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Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

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I take pleasure in announcing to the friends and patients of the late Dr. T. H. Cooper and to the public generally, that I have purchased all of Dr. Thomas H. Cooper's SPECIAL REMEDIES and offer them to the public. The merit of these remedies are widely known and I am in full possession of his recipes. Any one needing these remedies will find me at

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April 7-tf.

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CLARENCE W. PERKINS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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MRS. J. CORDRAY LOUD,

High street, near Stam's Hall.

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, JANUARY 13, 1900. VOL. XXXIX—NO. 27.

1900.

This year will no doubt witness many changes and many more advances in the prices of various lines of goods. The past year has been remarkable for the many advances in manufactured goods, notably those made of IRON and STEEL, yet with all these advances, the thoughtful buyer knows the price is not yet excessively high. The indications are all in favor of still higher prices, with hardly a possibility of any goods declining in value, therefore, it would appear that the EARLY buyer of spring and summer goods would be very fortunate, and would, beyond a doubt, save money. Last summer we advised our customers to buy many articles, such as

Wire, Nails,
Binder Twine,
Farm
Implements,

etc., and told them, in our opinion, they would save by so doing. Whether or not our advice was good, we leave to our patrons. The same advice will apply now on most goods. Some goods have probably reached about their highest, but there are few that will not advance still more within the next six months We earnestly advise our patrons placing early orders for all kinds of

Farm Implements

and everything in STEEL and IRON, and feel confident that those who do so will save money. We are well prepared to furnish you with anything in our line, and on some goods, of which we had stocks last year, we can and will give you the benefit of such purchases during the next three months. Among the goods on which we can save you money are the following:

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of all kinds;

Spring & Peg-Tooth Harrows,

CULTIVATORS,

Cultivator Plates,

CORN PLANTERS,

CORN SHELLERS,

and

CLOVER SEED SOWERS.

Come and look over our stock before you get busy with your spring work, and we will convince you that we can save you money. Our stock of

Hardware

is complete and at temptingly low prices. A full line of

Harness,
Riding Saddles and Bridles,
Paints, Oils, Glass
and Brushes,
Blankets and Robes

at reduced prices from now until spring. A large stock of all kins of Rope, Tarred Felt Roofing, Coal and Wood.

Isaac Robinson,

"THE HALL,"

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COFFEE 10c. per pound. The best AXE, on Hand-Made Handle, 75c. LADIES' SHOES, 75c. per pair. FLOUR in 20-cent sacks. I will sell COAL forspot cash on Buck Neck wharf. I will pay the highest market price for Wheat, and can offer

The Best Carriage for Sale

in Kent county for $50; CARRIAGE HARNESS from $4.50 to $15.00. A full supply of PLOW HARNESS and PLOWS always on hand. SALT and W. W. Brushes and lime. I will furnish Locust Posts on Short notice. ORCHARD GRASS SEED @75 cents per bushel if order placed at once.

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Very truly,

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We know of nothing better to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption.

Stop coughing and you will get well.

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cures coughs of every kind. An ordinary cough disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis are soon completely mastered. And, if not too far along, the coughs of consumption are completely cured.

Ask your druggist for one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster.

It will aid the action of the Cherry Pectoral.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write us freely. You will receive a prompt reply that may be of great value to you. Address,

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With compliments of the joyous Xmas season,

M. A. TOULSON.

A THRILLING SIGHT.

CATCHING AND KILLING THE MONSTER TUNNY FISH.

They Are First Driven Into Enormous Nets In the Mediterranean Sea and Are Then Stabbed and Slashed to Death With Spears.

One of the most thrilling and wonderful sights in the world is that of the tunny fisheries of the Mediterranean sea. The pursuit of these great and swift fishes is not a mere tame operation of netting. It is a fight between man and sea creatures such as is duplicated nowhere except in the whale fisheries. The tunny is a huge mackerel. He is a predaceous fish, and his course through the seas is that of a destroyer without parallel. So deadly is the tunny to the schools of herring and similar food fishes that he is called the herring hog. In our waters he is known more generally as the horse mackerel.

The tunny fisheries are distinctly European, and they are the oldest industry that is known in the Mediterranean sea. To capture them men must band themselves together in large bodies, for fishermen singly could do nothing with these fishes, which grow to a length of ten feet and weigh over half a ton sometimes. Therefore there is a system of co-operation on the coasts that are visited by the tunny, a system which dates back to the Phœnicians, who were great tunny catchers in their time.

The perfection of this system is due, among other things, to the fact that the big fishes have absolutely regular habits. In normal times they can be relied on to make their appearance at certain periods almost to the minute. When they come, it is in huge schools that can be seen afar, for they scour the waters like ships of war, and the leapings of their prey and the leapings of their own bulky bodies beat the deep into white foam and lather.

Since they are so exact in their habits, the fishermen prepare for them always before they arrive. At some designated spot are spread enormous nets, exceedingly deep and made of the strongest of line. These are not designed to catch the tunnies. They are spread out merely to force the fishes to edge in and in until they are led to the real prison net, which is a vast contrivance set in an immense square and powerful enough to defy anything that swims.

As soon as the last of the school has entered this boxlike inclosure the sides of the great net are raised at a signal. At first the imprisoned fishes do not show any signs of alarm, but as the net rises, inch by inch, from the water depths gleaming, swordlike backs appear here and there above the surface, darting with incredible swiftness from side to side of the net. Each instant more of these living blades appear above the surface.

Then the fishes begin to leap. Here one launches himself straight out of the water—500 pounds of glorious life—toward the sky, to crash back into the sea with a diallike blow of sides and tail that makes the ocean echo. Another and another rises and falls back. Soon the scene is as if the abysses of the sea were spouting their inhabitants, for hundreds of immense silver flashing fishes rise everywhere at once within the net.

But now a new element enters. Long, narrow fishing boats push into the inclosure. In them stand brown men with lances and spears and big knives lashed to poles. Then begins a fight that is terrible to see. The men thrust madly into the struggling masses of fishes. The fishes leap and roll and dive and leap again, hammering the sea with tails that churn like the screws of steamships and whiten the waves with foam. Before many minutes boats and men are drenched with bloody water. The surface of the ocean is red. Out of the smoking spray peer faces now and then that are dabbled with blood till they look scarcely human.

Now and then a man slips and falls among the harried fishes. Then there are loud screams from his companions and cries of supplication from him as he calls to his patron saint, for it is no joke to fall among those mighty bodies that are dashing around in their death throes.

So the fight continues till in that inclosed space of sea there is not a fish alive. Every boat is half full of water and loaded down with living silver, where the slim, piratical bodies of the beautiful fishes lie. The inhabitants of the towns near the scene of this fishing make a fete day of the arrival of the tunny, for it means food and employment for many hundreds of men, women and children. The fish is a favorite article of food, especially when salted, and the roe is a great delicacy, which brings fancy prices. The tunnies that are caught off the Italian coasts have to be passed through the custom house when they are landed, like any other merchandise, and the streets there present a strange appearance then, for on all sides are wheelbarrows full of the shapely, monstrous creatures.—New York Press.

Red Paint In New England.

As one drives through the country towns all over Maine one can hardly fail to notice the frequent old red barn and oftentimes a whole set of farm buildings painted this conspicuous color. Query was made as to the reason therefor. It seems red paint is cheapest, far cheaper than white lead paint, and so far as serviceableness goes lasts as long and sheds the rain as well. Long may the little red farmhouse brighten our New England landscapes. —Bangor Whig and Courier.

In all contentions between wit and violence, prudence and rudeness, learning and the sword, the strong hand took it first, and the strong head possessed it last.

When He Turned Jap.

A humorous touch in connection with Lafcadio Hearn's naturalization as a Japanese was the reduction of his professional salary from 150 to 50 yen a month. As a foreigner he drew a larger salary than the native instructors, but at the dinner in celebration of his change of nationality the president of the university rose and observed that now that Professor Hearn had become one of them the last insidious distinction would be removed by cutting down his salary. And the American born professor tried to look as though he enjoyed it.

A Peculiar Plant.

There is a species of plant growing in New South Wales whose showy flowers contain a large proportion of mucilaginous juice of a glossy varnishlike appearance. Chinese ladies use the juice for dyeing their hair and eyebrows. In Java the flowers are used for blacking shoes.

The most ancient dictionary and glossary in the world is of the Chinese language and is the lexicon of Pacutshe. This first known glossary was compiled more than 1,000 years before Christ.

All the emery in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece.

ICEBERGS.

No port lamps gleam along our sides,
No banners float on high;
No human lookout raises glass
To scan our sea or sky.

No admirals above our decks
Mid guns and gunners stand,
In hidden sheath to send the sound
Of warlike, stern command.

Yet all the navies of the world
Our bows in vain assail;
We fear no smoking battle tower
That thunders through the gale.

By captains gray our path is marked,
By sailors white and old;
For us the phantom rockets glare,
And phantom bells are tolled.

In misty, unremembered ports
Our beacon lights were set
By hands long gone from mortal view,
By forms that men forget.

And we may wander on our course
Till time at end shall be,
For in our breasts are locked the hulls
Of ships once lost at sea.

—John James Meehan in Criterion

CHIEFS OF THE SULUS.

Each Has the Power of Life or Death Over His Subjects.

The social system among the Moros is much more primitive than it is among the greater part of the other Philippine races. A chief, or dato, controls a district. He has his own particular followers and his slaves. Besides these he may command all the men of his own district in time of war. He also has the right of life and death over his subjects. For instance, a few weeks before we arrived in Jolo, Data Jokanine had occasion to execute one of his followers. The man had been intrusted with money belonging to the dato. The first time he came to his chief and said:

"Oh, great and benevolent dato, I have gambled away the money! Forgive me!"

"Very well," said the dato. "See that it does not happen again."

Once more the retainer came, saying: "Oh, great and benevolent dato, again have I gambled away thy money, and again I beg thee, in thy great mercy, to forgive me!"

"This is the second time I have forgiven thee," said Jokanine, "but the third time, I warn thee, thou shalt die."

Yet again the unfortunate man returned without the money he had collected for the dato.

"Oh, dato," he cried, throwing himself at the feet of his chief, "I have sinned again and taken thy money! Mercy! Mercy!"

"Cut him down," said the dato to one of his men-at-arms. The man offered no resistance and was cut to pieces with one of the great knives of the natives.—Harper's Weekly.

Getting Acquainted.

The family had occupied the dwelling about a day and a half, and the mistress thereof was putting a carpet down in the sitting room when there came a ring at the doorbell.

She hastened to the front door and opened it. A smiling woman greeted her.

"Good morning!" said the caller. "This is Mrs. Murkley, I presume."

"Yes."

"I am Mrs. Pergallup, your next door neighbor."

"Glad to see you. Will you come in?"

"Thanks. I believe I will step in for a little while."

"You will find us all torn up, of course. We haven't begun to get things in shape yet."

"Now, don't you apologize, Mrs. Murkley. I know all about this thing of moving."

"It's an awful job, isn't it?"

"Terrible. I sometimes tell Mr. Pergallup I'd almost rather have a spell of sickness than to move. Two moves are about as bad as a fire. Well, I thought I'd drop in and get acquainted. Could you lend me a cupful of coffee?" —Chicago Tribune.

Food Elements In Fruit.

Sugar, starch, gum, dextrin, pectine, saccharifiable cellulose, organic acids and other extractive matters are, together with water, the chief elements in pulp fruits. The sugar is assimilable and is a food. Fruits which contain most of it, as bananas, dates and figs, are true hydrocarbonated foods. Extractive matters are also nourishing, but in a less degree, as they are not so digestible. With these and other rare exceptions, however, fruits, in the opinion of M. Balland, are little nutritive and cannot be considered as foods. Their juices, which please us by their smell or acidity, are condiments rather than foods.

HAYDN AND THE LADIES.

Wonderful Susceptibility of the Great Composer.

When Haydn came to England, he succumbed, says the writer of an article on "Music and Matrimony" in the Cornhill Magazine, to the charms of a certain Mrs. Shaw, who figures in his diary as the most beautiful woman he had ever met. As a matter of fact, Haydn was always meeting the "most beautiful" woman.

"The loveliest woman I ever saw" was at one time a Mrs. Hodges, while at another time the widow of a musician named Schroeter so fascinated him that he kept her letters for many years and declared that if it were not for the existence of Anna Maria he would have married her. Certainly Mrs. Schroeter's letters were pleasant enough. "Every moment of your company," she wrote from Buckingham Gate in 1792, "is more and more precious to me now that your departure is so near. I feel for you the fondest and tenderest affection the human heart is capable of. I ever am, with the most inviolable attachment, my dearest and most beloved Haydn, most faithfully and most affectionately yours."

What would the absent Frau Doctorin Haydn have said had she known of it? The composer also got mixed up in a little affair with the beautiful Mrs. Billington. Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting her portrait for him and had represented her as St. Cecilia listening to celestial music. "What do you think of the charming Billington's picture?" said the artist to Haydn when the work was finished. "It is indeed a beautiful picture," replied Haydn. "It is just like her, but there is a strange mistake. You have painted her listening to the angels when you ought to have painted the angels listening to her."

If Haydn paid compliments like this all round, we can easily understand how he attained such fame as a London society man.

Dig down to the *cause* of your sickness if you want to get well and stay well. Most likely it's indigestion. The irritating poisons of fermenting, putrid food, left in the stomach by indigestion, cause headache, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, stomachache, nausea, irritability, and all the other well-known symptoms of indigestion.

They also cause many pains and disorders which are often laid to other causes and hence are not easily cured. But as soon as the poisons are *removed*, all these symptoms and disorders *disappear*, because there is nothing left to cause them. Nothing succeeds in this like Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it *prevents* the undigested food from fermenting in the stomach and *helps* the stomach to digest its food.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

LOOKING INTO A SHOTGUN.

A Bandit's Victim Tells How It Feels to Be Held Up.

"I happen to know how it feels to be held up," said a gentleman who now occupies a position of prominence in local railroad circles. "I acquired my experience as a passenger in a stagecoach about six miles from Tombstone, A. T., in 1884. We had a big load, six men inside, two on the driver's seat and an express messenger on the boot. Every man in the crowd had a revolver, two of the inside passengers had Winchesters across their knees, and the messenger had an 8 bore duck gun that contained nearly a quart of slugs. We were held up at about 4 in the afternoon by a single masked man, who rose suddenly from behind a pile of rocks and covered us with a 'sawed off' shotgun. All the curtains were raised, so there was a fair view of the interior, and when he yelled 'Hands up!' everybody obeyed.

"Then he told us to get out one by one and stand in a row, with our backs to him. I never hated to do anything so badly in my life, but I saw the others going and followed suit. About that time a half grown boy, apparently unarmed, appeared from behind the rocks and took up the collection, which included our joint arsenal. After that we were ordered back, and the chief bandit told the driver to go ahead.

"As far as I know, the robbers were never caught, but what especially impressed me about the episode was the reluctance of any of our party to take the initiative. I was certain the slightest resistance would be successful, but I realized also that the man who made the first move had an excellent chance of being killed, and I suppose all the others felt the same way. Anyhow, it happened exactly as I have narrated it. During the year I lived in Arizona there were eight or nine hold ups on the same road, and in no instance was there any resistance whatever. That taught me that a crowd of average men, gazing into a cocked shotgun, will do just about anything that is suggested."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

COMPANY DINNERS.

They Are Dreaded by Guests and Make the Hostess Nervous.

Writing on "Making Company of Guests," Edward Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal, considers "it a curious fact that American housewives are so loath to believe that a dinner with fuss and feathers is dreaded by the vast majority of people. The highest compliment we can possibly show a guest at dinner is to let him partake of an ordinary meal, to let him come quietly in and 'be one of the family,' yet this is the very compliment which we withhold from him. Instead of giving a guest what he would relish most we give him what he really enjoys least.

"Let a hostess be ever so graceful and tactful, let there be years of experience on her shoulders, yet nothing can conceal from her guests that the dinner which she is serving is other than an unusual one. It is a formal affair, and no amount of grace can make anything else of it, for nothing speaks so loudly or so unerringly as a formal company dinner. Every course shows it; every movement of the waitress proclaims it; every piece of china fairly cries out the occasion.

"And of course no one at the table really enjoys it. The guest certainly does not, because he knows he is being made company of, and that feeling is always enough to offset every enjoyment. The hostess does not, for she hasn't the time. Her eyes are for the table and her servants, not for her guest."

Ensign Eames Lost His Wager.

Miss Emma Eames has a brother, Harold, who was an ensign in the United States navy. His ship was stationed at Leghorn, and one day the flagship entered the harbor with the fleet commander on board. The latter was very dignified and was never known to lose his self control. One day the commander was in swimming, and young Eames made a friendly wager with a fellow officer that he would destroy his senior's equanimity, in naval parlance, "rattle" him. The wager was accepted, and a moment afterward Eames was in the water swimming toward his superior officer. Suddenly he paused, and, stopping his powerful overhand stroke, began treading water. Then he saluted precisely as if he had been on a quarter deck. To the young man's intense surprise the commander returned the salute with equal gravity. Mr. Eames lost his wager.—Saturday Evening Post.

Seen In the Rough.

Tortoise shells as they are unloaded from the ships are far from beautiful. To be classed as rough they must be just as they were when taken from the tortoises' backs. It is not until washed and scoured with acids that their exquisite coloring shows. The same is true of the beautiful seashells which come here from the shores of India and other tropical lands. There is almost as much difference between them in the rough and when finished as there is between uncut diamonds and those that have passed through a lapidary's hands.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hereditary Garments.

Tommy—Pop, what is the meaning of "hereditary?"

Tommy's Father—Anything that descends from father to son.

Tommy—Then your old clothes that ma makes over for me are hereditary ain't they?—Philadelphia Record.

The Doctor Prescribes.

Jimson—Doctor, I am getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice.

Doctor—Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me.

Not Very Polite.

John Clerk, afterward known as Lord Eldin, was limping down the High street of Edinburgh one day when he heard a young lady remark to her companion, "That is the famous John Clerk, the lame lawyer." He turned round and said, with his "not unwonted coarseness:" "You lie, ma'am! I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

Lord Justice Braxfield, too, appears to have failed in courtesy to the fair sex, for, when told that a brother judge would not sit that day, on account of having just lost his wife, he, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied: "Has he? That is a gude excuse indeed. I wish we had a' the same."

A Thoughtful Husband.

"You asked me to bring you some pin money this morning," said the young husband.

"Yes," she replied, with an air of expectancy.

"Well," said he, "I thought I might as well save you a trip down town, so I brought you a paper of pins instead." —Chicago News.

The Quick, the Dead and the Other.

Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Murphy met in a street car and were discussing family affairs.

"And how many children have you, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Folve. Two livin, two dead and wan in Philadelphy."—Sunshine.

LIMITS OF SEED VITALITY.

No Truth In Stories of Germination After Thousands of Years.

"The statement is frequently made in the popular press," said Professor L. H. Pammel, government botanist, "that seeds have retained their vitality for a long time. Thus it is stated that wheat under some conditions has preserved its vitality for 50 or 100 years. It has frequently been stated that wheat taken from Egyptian monuments germinated, but in not a single case is this germination authenticated. Not a single grain taken from an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus and sown by various persons has ever been known to germinate, and the conditions for preserving the seed in these Egyptian monuments are better than in the soil. They are protected from the air and variations of temperature. The experiment which has been most talked of is that of the Count of Sternberg at Prague. He had received the grains from a trustworthy traveler, who told him that they were taken from a sarcophagus. It is said that two of these seeds germinated, but it is a well known fact that impostures are perpetrated by the people who dispose of these seeds. In some cases they have even stripped corn or maize into these sarcophagi.

"Many experiments have been made, not only in this country, but in Europe, to determine the vitality of various grain seeds. Thus, barley retains its vitality better than any other cereal, and this is said to retain its vitality from eight to ten years. In the case of wheat 90 to 100 per cent germinates in from one to four years; in five to seven years, 85 to 87 per cent. In the case of rye the percentage of germination in five years dropped to 55 per cent; in seven years, 36 per cent; nine years, 13 per cent. In the case of corn, I made some experiments a few years ago to determine the vitality and found that corn which was kept in tightly closed vessels at the age of 20 years had lost all its power of germination. Experiments also indicate that corn kept even a few years became largely deteriorated and lost much of its power of germination. Even grass seeds which have been buried at some depth in the soil and in vessels tightly sealed failed to germinate after a dozen or 15 years."—Chicago Chronicle.

BOOKS' NARROW ESCAPES.

Virgil's "Æneid," Works of Aristotle and Talmud Saved by Good Luck.

Three of the greatest books in the world have narrowly escaped destruction, the "Æneid" of Virgil, the works of Aristotle and the great body of Jewish tradition represented by the Talmud.

It is recorded that Virgil on his deathbed sought to burn the only copy of the "Æneid," as he had not revised it, and when he was foiled in this he ordered his executors, Varro and Tucca, not to give it to the world, a direction which was disregarded by order of the Emperor Augustus.

The works of Aristotle suffered from neglect. They lay many years buried in a cellar, and when, by mere accident, they were at last unearthed, they were so damaged by damp and dirt that in many passages they are hopelessly corrupt. How great would have been the loss of this work to the human race may be judged from the fact that everything that was known in the middle ages of the arts and sciences was derived directly from these writings.

The Talmud nearly became extinct through persecution. The possession of the Talmud, by a long series of edicts extending over many centuries, was made penal, and the book itself was burned. No fewer than 24 wagon loads of Talmud manuscript were burned in France in 1244.—Stray Stories.

The Model's Hard Trial.

Miss Siddal had a trying experience. In order that the artist might get the proper set of the garments in water and the right atmosphere and aqueous effects, she had to lie in a large bath filled with water, which was kept at an even temperature by lamps placed beneath. One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, the lamps went out unnoticed by the artist, who was so intensely absorbed in his work that he thought of nothing else, and the poor lady was kept floating in the cold water till she was nearly benumbed. She herself never complained of this, but the result was that she contracted a severe cold, and her father, an auctioneer at Oxford, wrote to Millais, threatening him with an action of £50 damages for his carelessness. Millais paid the doctor's bill, and Miss Siddal, quickly recovering, was none the worse for her cold bath.—Life of Sir John Millais.

Tommy's Speech.

Sue (who has just been asked to play something on the piano)—I really can't play anything.

Tommy—But, I say, Sue, why don't you play that piece you spoke to me about?

Sue—What piece?

Tommy—Why, that one you told me to ask you to play when we had company 'cause you knew it better'n any of the others. I forget the name!

Then Tommy was sent to bed.—Kansas City Independent.

Born to Dominate.

"Mrs. Crowder has been president of your club a long time."

"Yes; none of us could call her to order, so we decided we might as well let her regulate the rest of us."—Chicago Record.

A Blow to Superstition.

"Jimmy's rabbit got drowned in our bathtub."

"Goodness! Didn't he have his left hind leg with him?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Memory.

If it should be asked what possession I most valued, I would say some beautiful memory. Memory is possession. It is the only thing on earth that is absolutely ours, which no one can take from us. We can produce and enjoy it in a crowd of uncongenial people as easily as if we were alone. No noise can drown its voice; no distance can dim its clearness. Strength, hope, beauty, everything else, may pass. Memory will stay.

The Future Unfolded.

She—Suppose I didn't dress as well as I do now, would you love me as much?

He—Certainly, dear. Why, that is as much as to say that I won't care for you after we are married.—Detroit Free Press.

To avoid a task and to fear it is to make it our master. To set about it cheerfully at once is to become its master.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—J. A. DONGEN, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

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