Not for the Rituals of Civilization.

The religion of the ancient Egyptians had some features not to be found in several of the religions of these times. Here, for example, is a passage from a prayer to be found in the ritual for the dead:

"I know you, Lord of truth and justice; I have brought you truth, I have committed no fraud against men. I have not tormented the widow, I have not lied in the tribunal, I have not done any prohibited thing, I have not commanded my workmen to do more than he could do, I have not made fraudulent gains, I have not altered the grain measure, or falsified the equilibrium of the balance, I have not made others weep. I am pure."

Another man thus cries:

"I have given bread to him who was hungry, water to the thirsty, garments to the naked, and a home to the forsaken one."

Still another cries:

"I have protected the poor against the powerful, I have given hospitality to every one, I have been benevolent and devout. I have cherished my friends, and my hand has been open to him who had nothing. I have loved truth and hated a lie."—*Swinton's Paper.*

Sustaining the Unities.

"I notice that you are not so attentive to Miss Caramel, as formerly," said an Austin youth to his companion; "have the chilly autumnal winds congealed your heart?"

"O, no," replied the companion, that's not it; my heart is warm enough. You see Miss Caramel is a good summer girl."

"A good summer girl!"

"Yes, she'll do through the hot weather, when it only costs 30 cents for ice-cream for two; but her father is poor, you know. Now, that the oyster season has arrived, and it costs from a dollar to a dollar and six bits for Berwick Bay oysters, why, it is much more comforting to feed Miss Stonaway. Her father's worth $300,000, and a man feels as though he wasn't exactly throwing away his salary when he sets up the feed."—*Texas Siftings.*

Her Mamma's Judgment.

"Yes, it was one of those things one would rather have left unsaid," confessed the tall girl in blue. "It was this way. I saw Mrs. Wilmarth looking at the game through the loveliest lorgnette, and I leaned over and remarked to her in my impulsive way:

"'O, Mrs. Wilmarth, do lend me your lorgnette, won't you? I have always wanted one, and mamma won't let me have one. She says they're so impertinent.'"

"And what did Mrs. Wilmarth say?" inquired the girl in brown.

"She handed over the lorgnette, and as I looked through it she said sweetly that, really, for the first time she believed mamma's judgment was right." New York World.

A Tremendous Shaking-Up.

This is what every system afflicted with chills and fever, bilious remittent, or any other form of malarial disease undergoes periodically. Not only is malaria terrible in itself—it is the breeder of an infinity of bodily ailments. Specifics used for its prevention and removal prove, in the vast majority of cases, useless for every other purpose than to mitigate the disease and stave off its attacks. They are sure, with the average treatment, to return after awhile. The sufferer may change his location to a healthier one, but the complaint, which is in his blood, is not thus lightly got rid of, and returns after the wonted interval. Organic affections of the nerves, heart trouble, general debility of the system are the offspring of malaria. Cure the originating cause and avert future physical injury wich Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, efficacious also in liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys, rheumatism, and indigestion.

A Trifling Subject.

A young woman of this city, whose quick wit is responsible for the loss of a number of friends, has just seen another retire from the list.

The young man was in a philosophical mood and remarked:

"Self-study is a bad thing."

"I shouldn't be surprised," she responded flippantly.

"Now, I am sure that if I were to devote myself to thinking about myself I should become very narrow-minded."

"Oh, yes; you'd probably have to in order to grasp the subject."

And for the time he really felt as small as she had pictured him.—Washington Star.

Too Far Off.

He had wandered about into dozens of stores hopelessly trying to match a piece of goods for his wife. At last he quit and leaned up against a post with the sample in his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked a passing friend. "Sick?"

"Yes. I guess I'll have to go to Heaven," he replied, sticking the sample out aimlessly toward the inquirer.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, they say matches are made in Heaven, and I guess they're right. I'll swear they're not made anywhere around here."

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

THE man who is able to travel extensively can generally learn enough in a year to make a bore of himself all the rest of his life.

TOO MUCH, "Set 'em up again," is what brings a great many men down.

A SEDENTARY OCCUPATION,

plenty of sitting down and not much exercise, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely and permanently *cure* Constipation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the most *natural* remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.

A "COLD IN THE HEAD" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrhal Headache, and every trouble caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer $500 for any case which they cannot cure.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

A remedy which, if used by Wives about to experience the painful ordeal attendant upon Child-birth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates the tortures of confinement, lessening the danger a thereof to both mother and child. Sold by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle, charges prepaid.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

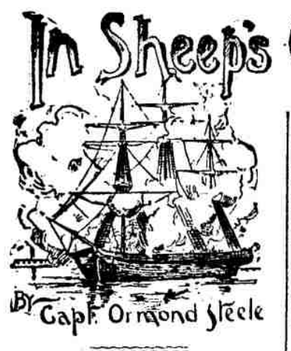
BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

In Sheep's Clothing.



BY Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

The sound of gnawing, which had stopped while the officer was present, was again resumed, and Ralph Denham was on the floor, close to the place from which the sound came.

Outside the bustle and noise of boats being lowered, and the deep, gruff orders of the sailors could be heard. Captain Fox was preparing to conceal more of his treasure on shore.

Tired of his position on the floor, Captain Denham went back, and was talking in a whisper with one of his men, his eyes still bent in the direction of the partition, when he saw a light that almost seemed dazzling after the darkness.

Out from the opening, as if carried by this stream of light, came Don the cabin boy.

Rushing up to Captain Denham, the only man not in a hammock, Don said eagerly:

"I've loosed the plank, and you can come through. Oh, I am so glad that you know your danger, for my heart has been sore for you."

"We came with a full understanding of the danger. We do not want to get on deck now, but when the time comes we desire you to be near to guide us," said Captain Denham.

"How shall I know the time?"

"When you hear a gun fired on board the Sea Hawk. She will be close by soon after daylight."

"I'll try, sir," said Don, who recognized in the voice of the man addressing him a ring of command, such as he could not associate with an ordinary sailor. "But I'll go back and close the place from the other side, and if I am not near when the signal is given, go through and turn to the right; there will be plenty of daylight then. You will pass through the store-room and armory, where you can get arms if you'll need them. To the left are the steps leading to the deck."

"God bless you, Don. We'll find the place, and reach the deck. Now go, go!" The Captain's voice was nervously imperative; for in the distance he could hear a vigorous knocking, accompanied by the call:

"Don! Don! What the blazes are you sleeping for when the Captain wants you?"

Don darted through the opening, and put out the light. As he pushed the plank into place, he called out with admirable presence of mind, for his voice sounded like that of a sleepy boy:

"Aye, aye, sir! Coming!" and the next instant the banging of a door could be heard:

As Don ran out, a man shouted to him:

"The Cap'n's been a callin' for you, youngster; you'll be mighty lucky if you don't get a right good lashin' with a rope end."

Don heard, but made no inquiry till he stood before Captain Fox on the deck.

With a savage oath the captain demanded:

"Where have you been, you dog?"

"I was about to turn in, sir," replied Don.

"Did I tell you to?"

"I thought you did, sir."

"You have no right to think. Next time you are not on hand, you young dog, I'll keelhaul you. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Leap into that boat and bear a hand," said Fox, pointing over the side, where in the darkness the dim outline of a longboat could be seen, with a number of men in it.

Don leaped into the boat and took the post of coxswain.

All night long Lea and Ellen, who occupied the same stateroom, could hear the boats coming and going. To say they were frightened would but weakly express the state of their feelings. Could they have seen their own white faces, a common sympathy would have increased their terror.

But they knew that Ralph Denham and his gallant men were on board, and they tried to cheer each other by reiterating their knowledge of this fact.

Had they known Ralph Denham's actual condition they might not have drawn so much comfort from his proximity.

At length the boats took their last load to the shore, and Captain Fox, who had been superintending the concealment of the booty, came back with them.

Day dawned, and the distant headlands and the island under the lea seemed to lift from the dark waters by the power of light.

Two of the boats were left alongside; and now Fox and Frenaud entered the cabin and called in excited tones for their visitors to come out.

Lea and Ellen tried to obey, but they found to their horror that they were locked in.

They raised their voices, but amid the din and uproar outside they could not be heard.

Doctor Hedges, supposing that his daughter and Ellen Condit had preceded him, was about to descend to the boat, when an eager glance told him they were not there.

Turning to Frenauld, who stood near, he asked:

"Where is my daughter and Ellen Condit?"

"They will follow you. Hurry up. There is not a moment to spare. Captain Kidd is in sight!"

A number of sailors on hearing this burst into a loud roar of laughter. The Doctor, now completely beside himself, was seized bodily by strong hands and lowered into the boat.

"Pull away, my lads," shouted Frenauld to the men in the boat.

"But my daughter. Oh, heaven, my child!" cried the Doctor. Seeing Captain Fox, he continued: "Send down my child and Ellen! I can see no sign of the pirate!"

"Then I will show him to you," laughed Fox. "Look well at me, my old friend."

The Doctor raised his white face and imploring eyes, and the outlaw shouted:

"I am Captain Kidd, and your daughter's in my keeping!"

Again Frenauld shouted for the men to pull away. And as they did so, Doctor Hedges fell back in the boat and looked to be dead.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SEA HAWK COMES UP, AND THE SIGNAL GUN IS FIRED.

The town of Sag Harbor was excited to its center by the conduct of Captain Fox.

All the families in the place were related by blood, or connected by marriage, or united by those ties of friendship, equally strong, which they had inherited from their sturdy ancestors.

The people carried off by the Wanderer were among the very best in the place, the flower of its society.

No reason could be given for Fox's conduct. It was evident to the most simple-minded that the act was deliberate and therefore malicious.

The people gathered in excited groups, and their spirits rose for a while, when they saw the ship come about and try to beat up the harbor. But their relief from anxiety was only temporary, for again the Wanderer tacked and headed for the open water.

In the midst of the excitement a coach and four, guarded by a number of horsemen, drew up before the inn, and from it, aided by a provincial officer, descended a stately lady in black.

She was about five and forty, and the face still retained its nobility of form, though lines of care had seriously marred a countenance that must once have been of surpassing loveliness.

The landlord came out and the young officer addressing him, said:

"I desire apartments for the Countess of Pulton."

The overpowered landlord rubbed his hands, bowed himself double and was about to lead the way into the house when the lady stopped him by asking:

"Can you tell me if Lor' Pal—I mean one Colonel Graham, is stopping here?"

"He is, my lady," said the landlord.

"And a gentleman named Captain Ralph Denham lives here?"

"Yes, my lady, but he is not here now. He is in New York."

The lady looked at the landlord sharply, as if going to deny this, but, changing her mind, she motioned for him to show her the way.

As the party entered the inn, old Dinah amazed the crowd by raising her hands above her head and crying aloud:

"Oh, praise on bress de Lor'. She libs, my lady libs!"

"What do you mean, Dinah?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Conscious that she had been hasty, the old woman seized her staff, and muttered, as she turned away:

"I can't talk on 'splain at de same time."

The coming of the coach with its outriders did not lessen the excitement. The arrival of the Countess, her inquiry for Ralph Denham, and the fact that she bore a striking resemblance to the young Captain, were talked about and commented on by those who forgot, for the moment, the departure of the Wanderer.

It was now quite dark, and all the people in town were on the street; women wailing for their lost ones, men armed and anxious to use their weapons, and frightened children clinging to their mothers' skirts, and wondering what it all meant.

But the subjects of talk and wonder were not yet over. The boys, believing that they should do something to show their interest, had lit bonfires all along the street, and by their light the people saw what appeared to their excited imaginations to be a great army entering the town.

The young people had never seen the Montauks in war dress, nor heard their war songs, but the older men recognized in the sound that struck their ears one heard in their childhood, and never forgotten.

The boys, in their excitement, threw more fuel on the fires, and as the flames leaped up they flashed on the noble form of Untilla, who marched at the head of her warriors.

On her head was the plume of Wyandauch, and in her right hand the silver-tipped spear of the mighty chief.

With measured step, two hundred armed men came down behind her. The red paint that distinguished their fierce ancestors in battle they had discarded, owing to their higher civilization; but the stirring war song which they shouted was the same which the united Montauks and Pequots had sung when they had repelled in days past the invasion of the Narragansetts, or went in their war canoes to the homes of their ancient foes.

Untilla turned neither to the right nor the left, and paid no attention to the salutations that greeted her till she led her warriors to the shore.

While all this was going on in the town, Lieutenant Hedges and Valentine Dayton were not idle on board the Sea Hawk.

They saw the Wanderer sailing away with their friends, but they were powerless to prevent an act that filled them with anxiety.

The moment Fox's ship disappeared from the harbor, Lieutenant Hedges said to Valentine:

"Now, my lad, the time for hard work has come."

"And how shall we begin?" asked Valentine, who had unlimited confidence in his uncle's capacity and courage.

"We must get these cursed pirates out of the way—I'd like to hang them at once."

"How are we to do it?"

"First, how many sets of irons have we on board?"

"Enough to ornament the men sent from the Wanderer," replied Valentine.

"Good! Now have them called in by fours to the ward room for enrollment. Disarm them, for the dogs, as you will see, are lined with knives and pistols; then put them in irons, and place a guard over them," said Mr. Hedges, his blue eyes blazing with anger.

The Wanderer's men on board the Sea Hawk were comforting themselves with the belief that not a shade of suspicion attached to them. They expected to be enrolled, as their names were not yet taken by the officers of the Sea Hawk; but they were somewhat astonished when Mr. Dayton ordered them into the ward room by fours.

Those who went smilingly down were searched and ironed at once, and so could not communicate with their mates on deck.

But even if they had been able to do so they could not have made a successful resistance, for the Sea Hawk's men were at their posts, ready to shoot down the first man who showed a sign of insubordination.

At length the fifty men, who had expected to play so important a part in the capture of the Sea Hawk, were all prisoners in the hold of the ship, with armed men to guard them.

Valentine Dayton having completed this task reported the fact to his superior officer.

Mr. Hedges had received Fox's instructions just before he sailed to follow in the morning. As the understanding with Fox was that the Sea Hawk should not sail till the supply ship came, he was puzzled to know why the pirate had changed his mind. However, as he had planned with Captain Denham to follow at daylight, and begin to fight with the Wanderer the moment he came within reach, Fox's order did not annoy him.

"And how do the wretches take the situation?" asked Lieutenant Hedges, when Mr. Dayton returned.

"They don't like it; they are swearing like pirates," replied Valentine, smiling at his unpremeditated joke.

"The dogs! I am glad they can be true to themselves in something. Now, Mr. Dayton, get all the boats ready to transport Untilla and her people on board," said Lieut. Hedges.

The Sea Hawk's men were on the alert; they knew just what was wanted of them, and they were as eager as their officers to do all in their power to insure the success of the desperate venture in which they were embarked.

The five boats were soon lowered away, and properly manned, and under the immediate direction of Mr. Dayton they pulled for the shore.

Under Untilla's lead there were 217 young men, the flower of the Montauk tribe; men who would have followed Uneas to the death, as they did his sister, had he shown himself worthy of leadership.

Lights were hung along the bulwarks of the Sea Hawk, and the remnant of the sailors on board met their red allies in full uniform.

The first person to reach the deck was Untilla, and so glad was Lieut. Hedges to see her that he could have caught her in his strong arms and kissed her. The gallant sailor was even more in love than he had imagined.

At length the last of the Montauks engaged in this expedition was on board the Sea Hawk, and assigned to quarters where they could be comfortable for the night.

Lieut. Hedges was so thoroughly acquainted with all these waters that he could sail them as safely on an ordinary night as under the full light of the sun. He was about to give the order to get under way, when a boat came alongside with Squire Condit.

The squire saw the preparations going on about him and understood their object. He was sorely troubled about his daughter; but there was a great deal of iron in his nature, and now that a blow was to be struck at the wretch who had so violently disturbed the peace of the town and endangered those dear to him, he was not the man to force his own troubles into prominence. To defeat Fox he was willing to risk, and, if need be, to sacrifice his own life; but he knew that his presence was not necessary on the ship while it was in the distracted town.

"I'll only detain you a moment," said the Squire, as he held Lieutenant Hedge's hand. "You know, old friend, how all my life and happiness are involved in the contest. On that pirate's ship are my adopted son and daughter; advise your men to watch for them when they shoot, and if possible to aim to one side. That's all."

The Squire shook hands with Valentine Dayton, told him to keep a brave heart, for God would preserve Ellen, and then left the ship as suddenly as he had come.

"The wind and tide are in our favor," said Lieutenant Hedges, addressing Valentine, "and they may not be if we wait for light, so we'll up anchor and drop down, and beat about till daylight shows us the pirate."

"May I ask, sir, if you will fight at long range or close quarters?" asked Valentine.

"We can't use the Montauks at long range. No, sir; we shall run alongside, grapple, and drop anchor. Muzzle to muzzle, hand to hand, and eye to eye. We must get to our Captain, lad, and you know where he is?"

"On the deck of the Wanderer," replied Valentine, catching his uncle's spirit.

Up rose the anchors, and the loosened sails came down and fluttered in the wind

So well did the sailors know what was wanted that they anticipated orders before they were given.

Every light on board the Sea Hawk was extinguished, and she turned in obedience to the helm and shot down the harbor, the courier of a righteous vengeance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT THE 'PHONE.

She Was a Nervous Woman and Wanted to See Her Husband.

"Hel-lo!" said Mrs. Van Smith sweetly as she took down the telephone receiver without thinking to ring. "Hello! [A pause.] Oh, dear! Hel-lo-o! Why don't they answer? [Another pause.] Oh, I forgot to ring. How absurd! [Rings.] Hello! Is this—— Oh, why are they so slow? Hello! Say, hello! [Rings again.] O, that's them at last. Well, say, is this Mr. Van—— Oh, hello! [Sundry rings and pauses.] Is this Mr. Van Smith? [Another pause.] Is this Mr.—— Why don't you answer? Oh, hello, hello! Who—is—this? [Pause.] Oh, central office! Why, I dont want any central office. I want the Van Smith Consolidated Cheese Company. I want Mr. Van Smith. V-a-n-s-m—— [Interruption and pause.] What number? How do I know what—— Directory? Telephone directory? Where? Tied to this 'phone? Oh! All right! [Espies telephone directory at right of transmitter and opens it.] Let's see: Van, v—p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w—v comes between u and w. Oh, here it is: the Van Smith Consol—— Main number 4022. [Into the 'phone.] Say, hello! Oh, my good gracious! I've got to ring again. [Sundry further wild rings and subsequent pauses.] At last! Is that you? [A pause.] My, what impudence! I mean, who is this? Well, give me—[Aside]—where is that telephone book? Wait a minute! [Consults directory.] Give me main number four thousand and twenty-two! Four, yes, four, that's it." [Long pause, varied by moaned and muttered "hellos."] "Say, who is this? Is this Mr. Van Smi——? Well, say, who—what—why, I am close to the 'phone—as close as I can get. [Louder.] Is this Mr Van Smith? Well, is he there? Well, say, will it be too much trouble to let him know that if he's there somebody wants to see him? Tell him I want to see him. Yes. I! It's me wants to see him." [Saddened voice, barely audible, coming from the 'phone: "Madam, will you kindly gather together your intellectual forces to explain who you are? The supply of 'me's' is practically unlimited."] [Mrs. Van Smith continuing.] "Oh! the mean thing! I'm Mrs. Van Smith. [Long pause.] Who is this? [ecstatically] Charley? Yes, dear. Well, say, Charley, I just wanted to know if you were there. You are there, aren't you? Well, that's all. Good-by! Good-by!" [Goes away leaving the receiver hanging down.]—Chicago Record.

In the Poor Quarters of Paris.

On the right bank of the Seine the citadel of labor, and poverty seems full of life and energy. Charonne, Menilmontant, Belleville, La Villette, La Chapelle, Clignancourt, Montmartre, Les Epinettes, Batignolles—each district formerly an independent village with its central street—have become amalgamated into one vast center of population, traversed by endless streets and broad avenues—Rue des Pyrenees, Rue de Crimee, Rue Ordener, Rue Curial, Rue Marcadet, Rue de Belleville, Rue Oberkampf, Chaussee Clignancourt, Avenue de la Republique, Boulevarde de la Chabelle, Boulevarde de Belleville, etc. In these quarters are concentrated two-thirds of the population of Paris.

On these heights, that form, as it were, a crown above rich Paris, some of the houses contain as many as 200 inmates, and the streets are so crowded that you cannot see the pavement except at night. Here are the reservoirs of poverty and of energy that burst and flood Paris in days of revolution. Here are the inexhaustible reserves of cheap labor that make the wealth of manufacturing Paris.

What swarms of people! What a fermentation of various activity! What a perpetual straining and struggling! And yet, with all that, there is no obvious sadness and very little obtrusive discontent. On the contrary, the people are gay and much given to witticisms and levity; they enjoy the bustle and animation of their surroundings, and they have only to walk a few yards in any direction to find those broad, shady avenues and those fine urban parks which the traditions of Hausmann have extended even to the poorest quarters of the city.

Presence of Mind.

There is nothing like presence of mind after all. The other day, during a tremendous shower, a gentleman entered a fashionable club, bearing a splendid ivory-handled silk umbrella, which he placed in the stand. Instantly another gentleman, who was mourning the abstraction of just such an article, jumped up. "Will you allow me to look at that?" he said sternly. "Certainly," remarked the umbrella-carrier. "I was just taking it to the police-station. It was left in my house last night by a burglar whom we frightened off. I hope it will prove a first-rate clue." And, though the exasperated owner could plainly see where his name had been scratched off the handle, he sat down and changed the subject.

HOOSIER HAPPENINGS

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

What Our Neighbors are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indianians.

Brief State Items.

A TRAMP was seriously injured by a train at Mitchell.

W. R. GOLDEN of Gas City, has a cane consisting of 187 pieces.

SEVERAL head of cattle were killed by lightning in Wayne County.

A LARGE vein of fine blue limestone has been struck at Heltonville.

CHARLES HANEY, 30, drunk, was killed by a train near Evansville.

FIRE destroyed the Golden Rule dry goods house at Bedford. Loss, $2,000.

HENRY MCCULLOUGH 84, a prosperous farmer of Bartholomew County, is dead.

MISS EMMA LINSEY, 16, Jeffersonville, was suddenly stricken blind and dumb.

SYLVESTER BIERCK, a 16-year-old boy, was killed in a fall from a stable loft at Madison.

PATRICK CARROLL was horribly burned by a gas explosion in a foundry at Fort Wayne.

HENRY THOMPSON, aged 13, at Goshen, sustained injuries in a runaway, from which he died.

THE thresher of George Culler was destroyed by fire on the farm of Mr. Snyder, near Crawfordsville.

THE Henry Taylor planing mill at Lafayette, together with several residences, were destroyed by fire. Loss, $38,000.

A TRAGIC event occurred near Corydon. Katie Eckert, aged 9, was shot and killed by Carrie Perkhiser, aged 18. Miss Perkhiser did not think the revolver was loaded and snapped the weapon at the child in fun.

WHILE threshing wheat on the farm of John Wiggins, near Fortville, fire caught from a boxing, destroying the separator, straw stacker, and a portion of two ricks of wheat. Loss, $1,500. The separator belonged to Isom Denney, whose hands were seriously burned while trying to save the machine.

CHRISTLEY WILHELM, the wealthiest farmer in Clinton County, was instantly killed recently. He was working in a clearing, and was standing near a burning tree stump which burned off and fell on him. His head was crushed horribly. He was about sixty-five years old, and leaves a large fortune to his family.

THE fast mail on the P., C., C. & St. L. railway, struck the rear of Jacob Young's buggy, at the crossing east of Cambridge City. He was thrown from the vehicle and dragged several hundred feet, escaping with one rib broken and being otherwise badly bruised. Mr. Young is 69 years old, a resident of East Germantown, and the injuries may result fatally.

THE hardware and tinware store of George Dillman at Waveland, was blown up by powder and burned. The store took fire and almost instantly the powder exploded, blowing the building in every direction and causing damage to adjoining buildings. The fire did not extent beyond the ruined building. The store of J. R. Canine was damaged by the explosion and the glass in the stores across the street was broken out. The cause of the fire is unknown, as there was no person in the room at the time, which fact saved the lives of several persons. The stock ruined consisted of hardware, stoves, tinware, queensware, and glassware.

INDIANA patents have been issued to Peter Armantrout, assignor of one-half to F. L. Schneider, of Hoover, pipe or nut wrench; Charles Bowman, of Fort Wayne, saw mill feed mechanism; William H. Clark of Star City, combined end gate and scoop board; Chauncey M. Contant of Crawfordsville, buggy body; John Dierdorf of Indianapolis, piano stool; Oliver L. Durflinger of Shelbyville, foot guards for railways; John J. Kirkham, of Terre Haute, apparatus for manufacturing gas; Charles C. Martin and A. J. Schlaffer of West Franklin, animal trap; Henry Nelson of Fort Wayne, organ; Emil Sirois of Shelbyville, apparatus for shoeing animals; Samuel D. Stephens of West Shoals, cable arch support; Noah S. Wood of Roachdale, cabinet; Terre Haute Shovel and Tool Company of Terre Haute, diamond-pointed spade.

An advance copy of last week's report of the Indiana weather service, compiled in co-operation with the agricultural experiment station at Purdue University says: The temperture and sunshine during the past week were excessive, and although local rains prevailed over the State, temporarily benefiting the growing corn and potatoes, crops were reported at the end of the week as suffering from drouth, except in portions of Southern Indiana. The dry weather has affected the crops most severely in the northern portion of the State, and reports from some of the northern counties indicate that the oats crop will be almost an entire failure. Wheat threshing is about completed, and plowing for fall wheat has commenced in some sections of the State. Late reports say that the quality of the grain is very good, but the yield is not so large as was expected. Without exception pastures are reported as very short and dry, and in some instances farmers have been compelled to feed their stock as in winter. Late potatoes, already suffering from drouth, have been injured by bugs in all sections of the State. Reports again indicate that the melon crop will be unusually large and fine. Pears are in better condition than other fruits, and grapes have apparently suffered but little injury from the dry weather.

JOHN A. DOTTER, a switchman for the Evansville and Terre Haute road, fell between a locomotive and a car at Evansville and his head was severed from his body.

WHILE fighting a fire in her husband's wheat field, Mrs. Joseph Wherry, living two miles west of Marion, was the victim of a painful accident and but little hopes are entertained of her recovery. Her clothing caught fire, and she was severely burned from head to ankles. Her sufferings were intense. Mrs. Wherry is 26 years of age, and is the mother of one child.

JOHN THRAILKILL, son of Milton Thrailkill, a wealthy farmer of Spencer County, was thrown from a freight train at Morgansfield, Ky., and instantly killed. It is but a short time ago that John Thrailkill's aunt and her son, Frank Thrailkill, both committed suicide.

RODNEY ELLIS, a well-to-do farmer, residing near Windfall, shot himself, the ball striking the eye and lodging in the brain. Ellis was a married man and was well known and respected. The physicians could not locate the ball and entertain but little hope of his recovery, although he may do so. The cause of the act is unknown, and many conflicting stories are in circulation.

JOHN GABLE, a wealthy farmer of Delaware County, in company with his wife, went to Farmland, to do some trading. While driving down a steep grade on Main street he was thrown from his wagon and seriously hurt, from the effects of which he will probably die. He is about seventy-four years old, and has been a resident of Delaware County for ever forty years. He is a brother to L. A. Gable, a druggist in Indianapolis.

MCCLELLAND STINNETT was hurt by falling slate, in the Brier Hill mine, near Clay City. The slate cut through his face into his mouth, cut his neck badly, and put out one eye. His chances for recovery are slim.

At Chicago Royal Leads All.

As the result of my tests, I find the ROYAL BAKING POWDER superior to all the others in every respect. It is entirely free from all adulteration and unwholesome impurity, and in baking it gives off a greater volume of leavening gas than any other powder. *It is therefore not only the purest, but also the strongest powder with which I am acquainted.*

WALTER S. HAINES, M. D.,

Prof. of Chemistry, Rush Medical College,

Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The Good-Night Story.

"Every night when I watch my little daughter working off the big thoughts that sweep over her as her tired body begins to relax, while her mentality seems to be briefly and proportionately stimulated, I tremble to think of the harm that could be done to her or any child—for Mabel is not an abnormal child in any way—by an ignorant nurse or thoughtless parent.

"The fact that every normal child cries out for a bedtime story shows that its mental nature needs it just as its physical nature craves sweets. You want to give your child pure candy, so give him the unadulterated story. Leave out the fearful personalities, the grim and gigantic figures—these, even if they are properly vanquished by the gallant hero, are too distinct for the crib-side tale.

"Sit down by your little one's bed and speak low and evenly. Weave a fanciful but quiet story that tells of pretty fairies and birds, and flowers and droning bees and loving little boys and girls—these woo sleep to the weary but still active brain, not with the suffocating pressure of the gathering storm lit with lurid flashes, but with the soft clouds of the sunset horizon that change from rosy pink to tender enveloping gray, and gradually deepen into restful gloom."—New York Times.

Is This So?

There is a large factory in a small town near Chicago, employing about 100 workers, which is given over to the manufacture of articles from waste animal blood. At certain seasons of the year this unique factory uses quite 10,000 gallons of fresh blood per day. It is first converted into thin sheets by evaporation and certain chemical processes, and afterwards worked up into a variety of articles, such as combs, buttons, ear-rings, belt-clasps, bracelets, etc. Tons of these articles are sent to all parts of the world every year.

Use of Tobacco by Southern Women.

One hears much of snuff dipping among Southern women, but the practice is falling into desirable desuetude. The usual mode is to chew the end of a stick into a brush, and with that to rub powdered tobacco on the teeth. But while "dipping" is disappearing, smoking is a general practice among women of all ages and colors, and it rather shocks the Northern traveler in the "moonshine" country to see a rosy mountain Venus going about her housework with a corncob pipe stuck between her teeth.

A Letter Case.

Cut two pieces of cardboard in the shape of a shamrock and large enough to conceal an envelope of ordinary size. Cover each with plush of any color you may fancy and line them with silk of the same or contrasting color. Untie the two pieces at their lower edges and finish with a silk cord or use "odds and ends." At the top put a large bow of ribbon and suspend the case near the writing desk. The ribbon and cord should harmonize in color with the plush.

What to Expect.

The facetious man had built himself a nice new house with a stone veranda and steps up in the front and took a friend to look at it.

"Very nice; very nice, indeed," said the friend critically, "but it has such a set look. Lacks expression, you know."

"Of course," replied the owner, "but what else could you expect from a house with such a stony stair?" And he sat down on the steps and laughed.

Cheap Board.

A primitive scene recently took place (says a writer in the New York Times) at one of these summer boarding-houses which verify their advertised promise to keep guests cheaply. During the clattering removal of chipped plates before dessert, a besmudged maid appeared in the kitchen doorway and recommended: "All keep your spoons."

Pepper in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages pepper was by no means a thing to be sneezed at. So greatly was it valued that a small packet was considered a suitable present for a noted person on his marriage or some other great occasion.

A RECENT novel in flexible covers is creating a great sensation here. A Harlem woman used it to spank her children with.

THE cat has nine lives, which shows that nature had a pretty fair idea of what the cat would have to go through.

THE street beggars work on the principal that nothing succeeds like distress.

THE certain way to be cheated is to fancy one self more cunning than others.

ONE cannot call the upper branch of the English Parliament a peerless body.

Rich Red Blood

MRS MARY F TOBIN

"For feeling of deadness of the limbs, constipation and poor circulation of the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla has no rival. My blood was in very poor condition. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have good rich red blood, and do not bloat as I used to. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved to merit to me as it will to all who take it fairly." Mrs. M. F. Tobin, Niantic, Ct. Get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills Cure Sick Headache. 25c.

Perhaps an Echo.

About the time of the American revolution the French commander, De La Motte-Piquet, met, as he left Quiberon Bay, two American vessels which saluted him. He replied, according to ministerial instructions, with nine salutes of cannon, an honor to which the ships of the American Republic were entitled. The English Embassador immediately asked an explanation of the French Minister, De Vergennes. De Vergennes replied, good-naturedly and as if he had hardly given the matter a thought: "Perhaps it was the echo of the salute that you gave to a Corsican war-ship when the King, my master, regarded Corsica as a rebel, as your ruler very well knew."

Parisian Fools.

The superchic young men in Paris (according to an imaginative correspondent,) not content with mere boot lasts, have plaster casts made of their legs from the waist down, with the object of keeping both their trousers, their knee-breeches, and even their underwear in proper shape. One youth, with more money than brains, has an entire room of his residence devoted to the reception of some sixty pairs of plaster-of-Paris counterparts of his legs, and nothing is more peculiar than the spectacle presented by this army of fully clothed limbs standing about without any trunk and head.

Appropriate.

At a dinner given to Turner, the painter, who was an inveterate cockney, the talk turned upon one of his drawings of South Coast scenery—a view of a distant river, with a greyhound at full speed after a hare in the foreground. A guest was examining this plate with admiration, when Turner called out: "Ah! I see you want to know why I have introduced that 'are. It is a bit of sentiment, sir; for that's the spot where 'Arold 'Arefoot fell, and you see I 'ave made an 'ound a-chasing an 'are!"

Circumstantial Evidence.

Tommy was getting well of the measles, and his mother was properly careful lest he should be allowed to expose himself.

"Is Tommy still out in that cold garden, Bridget?" she asked toward nightfall.

"No, mum; he's come in."

"Where is he?"

"Sure an' I haven't seen him, mum; but I know he's come in, 'cause the cat's got on top of the tea cupboard."—Exchange.

TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

The Fecund Fly.

A fly will lay four times during the summer, about eighty eggs each time, and careful calculations have demonstrated that the descendants of a single insect may from June 1 to the end of September exceed 2,000,000. Were it not for bats, insect-eating birds, and the innumerable microscopic parasites with which the fly is particularly afflicted there would be no worse pest in the world than the fly.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are a painless and effectual remedy for all bilious and nervous disorders. For sale by all druggists.

Lawyers Willing to Take Chances.

Johanna Eilers, who died in Brooklyn two or three months ago, left a will in which she "called down the curse of God" upon any lawyer who would contest it. The contest is now going on. The average member of the bar is willing to take his chances with a little affair of that kind if the fee is satisfactory.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup takes right hold. Sold everywhere. 25c.

Scriptural.

"Why is it that when a woman loses her husband she becomes so attractive to men?"

"It is the old, old story of the widow's might."—Judge.

N. K. Brown's Essence Jamaica Ginger is a household necessity. None better—try it. 25 cts.

THE convicted criminal is never allowed to hurry himself. He must take his time.

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

THREE RAINS EAST WEST DAILY

PALACE BUFFET SLEEPERS. SUPERB DINING CARS.

No change of cars between New York, Boston and Chicago.

Tickets sold to all points at Lowest Rates. Baggage Checked to Destination. Special Rates for Parties.

L. WILLIAMS, Gen'l Superintendent. B. F. HORNER, Gen'l Pass'g'r Agent.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 1 to 3 lbs a week. Harmless treatment (by prescribing physician). No starving. Thousands cured. Send 4c in stamps O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., Mail Dept. McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

"German Syrup"

Just a bad cold, and a hacking cough. We all suffer that way sometimes.