Tallahassee's Street-Car System.

The street-car system of Tallahassee, Fla., consisting of one car, is operated by a negro and a mule, both of whom live only to please the people. If the car happens to be going one way and a passenger wants to go in an opposite direction he has only to say so and the mule is immediately hitched to the other end and the car started in the desired direction.

Considers it "a household necessity." Mr. A. J. Whiting, Newton, Kansas, accentuates his opinion thus: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family for the last eight years and consider it a household necessity.

A Good Reason.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Smith, "she has a pretty face, but I think that it has a rather hard expression, don't you?" "That's because her complexion is enameled."—Buffalo Express.

THE MODERN WAY

Commends itself to the well-formed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

An Appropriate Inscription.

"I want," said the astronomer, "an inscription for my new telescope which shall be in the nature of an address to the stars."

"How would 'Here's looking at you' do?"—Buffalo Express.

THE use of Ely's Cream Balm, a sure cure for Catarrh and Cold in head, is attended with no pain, inconvenience or dread, which can be said of no other remedy.

I FEEL it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The Best Things Out.

"Don't you believe Christmas cards are very appropriate as presents?"

"I do. They are the best things out. Those you receive one year you can give away the next."—Exchange.

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

Two Thoughts in One Word.

Mrs. Highborn—Why, John, where are your kids?

Mr. Highborn—Eh! Aren't they in the nursery?—Clothiers' Weekly.

IF YOU HAVE A WORRYING COUGH, or any Lung or Throat trouble, use at once Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, and don't parley with what may prove to be a dangerous condition.

NATURE has wisely arranged matters so that a man can either pat his own back or kick himself.

If you are constipated, bilious or troubled with sick headache, Beecham's Pills afford immediate relief. Of druggists. 25 cents.

IT is well to have a large bank account, but not such as it takes columns of the papers to give account of.

Hood's Cures

Catarrh in the Head

Took Seven Bottles—Perfectly Well

Mr. Hermon Bodtke
Of Chicago.

"I have been a victim of catarrh a long while. My nose and head were so stuffed up that sometimes I could not sleep at all during the night. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. One bottle did me so much good I kept on; have now taken seven bottles and I feel perfectly well. Indeed, I feel almost like a new man. I am very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me in relieving me of so troublesome a complaint." HERMAN BODTKE, No. 390 Bonaparte Street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

In Sheep's Clothing.

By Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

If Lea Hedges should accept him, the captain had a hurriedly matured plan, which in due season would take him away from his companions and permit him to be near his idol at all times.

He was fortunate in finding Lea alone, and she, having just returned from a horse-back ride, was looking more beautiful than ever, if that were possible.

Captain Fox, like all men of strong impulses and great executive ability, came directly to the point, yet he approached the subject of his love in such a way as not to shock her by the suddenness of his declaration.

Under such circumstances, since the very first hour when English civilization required that the young lady's affections were as essential as the consent of the parents, it had been the nearly invariable habit of the fair one to confess surprise, and to vow that the honor done was wholly unexpected. This is always the case where the young lady has made up her mind to say "no," and she usually says it in a way to plaster the wound she is making.

No woman can look with other than sympathy on the eligible man whose offer of marriage she refuses.

But Lea Hedges, while not rude in her refusal, was certainly brusque.

"I must believe what you say, Captain Fox, and I presume I should feel honored by your offer. I certainly should be unworthy the esteem of any true man if I trifled with his feelings. While treating you with the courtesy due an officer in the service of our gracious lady the Queen, I have done nothing that you could construe into any encouragement of the suit which I must decline."

"But why—why do you refuse me?" he asked, the sanguine hue of his cheeks turning to purple.

"If you cannot guess I cannot explain," she replied, with a dignity that chilled him.

"It means that you love some one else."

"Why should it? But that you may be undeceived on that point, let me assure you that you are the first man that ever spoke to me of love and marriage. You should remember that I have known you but a short time, and that, no matter how favorable the impression you may have made among us so far is, a common prudence would forbid my pledging what I have not—love—to a man whom I did not know two weeks ago."

"You are right, Miss Hedges, and I am to blame," said the captain, his old manner coming back. "But you must excuse me in the light of these facts. A letter, just received by a post from the Governor of New York, orders me to that city. It is possible I may be sent to fight a pirate, one Captain Kidd, who is now reported destroying our commerce in the West Indies. I sail tomorrow night or early next morning, and I wanted to take with me one memory to sustain me amid the perils and dreariness of my cruise—a tie that would draw me back here."

"Where you and your officers," replied Lea, "will always find a hearty welcome awaiting you."

"Thanks for your words; they do not leave me hopeless," said the captain, his eyes taking on their old expression of reckless vivacity.

He adroitly changed the topic, and after talking for nearly an hour, without once going back to the subject with which he first started, he left, promising to see her again before he took his departure.

Although Lea Hedges bore herself so calmly and bravely in the presence of her sailor suitor, she did not retain her fine self-possession and excellent spirits after he left her.

She went to her own room, and after changing her riding dress she threw herself on the bed, and, burying her face in her hands, so remained till her mother came to call her to supper.

Like the dutiful daughter she was, Lea made up her mind to tell her parents of Capt. Fox's offer that night; and she might have done it at the supper table had not Valentine Dayton and Ellen Condit been there.

She did tell them that Captain Fox had received an order by courier, from the Governor of the province, commanding him to take his ship to New York. And then Lieut. Dayton told her that Ralph Denham had received an order from the same authority to report in person, and that he would start tomorrow or next day.

"But he does not take the ship?" asked Lea, eagerly.

"No, he leaves us all here," replied Valentine.

"But Ralph will return again?" said Lea, the expression on her beautiful face telling her anxiety in the answer.

"I suppose so," said Valentine, who was much devoted to his friend and commander, "for without Capt. Denham the Sea Hawk is a very ordinary ship, indeed."

"And with him?" queried Ellen, who was very fond of her adopted brother.

"And with him she is the best ship of her tonnage afloat."

In the midst of the conversation, and much to the delight of the Doctor and Mrs. Hedges, both of whom loved Ralph Denham as dearly as they did their nephew, Valentine Dayton, the gentleman under discussion was announced and entered the room.

Ralph confirmed the report of his departure, said he hoped to be back very soon, and then asked Lea if she would take a walk with him along the shore.

It was not unusual for the Captain to ask the same question, to which she invariably gave an affirmative reply; but as he asked it now there was that in his manner which she had never noticed before. And, though Ralph Denham was so entirely different a man from Captain Fox, there was something about him at the moment that reminded her of the latter when he was about to make his startling, unexpected proposal.

She put on her hat and light cloak, and, taking his arm, they went down the road and through the woods, where, as a little girl, she had often gathered nuts, while Ralph, then a sturdy boy, sent them to the earth from his giddy perches high up in the trees.

She did not hesitate to tell him then that she thought him the bravest, strongest and handsomest boy in all the world. He would give a great deal to know what she thought of him now.

It was with something of a feeling of desperation that he resolved to learn her feelings to-night. The courier's letter had decided him.

He forgot the barrier that sprung up in his mind, every time he thought of offering himself in the past.

Ralph knew who he was—rather he did not know who he was, in regard to name and parentage—and though he consoled himself with the belief that neither could be bad, he realized that in this community, there was a strong, even a bitter, prejudice against these of illegitimate birth, and that maidens far beneath Lea Hedges in the social scale would hesitate before giving him their hands in marriage.

Usually, Ralph was the soul of cheerfulness; to-night, he was gloomy, and, in her futile efforts to rally him, Lea herself became taciturn.

At length they reached a promontory, that commanded a magnificent view of the bay, and of the islands to the east, now a cloud of green and gold, in the distance. Here they sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree and, turning to her, Ralph asked:

"How long have you known me, Lea?"

"I have known you Ralph," she replied, "ever since I can remember."

He became silent again, dreading to launch out on the sea, to whose shore he had led her.

"Why do you ask that strange question?"

She did not look at him, but toyed with the ribbon of the hat which she held in her lap.

"I was wondering how long two friends—good friends as you and I are—could be acquainted without knowing exactly what the one thought of the other," he said.

"I have never doubted about that; you have been to me a brave brother, in whom I felt all a sister's pride; and I think I have been to you a sister; you have often told me I was, in these very woods." And now she began to knot the strings as if she had a spite against them.

"I was then a youth and you a little girl. We have both changed. You are no longer a sister to me, Lea."

"Not a sister, Ralph?"

"No; the time—the time I have so often thought of, and always with a feeling of dread—has come. Oh, Lea, you must be much more than a sister to me—or—or less."

He turned to her and reached out both his hands; and, as she did not make a response, but sat there trembling, with a face as white as a statue, he called out:

"Forgive me, Lea. I could not help it. It seemed that my heart would break if I did not tell you of my love before I left. Now I care not to return, but I do not blame you. Were you in truth my sister, and one in my position asked for your hand, I could not encourage him——"

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph!" she cried, springing to her feet, and clinging with her white arms to his neck. "Do not leave me so, Ralph, my more than brother!"

As he folded her to his breast, and kissed her face, which the setting sun seemed to surround with an aureole of golden light, Ralph Denham became aware of another presence.

He looked up and saw the scowling dark face and towering form of the Montauk chief before him.

Releasing Lea, Ralph strode before the Indian, and in an angry tone demanded:

"What brings you here?"

"Here," said the chief, defiantly glancing around him. "Here I stand on the lands of the Montauk. What brings you here?"

"I should give my reply if this lady were not with us," said Ralph.

"I shall receive your reply when she is not with you," said Uncas, throwing his long rifle across his shoulder, and striding into the forest from which he had come.

CHAPTER X.

"THEY SAILED AWAY IN A GALLANT BARK."

"Well, with the love of such a girl as Cousin Lea assured," said Valentine Dayton, the morning following the events narrated in the preceding chapter, "the battle is more than half won. I am sure Uncle Nehemiah Hedges will come round in time."

"I do not blame Doctor Hedges for refusing me the hand of his daughter; in his position I think I might do the same," said the captain.

"I ask your pardon, Ralph, but I don't think you would. Genealogies may be right in the old world, but in this land men don't win through their grandfathers," said Valentine, with much force.

"You are right, perhaps; but before I ask Lea to join me at the altar, I shall convince her father that there is nothing in my origin for which I, at least, should blush. However, I am very happy as it is. It seems to me that the fog through which I have been feeling my way and taking soundings for years has lifted, and now all is plane sailing. For the first time in my life I feel that I have reached the fullest stature of a man—which can only be attained when he is confident that he possesses the love of a noble woman."

Captain Denham looked as he felt; there was an expression of peace and strength in the handsome bronzed face that was noticeable to his friend.

And Valentine Dayton was himself in a state bordering on ecstasy; for had not Ellen Condit, with the consent of her parents, pledged him her hand, on their way back from Doctor Hedges' the night before?

The young officers, during this conversation, were on their way to the Sea Hawk, where the Captain was to make his arrangements and issue his orders before turning over the command of the ship Lieutenant Hedges.

On reaching the deck they found Lieutenant Frenauld on board, talking earnestly with the officers of the Sea Hawk.

With the official manner which sailors and soldiers can so readily assume or lay aside, Frenauld touched his hat, and, approaching Captain Denham, said:

"I am the bearer of a letter, sir, from Captain Fox, who desires me to take back your answer."

Captain Denham was inclined to like Frenauld, and his dislike of Fox—he imagined—was caused by the feeling that he was or might become a rival. All fear of this being dissipated by Lea, he felt, as is ever the case with generous natures, of going to the other extreme.

Frenauld remained back, smoking and conversing with the officers of the Sea Hawk, who were gathered under an awning on the quarter deck.

Before opening the letter, Ralph Denham, followed by Valentine Dayton, went down to the cabin.

After glancing over the note to make sure that he could communicate its contents to his subordinate, without any breach of etiquette, he read as follows:

ON BOARD H. M. S. CRUISER WANDERER, OFF SAG HARBOR, June 13, 1696.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN DENHAM: I have been informed by some of our friends ashore that you are ordered to New York at once, without your ship. Strangely enough, the same post brought me an order, commanding me to New York Bay with my ship, on or before the 19th inst.

The trip by land is long and tedious, while I expect in this weather to make it inside of twelve hours on the Wanderer—going up the sound and through Hurl Gate, or Hell Gate, as it is now being called.

Permit me to say there is a cabin at your service on board the Wanderer, and if you will honor me with your presence on the short cruise, my officers and self will endeavor, at least in part, to show our appreciation of the kindness we have received at your hands and the hands of your friends, since coming into the beautiful bay, and meeting these most hospitable people. Hoping for a favorable reply at the hands of Mr. Frenauld, believe me with much esteem, very sincerely,

Your humble, obedient servant,
WILLIAM FOX,
Commanding H. M. S. Cruiser Wanderer.

To Captain Ralph Denham, H. M. S. Provincial Cruiser, Sea Hawk.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Dayton?" asked the Captain, when he had finished reading the letter aloud.

"I must say I think it very handsome, Captain. Of course you will not say 'no' to such an offer? It is a most fortunate think to have a ship like the Wanderer to bear one to New York, instead of going through the woods and over the sands on horseback," replied Lieutenant Dayton.

"Even if the offer were not tempting, I should feel inclined to accept, to show my appreciation of Fox's kindness."

"Then you will go on the Wanderer, Captain?"

"Yes; and I shall at once write Fox to that effect, Frenauld is waiting for my answer."

Captain Denham sat down to a desk, and quicking penning his reply, sent it up by Lieutenant Dayton.

And thus it came about that Captain Denham sailed away in the Wanderer.

Had the powers of darkness deliberately planned to aid Captain Fox and Colonel Graham in their dark schemes, matters could not have worked better into their hands.

Colonel Graham was not a demonstrative man; on the contrary, he was cool, self-possessed, suspicious and cynical. But when Fox read him Ralph Denham's letter accepting the offer, Graham sprang from his chair, and in his momentary exultation, seized his companion's hand, and cried with an oath:

"Now, we have him, sir! we have him!"

It was reported that Col. Graham would return to New York on the Wanderer, but the people expressed no surprise when the vessel sailed away without him.

The night before the morning when the ship sailed away, Col. Graham, who still made his headquarters at the inn, was taken alarmingly ill, and Dr. Hedges, who was called in to attend to the case, bled him freely.

The illness was a trick to give an excuse for remaining behind, but there was no trick about the doctor's lancet. Bleeding was then thought to be a panacea for every ill, from a toothache to Asiatic cholera, and the doctor left his patient so weak that he could not move if he would.

It was decidedly dangerous to "fool" with doctors in those days, when bleeding and blistering killed the weak, and tested the powers of the strongest.

Squire Condit was the only person of note in the town that did not visit the sick man, but the people all thought the Squire eccentric.

A few days after the Wanderer sailed away, Dinah, the old black woman, literally forced her way into Col. Graham's room.

The rather startling disclosures that the old woman made, and the remarkable conduct of the invalid must form the subject of the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Boy-King and a French Mob.

It was a rule of the old French law that monarchs come of age at 13. Louis was rapidly approaching the momentous birthday. He had grown into a tall, fine-looking lad; his manners were good; he was an excellent horseman; he danced admirably, as we have seen; and he had already shown that taste for elaborate dress and ceremony which later years were so strongly to develop.

But before he reached the eventful day, the royal pair passed through a trying experience. It was night time. Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that the king and his mother were trying to escape out of their unfriendly capital. Bells rang, the people turned out, all Paris was in an uproar, and marched down upon the Palais Royal.

Arrived at the palace gates, the people shouted their will "Our king! show us our king!" they cried. Within the palace were dismay and fear. The queen's ladies, pale and trembling, clung to her; she alone was undismayed. Hearing the shout for the king, she—his mother—calmly ordered the doors to be thrown open wide. She faced the mob of those who would enter, and asked what they wanted. "To see the king," they answered, "and assure ourselves that you do not intend to steal him away."

"The king sleeps," replied the queen. "I will show him to you."

With all the regal grace for which she was famous, Anne slowly led the way down the gallery to her son's room. She was followed by a motley a crew as ever the Palais Royal had seen within its walls. On the threshold she paused to put her finger significantly on her lips, then stepped forward to the bed, pulled wide the curtains, and displayed to the people the young king seemingly asleep. He was only feigning slumber. Louis the Fourteenth lay there with eyelids tight shut, but it was to keep back the tears of helpless anger that welled up from his heart.

For two hours the queen stood beside his pillow, and did the honors of his supposed slumber, while the rabble of Paris filed past in whisp red admiration. Such nights as these in the lives of kings either dethrone them or make them tyrants.—St. Nicho'as.

Poppy Cultivation in India.

As the cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in England except under special license from the excise authorities, so the cultivation of the poppy in British India is forbidden unless a license has been taken out. When a cultivator takes out a license from the Opium Department to cultivate a certain area (usually two-thirds of an acre of his own land) he receives an advance in money to secure his allegiance, and he binds himself to deliver to the opium agent at a fixed price, ordinarily of 5s. a pound, whatever opium may be produced on his land.

When official supervision is efficient, it is certainly very difficult for a man to cultivate poppy on a larger area than is covered by his license without detection. The cultivation cannot be concealed. It is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy plant being grown in little squares or beds intersected by water channels for irrigation wherever this is possible. The growth of the plants is carefully tended, and at length the time comes when they burst out into flower, and the fields look like a sheet of silver as the white petals of the flowers glisten in the morning dew.

These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop; for the women and children of the cultivator's families come forth and pick them off one by one and carefully dry them, so that they may serve afterward as the covering of the manufactured cakes of opium. Then the poppies, with their bare capsule heads, remain standing in the open field until it is considered that they are ripe for lancing. The cultivators then come forth in the evening, and, with an implement not unlike the knives of a cupping instrument, they scarify the capsule on its sides with deep incisions, so that the juice may exude. In the early morning the cultivators reappear with scalping knives and their earthenware pots, and they scrape off the exuded juice and collect it in pots. And this is crude opium.—Blackwood's Magazine.

He Loved His Queen.

Once I was sent for, says the Queen of Roumania, to the town to a young man whose leg had been amputated, and who was in inconsolable despair.

Not having been present at the operation, I did not know which leg had been taken off. I sat down on the side of the bed and remained talking to the poor fellow for a quarter of an hour, he smiling sweetly at me all the time.

When I arose my ladies of honor discovered that I had been sitting on the stump of the lost leg. I still shudder whenever I think of my stupidity.

"You poor fellow!" I cried; "it must have hurt you terribly."

"I would have borne it many hours for the sake of listening to your voice," he replied.—Once a Week.

Rather Expensive.

Roscoe Conkling once defended a man who was on trial for arson. Conkling, who was rather new at the bar, called upon Charles O'Conor and said:

"There is Johnson. To be sure, he was convicted, and the conviction was affirmed. But I had a great deal of trouble, and I only charged him six hundred dollars, and his friends decline to pay my bill. Don't you think the charge is reasonable and fair?"

Mr. O'Conor turned in his chair and said:

"Well, Conkling, I have no doubt that you did the best you could. Six hundred dollars is not a large bill. But I have no doubt he could have been convicted for a great deal less money."

Doesn't Like the Music.

It is said that the Pope is anxious to bring into general use a severer and more ecclesiastical style of church music. He is opposed to the modern operatic style, and an allocution and an order on the subject will probably soon be issued.

Why Not Build It?

M. Chappuis' proposed electric railway through the Simplon Pass is estimated to cost $8,000,000, and it would greatly reduce the distance between Italy and Northern Europe.

THE WAY THINGS RUN

IN THE GREATEST OF GREAT STATES, INDIANA.

Things Which Have Lately Happened Within Its Borders—Some Pleasant and Some Sad Reading.

Minor State News.

A PUBLIC reading room has been opened at Seymour.

OVER 1,000 Bedford people have signed the total abstinence pledge.

SIX otters were caught recently in White River near Petersburg.

JAMES MCMAHAN, a brakeman, was killed by the cars at Cannelton.

GEORGE LYONS died at Brooklyn from injuries received by a falling tree.

A YOUNG man named William Drake was found dead in his chair at Marietta.

THE 5-year-old son of Mr. Roger near Wabash, was fatally injured in a runaway.

THE annual school oratorical contests of Montgomery County will be held at Crawfordsville April 29.

EIGHT indictments have been filed against Peru business men for selling tobacco and cigarettes to children.

THE tenth annual reunion of the Thirtieth Indiana Veteran Association will be held at Monroeville April 29.

THE Macbeth chimney factory at Elwood, that was destroyed by fire about two months ago, is nearly completed.

A MAN living at Laporte was shut up in a folding bed the other morning and his wife had to call the neighbors to get him out.

FREDERICK PETERS, living south of Hobart, Lake County, was killed Wednesday by a piece from a bursting buzz saw.

JOSEPH HOWARD of Shelbyville, cut down a tree, and in falling it crushed him to death, breaking nearly every bone in his body.

MRS. MAY FERGUSON, the Frankfort widow who sued John Blanch, the Clinton County farmer, for $5,000 for breach of promise, was given 1 cent damages by the jury.

JEREMIAH COURVAL, a tinner's helper, aged 23, fell ninety feet from the top of the new Hulman building, Terre Haute, breaking his neck and causing his death in a few minutes.

A FEMALE hugger is the latest sensation at Newport. She catches the men at night and hugs them and of course everyman now has business down town after dark. The wives are going a-gunning for the "hugger."

AT Redkey, J. M. Markley, a prominent real estate man, was severely burned about the face and head by a gas explosion at his residence there. One of the lights had gone out, and in attempting to light it the explosion occured.

ANDY MELZER, Shelbyville, the other night looked for a natural gas leak with a lighted lantern. He was blown about 50 feet. His face was severely burned and his wife extinguished her burning clothing with a bucket of milk.

JAMES Z. SMITH, and old soldier, was found dead in bed in his room at Lagro, Wabash County. He had been in poor health for several months. Smith had relatives in Topeka, Kan., but has no family, being a bachelor 50 years old.

ED KAISER, an inmate of the White County Poor Farm, aged about thirty-five, was killed by the south-bound train on the Monon, about five miles north of Monticello. He was deaf, and it is supposed did not hear the approach of the cars.

DAN REESE, a young farmer residing on James Ross's farm, west of Muncie, is the possessor of a young pig that has five distinct ears. There are two ears on one side of the head and three on the other. The pig is a great curiosity and seems happy.

THOMAS COLLINS of Shelbyville, went to bed as well as usual the other night, but awakened vomiting about midnight. He was very sick, and displayed signs of poisoning. A physician was hastily summoned, and in searching for evidence the family coffee pot was found smeared with paris green. The members of the family claim not to know how the poison came in the house or anything about it.

W. W. WALTERS, the venturesome young man who travels over the gas belt shooting gas wells with nitro-glycerine had a frightful experience in Muncie recently, and several people had close calls for their lives. It resulted from a pair of runaway horses. Walters travels in a spring wagon in which he transports the deadly explosive. He was approaching a gas well on Henry Martin's property, and a large crowd was there to see Miss Rose Martin drop the "go devil," which she did. The horses pulling the dangerous stuff got frightened, and started to run off. Walters stayed with them, and pulled his revolver to shoot them if they could not be stopped any other way. Fortunately the neck-yoke on the tongue came loose, letting the tongue down, and stopped the team. The wagon was loaded with 100 quarts of explosive at the time, and the result of an explosion would have made a catastrophe.

SEVERAL persons are searching the country near Yountsville hunting for an aerolite which is supposed to have fallen the other night. As Mr. Carmichael of Chicago, agent for the Deering binder, in company with William Sheets, were returning from Alamo during the heavy rain, they were blinded by a sudden light which they described as being similar in brilliancy to that of a flash of light. There shot over them a huge ball of white fire in a terrific rush. From this large ball smaller balls continually broke off and exploded with loud noise. The main ball was descending toward the earth at an angle of forty-five degrees, and they claim that it struck the earth in a field. Then followed an explosion like the sound of a cannon, and all was instant darkness. The entire affair lasted not over three seconds, and was succeeded by volumes of smoke that enwrapped them. The men tell a very straightforward story, and an attempt is being made to solve the affair.

THE Coroner has caused the arrest of Joseph Pigg of Terre Haute, on the charge of murder. Recently the 4-months-old child of his step-mother was found dead in bed. The mother and the elder Pigg had lived apart several times, and the father and son had been known to say they doubted the paternity of the child. The son had also made threats. The night before the death of the child, young Pigg prepared a dose of some mixture and gave it to the baby. He threatened other children who saw him to keep them from telling what they had seen. The body of the child will be exhumed and an autopsy held.

THE coal operators have received word not to ship any more coal for the present over the Chicago and Eastern Railway, because the tracks between Momence and Chicago are blocked with coal. This causes embarrassment in some of the mining communities. Nearly one thousand men are thrown out of employment in Vermillion County. Nearly every mine in Clay County is at a standstill now, and the indications are favorable for another long strike.

WHILE Sylvester Teany, a Big Four brakeman, was making a coupling, at Columbus, he was caught between a car and a platform and crushed to death. This is the second person killed there in that manner within a year.

FATE EDMONSON, a miner employed at the Diamond mine near Clay City, met with a serious accident. While descending the shaft the rope broke, letting the cage fall with Mr. Edmonson a distance of fifty feet, breaking his left leg above the knee, and badly crushing the right leg below the knee, besides otherwise bruising him. He is about thirty years old, and has a wife and child depending on his daily labor.

OWING to the prevalence of scarlet fever at Plainfield, the County Health Board has ordered Central Academy closed. The disease first made its appearance in that institution. It is now believed that the public schools will also have to be closed.

Royal Baking Powder

Is Absolutely Pure

WHILE there are so many alum baking powders in the market, the use of which all physicians decide render the food unwholesome and liable to produce dyspepsia and other ailments, housekeepers should exercise the utmost care to prevent any powder but the Royal from being brought into their kitchens.

In the use of Royal there is an absolute certainty of pure and wholesome food.

The official State Chemists report: The Royal Baking Powder does not contain ammonia, alum, lime, nor any injurious ingredients. It is absolutely pure and wholesome.

The Government reports show all other baking powders to contain impurities.

In the use of any baking powder but Royal there is uncertainty if not actual danger.

It is unwise to take chances in matters of life and health.

William's Ideas Had Changed.

"William," said an old farmer to his young and sturdy hired man who had just fallen heir to a snug little fortune of $50,000 by the death of an old uncle in India, "I know that I have strenuously objected to you marrying my daughter Sarah Ann. But I see things in a little different light now, William. I find that my daughter loves you dearly and I would not wish to wreck her happiness, William, for she is my only child. Therefore you may have her, William, and the $10,000 that goes with her, just as soon as it suits your convenience."

"You are very kind, sir," replied the sturdy William, without even the suspicion of a tremor in his manly voice; "but since receiving the news of my good fortune my matrimonial ideas have materially changed. I now naturally look a little higher than your daughter, sir, and shall, if nothing happens, soon marry Polly Briggs, the iceman's daughter, and the $75,000 that goes with her."

Making Bogus Antiquities.

Dealers in bogus works of antiquity have been doing a rushing business of late. Recently the Louvre came near being swindled by a smart young man who brought in a magnificent bronze statuette, a specimen of Venetian art of the fifteenth century. The patriotic young gentleman declared that he would let the Louvre have it at a sacrifice because he would rather see it there than anywhere else. Nevertheless, if it was not purchased in twenty-four hours, he would reluctantly be obliged to sell the statuette to a foreign establishment. So he modestly fixed the price. Everybody appeared to be delighted with the beautiful work, but the director of the fine arts, M. Roujon, was absent, and the money could not be paid to the patriot until he returned. An examination proved that this magnificent ancient piece was just six weeks old.—Collector.

How a Man Cooks.

The absent-minded man is at it again He had been reading the egg story published in these columns, and decided to try the trick. The first thing to do was to boil the egg. How many minutes? he asked himself, and going to the stove with the egg in one hand and his watch in another, he dropped the latter in hot water. Then placing the egg on the table he sat down to read till the time was up. At the end of five or six minutes he was surprised to find the egg lying there before him, but supposing that he had himself taken it from the kettle and cooled it, he proceeded to crack and peel it. The consequences may be imagined. Finally he missed his watch. The house was searched high and low, and it was not until the following morning that the cook found it in the kettle, where it had been boiling for hours.

Oldest Pieces of Iron.

The three oldest known pieces of wrought iron in existence are the sickle blade that was found by Belzoni under the base of a sphinx in Karnac, near Thebes, the blade found by Col. Vyse imbeded in the mortar of one of the pyramids, and a portion of a cross-cut saw which Mr. Layard exhumed at Nimrud—all of which are now in the British Museum. Another piece of iron, an account of which might not be inappropriate in this connection, is the wrought bar of Damascus steel which King Porus presented to Alexander the Great. This bar, which is of unknown antiquity, is still carefully preserved in the National Turkish Museum at Constantinople.

Take Real Soldiers.

That is a very sensible suggestion made by Col. Brush of the Ohio National Guard, that the Governor select his staff from the commissioned officers of the National Guard. If every Governor would do that there would be more encouragement for men to serve in the militia, and the official staffs of our chief magistrates would contain more stalwart men of soldierly bearing and military experience and fewer men selected because of their good looks or their society and political pull.—New York World.

THE WOMAN WHO WORKS, and is tired, will find a special help in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures. For women approaching confinement, nursing mothers, and every weak, run-down, delicate women, it is an invigorating, supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to their needs.

But it's more than that, too. It's the only *guaranteed* remedy for all the functional disturbances, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of womanhood. In "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, internal inflammation, and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Something else that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps it is, for *him*, but it can't be, for *you*.

How did Mrs. E. M. Jones Make Her Money?

It's all told in her famous New Book

"DAIRYING FOR PROFIT."

Thirty cents by mail. Send and get it. ROBERT A. BROWN, Agent. Box 324, Brockville, Ont., Canada.

PILES—Parmelee's Pile Suppositories.—Quick Relief and Positive Cure guaranteed. Easy to use. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, postpaid, 50c. a box. Parmelee Med. Co., Danville, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00 SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

A Transmogried Dispatch.

A firm on Maiden Lane received the following telegram one morning: "A mosquito ill. Mrs. A. B——." They were unable to divine why the sender of the message should have taken them into her confidence respecting this occurrence. Personally they would have been glad to know that all the mosquitoes were ill beyond hope of recovery. One of their clerks did not appear that morning, however, and his absence enabled them to put this construction on the telegram: Amos quite ill." The clerk's name was Amos. He was ill. The operator was either stupid or funny.—New York Sun.

Birds of Passage

Between this and the other side of the broad Atlantic, in the shape of tourists, commercial travelers, and mariners, agents "on the road," steamboat captains, ship's surgeons, and "all sorts and conditions" of travelers, emigrant and new settlers appreciate and testify to the preventive and remedial properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in sea sickness, nausea, malarial and rheumatic trouble, and all disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels. Against the prejudicial influences of climate, crudely cooked or unaccustomed diet, and impure water, it is a sovereign safeguard, and has been so regarded by the traveling public for over a third of a century. No form of malarial fever, from the calentura of the Pacific, and the broken bone fever of the Mississippi, to its milder types, can resist the curative action of this benignant preserver and restorer of health, a veritable boon to persons in feeble health or liable to incur disease.

Flies Communicate Cholera.

Flies are a very active medium of communicating cholera, according to the report of the Hamburg Medical Society. Nine flies were captured which had been in contact with infected cholera material, and were placed in flasks containing nutrient gelatine. In six of the nine vessels numerous colonies of comma bacilli were successfully cultivated—of course, from the infection conveyed by the flies. The possibility, therefore, of falling a victim to cholera in this way is by no means small.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

ONE of the joys of civilization is a bursted water pipe.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

EVERYBODY admires nature except as he sees it in a boy.

"German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble."

ALMA POLISH For Ladies' and Children's SHOES

Has received the highest awards of merit ever given to a Shoe Polish. Silver Medals at Boston, 1884 and 1887. Highest Awards, New Orleans, 1890; Buffalo, 1888; Barcelona, Spain, 1888. Ladies who use it once will never use any other.

Manufactured by M. S. CAHILL & CO., 94 Lincoln St. Boston, Mass.
For sale by all Shoe Dealers.

Garfield Tea Overcomes effects of bad eating, Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complexion, Stops Pimples, Bilious Headache. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 45th St., N. Y.

Cures Constipation

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This dr