Zimbabwe out to save rhinos by dehorning

By JOHN EDLIN

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UNITED AT LAST

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

CHAPTER II.

"WHEN WE TWO PARTED."

Sir Cyprian Davenant and James Wyatt went back to town by rail, and parted company at Waterloo, the baronet going westward to his bachelor lodgings in one of the shabbier streets about Grosvenor Square, the lawyer to the big dull house on the coldest side of Russell Square, which his father had bought and furnished some fifty years before.

Sir Cyprian had work to do after the Richmond dinner, and was occupied till long after daybreak with letter-writing and the last details of his packing. When all was done, he was still wakeful, and sat by his writing-table in the morning sunlight thinking of the past and the future with a gloomy face.

Thinking of the past—of all those careless hours in which one bright girlish face had been the chief influence of his life; thinking of the future, in which he was to see that sweet face no more.

He began to walk slowly up and down the room, thinking.

"There would be just time for me to do it," he said to himself, presently; "just time to run down to Davenant, and see the old place once more. It will be sold before I come back from Africa, if ever I do come back. And there would be a chance of seeing her. I know the Clanyardes have gone back to Kent. Yes, I will run down to Davenant for a few hours. A man must be hard indeed who does not care to give one farewell look at the house in which the brightest years of his life have been spent. And I may see her again, only to say good-by, and to see if she is sorry for my going. What more can I say to her? What more need be said? She knows that I would lay down my life for her."

He went to his room and slept a kind of fitful sleep until 8 o'clock, when he woke with a start, and began to dress for his journey. At nine he was driving through the streets in a hansom, and at midday he was in one of the woody lanes leading across country from the little Kentish railway station to his own ancestral domain, the place he had once been proud and fond of, but which he looked at now in bitterness of spirit and with a passionate regret. The estate had been incumbered when it fell into his hands, but he knew that, with prudence he might have saved the greater part of it. His eu-

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Elo the thickest part of

from a broad green valley,

deep under the

branches of grand old oaks,

the smooth silver-gray trunks of mighty beeches. The Davenant timber had suffered little from the prodigal's destroying hand. He could better endure the loss of the place than its desecration. The woman at the keeper's lodge welcomed her master with an exclamation of surprise.

"I hope you have come to stay, Sir Cyprian," she said, dropping a rustic courtesy.

"No, Mrs. Mead. I have only come for a last look at the old place before I go away from England."

"Going away, sir? that's bad news."

Cyprian cut short her lamentations with a friendly nod, and was walking on, when it suddenly struck him that the woman might be useful.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "Lord Clanyarde is at Marchbrook, is he not?"

"Yes, sir; the family have been there for the last week."

"Then I'll walk over there before I go on to the house if you'll unlock the gate again, Mrs. Mead."

"Shall I send one of my boys to the house with a message, sir, about dinner, or anything?"

"You are very good. Yes, you can send the lad to tell old Mrs. Pomfret to get me something to eat at 6 o'clock, if you please. I must get back to London by the 7:30 train."

"Deary me, sir, going back so soon as that?"

The gates of Marchbrook were about a mile distant from the keeper's lodge. Lord Clanyarde's house was a dreary red brick habitation of the Georgian era, with long lines of narrow windows looking out upon a blank expanse of pasture land, by courtesy a park. An avenue of elms led from the lodge-gate to the southern front of the house and on the western side there was a prim Dutch garden, divided from the park by a ha-ha. The place was in perfect order, but there was a cold, bare look about everything that was eminently suggestive of poverty.

A woman at the lodge informed Sir Cyprian that there was no one at home. Lord Clanyarde had driven to Maidstone; Miss Clanyarde was at the village. She had gone to see the children at the National School. She would be home at two to lunch, no doubt, according to her usual habit. She was very fond of the school, and sometimes spent her morning in teaching the children.

"But they leave school at twelve, don't they?" demanded Sir Cyprian.

"Yes, sir; but I dare say Miss Constance has stopped to talk to Miss Evans, the schoolmistress. She is a very genteel young person, and quite a favorite with our ladies."

Cyprian Davenant knew the little schoolhouse and the road by which Constance Clanyarde must return from her mission. Nothing could be more pleasant to him than the idea of meeting her in her solitary walk. He turned away from the lodge-keeper, muttering something vague about calling later, and walked at a rapid pace to the neighboring village, which consisted of two straggling rows of old-fashioned cottages fringing the skirts of a common. Close to the old ivy-covered church, with its massive square tower and grass-grown graveyard, there was a modern Gothic building in which the village children struggled through the difficulties of an educational course, and from the open windows whereof their youthful voices rang loudly out upon the summer air every morning in a choral version of the multiplication table.

Miss Clanyarde was standing in the little porch talking to the schoolmistress when Sir Cyprian opened the low wooden gate. She looked up at the sound of his footstep with a sudden blush.

"I did not know you were at Davenant, Sir Cyprian," she said, with some little embarrassment, as they shook hands.

"I have not been at Davenant, Miss Clanyarde. I only left town this morning. I have come down here to say good-by to Davenant and all old friends."

The blush faded and left the lovely face very pale.

"Is it true that you are going to Africa, Sir Cyprian? I heard from some friends in town that you were going to join Captain Harcourt's expedition."

"It is quite true. I promised Harcourt some years ago that if he ever went again I would go with him."

"And you are pleased to go, I suppose?"

"No, Miss Clanyarde, not pleased to go. But I think that sort of thing is about the best employment for the energies of a waif and stray, such as I am. I have lived my life, you see, and have not a single card left to play in the game of civilized existence. There is some hope of adventure out yonder. Are you going home?"

"Yes, I was just saying good-by to Miss Evans as you came in."

"Then I'll walk back to Marchbrook with you, if you'll allow me. I told the lodgekeeper I would return by-and-by in the hope of finding Lord Clanyarde."

"You have been to Marchbrook already, then?"

"Yes; and they told me at the lodge that I should find you here."

After this there came rather an awkward silence. They walked away from the schoolhouse side by side, Sir Cyprian furtively watchful of his companion's face, in which there were signs of a sorrow that seemed something deeper than the conventional regret which a fashionable beauty might express for the departure of a favorite waltzer.

The silence was not broken until they had arrived at a point where two roads met, the turnpike road to Marchbrook and a shady lane—a cross-country road, above which the overarching branches of the elms made a roof of foliage at this bright midsummer season. There was a way of reaching Marchbrook by this lane—a tempting walk compared to the high-road.

"Let us go back by the lane," said Cyprian. "It is [illegible] longer, but I am sure you a[illegible] day. You would have [illegible] morning talk[illegible] designs will [illegible] I hadn't [illegible] be our last walk together, Con[illegible]stance. I may call you Constance, may I not, as I used when you were [illegible] in the nursery? I am entitled to a few dismal privileges, like a dying man, you know. Oh, Constance, what happy hours we have spent together in these Kentish lanes! I shall see them in my dreams out yonder, and your face will shine down upon me from a background of green leaves and blue sky; and then I shall awake to find myself camping out upon some stretch of barren sand, with jackals howling in the distance."

"What a dreadful picture!" said Constance, with a faint forced laugh. "But if you are so reluctant to leave England, why do you persist in this African expedition?"

"It is a point of honor with me to keep my promise; and it is better for me to be away from England."

"You are the best judge of that question."

Sir Cyprian was slow to reply to this remark. He had come down to Kent upon a sudden impulse, determined in no manner to betray his own folly, and bent only upon snatching the vain delight of a farewell interview with the girl he loved. But to be with her and not to tell her the truth was more difficult than he had imagined. He could see that she was sorry for his departure. He believed that she loved him, but he knew enough of Viscount Clanyarde's principles and his daughter's education to know there would be something worse than cruelty in asking this girl to share his broken fortunes.

"Yes, Constance," he went on, "it is better for me to be away. So long as I am here it is the old story of the insect and the flame. I cannot keep out of temptation. I cannot keep myself from haunting the places where I am likely to meet the girl I love, foolishly, hopelessly. Don't look at me with those astonished eyes, my darling; you have known my secret ever so long. I meant to keep silent till the very end; but, you see the words are spoken in spite of me. My love, I dare not ask you to be my wife. I dare only tell you that no other woman will fill that place. You are not angry with me, Constance, for having spoken?"

"Angry with you—" she began, and then broke down utterly and burst into tears.

He drew his arm round her with a tender, protecting gesture, and soothed her gently, as if she had been a child.

"My darling, I am not worth your tears. If I had been a better man, I might have redeemed Davenant by this time, and might have hoped to make you my wife. There would have been some hope for me, would there not, dear, if I could have offered you a home that your father could approve?"

"I am not so mercenary as you think me," answered Constance, drying her tears, and disengaging herself from Sir Cyprian's encircling arm. "I am not afraid of poverty. But I know that my father would never forgive——"

"And I know it too, my dearest girl, and you shall not be asked to break with your father for such a man as I. I never meant to speak of this, dear, but perhaps it is better that I should have spoken. You will soon forget me, Constance, and I shall hear of you making some brilliant marriage before I have been away very long. God grant the man may be worthy of you! God grant you may marry a good man!"

"I am not very likely to marry," replied Miss Clanyarde.

"My dearest, it is not possible you can escape; and heaven forbid that my memory should come between you and a happy future. It is enough for one of us to carry the burden of a life-long regret."

There was more talk between them before they arrived at a little gate opening into the Marchbrook kitchen-garden—fond, regretful talk of the days that were gone, in which they had been so much together down in Kent, with all the freedom permitted between friends and neighbors of long standing, the days before Constance had made her debut in the great world.

Sir Cyprian did not persevere in his talked-of visit to Lord Clanyarde. He had, in truth, very little desire to see that gentleman, who was one of the most pompous and self-opinioned of noblemen. At the little garden gate he grasped Miss Clanyarde's two hands in his own with one fond, fervent g[illegible]

"You know the old story," he [illegible] "'It must be for years, and it [illegible] forever. It is all clear [illegible] me, darling, for I can [illegible] call you by that sweet [illegible] You have been very good [illegible] ting me speak so freely to-[illegible] is a kind of consolation to [illegible] you my sorrow. God bless [illegible] good-by."

This was their parting. Sir Cyprian went back to Davenant, and spent a dreary hour in walking up and down the corridor and looking into the empty rooms. He remembered them tenanted with the loved and lost. How dreary they were now in their blank and unoccupied state, and how little likelihood there was that he should ever see them again! His dinner was served to him in a pretty break-fast room, with a bay-window overlooking a garden that had been his mother's delight, and where the roses she had loved still blossomed in all their glory. The memory of the dead was with him as he ate his solitary meal, and he was glad when it was time for him to leave the great desolate house, in which every door closed with a dismal reverberation, as if it had been shutting up on a vault.

He left Davenant immediately after dinner, and walked back to the little station, thinking mournfully enough of his day's work and of the life that lay before him. Before noon next day he and his companions were on the first stage of their journey, speeding towards Marseilles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEY COME HIGH.

Commercial Value of Wild Animals for Circus Purposes.

Few people have a correct idea of the commercial value of wild animals. The price is fixed by menageries and circuses, because these are the largest buyers. We give the value of some of these animals as estimated by a prominent showman. The famous Jumbo cost $10,000 and this sum was increased to $28,000 by subsequent expenses, at m[illegible] as transportation. The elephant is worth to his owners $30,000. music a[illegible] Giraffes are quoted at $6,000. [illegible] the contribu- [illegible] hippopotami are valued a[illegible] American music[illegible] A rhinoceros with orn[illegible] Another horn adds [illegible] $1,000. [illegible] ture," said Rep. [illegible] Grizzly bears are coming scarce, and are hard to keep where captivity. A really fine specimen [illegible] worth $1,000, and they range from th[illegible] down to $500. Polar bears come [illegible] $800. Other bears range from $50 to [illegible] $200. A camel with one hump is worth $350, and two humps brings the market value up to $400. Ostriches are valued at $800 apiece.

Gnus, which don't attract much attention, are found in every first-class menagerie and cost $700. The American buffalo is worth $500, just $100 more than his Indian brother. The Rocky mountain goat is quoted rather high, $500, while panthers and leopards are plenty at $250 each, and hyenas and pumas go for $175. Antelopes range all the way from $185 to $300, and deer from $75 to $100, while a moose brings $500, the same price as a nylghau.

An ant-eater is worth $40; hartbeests (a kind of antelope), wart hogs and sloths, $35; cheetahs, alpacas and guanacos, $300; tapirs, $400. Sea lions bring from $300 to $400, while seals are worth but $50. Zebus are worth $250; llamas, $200; emus, $175, and mountain lions, $100. Armadillos are to be had for $5, and porcupines for half that amount. Wolves come a little higher. They average $75. Kangaroos have increased in value of late years. They are now quoted of $150. The more valuable monkeys range from $20 to $75. Horses are very valuable in a show and these animals trained for circus purposes are worth $2,500.

A Grand but Unique Memorial.

The monument which has been erected upon the battlefield of Solferino is one of the largest, if not the largest, of its kind in Europe. It consists of a tower seventy-four meters high, surmounted by an electric lamp, and rises in seven stories, each representing a campaign in the struggle for the independence of Italy. Each separate story contains all the names of the generals and other officers, as well as the men who fought in that campaign. No fewer than 700,000 names are thus inscribed on the inner walls of the monument. On the ground floor are the busts and portraits of all the leading generals, and the chief ornament in the center of the ground floor is the colossal monument in bronze of Victor Emmanuel, by the Venetian sculptor Dal Zotto. The tower stands in grounds beautifully laid out, and constitutes a magnificent memorial of Italian unity. Beneath the structure repose 2,000 skulls and other remains of soldiers of the three nations who fell on the field of Solferino.

Hot in Australia.

The weather in Australia during the present antipodean summer has been unusually hot and oppressive. In Adelaide, during December, the thermometer several times registered over 100 degrees in the shade, and one day it climbed to 107 in the shade and 163 in the sun. In Melbourne the hundred notch has been reached more than once, and the scorching north winds have made the atmosphere exceedingly oppressive. The foregoing figures are from weather observatory readings, and probably do not represent by several degrees the temperature of the city streets.

AT the present rate of increase there will be 63,000,000 people in Canada in fifty years' time, and 190,000,000 in the United States.

THE SENATE.

TARIFF BILL IS AGAIN REPORTED.

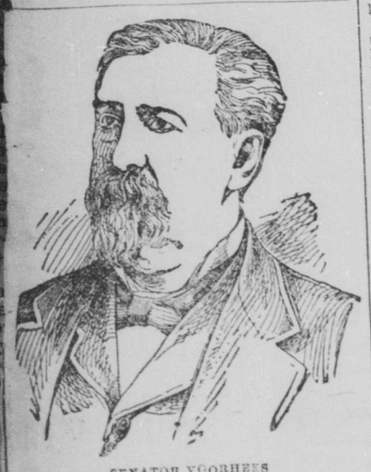
Increased, Reciprocity Specific[illegible] repealed and the Hawaiian Treaty [illegible] Standing—A Number of Changes in [illegible]ministrative Features.

Many Alterations Made.

[illegible] Democratic members of the Fi[illegible] Committee have completed con[illegible]tion of the tariff bill, and in its [illegible]d and completed form it was sub[illegible] to the full committee, Repub[illegible] and Democrats, Tuesday. After [illegible]enate was called to order at noon, [illegible]hees, chairman of the com[illegible] reported from that committee [illegible] introducing it in a few words. [illegible] important change made in [illegible] in the sugar schedule, a [illegible]ge being made by which an addi[illegible] duty of one-eighth of 1 per cent. [illegible] given on all sugars testing [illegible] 98 degrees by the polariscope [illegible] or which are above No. 16 Dutch [illegible]andard in color.

The text of the sugar schedule as [illegible]ow agreed upon is as follows:

"All sugars, tank bottoms, syrups of [illegible]ane juice or of beet juice, melada, [illegible]ncrete and concentrated molasses [illegible]sting by the polariscope not above



SENATOR VOORHEES

80 degrees shall pay a duty of 1 cent per pound, and for every additional degree or fraction of a degree above 80 and not above 90 degrees shown by the polariscope test, shall pay one one-hundredth of a cent per pound additional, and above 90 and not above 98 degrees, for every additional degree or fraction of a degree shown by the polariscope test, shall pay a duty of two one-hundredths of a cent per pound additional, and upon all sugars [illegible] by the polar[illegible] above No. 16 by the [illegible] standard in color, there shall [illegible]e levied and collected a duty of one-[illegible]ighth of 1 cent per pound in addition [illegible] the duty imposed upon sugars testing above 98 degrees. Molasses testing not above 56 degrees by the polariscope shall pay a duty of 2 cents per gallon. Molasses testing above 56 degrees shall pay a duty of 4 cents per gallon."

The provisions abrogating the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty are struck from the revised bill, and the clause of the section repealing that part of the McKinley act providing for reciprocal treaties has been amended to read as follows:

That sections 3, 15 and 16 are repealed and all agreements or arrangements made or proclaimed between the United States and foreign governments under the provisions of said sections are hereby abrogated, of which the President shall give such notice to the authorities of said foreign governments as may be required by the terms of such agreements or arrangements.

Some Important Changes.

The most important change in the administrative features of the bill is the action of the committee in striking out the words "highest duty" as found in the House bill, and regulating the rates of duty on all goods coming in under the similitude clause and substituting the words "lowest duty." This was the subject of a long argument in full committee, in which Secretary Carlisle indorsed the provisions of the House bill. The committee, therefore, have made the change and all goods unenumerated or coming in under the similitude clause will pay the highest instead of the lowest rate of duty. Other changes made in the revised bill from the bill as agreed upon by the sub-committee are as follows:

Glycerine changed back to the rates fixed in the House bill, which are 1 cent a pound for the crude and 3 cents for the refined, instead of 2[illegible] per cent. ad valorem. In the Senate sub-committee bill; licorice, 4 per cent a pound, instead of 25 per cent. ad valorem in the Senate sub-committee bill and 5 cents a pound in the Wilson bill. Lime is placed at [illegible] ad valorem, instead of [illegible] per cent in the Senate sub-committee bill and 10 per cent. in the Wilson bill, and the duty is made to include the value of the cover[illegible]g or barrels.

Plaster of paris, which was not changed in the Senate sub-committee bill from the Wilson rate of 10 per cent ad valorem on the ground article, is to pay a duty of $1 per ton; calcined plaster of paris, $1.25 per ton, instead of 15 per cent ad valorem in the Wilson bill; cast plate-glass, finished or polished plate-unsilvered, not exceeding [illegible] square, 20 cents per square foot, and 18 cents as in the Wilson bill; finished, and the dimension given, 35 [illegible] by 60 inches foot instead of 30 cents as in the Wilson bill. All sheets of iron or steel, all above or black, thinner than No. 20 common wire gauge, are changed from 9-10 of 1 cent per pound to ¾ of 1 cent per pound, and the provision which the House bill carried but which was stricken out of the original Senate bill, that this change shall take effect after Oct. 1, 1894, is restored. Tin-plate, terne-plate, and taggers tin, [illegible] cent per pound instead of 1 1-5 cents, as in the Wilson bill, the Senate sub-committee having before changed the Wilson bill in this paragraph the Senate bill. In this paragraph the Wilson bill provision that the rate shall take effect Oct. 1, 1894, is restored.

Cast-iron pipe of every description pay 22½ per cent. ad valorem instead of [illegible] per cent. in the Wilson bill and 20 per cent. in the Senate sub-committee bill; circular saws, mill, pit and drag saws 15 per cent ad valorem instead of 25 per cent in the Wilson bill rate; aluminum in crude form 13 per cent. ad valorem instead of 25 per cent, the Wilson bill rate.

The lead and lead ore duties are left unchanged from the Senate sub-committee rates, as are the iron ore and coal duties.

Oatmeal pays 15 per cent. ad valorem instead of 20 per cent., the Wilson bill rate. Castor beans are restored to the Wilson rate of 25 cents per bushel.

The paragraph in the Wilson bill relating to "cans or packages, made of tin or other metal, containing shell-fish," is struck out entirely. Collars and cuffs are left unchanged from the Senate sub-committee rate, but shirts and all other articles of every description, not specially provided for, composed wholly or in part of linen, will pay 50 per cent. ad valorem instead of 35 per cent., the Wilson bill rate. Playing cards are restored to the Wilson rate of 10 cents per pack instead of 2 cents per pack as fixed by the Senate sub-committee.

On pipes, pipe-bowls, and all smokers' articles not specially provided for in this act, including cigarette books, cigarette book covers, pouches for smoking or chewing tobacco, and cigarette paper in all forms, the Wilson rate of 50 per cent. ad valorem is restored, the Senate sub-committee rate having been 40 per cent. ad valorem, and the remainder of this paragraph is made to read as follows: "And pipe-bowls of clay, 10 per cent. ad valorem."

The provisions of the Senate sub-committee bill to a duty of 20 per cent. ad valorem on bananas and pineapples is stricken out.

The following articles are restored to the free list: Cocoanuts and horn strips and horn tips.

Tax on Cigars Remains as It Is.

In the internal revenue schedule the committee strikes out the provision which the Senate sub-committee inserted taxing cigars and cigarettes weighing more than three pounds $5 per 1,000 and cigarettes in paper not weighing more than three pounds $1 per 1,000 and wrapped in tobacco 50 cents per 1,000, thus leaving the taxes on these articles unchanged from the present law.

The provisions of the income tax amendment relating to a tax on building and loan associations, which were exempted by the House, but which exemption was stricken out when the Senate sub-committee reported the bill, has been restored with the proviso that the tax shall not be levied upon those institutions which make no loans except to share-holders for the purpose of enabling them to build homes.

THE BRECKINRIDGE CASE.

Sensational Testimony Given by Miss Pollard, the Plaintiff.

According to a Washington dispatch the bailiffs have the utmost difficulty in repulsing the crowds who seek admittance to the courtroom where the Pollard-Breckinridge trial is in progress. Miss Pollard on the stand under direct examination related in great detail the attempts of Breckinridge to gain her confidence. He told her she had wonderful intellect and had a brilliant future. "I seemed to be completely under the influence of his wonderful power of persuasion," she said. He promised to oversee her education and repay money paid by Rhodes for her schooling. "He did not accomplish his purpose the first day," she continued, "and it was only late in the second day, when we were in a house in Cincinnati." The relations then established, she averred, continued until May 17, 1893, the last time she saw Breckinridge. She remembered this date as it was subsequent to Breckinridge's marriage to Mrs. Wing, which occurred secretly on the 29th of April, 1893.

COL. BRECKINRIDGE.

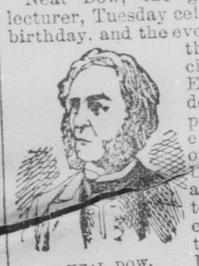
Madeline Pollard faced her opponents on the witness stand under a continuous fire of cross-questions, and the trial was like a play in which one actor is starred to the exclusion and belittlement of all accessories. Major Ben Butterworth, the ex-Congressman from Ohio, played a minor part as the questioner, all the interest centering about the slender, black-robed plaintiff in the case. Tuesday was the most interesting day of the sensational trial, and it was made more so by the masterful rapidity of intellectual resources, of quick perception and of telling replies which flashed forth at every turn of the plot, as the lawyers followed every possible trail which might lead to admissions casting any sort of shadow on the life of the woman apart from those passages which had been identified with the career of the Kentucky Congressman. Seldom does a witness manage to give replies so telling in support of her own case and keep within the limits of courtroom regulations, and several times the plaintiff's attorneys admonished her to confine her statements to answers to the questions which were put.

MISS POLLARD.

HONOR TO NEAL DOW.

His Ninetieth Birthday Is Celebrated with Great Pomp.

Neal Dow, the great temperance lecturer, Tuesday celebrated his 90th birthday, and the event was celebrated throughout the civilized world. Exeter hall in London rang with praises of him, and every temperance organization in the United States did as well pay tribute to the aged reformer. In Portland, the home of Gen. Dow, the civic authorities, the churches and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union united in celebrating his 90th birthday. The Governor of the State and several of Maine's Congressmen assisted in the celebration. In the West noted workers had charge of the celebrations. The English gatherings were presided over by the president of the British association, Lady Henry Somerset.



NEAL DOW.

Gen. Neal Dow was born in Portland, and early in life began his career as a temperance agitator. He was among Maine's first soldiers to respond to the call of duty and achieved renown on the battlefield as well as in the forensic arena. It was in January, 1850, that he took the office of Mayor of Portland, on the first temperance platform ever made the occasion for a successful political fight. In August of the following year he had the satisfaction of seeing his years of agitation crowned by the adoption of the Maine prohibitory liquor law. From this time he was known as the father of the prohibition law and followed up his agitation in almost every State of the union, with comparatively little success, as the results have shown. Gen. Dow lives a rather secluded life, his son attending to almost all his correspondence.

MRS. MINNIE B. KISER, of Lebanon, Ind., sued for divorce on the ground of cruelty.

The Evolution

Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.

FOR THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

Only a Few Minutes.

Dr. A. S. Allibone, compiler of "The Dictionary of Authors," and a most industrious and methodical man, incloses in all his letters a card whereon is printed:

"What does it matter if we lose a few minutes in a whole day? Answer: Time-table (working days in a year, 313; working hours in a day, 8)—Five minutes lost each day is in a year, 3 days 2 hours 5 minutes; ten minutes is 6 days 4 hours 10 minutes; twenty minutes is 13 days and 20 minutes; thirty minutes is 19 days 4 hours 30 minutes; sixty minutes is 39 days 1 hour."

"TWINKLE, twinkle, little star," you are indeed beautiful, but not half so lovely as the bloom on the cheeks of all young ladies who use Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

DENMARK has insurance companies for old maids. They pay the latter weekly "benefits."

THE most ancient catacombs are those of Egypt, over 4,000 years old.

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

Mrs. V. C. Hedges

Have Faith in Hood's

And It Will Cure You—Health, Sleep and Appetite Restored.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—When we moved here to Illinois a few years ago, my wife and I were in very poor health, all broken down and debilitated. We felt as though we could not live long. My wife weighed but 95 pounds and I only weighed 123. We gained in health and strength from the time we began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to-day my wife weighs 145 and I 179 pounds. We are both in good flesh and

As Healthy as We Can Be,

Have good appetites, sleep well at night, and feel well generally. We think we owe our lives to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and cheerfully recommend it to anyone. We are never without this

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

medicine in the house, as we think it is the best on earth. We say to others, have faith in Hood's and it will cure you." V. C. HEDGES, Hoopeston, Illinois. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

A $40 ALL STEEL Aermotor Feed Cutter, FOR $15 CASH

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