A TOBACCO HEART.

Thousands of Americans Can't Get Insurance Because Tobacco Has Destroyed the Heart Action and Wrecked the Nervous System—No-To-Bac Works Many Miraculous Cures.

DELANSON, N. Y.—Engineer O. N. Bates stepped off Engine No. 47 with a long oiler in one hand and a bunch of blue waste in the other. Not a bystander there could help remarking his youthful, healthy look and active, vigorous movements, and contrasting his appearance with his condition of two months ago.

"Say, Colonel, how well you look!"

"Yes, I am well; better than I have been for years."

"What have you been doing?"

"Oh, not much. No-to-bac cured me of the tobacco habit and braced me mentally and physically. In fact, made me a new man in more ways than one. I had no appetite; couldn't sleep; now I sleep like a baby and eat three times a day with a relish, for the first time in years. My heart action is regular and no longer a bar to increased life insurance. You know throttle pulling requires a pretty steady nerve, and my nerves are O. K. now. One box and a quarter of No-to-bac cured me completely in ten days, after using tobacco forty years. No-to-bac is sold by all druggists and made by the Sterling Remedy Company of New York and Chicago. You ought to get one of their little books called 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away,' and post yourself. They send them free to any one that writes. It cost me $2.50 to get cured, and I spent three or four dollars a week for tobacco. If I had failed to get cured I would have gotten my money back, as the makers guarantee three boxes to cure any case. I have recommended the use of No-to-bac to fifteen of the boys on the line, and every one of them, so far as I know, has been cured."

The cab bell rang, the engineer climbed up quickly on the footboard, and the big train rolled away.

Unprofitable French Ventures.

Authorship and book publishing are in a bad way in France according to a number of experts who have been figuring on the situation. It is said by M. Albert Cim, and corroborated by other experts, that there are scarcely six novelists in France who can count on receiving equal to or above 10,000 francs a year for their literary work. An examination of the books of a prominent publisher of Paris, showed that two-thirds of the accounts opened for works of fiction, verse, travel, domestic economy, and military science showed considerable losses. A volume of reasons are offered in explanation of the situation, but the facts are admitted.

FRECKLES, tan, and all beauty-marring blemishes vanish from the face when Glenn's Sulphur Soap is used.

A BOY and a dog never get along until they are acquainted.

MANY people regard it as legitimate business to rob their kin.

WHATEVER you do, don't play horse with your friends.

Verdict for Hood's

"I was in the army four years, was wounded and contracted sciatica and rheumatism. Have suffered ever since and lost the use of my left leg and side. I must say that of all the medicines I have ever tried Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. It has done me the most good. I do not say that it will raise a fellow from the dead; but it will come the nearest to doing it of any medicine I have ever known or used." T. H. SAUNDERS, Osceola, Nebraska.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure Indigestion, biliousness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

CURES

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, Kidney Complaints in either sex. Every time it will relieve

Backache, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be let alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues." These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

Every woman, married or single, should own and read "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," an illustrated book of 30 pages, containing important information that every woman should know about herself. We send it free to any reader of this paper.

All druggists sell the Pinkham medicines. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

EVERY ONE WHO WEARS THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT Says: "They are the Best." Get a catalogue by writing The Owen Electric Belt Co. 195 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

KORONG.

A Tale of the Sandwich Islands.

By GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER THE STORM.

Next morning the day broke bright and calm, as if the tempest had been but an evil dream of the night, and now past forever. The birds sang loud; the lizards came forth from their holes in the walls and basked, green and gold, in the warm, dry sunshine. But though the sky overhead was blue and the air clear, as usually happen after these alarming tropical cyclones and rainstorms, the memorials of the great wind that had raged all night long among the forests of the island were neither few or far between. Everywhere the ground was strewn with leaves, and branches, and huge stems of cocoa-palms. All nature was dragged. Many of the trees were stripped clean of their foliage, as completely as oaks in an English winter; on others big strands of twisted fibers marked the scars and joints where mighty boughs had been torn away by main force; while, elsewhere, bare stumps alone remained to mark the former presence of some noble dracœna or some gigantic banyan. Bread-fruits and cocoanuts lay tossed in the wildest confusion on the ground; the bananna and plantain patches were beaten level with the soil or buried deep in the mud; many of the huts had given way entirely; abundant wreckage strewed every corner of the island. It was an awful sight. Muriel shuddered to herself to see how much the two that night had passed through.

What the outer fringing reef had suffered from the storm they hardly knew as yet, but from the door of the hut Felix could see himself how even the calm waters of the inner lagoon had been lashed into wild fury by the fierce swoop of the tempest. Round the entire atoll the solid conglomerate coral floor was scooped under, broken up, chewed fine by the waves, or thrown in vast fragments on the beach of the island. By the easter shore, in particular, just opposite their hut, Felix observed a regular wall of many feet high, piled up by the waves like the familiar Chesil Beach near his old home in Dorsetshire. It was the shelter of that temporary barrier alone, no doubt that had preserved their huts last night from the full fury of the gale, and that had allowed the natives to congregate in such numbers prone on their faces in the mud and rain, upon the unconsecrated ground outside their taboo-line.

But now not an islander was to be seen within ear-shot. All had gone away to look after their ruined huts or their beaten down plantain patches, leaving the cruel gods, who, as they thought, had wrought all the mischief out of pure wantoness, to repent at leisure the harm done during the night to their obedient votaries.

Felix was just about to cross the taboo-line and walk down to the shore to examine the barrier when Toko, his Shadow, laying his hand on his shoulder with more genuine interest and affection than he had ever yet shown, exclaimed, with some horror, "Oh no! Not that! Don't dare to go outside! It would be very dangerous for you. If my people were to catch you on profane soil just now there's no saying what harm they might do to you."

"Why so?" Felix exclaimed in surprise. "Last night, surely, they were all prayers and promises and vows and entreaties."

The young man nodded his head in acquiescence. "Ah, yes; last night," he answered. "That was very well then. Vows were sore needed. The storm was raging, and you were within your taboo. How could they dare touch you, a mighty god of the tempest, at the very moment when you were rending their banyan-trees and snapping their cocoanut stems with your mighty arms like so many little chicken-bones? Even Tu-Kila-Kila himself, I expect, the very high god, lay frightened in his temple, cowering by his trees, annoyed at your wrath; he sent Fire and Water among the worshipers no doubt, to offer up vows and to appease your anger."

Then Felix remembered, as his Shadow spoke, that, as a matter of fact, he had observed the men who usually wore the red and white feather cloaks among the motley crowd of groveling natives who lay flat on their faces in the mud of the cleared space the night before and prayed hard for mercy. Only they were not wearing their robes of office at the moment, in accordance with a well-known savage custom; they had come naked and in disgrace, as befits all suppliants. They had left behind them the insignia of their rank in their own shaken huts, and bowed down their bare backs to the rain and the lightning.

"Yes, I saw them among the other islanders," Felix answered, half-smiling, but prudently remaining, within the taboo-line, as his Shadow advised him.

Toko kept his hand still on his master's shoulder. "Oh, king," he said, beseechingly, and with great solemnity, "I am doing wrong to warn you; I am breaking a very great Taboo. I don't know what harm may come to me for telling you. Perhaps Tu-Kila-Kila will burn me to ashes with one glance of his eyes. He may know this minute what I'm saying here alone to you."

It is hard for a white man to meet scruples like this; but Felix was bold enough to answer outright: "Tu-Kila-Kila knows nothing of the sort, and can never find out. Take my word for it, Toko, nothing that you say to me will ever reach Tu-Kila-Kila."

The Shadow looked at him doubtfully, and trembled as he spoke. "I like you, Korong," he said, with a genuinely truthful ring in his voice. "You seem to me so kind and good—so different from other gods, who are very cruel. You never beat me. Nobody I ever served treated me as well or as kindly as you have done. And for your sake I will even dare to break taboo—if you're quite sure Tu-Kila-Kila will never discover it."

"I'm quite sure," Felix answered, with perfect confidence. "I know it for certain. I swear a great oath to it."

"You swear by Tu-Kila-Kila himself?" the young savage asked, anxiously.

"I swear by Tu-Kila-Kila himself," Felix replied at once. "I swear, without doubt. He can never know it."

"That is a great Taboo," the Shadow went on, meditatively, stroking Felix's arm. "A very great Taboo indeed. A terrible medicine. And you are a god; I can trust you. Well, then, you see, the secret is this: you are a Korong, but you are a stranger and you don't understand the ways of Boupari. If for three days after the end of this storm, which Tu-Kila-Kila has sent Fire and Water to pray and vow against, you or the Queen of the Clouds show yourself outside your own taboo-line—why, then, the people are clear of sin, whoever takes you may rend you alive; they will tear you limb from limb and cut you into pieces."

"Why so?" Felix asked aghast at this discovery. They seemed to live on a perpetual volcano in this wonderful island; and a volcano ever breaking out in fresh places. They could never get at the bottom of its horrible superstitions.

"Because you ate the storm-apple." the Shadow answered confidently "That was very wrong. You brought the tempest upon us yourselves by your trespass; therefore, by the custom of Boupari, which we learn in the mysteries, you become full Korong for the sacrifice at once. That makes the term for you. The people will give you all your dues: then they will say, 'We are free; we have bought you with a price; we have brought your cocoanuts. No sin attaches to us; we are righteous; we are righteous.' And then they will kill you, and Fire and Water will roast you and boil you."

"But only if we go outside the taboo-line?" Felix asked anxiously.

"Only if you go outside the taboo-line," the Shadow replied, nodding a hasty assent. "Inside it, till your term comes, even Tu-Kila-Kila himself, the very high god, whose meat we all are, dare never hurt you."

"Till our term comes?" Felix inquired, once more astonished and perplexed. "What do you mean by that, my Shadow?"

But the Shadow was either bound by some superstitious fear, or else incapable of putting himself into Felix's point of view. "Why, till you are full Korong," he answered, like one who speaks of some familiar fact, as who would say, till you are 40 years old, or, till your beard grows white. "Of course, by and by, you will be full Korong. I cannot help you then; but, till that time comes, I would like to do my best by you. You have been very kind to me. I tell you much. More than this, it would not be lawful for me to mention."

And that was the most that, by dexterous questioning, Felix could ever manage to get out of his mysterious Shadow.

"At the end of three days we will be safe, though?" he inquired at last, after all other questions failed to produce an answer.

"Oh, yes, at the end of three days the storm will have blown over," the young man answered, easily. "All will then be well. You may venture out once more. The rain will have dried over all the island. Fire and Water will have no more power over you."

Felix went back to the hut to inform Muriel of this new peril thus suddenly sprung upon them. Poor Muriel, now almost worn out with endless terrors, received it calmly. "I'm growing accustomed to it all, Felix," she answered, resignedly. "If only I know that you will keep your promise, and never let me fall alive into these wretches' hands, I shall feel quite safe. Oh, Felix, do you know when you took me in your arms like that last night, in spite of everything, I felt positively happy."

About 10 o'clock they were suddenly roused by a sound of many natives, coming in quick succession, single file, to the huts, and shouting aloud, "Oh, King of the Rain, oh, Queen of the Clouds, come forth for our vows! Receive your presents!"

Felix went forth to the door to look. With a warning look in his eyes, his Shadow followed him. The natives were now coming up by dozens at a time, bringing with them, in great arm-loads, fallen cocoanuts and bread fruits, and branches of bananas, and large draggled clusters of half-ripe plantains.

"Why, what are all these?" Felix exclaimed in surprise.

His Shadow looked up at him, as if amused at the absurd simplicity of the question. "These are yours, of course," he said; "yours and the Queen's; they are the windfalls you made. Did you not knock them all off the trees for yourselves when you were coming down in such sheets from the sky last evening?"

Felix wrung his hands in positive despair. It was clear, indeed, that to the minds of the natives there was no distinguishing personally between himself and Muriel, and the rain or the cyclone.

"Will they bring them all in?" he asked, gazing in alarm at the huge pile of fruits the natives were making outside the hut.

"Yes, all," the Shadow answered; "they are vows; they are godsends; but if you like, you can give some of them back. If you give much back, of course it will make my people less angry with you."

Felix advanced near the line, holding his hand up before him to command silence. As he did so, he was absolutely appalled himself at the perfect storm of execration and abuse which his appearance excited. The foremost natives brandishing their clubs and stone-tipped spears, or shaking their fists by the line, poured forth upon his devoted head at once all the most frightful curses of the Polynesian vocabulary. "Oh, evil god," they cried aloud with angry faces, "oh, wicked spirit! you have a bad heart. See what a wrong you have purposely done us. If your heart were not bad, would you treat us like this? If you are indeed a god, come out across the line, and let us try issues together. Don't skulk like a coward in your hut and within your taboo, but come out and fight us. We are not afraid, who are only men. Why are you afraid of us?"

Felix tried to speak once more, but the din drowned his voice. As he paused, the people set up their loud shouts again. "Oh, you wicked god! You eat the storm-apple! You have wrought us much harm. You have spoiled our harvest. How you came down in great sheets last night! It was pitiful, pitiful! We would like to kill you. You might have taken our bread-fruits and our bananas, if you would; we give you them freely; they are yours; here, take them. We feed you well; we make you many offerings. But why did you wish to have our huts also? Why did you beat down our young plantations and break our canoes against the beach of the island? That shows a bad heart! You are an evil god! You dare not defend yourself. Come out and meet us."

CHAPTER XII.

A POINT OF THEOLOGY.

At last, with great difficulty, Felix managed to secure a certain momentary lull of silence. The natives, clustering round the line till they almost touched it, listened with scowling brows, and brandished threatening spears, tipped with points of stone or sharks' teeth or turtle-bone, while he made his speech to them. From time to time, one or another interrupted him, coaxing and wheedling him, as it were, to cross the line; but Felix never heeded them. He was beginning to understand now how to treat this strange people. He took no notice of their threats or their entreaties either.

By and by, partly by words and partly by gestures, he made them understand that they might take back and keep for themselves all the cocoanuts and bread-fruits they had brought as windfalls. At this the people seemed a little appeased. "His heart is not quite as bad as we thought," they murmured among themselves, "but if he didn't want them, what did he mean? Why did he beat down our huts and our plantations?"

Then Felix tried to explain to them—a somewhat dangerous task—that neither he nor Muriel were really responsible for last night's storm; but at that the people with one accord, raised a great loud shout of unmixed derision. "He is a god," they cried, "and yet he is ashamed of his own acts and deeds, afraid of what we, mere men, will do to him! Ha! ha! Take care! These are lies that he tells. Listen to him! Hear him!"

Meanwhile, more and more natives kept coming up with windfalls of fruit, or with objects they had vowed in their terror to dedicate during the night; and Felix all the time kept explaining at the top of his voice, to all as they came, that he wanted nothing, and that they could take all back again. This curiously inconsistent action seemed to puzzle the wondering natives strangely. Had he made the storm, then, they asked, and eaten the storm-apple, for no use to himself, but out of pure perverseness? If he didn't even want the windfalls and the objects vowed to him, why had he beaten down their crops and broken their houses? They looked at him meaningly; but they dared not cross that great line of taboo. It was their own superstition alone, in that moment of danger, that kept their hands off those defenseless white people.

At last a happy idea seemed to strike the crowd. "What he wants is a child?" they cried, exhusively. "He thirsts for blood! Let us kill and roast him a proper victim!"

Felix's horror at this appalling proposition knew no bounds. "If you do," he cried, turning their own superstition against them in this last hour of need, "I will raise up a storm worse than last night's! You do it at your peril! I want no victim. The people of my country eat not of human flesh. It is a thing detestable, horrible, hateful to God and man. With us, all human life alike is sacred. We spill no blood. If you dare to do as you say, I will raise such a storm over your heads to-night as will submerge and drown the whole of your island."

The natives listened to him with profound interest. "We must spill no blood!" they repeated, looking aghast at one another. "Hear what the King says! We must not cut the victim's throat. We must bind a child with cords and roast him alive for him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Old Associates.

In criminal trials grim humor has often played a conspicuous part. A Scotch judge once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar: "You're a vare clever chiel, man; but I'm thinking ye wad be none the wan.o hangin'." Unconsciously funny was the Irish burglar, who, on being placed at the bar, felt quite uneasy when arraigned, and complained bitterly that he should be in such an awkward position, so far from friends and home. The judge felt kindly toward him and said: "Be calm, young man. You may rest assured that, although among strangers, full justice will be done you." "Be me soul, yer honor," groaned Pat, "and its fear of that same that thrubless me." But funnier still, in its unconscious humor is the following: Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young, was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When during his later years, he was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of such and such of his old associates. "Ah, my lord," said the culprit, making a low bow, "they are all hanged but your lordship and myself."

The Chaplain's Cane.

The Rev. E. B. Bagby, chaplain of the House, has received a novel present. It is a walking stick on which are drawn the heads of half a dozen members of Congress in addition to that of the reverend gentleman himself. It was the work of a convict in the Montana penitentiary, who writes that the heads were drawn from pictures of these gentlemen which appeared in an illustrated paper. The only implements at his command were a broken penknife, a bit of window glass and red ink. The heads are drawn in relief, and the work is highly creditable from an artistic standpoint. The faces of Mr. Caruth, of Kentucky; Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio; Mr. Sibley, Pennsylvania; Mr. Everett, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Maguire, of California, are among those reproduced. Those of the three gentlemen first named are especially good, and would be recognized even without the names which appear, in raised letters beneath. The cane is surrounded by a handle of horn.

Undismayed.

A real craving of the soul is not easily appeased. Nor is the subject of it easily deterred from seeking to gratify it by any considerations of worldly prudence, as witness this bit of boy biography reported by Good News.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "won't you get me a double ripper sled?"

"Why, Johnny," answered his mother, "I knew a little boy who had a sled of that kind, and the first time he used it he crushed three of his fingers so that they had to be taken off. How would you like that?"

The youthful applicant wore a thoughtful look for a moment. Then he said:

"Well, mamma, I don't know. It would be sort o' convenient not to have so many finger nails to keep clean."

Superstitious of Criminals.

Criminals have a deep-rooted belief in the power of talismans, and in the protecting properties of charms and amulets. According to an experienced detective attached to the Criminal Investigation Department, the professional burglar invariably carries in his pocket a small lump of coal for luck. To this safeguard he pins his faith, and, with his "bit of charmed coal," it appears he may defy the authorities, however shrewd they may be. Sometimes when searched at the police office, there are found concealed in the burglar's pocket a piece of chalk, lucky stones, and rusty horseshoe nails. Relying on such articles for his safety in the moments of peril, he parts with them most reluctantly, and often stipulates with the turnkey for their return to him on his liberation from prison.

Two Noted Cats.

Richard III. and Grover Cleveland are the highsounding names of two Alberton (Md.) cats, which for sagacity and size are remarkable. Dick is 19 years old, while Grover is his junior by half as many years, and they weigh twelve pounds each. They are accomplished acrobats, and perform many tricks for the amusement of the villagers. They frequently catch rabbits and other game in the thickets near their house, although they never care to wander from their own fireside, except on these short hunting trips.—Baltimore Sun.

IN the aggregate petty crimes work more evil than great ones.

THE value of a kindness does not always depend on its size.

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.

Minor State Items.

SAMUEL DE COURSEY'S 2-year-old child, Clay City, drank fly poison. May die.

JACOB SHIELDS, 15, Lafayette, was drowned while bathing in Wabash River.

AN Albany young lady's picture has been found in cigarette boxes, and she's mad about it.

BRISTOL people will unite to secure the punishment of boys who disturb public meetings.

THE Roachdale News, the office of which was burned some time ago, has resumed publication.

SOUTH BEND'S GROCERS' ASSOCIATION has passed resolutions abolishing the sale of cigarettes.

THE 4-year-old daughter of James H. Rosenstock, fell in a cistern at Logansport, and was drowned.

AT Goshen William Hatfield was crushed under a load of brick and sustained injuries from which he died.

FIRE-CHIEF KENNEDY, Terre Haute, was seriously injured. Wagon broke down while he was running to a fire.

THE little child of Allen Gartner, four miles from Wabash, died from the effects of pulling over on it a pot of hot tea.

THE Eastern Indiana Oil and Gas Company, at Union City, has begun work on its pipe line to that city. Gas will be ready by Sept. 1.

WILLIAM L. WAGNER, aged 24, was drowned in Salt Creek five miles north of Lebanon, while bathing. He leaves a wife and two little children. He was a "Red Man."

GEORGE VAN GIESON, a pioneer of Lafayette County, was killed by a Lake Shore train at Rolling Prairie. He was driving across the track, and being deaf, was struck. His team was also instantly killed.

THE State Board of Health has ordered the quarantine lifted from all the benevolent and penal institutions with the exceptions of those located in the counties still infested by smallpox. The quarantine against visitors from Chicago was continued at the Prison North.

OMER KNOTTS, the 7-year-old son of Christopher Knotts of Elwood, was thrown from a horse, his head striking a stone, crushing his skull. He lived nearly two hours, but never regained consciousness. A section of the skull four inches in diameter was forced into the brain.

PATENTS have been awarded to the following residents of Indiana: William Brooking, River, car coupling; Fred W. Spacke, Indianapolis, centrifugal high speed governor; Hugh D. Studabaker, Bluffton, register for rotations of vehicle wheels, etc.; Warren B Sylvester, Portland, tub roller and shaper; Clotilde P. Thomas, Evansville, hat pin retainer; James Tobin, Indianapolis, car fender; Sylvester Warner and O. E. Cook, West Union, traction wheel. A trade mark has been granted to the Excelsior Manufacturing Company, Logansport, for medicinal preparations for the hair and scalp.

THE two days' session of the Northern Indiana Editorial Association, held at Warsaw, closed by electing the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. B. Stoll, South Bend; First Vice President, Mrs. Daniel McDonald, Plymouth; Second Vice President, John H. Baker, Columbia City; Secretary, Mrs. J. F. Sutton, Logansport; Corresponding Secretary, Louis McDonald, Plymouth; Treasurer, Major Bitters, Rochester. Executive Committee, General Reuben Williams, Warsaw; John W. Adams, Columbia City; and Ed. S. Brooke, Plymouth. Logansport was selected as the next place of meeting, and the second Thursday and Friday of June 1895 as the date.

A MAN hing in the woods by the New York, Chicago and S. Louis railway tracks, one mile west of Edgerton, Allen County, Ind., committed a brutal assault on the wife of Robert McConnel, and left her insensible by the track while he fled to the woods. Mr. and Mrs. McConnell were married the day before, and she was walking to her mother's house. She says the man was James Hobbs, a young man recently returned from the Reform School, and who last week attempted to assault the 12-year-old daughter of a prominent farmer, but failing, robbed her of 20 cents. A posse, headed by the newly married man and his wife's father, after searching for a long time, found him. Sheriff Clausmier went to Edgerton on a special train to prevent a lynching, and it was with difficulty the prisoner was saved from the crowd.

WILLIAM R. DAVIS, aged 20, and a prominent young man of Frankfort, was probably fatally shot during a fight with a burglar. He was sleeping at the home of C. R. Pratt to protect the family in the absence of Mr. Pratt from the city. About daylight he awoke and saw the robber going through his clothes on a chair. Leaping from the bed young Davis clutched the burglar, who drew a revolver and fired two shots, afterwards making his escape, leaving a hat and dark lantern behind. One shot was through Davis' arm and the wound is not serious, but the second bullet entered his abdomen and may prove fatal. Officers shortly afterward arrested a hatless tramp, who gave his name as Michael O'Brien. The man is held on suspicion. O'Brien is from Marion County, Ohio, and is a telegraph operator. Feeling runs very high against him.

TWO IMMENSE catfish were caught in the Wabash River at Logasport, one of them weighed seventy-two pounds.

WORKMEN, while excavating a ditch in St. Joseph County, uncovered the well-preserved teeth, bones, and tusk of an immense mastodon. Two of the teeth weigh five and one-half and six and one-half pounds respectively, and were sold for $15. The tusk measured twenty-two inches in circumference two feet from the end. The piece taken out measured four feet long and weighed seventy pounds. Its size indicates a length of fifteen feet.

AT Evansville, Fred Hauptmeyer, 18 years old, accidentally shot himself with a flobert rifle. Death was instantaneous. His father was a well-known traveling salesman, who died two months ago.

A PARTY of picnickers at Comer's mill near Marion, had a sad finale to the excursion. On the way home, one wagon, containing a party, tried to pass the others, and in driving around struck a large bowlder in the road. Mrs. Rosetta Sheldon was thrown back over the wheel. She was holding her baby in her arms, but the sudden jolt threw the baby out of her arms on its head. Its neck was broken and the child died immediately.

JOHN CARTER of Plainfield, who has been deaf for several years, has regained his hearing by removing a ball of cotton which he stuck in his ear sixteen years ago.

THE citizens of Anderson are becoming alarmed at the pollution of White River by dying fish above the city. A mile or so east of Anderson the banks of White River are strewn with thousands of decaying and dead fish. It is thought that the waters of the stream are poisoned by the sewerage from the stewboard works near Muncie. The water supply for Anderson is taken from the river, and an effort will be made to enjoin the further pollution of the stream from that source.

VENICE BUILT IN A SWAMP.

The City of Gondolas Founded as a Refuge From Savage Northern Intruders.

The City of Venice is approached from behind by a railroad constructed over a stretch of swamp which is not very unlike the near approach to several New Jersey coast towns. There is a trifle more water and not so much grass, but, according to a writer in the Philadelphia Telegraph, the ride into the city is anything but a subject for a chapter of fine romance. Out beyond this swamp was another swamp which was a little higher. It had been out of the water longer and had caught enough of seaweed, sand, shells, and sediment to be fit for birds to nest on. There was one island called the Rialto, which was really quite secure, and around this one there was said to be about seventy-five or eighty other islands which to-day are occupied by the City of Venice. Some of these were originally not islands at all. They were mere high places in a great bog, which, by the cutting of channels and by artificial means, were converted into more or less fit places for the erection of building. Without consulting history, one could almost guess that such an unfavorable spot as this was not selected as the site for a city out of free choice; and, indeed, it was not. Venice was started during the fifth and sixth centuries. The inhabitants of Pandua and a few more north Roman cities, chased out by the Huns, the Goths, and other tribes of barbarians, took refuge there in an Adriatic lagoon. The savages of Asia had no boats, so that the settlement was very safe, and, leading an independent life, prospered by itself during the middle ages at a surprising rate. It was a monstrous work to make the city secure from the sea. Ship loads of stone were brought from other coasts. Dams and canals were built at great cost and the residents finally got enough of dry land about them to feel moderately safe. It was still, however, a difficult thing to find foundations for the houses, especially as many of the rich men desired to put up heavy marble palaces, and it frequently costs more in Venice to-day to sink the rocks and piles for a house than it does to put on the superstructure. Few cities have ever been built under greater difficulties.

A KENTUCKY MIRACLE

Judge John M. Rice Tells How He Was Cured of Rheumatism.

Crippled for Six Years with Sciatica in Its Worst Form, He Expected to Die, but Was Saved in a Marvelous Manner.

(From the Covington, Ky., Post.)

The Hon. John M. Rice, Louisa, Lawrence County, Kentucky, has for the past two years retired from active life as Criminal and Circuit Judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District of Kentucky.

He has for many years served his native county and State in the Legislature at Frankfort and at Washington, and, until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. The Judge is well known throughout the State and possesses the best qualities which go to make a Kentucky gentleman honored wherever he is known.

About six years ago the bodily troubles which finally caused his retirement at a time when his mental faculties were in the zenith of their strength, began their encroachment upon his naturally strong constitution. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet.

"My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and, in fact, my whole system, became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them, I had recourse to patent remedies, trying one kind after another until I believed there were none I had not sampled.

"In 1888, attended by my son John, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months' stay there when I returned home. My liver was actually dead, and a dull persistent pain in its region kept me on the rack all the time. In 1890 I was re-appointed Circuit Judge, but it was impossible for me to give attention to my duties. In 1891, I went to the Siluria Springs, Waukesha, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement.

Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was, I felt, gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1893. One day John saw an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the Kentucky Post. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could not do so much harm, John prevailed upon me to try the Pink Pills. It was, I think, in the first week in May the pills arrived. I remember I was not expected to live for more than three or four days at the time. The effect of the pills, however, was marvelous and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began almost instantaneously to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

The reporter called upon Mr. Hughes, the Louisa druggist, who informed him that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been very popular since Judge Rice used them with such benefit. He mentioned several who have found relief in their use.

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Manchester's Unsavory Ship Canal.

The plain truth is that the triumph of engineering skill is little better than an open sewer. The rivers, the waters of which have been incorporated in the canal, have from time immemorial served as the sewers of Manchester and the other towns and villages along their banks, and in the construction of the canal this primitive state of things has been deliberately perpetuated.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Wisdom Cries Aloud.

Advertising not only brings trade, it directs trade, it creates trade.

You have something to sell, there is somebody who needs it: connect that something with that somebody and there is a probability of a trade.

The newspaper can save clerk hire and the soiling and spoiling of goods in the showing of them by telling customers beforehand just what you have.

Forget that there are other merchants within a thousand miles of you, or a writer within 10,000, and write for the people alone whom you want as regular buyers at your store.

The object of an advertisement is to be read. Every other consideration should give way to this. An advertisement may be set up in faultless manner and yet may be so monotonous that it will not attract any more attention than one grain of rice among thousands of other grains about it.—Philadelphia Call.

Treatment of the Feet.

Hot water enlarges the feet by drawing the blood to them. When used the feet should be exercised before attempting to put on a tight boot. Mustard and hot water in a foot bath will cure a nervous headache and induce sleep. Bunions and corns and callousness are nature's protection against bad shoe leather. Two hot baths a week and a little pedicuring will remove the cause of much discomfort. A warm bath with an ounce of sea salt is almost as restful as a nap. Paddle in the water until it cools, dry with a rough towel, put on fresh stockings, make a change of shoes, and the person who was "ready to drop" will then be ready to stand up. Another tonic for the sole is alcohol. It dries the feet nicely after being out in the wet. Spirit baths are used by professional dancers, acrobats, and pedestrians to keep the feet in condition.

A Nice Distinction.

The Railway Age says: "The miles of main line" in a State fall very far short of the "miles of track." Thus in Illinois the main lines aggregate 10,315 miles, while there are 1,300 miles of second, third, fourth, and additional tracks, and 3,436 miles of yard tracks and sidings, making a grand total of 15,051 miles of railway track in the State. This is an increase of 373 miles in the last fiscal year, though only 76 miles of main line were added. In the United States at the beginning of 1893 there were 171,805 "miles of railway" and 49,824 miles of second track, sidings, etc., in addition, or 221,629 miles in all. The increase of sidings and second tracks in the last year has been very great, and will continue; which suggests the fact that the demand for railway supplies of all kinds is steadily growing, even in times when the construction of new lines is light.

What He Thought.

The distinguished Detroiter had been in Chicago on a visit of several weeks, and when he returned a reporter who thought he might get a good item, called to interview him.

"How long were you in Chicago?" he asked, after a few preliminaries.

"Five weeks."

"Big town, isn't it?"

"Slightly large."

"You had a pretty fair opportunity of testing the climate, didn't you?"

"Excellent."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Your's is a family journal, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the reporter, wondering what the mischief that had to do with it.

"Well, sir, what I think of it is utterly unfit for publication in such a medium, and you must excuse me," and the rest of the interview didn't amount to much.—Detroit Free Press.

New Way of Seasoning Lumber.

A new process of seasoning Canadian lumber is being developed, and bids fair to become an important industry to our Canadian friends. They have secured the control of a German patent for the treatment of beech and birch woods. By the new process the sap is sweated out of the boards by being placed in a green state in steam chambers for twelve days, then it is put into the drying chamber for two or three days, and by a chemical application the wood is stained throughout a rich walnut color. No country in the world has such forests of beech and birch as Canada. A trial kiln has been built at Ottawa, and the treatment is said to be very successful.

Worn Out in Harness.

In the harness of every-day business work men and women wear out prematurely. For some of us it is not easy, for others, again, it is impossible to get out of harness. It is the inflexible yoke, the strongly forged, unbreakable shackle of imperative servitude needful to ourselves and those most dear to us. The weight of it often bows many of us into the grave before our time, but it is undoubtedly true that there is a means of rendering the burthen less onerous, and of mitigating the ailments that unremittingly toll—especially of a sedentary kind—has a tendency to produce. Overworked clerks in counting-houses, mill operatives, bookkeepers, type-writers, and others testify to the reviving, restorative effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and its power of renewing physical and mental energy when overtasked and on the wane. Dyspepsia, failing vigor, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints yield to this beneficent medicine, which is a preventive of malaria and counteracts the effects of exposure in inclement weather.

Yield to the Enevitable.

Farmers in Maryland and Delaware slowly and unwillingly relinquish the idea of growing wheat and corn in competion with the West and half sorrowfully admit that their lands must in time come to form a market garden for the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard. There is an old-fashioned notion in Delaware and upon the eastern shore that it is more respectable to grow wheat in sixty-acre fields than half a dozen vegetables in small plots and the minute peasant farming of France, Belgium, and Holland has no attractions for the occupants of 300-acre farms.

"WHO is your favorite actor?" he inquired of his wife. "You are, dear," she answered. "I!" "Yes, when you are trying to make me believe that you were sitting up with a sick friend."

A BAD WRECK

—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents and CURES all liver and kidney Diseases. It rouses the li