce or tinned butter sufficient to moisten it; split the empty shells of the tails and bodies and fill each of them neatly with the chopped lobster; cover them with grated bread and put them into an oven; serve on a folded napkin with fried parsley; six or even divided shells will be sufficient for a dish.

GRANDMOTHER'S INDIAN PUDDING.

For an Indian pudding without eggs, take an even cup of nice Indian meal and a little salt, make it thoroughly moist with nice molasses, then pour over it a quart of boiling milk, stirring it all the time; put it in the dish in which it is to be baked, and pour into it a teaspoon of cold milk, not stirring it, and bake a long time.

POUND CAKE.

Beat a pound of butter to a cream, stir in a pound of sifted powdered sugar and the juice of one lemon, beat ten eggs very light, and add to the butter and sugar, mix thoroughly, and add a cup of flour, beat thoroughly and bake in a moderate oven about an hour, in a tin lined with buttered paper.

SQUASH PIE.

One and one-half pints of squash, two tablespoonfuls flour, one egg, a little salt, one-half teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, sugar to taste. Beat all thoroughly together, and add enough milk to make two pies on large round tins.

TYPED WRITERS FOR IRELAND.

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Told a Lie With His Fingers.

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral the clergyman said the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.

I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was that cost somebody a great deal; if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.

Howard Kretschmar, whose statues of Columbus was unveiled on the lake front of Chicago, a few days ago, is a native of St. Louis, has lived and worked in Chicago for many years. He studied sculpture as a youth at home, and then went to Europe and into the schools of Paris, Munich, Rome and Florence. He left one monument in Rome to the memory of the son of Consul-General Dumourgue, the statue of Columbus cost \$40,000, and is paid for by the Columbian Exposition.

A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me.—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—O. F. Liepner, A. M., Pastor of the Olive Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

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