CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

A Girl's Experience.

My daughter's nerves were terribly out of order. She was thin and weak; the least noise startled her, and she was wakeful at night. Before she had taken one package of Celery King the change in her was so great that she could hardly be taken for the same girl. She is rapidly growing well and strong, her complexion is perfect, and she sleeps well every night.—Mrs. Lucy McNutt, Brush Valley, Pa.

Celery King cures Constipation, and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

Richmond Palladium

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On the heels of the famine comes a cholera scourge in India. The death rate is enormous.

And now the startling news comes by cable from London that Kruger has had his hair cut and whiskers shaved off.

People who talk about exterminating the Chinese are perhaps not aware that it would require 133 years to depopulate China at the rate of 1,000 a day.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt and Ex-Governor Hoadley, two of New York's ablest Democrats, have announced that they will support McKinley and Roosevelt.

On the 8th of August W. J. Bryan is to be officially informed of his nomination. The solemn ceremony will take place at Indianapolis. It is expected to make the occasion an imposing affair.

Mr. Bryan has not yet had time to explain why he urged his friends in the senate to vote for the Spanish treaty ceding the Philippine islands to the United States. If he is not an expansionist what is he?

It seems strange that the Chinese minister at Washington could get the no[illegible] government that [illegible] Pekin [illegible]me

[illegible] of this place will have a sale of all his personal property on July 26, after which he intends moving to Oklahoma.

John Fountain, our lumber man, furnishes all the lumber for the National Drill Works shops, now being built at Cambridge City.

Several classes of the M. E. Sunday school will picnic near George Wiker's, west of town, along Simons creek Tuesday of this week.

Leonard Champe had a very fine Jersey heifer killed by lightning on Wednesday night last, which had taken shelter under a locust tree in his pasture.

T. M. Bales has bought the little farm of sixteen acres of Madison Swisher, northeast of town, and now Mr. S. is quite anxious to buy a small farm again.

Abe Groves, one of our stock dealers, was adjudged as a man of unsound mind last week and was taken to Richmond Saturday to await an opening in the asylum. Mr. Groves' wife died some months ago and other troubles were mourned over until his mind became unbalanced. A sad reflection indeed when the mental faculties are diseased.

Never probably in the history of the country has the promise of an abundant crop of corn been better than the present one. It is a rare sight now to see a poor field of corn unless in extreme wet land.

Rev. David Mullen went out to Kennard on Saturday to attend a quarterly meeting of the church to which he belongs, the Wesleyan Methodist. He says the meeting was to be held under a tent on Sunday, Presiding Elder Teeter officiating.

The Friends district Sunday school was held in Friends church Saturday as a kind of an all-day meeting preparing and eating their dinner at the church. Rev. Elwood Ellis lectured in the afternoon on what he saw and learned during his recent visit to Palestine.

DALTON.

The prospect for a large corn crop is quite good at this time, although it has been difficult to keep it as clean of weeds as some years, especially drilled corn. Some farmers plowed all last week.

Meadows are not all cut yet, but are being cared for briskly and a good crop is expected, especially timothy. There is not as much acreage as common.

No such thing as wheat cutting here, but a good oats crop will be soon ready for the binder.

Several from here started to Missouri to the Jester trial at New London. They went over the Big Four Saturday night. Those going were: Eunice Smith, Joseph Howell, W. H. Evans, Riley Chamness, William S. Farlow and wife, Samuel Lamb, G. W. Johnson, G. W. Lamb, Aaron Philip and several others.

M. I. Hastings has been very sick the past week with bowel trouble.

There has been a meeting held all the past week at the M. E. church. Ministers were Revs. Harter of Williamsburg, Lacy of Lynn, Martin of Anderson, with the pastor, Rev. Thornburg. Meeting well attended, with good interest taken.

Frank Parker and family of Marion have been visiting his brother, John Parker and family, the past week. They went home Saturday morning. He is in the street car service.

Milt Luellyn and wife are moving into the upper story of the Grange building.

Some are telling that W. R. Thornburgh is about to lose his mind because the C., R. & M. will cross his farm. Don't believe that. Billy is too game for that.

Joe Harter went to Missouri Saturday evening.

CENTERVILLE.

Miss Annie Venard spent Sunday and Monday with Fountain City friends.

Mrs. Bertha Dunbar and son, Julian, returned home from Indianapolis Friday.

Mrs. E. L. Culbertson and Miss Leatha Dunbar spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Duke, Green township.

Charley Morgan received the contract to paint the wood work on the school building.

$73.50 was the amount sent from Center township to the sufferers in India.

Miss Bell Williams spent Sunday with Mrs. Dick Peelle in Indianapolis.

A runaway occurred here Monday afternoon which for a time looked as though the occupants would be dashed to death. Mrs. Milo Harris and her sister, Miss Dora Stevens, were coming into town from the north in a buggy when near the depot the horse became frightened at an engine standing on the side track and began to run. Mrs. Harris, who was driving, possibly could have managed the horse had it not been for a dog making an attack on the horse which scared him worse and he came up the street at a furious rate of speed. At Main street the buggy struck a pile of dirt and upset, throwing out the women. Miss Stevens became entangled in the buggy and was dragged about two rods and is very seriously injured. Mrs. Harris escaped with slight injuries.

Rev. James Land will preach at Bryant Chapel next Sunday morning at 10:30, and will preach in the Christian church here Sunday evening at 7:30, subject, "China and the Present Trouble."

Mrs. Albert Tansell and baby of Greensfork spent Tuesday with A. B. Dunbar and wife.

Prof. Beeman, who was principal of our school last year, has been selected as superintendent vice Prof. Hoover who goes to Fowler, Benton county. Prof. John W. Newbern of Richmond has been selected as principal. Miss Mattie Jackson of Bethel, grammar department. The intermediate and primary teachers have not been selected yet.

The "Women's Cemetery Association" is doing grand work.

Samuel Stevens, who has been in a helpless condition at the home of his mother, Mrs. Martha Stevens, for nearly two years, from paralysis is much worse.

The stack pipe at the creamery blew down Tuesday during the storm.

Cuts and bruises are healed by Chamberlain's Pain Balm in about one-third the time any other treatment would require because of its antiseptic qualities which cause the parts to heal without maturation. For sale by A. G. Luken & Co., Curme & Co., druggists.

MILTON.

Mrs. D. E. Callaway entertained a company of ladies [illegible] Shelby, O.

The secret of the strength or weakness of Christians was the subject of a fine sermon by Rev. Shearer Sunday morning.

James Muston lost a yearling colt Saturday. It got frightened at a calf and jumped a fence and became impaled on the pickets. The injuries received necessitated killing the colt.

Messrs. Bowles and Tebbs of Harrison, O., spent Sunday with Will Hoffman.

Born, to Rudolph Schlonaker and wife, a daughter, July 11.

Abe Shissler of Richmond spent Sunday in Milton.

Miss Byrde Neff of Alexandria is with her aunt, Mrs. Noll.

Miss Mame Huston of Alexandria is the guest of her uncle, Aaron Morris.

Several Milton Endeavorers are at Spiceland attending the district convention.

James Ferguson of Dayton was here Sunday and Monday with relatives.

Mrs. Emma Ferguson is at Hartford City at her daughter's, Mrs. McDaniel's.

Pinkney Ferguson, brother of John W. Ferguson and Mrs. Swafford, was buried Sunday at Alquina, near which place he had resided for thirty-five years. He was 72 years of age. Typhoid fever was the cause of his death.

C. W. Okey, special pension examiner, of Rushville, was here Monday.

Elmer E. Griffith and daughter of Ainsworth, Ind., are at his mother's, Mrs. Kinsey.

Mrs. Bell Kenworthy of Hopewell will preach at Friends church next Sunday morning. In the evening Clark Hosier of Greensboro will speak.

Rev. E. E. Urner has gone to Baltimore to visit his parents.

Homer Dowell and family returned to Muncie Monday after a visit with Mrs. Dowell's mother, Mrs. Amanda Needham.

Miss Florence Newman and Mrs. Kelsey spent Sunday at Raleigh with Mrs. Shepler.

The quarterly meeting services at Dodridge, Sunday, drew a large audience. It was Dr Edwards' last service as presiding elder of this charge. His sermon was spoken of very highly.

George A. Kelsey was at Fort Wayne Tuesday.

The Naphtha in Fels-Naptha soap does what boiling is intended to do, and does it better.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

ber of his young associates at his home Saturday evening. A very pleasant time was had.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Harvey of Indianapolis visited here over Sunday.

Annie and Goldie Lanty are visiting their grandpa and grandma Petra at Manchester, Ohio.

Samuel Crampton has moved to his new home. Silas Williamson moves to his farm and Mrs. Jessup to the Crampton property.

Mrs. Berg is improving.

Nellie Dennis and Bessie Hutchins are visiting at Economy.

GREENSFORK.

Health generally good, yet there are a few exceptions.

Mrs. Mary Sample, our veteran Sunday school teacher, is very poorly. Old age is the principal ailment.

Jonas Hatfield does not improve any. He is confined to his bed all the time. He is in his 90th year, being one of our oldest citizens.

Rev. George C. Wagoner has moved away. He has been the pastor of the Christian church for several years. He will be missed. He intends to take a thorough course in theology.

The canning factory is about completed. Most of the machinery is at its place. We trust it will be a success.

Matt Brooks and Charles Stutson scraped over their wheat fields and managed to find a few green sheaves. They were the only lucky ones who had any wheat harvesting to do.

The wet weather kept many farmers from tending their corn as it should have been done, yet a better prospect was never known.

Many farmers are mowing their oats and making hay of it.

The grass crop is a very light one.

Potatoes are a first-class crop. Fruit is a slim one and we will have to go somewhere else for cider.

Mrs. Minnie Bennington, daughter of B. Davis of Jacksonburg, was buried at Fairfield cemetery last Sunday afternoon. C. A. Baldwin conducted the services.

Rev. Parsons of Fountain City preached at the Friends' church last Sabbath.

William Hunt has purchased Susan Benner's property.

Everyone who wants employment is engaged, so there is no time for the laborer to rest unless he wishes to.

The Boyd Bros.' saw mill is ready for active business.

Rev. Harry Chapman preached his first sermon at the Christian church last Sunday.

Many of our people say they will vote for McKinley sure. A wise choice.

Prohi's are a scarce article.

DUBLIN.

Champe and sons are kept quite busy in getting out the moulding for the New Castle Shredder company.

Miss Nellie Swain is on a visit since last Thursday to her sister, Mrs. Florence Mendenhall, at Montezuma, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Bipheus Dill of Anderson, who had been visiting their parents here for the past two months, returned home Monday accompanied by their sister, Miss Elizabeth [illegible]

ECONOMY.

David Bailey and wife returned home last week from California, where they have been visiting the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Kepler of Huntsville visited at Mrs. K.'s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Burnett, Sunday.

Jesse Greenstreet and wife were the guests of relatives at Richmond Saturday and Sunday.

William P. Buell of Richmond lectured at the M. E. church Sunday night.

George Wright returned home from Kansas, Sunday.

T. E Clark and daughter, Mrs William Savoy, visited at Richmond over Sunday.

Look out for orange blossoms in the near future.

John Osborn and family of Richmond were the guests of relatives here.

Lon Gaddis and family of Modoc spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Clark and son of Winchester took dinner with Miss Mary Clark, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jessup of Noblesville are visiting relatives and friends here.

Charley Hurst visited here Sunday.

HAGERSTOWN.

Lon Scott has sold his livery stable to some man in Centerville.

George Dutro has sold his grocery and will engage in the picture business.

Protracted meeting at the M. E. church this week.

Grandma Lontz and family were entertained at dinner last Sunday by M. L. Gebhart and wife.

Mrs. Will Presbaugh of Cincinnati is here on a visit.

Miss Mary Haines is visiting friends in Muncie.

J. M. Lontz and family of Richmond visited here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Green went to Attica, Ind., to stay one month.

Joel Reprogle is in a critical condition. He went to Martinsville for his health, but only remained a few days.

CHESTER.

India, Thad and Roy Nickle visited at Rushville last week.

Eva Davis Brown still continues to improve.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving King are spending their vacation here.

Hannah N. Grave, north fifth street, Richmond, has been visiting Mrs. Jane Stidham and other relations here.

Rev. A. A. Curme of Richmond preached here Sunday evening.

Jones will be with us next Sabbath morning.

Eddie Sharp entertained a num-

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

AN EVENTFUL EVENING IN POSSUM POLITICS.

The Orator of the Occasion Hailed From Georgia and For a Brief, Very Brief, Time Excited the Applause of All Who Heard Him.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

No speaker could have asked for a more enthusiastic audience than that which packed Paradise hall to greet the Hon. Burdock Johnson of Georgia, who had been announced on the bills as "The Watermillyon Orator of the South." His personal appearance made him friends at once. He appeared to be a man of about 30, solid as a young saw log, and his high collar and flaming red necktie were greeted with cheers of approbation. His voice ran up and down the scale from a high squeak to a fog horn growl.

"Black men of America," began the orator as he bowed right and left with his hand on his heart, "I am yere tonight to remark a few remarks to yo' on de present crisis. Of co'se yo' all know what a crisis am. It's jest de same as when yo' go out to de stable on a dark night an feel around fur de ole mewl. Yo's gwine to find him, an he's gwine to kick. [Shouts and laughter.] De only way yo' kin avoid dat crisis am to be somewhar else when his heels fly out. We must counsel together to see what de black man shall do in de crisis dat has fallen upon dis land like a patch of midnight. [Sighs.] We am feelin fur de mewl, an de mewl am gwine to kick, an we are gwine to dodge or be hit? ["Dodge, dodge!"]

"I has got a better plan dan either, my fr'en's, an I am yere to tell yo' of it. My

THE CANDIDATE.

plan am to kick dat mewl befo' he kin kick me. [Whoops and shouts.] In other words, yere am three or fo' presidenshual candydates waitin to gib us deir heels. All of 'em has got a policy, but no policy says anything 'bout us. [Groans.] We don't count. If dey kin hit off de white man, de black man kin chaw sassafras or go hungry. [Yells.] What's de matter wid our tukin de kick out of dat mewls by nominatin our own candidate fur president? [Spontaneous and tremendous applause.] Dat's de crisis de white man ain't lookin fur, an it's a crisis dat will shake down de possum an persimmons till ebery pickaninny in de land will shout fur gladness. [Terrific outburst, with band playing, "What's Dat Coon?" and the stovepipe wabbling.] Yo' know what precipitate am, of co'se? Precipitate meanse to jump in an hit de older feller on de nose befo' he knows yo've got mad. Dat's what we want to do in dis case. We want to precipitate de crisis. [Yells of satisfaction and encouragement.]

"Mind yo', my fr'en's, we ain't gwine to come out on top in dis fight. We' simply gwine to scare de white man jes' set him to diggerin out what our object amounts to. If we yell loud 'nuff an fight hard 'nuff, we's gwine to glean a slice of dat watermillyon. [Wild cheers.] De candydate whom we run score of will be a smart man. He' [illegible] an he's got to pour out dat money like water. [Cheers for pour.] He can't sleep night or day. He's got to hab de cullud churches at his back an all de cake walks an camp meetin's on his right hand. He's got to be respected fur his integrity on de one hand an be beloved on de odder fur hevin invented a way to capture a razorback hawg. [Deafening and long continued applause.] He's got to use up his health, break down his constitushun an fill an airly grave. Yes, he must sacrifice his life to precipitate dis crisis an jump yo' ober de fence whar yo' kin git a fa'r show.

"Heroes of darkness, do yo' know sich a man? [Shouts for Brother Gardner.] Am dar a pusson in de United States who am willin to undergo dis sacrifice fur yo'? ["Brother Gardner!"] I answer dat dar am sich a pusson. [Yells.] He will feel it a privilege an a duty to bust hisself all to pieces dat yo' may precipitate. ["Brother Gardner!"] Dat pusson ain't fur off. Life am sweet to him, but he am gwine to lay it down fur yo'. Behold him! ["Brother Gardner!"] He stands befo' yo'. His name are Burlock Johnson, an yere an now, in de presence of dis multitude of"—

The audience rose to its feet with yells and shouts of protest and dissent, the band added to the noise, and it was five long minutes before the orator could be heard again. His oratory was all right, but his display of cheek had created a feeling of indignation. When he could be heard again, he went on in the same strain:

"Yes, I am de man, and de only man among de cullud millyons, to lead de hosts to victory. [Protests.] In acceptin dis nomination at yo'r hands I assure yo' dat I am actuated by no selfish motives. Dar am cullud men who would sell yo' out fur a hundred dollars an use de money to whitewash de fence an cabin. ["Take him off!"] No man libin kin truthfully charge me wid sellin my political influence. ["Run him out!"] An yere an now I pledge yo' "—

There was another and a greater uproar, but the orator folded his arms and assumed a pose and waited for order to be restored. He was still waiting when Samuel Shin and Wardown Bebee appeared from the rear of the platform and led him off. He objected to being led, but was obliged to submit and was at once taken to the head of the alley stairs and hit with a boot and warned to jog along.

The Hon. Burdock was found and interviewed in the middle of the road by our reporter at a later hour, and he wished it to become publicly known that he was a candidate for the White House and would run on an independent ticket. At midnight he was engaged in writing out a platform and had got as far as "free chickens for all." M. QUAD.

Poor Air and Poor Living.

When Jim Bridger, the famous scout of the plains, grew old, he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of "the east," which to him meant Missouri. So he used his best endeavor to find a competent man to fill his place and went back to Missouri.

A year or two passed, and one day Captain Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout heave in sight. When he came in, the captain asked:

"Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?"

"Captain," said Bridger, "I want to go back to scouting again."

"Indeed? Why, I thought you had settled down in the east for the rest of your life?"

"Well, cap'n, I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missoura, and if you'll believe it they've got a railroad station within ten mile o' the old place—yes, sir, a railroad station! And what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four mile. I tell you what, [illegible] the air ain't pure down there no [illegible] that possible? But I thought [illegible] like the good things to eat they [illegible] down there. You like good things [illegible] I remember."

"[illegible] things to eat! Why, cap'n, I [illegible] have a br'iled beaver tail the [illegible] time I was there!"—Youth's Companion.

Elephant Stories.

[illegible] of elephant fables, the anti[illegible] miner said:

"[illegible], for instance, the story of the [illegible] who stuck a pin in the elephant's [illegible] and years afterward was del[illegible] with dirty water by the remem[illegible] elephant. I am surprised that [illegible] should take this yarn serious[illegible]hy, the average thickness of the [illegible]nt's hide runs from half an inch [illegible] inches deep. Now, imagine a pin [illegible] through that thickness on an [illegible] of pain. It would swallow a pin [illegible] break a needle.

[illegible] old fashioned elephant story [illegible] has any real basis of truth is the [illegible] that makes the big brute afraid of [illegible] mouse. Experience in the winter [illegible]arters of a show, where mice and [illegible] thrive, convinces one of this fact. [illegible] mouse will make an entire herd [illegible] with fright, and a rat will put [illegible] in a condition of desperate fear. An elephant may defend itself against a lion, tiger or any other natural enemy, but the insignificant size of a [illegible] baffles his conception of offensive or defensive warfare. The mouse is too quick to be crushed underfoot [illegible] be caught by his trunk, and it [illegible] scamper over his rough hide with impunity. The elephant realizes his helplessness against such a diminutive [illegible] and learns to fear it as he fears no other animal."—Buffalo Express.

Little Willie Ate Everything.

Until they are trained to eat properly youngsters are usually like little piggie. They "root" through everything and leave a muss after them. Willie, 6 years old, has a pair of parents who try to break him of the habit of taking things on his plate that he cannot eat and leaving much to go to waste. He is in a fair way to improve under their watchfulness.

"You must eat the crust, too, Willie," his mamma will say, and Willie will dutifully eat the crust.

"Don't take such a large piece of cake, Willie, unless you can eat it," his papa will say, and Willie will take and stuff himself with it rather than leave a crumb for his father to grumble about.

The other day Willie was invited to a birthday party. His mother dressed him in his best clothes.

"Now, mind, Willie," was the last thing she said to him; "eat everything you take on your plate."

Willie came home that evening with severe pains. The little girl in whose honor the party was given was 13 years old. Her mother had baked a birthday cake, and part of the scheme of ornamentation of it were 13 wax candles. There were three of them on the piece that was put on Willie's plate.—Pittsburg News.

Letting Him Off Easy.

"Before I agree to undertake your defense," said the eminent criminal lawyer who had been called in, "you will have to be perfectly frank with me and tell me the whole truth. Did you embezzle the £20,000 you are accused of having taken?"

"Yes, sir," replied the accused man.

"How much of it have you left?"

"It's all gone but about £10."

"Young man," said the eminent lawyer, putting on his gloves, "you'd better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

"I'll do it if you say so, sir. What are you going to charge me for the advice?"

"Ten pounds."—London King.

A Trunkless Body.

An explorer lately returned from his travels was relating his adventures. "I peered," said he, "into the thicket, and there before me lay a trunkless body." "Nonsense," remarked an interfering critic, "who ever heard of a trunkless body?" "My friend," replied the traveler quietly, "the body was that of an elephant." He then resumed his story.—London Globe.

Her Object Attained.

"Forgive me, my dear," said the gossip humbly, "but I thoughtlessly mentioned to Mrs. Brown the things that you told me in strict confidence."

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the wise woman pleasantly. "It was for that very purpose that I told them to you in strict confidence."—Chicago Post.

Relished the Punishment.

An old Scotsman, Andrew Leslie by name, always rode on a donkey to his work and tethered him while he labored on the road or wherever he might be. It was suggested to him by a neighboring landowner that he was suspected of putting the animal to feed in the fields at other people's expense.

"Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy winna eat onything but nettles and thistles."

On a subsequent occasion, however, the laird, while riding along the road, saw Andrew at work, his faithful beast up to the knees in one of the laird's clover fields feeding luxuriously.

"Hello, Andrew!" exclaimed the laird. "I thought your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

"Aye, aye," was the response, "but the brute misbehaved the day. He nearly kicked me over his head; so I put him in there just to punish him."

Making the Plants Go Round.

The new reporter, in his story of the wedding, wrote, "The floral display stretched from the chancel rail to the doors of the church."

The city editor, in a mild manner, as is the custom of city editors with new reporters, suggested:

"Couldn't you have used a better word than 'stretched'? Say the floral display 'nodded' or 'twined' or something like that—some word more suggestive of flowers."

"'Stretched is all right,'" replied the new reporter, with the stubborn courage of a realist. "The decorations consisted of six rubber plants, and they had to stretch to go the distance.'" Baltimore American.

A Sermon in Brief.

A man met a bull in a field. "I'll toss you to see who stays," said the bull. He tossed, and the man lost. The moral is that it is never safe to indulge in games of chance, especially when all the odds are against you.—Philadelphia North American.

A conscientious person should beware of getting into a passion, for every sharp word one speaks lodges in one's own heart, and such slivers hurt us worse than any one else.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Dog That Carries Mail.

Of all the mail carriers that Uncle Sam has in this big country none is more novel than a dog out in central Kansas, whose duty it is to meet a passenger train twice daily and take the heavy mail sack to his master's store. The postoffice at Dayton is a little country trading point, and the single store is 30 rods from the Missouri Pacific track, where, morning and night, the passenger train goes whizzing past at 30 miles an hour. From the mail car a leather sack is thrown off by the mail clerk, and the postmaster, the owner of the big St. Bernard, Nep, is supposed to pick it up and take it to the store. He used to do so, but now the duty devolves upon the dog, who has learned to do it well.

When the sharp whistle of the train is heard, Nep gives an excited bark and hurries to the crossing and waits for the coming of the mail. The mail clerk kicks the leather bag out of the car door and it falls somewhere in the

NEP CARRYING THE MAIL.

vicinity of the road. Nep at once goes to the sack and, carefully taking it by the middle so that neither end will drag on the ground, walks sedately to the store, where he lays the sack down behind the counter by the side of the wooden letter case into which the mail is soon distributed.

Day after day he performs this task, rain or shine. The mail clerk watches for him, and the people of the community are as proud of him as they would be of a bright child.

Nep is 4 years old, but is 2 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 250 pounds. He has no difficulty in carrying the sack, though the mail is often very heavy with the weekly papers from the county seat, for his teeth are strong, and he has carried over 100 pounds as a test of his strength.

He seems likely to perform the semi-official task for many years to come, and the people of his community think that he is entitled to a salary.

The trainmen do not forget to throw off something nice for him to eat on holidays, but even though the gift is a toothsome bit of game or other meat he never touches it until the mail of Uncle Sam is safe in the postoffice.—Chicago Record.

A Homemade Doll.

The war has been the means of introducing a new doll of home manufacture, says an English exchange. This doll has two great advantages—it cannot be licked clean of paint, and it is impossible to batter in its head and tread the broken pieces of wax into the carpet. Procure some khaki colored wool and cut it sufficiently long to form a good sized tassel with the [illegible] cords short and tie them at the shoulder and waist to form arms. Then give a "waist" by tying the tassel in the center. Divide the lower half into two separate parts, and if you bind the lower portions of these "legs" very closely the doll has the appearance of wearing puttles. The eyes, nose and mouth are sewn in colored wools. The result is a perfectly harmless "gentleman in khaki" for baby.

The Shekel of Bible Times.

A coin collector who owns one of the shekels of Scriptural times may well be proud of his acquisition. These coins of the time of Christ weigh about as much as four of our dimes and were struck by order of Simon Macabeus about 140 B. C. It was the sacred money of the Jews, and each Jew 20 years old was required to pay a shekel as tribute to the sanctuary. Thus all Jews of age sent one of these coins to the temple each year. The design on the face represents a large goblet, together with the inscription in hieroglyphics, "Shekel of Israel." On the reverse are a plant that looks like a sprig of Canada thistle and the inscription "Jerusalem the Holy." The goblet is supposed to represent the sacred pot of manna, and the branch may be symbolic of the rod of Aaron.

Cutting Glass With Shears.

Unless you have tried the experiment you will be inclined to question the statement that a pane of ordinary window glass can be cut with a pair of shears if the glass is put under water during the process. It is a fact that the glass may be cut as easily as you would cut a piece of heavy cardboard. To do this successfully you must have the glass and the shears entirely under water, then clip in a curved or straight line as you prefer. So long as no portion of the glass or shears is out of the water the cutting will proceed without a break. This is because the water takes up the vibrations of the glass and the shears. Try the experiment and convince yourself.

The Shah's Cats.

Cats are greatly venerated in Persia. The feline friends of the shah number 50, each having its own attendant and a special room for meals. When the shah goes on a journey the cats go, too, being carried by men on horseback.

Unenviable.

The Empress Chowchowanger recall the title of a book, "The World Against Her."—Chicago Journal.

No Harm Done.

The Child's Mother—How can you sit there and read a novel when that child is crying so?

Nurse—Oh, the child's crying doesn't disturb me at all, ma'am!

RISING BREAST

And other painful and serious ailments which so many mothers suffer, can be avoided by the use of "MOTHER'S FRIEND." This remedy is a God-send to women, because it carries them through their most critical ordeal with perfect safety and no pain. No woman who uses "MOTHER'S FRIEND" need fear the suffering and danger of child-birth—for it robs this ordeal of its horror and insures safety to mother and child. Our book, "Before Baby is Born," is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and will be sent free in plain envelope by Bradfield Regulator Company, Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

$500 REWARD

We pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with

Liverita, The Up-to-Date Little Liver Pill

They are purely Vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. Nervita Medical Co., Corner Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Illinois.

Sold by A. G. Luken & Co., Main street, and Curme & Co., 415 North Eighth street, druggists.

AN EXHIBITION SITTING.

A French Political Farce Comedy For Foreign Consumption.

Guide (to noble stranger)—Pray, take a seat.

Stranger—Where are we?

Guide—In one of the boxes of the chamber of deputies, in that one which is especially reserved for noble strangers who come to visit the marvels of the universal exhibition.

Stranger—Does the chamber of deputies then form part of the exhibition?

Guide—It is outside the bounds, but forms part of it all the same. It is, I venture to say, one of the principal curiosities in it. Attention! They are beginning.

(The president declares the sitting open. At the end of a few minutes a frightful row is heard below—cries, shrieks and divers imprecations.)

Stranger—Oh, how very curious, to be sure!

Guide—Didn't I tell you?

Stranger—I do not regret having come here. It is as amusing as the Rue de Paris. (Pointing to some one) Who is that gentleman who yells so loud?

Guide—It is a member of the Opposition. He is about to attack the government.

Stranger—He yells magnificently. There are few men in my country who have so fine a voice. Ah! And who is that who yells just as loudly? Is he also attacking the government?

Guide—No. He is defending it.

Stranger—Capital!

(All of a sudden an even more fearful tumult arises. Cries of "Thief!" "Assassin!" "Traitor!" "Scoundrel!" dominate the row.)

Guide—There, are you satisfied with it?

Stranger—Have they, then, allowed an assassin and a bandit to enter the hall?

Guide—Oh, dear, no! It is merely the prime minister who is ascending the tribune.

Stranger—He does not appear to mind it at all.

Guide—It is all the same to him. These are politics. Now look at the president of the chamber, who is putting on his hat. No one in France puts on his hat so well as M. Deschanel. Everybody wants to take lessons. There are even some deputies whose sole reason for electing him to cover himself is this. Ah, it is not all over yet. You are now going to hear a concert.

(They sing the "Marseillaise" and the "Carmagnole.")

Stranger—These gentlemen sing marvelously. But do you not find, you other Frenchmen, that these are somewhat strange political customs?

Guide (seized with patriotic shame and risking a pious fib)—But I beg pardon. All that is not serious. The deputies do that to amuse strangers, to offer them an extra attraction, and they will give two performances a week to the end of the exposition in order to make their stay longer. But you must not think that such a state of things seriously happens. Ah, sir, for whom do you take us? It is a mere show like the Auteurs Gais or the Maison du Rire—a mere show.—Figaro.

Strategy.

The mosquito was reconnoitering among the papers on the country store keeper's desk.

"Good morning!" suddenly cried a bookworm, peeping from behind the leaves of the general ledger.

"Ah! Good morning, brother," replied the mosquito politely. "Perhaps you can give me the information I seek. Can you give me a list of the people in town who have not yet bought their wire screens or nettings?"—Philadelphia Press.

In a Quandary.

"She certainly had me guessing," he said.

"How so?" asked his chum.

"Why, she asked me what was my favorite flower, and for the life of me I couldn't remember whether her name was Daisy, Violet or Rose. I must take up the study of mnemonics and no mistake."—Chicago Post.

Solved the Problem.

"I always get a cook as soon as I advertise for one," said Mrs. Fosdick.

"I wish you'd tell me how to do it," added Mrs. Gazzam. "I advertise for a cook for a small family and so on, but get poor results."

"I always advertise for a lady cook," explained Mrs. Fosdick.—Detroit Journal.

Her Golden Anticipations.

"I'm going to marry a man with half a million dollars," said the girl in the bicycle suit.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the other girl. "Who is he?"

"Oh, I mustn't tell you that. He hasn't got it all yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Archæology.

"These pictures," the archæologist of the distant future is explaining, "represent the cake walk of the ancients. The cake walk consisted of a number of movements evidently designed to assist the digestion of the cake; hence the name."—Detroit Journal.

Not at All.

"There is great discord in China," said the horse editor.

"There is," added the snake editor. "The li yamen cannot pretend that life is one glad, sweet tsung."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

TAME WILD DUCKS.

Gunner Jesse Poplar Raising Them at Havre de Grace, Md.

It is an uncommon thing to see a brood of five ducklings of the mallard family hatched out by wild parents in Havre de Grace, Md. There is in that city a brood of 21 which saw the light only a few days ago, and if nature, aided by several "setting" hens and a wild black duck or two, performs its proper functions there will be added to this brood of 21 some 75 more within the next few days, and a number will have been hatched by wild mothers.

They are being reared by the famous gunner and duck shot Jesse D. Poplar, who when wild ducks are here is to be found in pursuit of them at all times and under all conditions and who was never known to come in without his full share and more often with two or three shares of the day's kill, says the Baltimore Sun. Jesse, it seems, is not content with the number of birds that have been stopping on their flight southward and has concluded to foster the interest by assisting in the hatching and production of at least the marsh varieties.

He captured last winter a half dozen wild ducks. There were five females and a drake. The females were all black mallards, and the drake was of the green head sort. They were nursed along until their wounds were healed, and when spring came they began to lay with a will, and 100 eggs were soon produced. Some of the old ducks began to "cluck," and each covered some 20 eggs, and several hens were given the remainder.

The brood which has come out has for its mother a white hen which is fearfully concerned when the ducklings pitch into the water trough provided for them. They are beautiful little specimens, a little smaller in size than the tame varieties, seem much quicker in their movements and are of a uniform size and color. Mr. Poplar expects to raise about 100 young ducks, as they seem to be extremely hardy, and the loss of any of those hatched would probably be only from accident. The six old ducks, though very wild when first captured, have become quite tame, and they do not attempt to leave the yard where they are kept.

When asked what disposition he intended to make of them, Mr. Poplar laughed and said he had not yet made up his mind, but he acted as if he had "something up his sleeve," for he does not always give satisfactory answers. When the shooting season comes on again, it would not be strange if he [illegible] "the mark" with a full stool of live ducks for decoys, and if such should happen woe unto the feathery tribe.

Identified at Last.

Glen Miller, a United States marshal in Utah, was sitting in his office at Salt Lake City one day when a well dressed and intelligent looking man entered and addressed him. "I was confident that I knew the man," said Glen in reciting the circumstances, "but I was not able to place him. As we conversed pleasantly it gradually became impressed upon me that he was an old Kansas acquaintance, perhaps some one I had known at the university. But he spoke so cordially and with such an assumption of his knowing me and my knowing him that I did not have the nerve to ask him who he was.

"In Salt Lake," continued the smiling marshal, "we have the same fashion of doing the square thing by a friend that used to prevail in Kansas. There is no prohibition law in Utah, and we found a place near by that was sufficient unto our purposes. After I had said something, and he something, we quickly got along to the stage where I invited him to my house for dinner, but all the time I was taxing my mind to learn his identity and watching for a chance word that would give me a clew.

"'By the way,' I said at last, 'when did you come out?' meaning from the States, of course. 'Oh, I got out last night. You see, they cut off nine months for good behavior.'

"Then it broke over me. My guest was Pete Curry, a celebrated mail robber, whom I had taken to the penitentiary just three years before."—

Catarrh Can Not Be Cured

with local applications, as they can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Proprietors, Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

CITY TREASURER'S SALE

By virtue of a precept to me duly directed by the mayor and city clerk of the city of Richmond, Indiana, I will sell at public auction in the city court room of said city, on Wednesday, the 15th day of August, 1900, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., the following described real estate in the city of Richmond, County of Wayne, and State of Indiana, to-wit:

All of number 10 and that part of lot number 18 which lies east of south thirteenth in the town of East Oakland as laid out by James M. Poe and Thaddeus Wright in the south west quarter of section four, township thirteen north of range one west and now a part of said city of Richmond, owned by Frank M. Rogers; also a strip of ground running east and west 17 65 feet off of the west side and running north and south the full length of lot number 10 of East Oakland as laid out by James M. Poe and Thaddeus Wright in the southwest quarter of section 4 township 13 north of range 1 west and now a part of the city of Richmond owned by Frank M Rogers and Bernard Rosinghaus