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WINE OF CARDUI

For Mothers!

These discomforts and dangers of child-bearing are relieved by Wine of Cardui. It gives tone to the system, restores the strength, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes every mother a happier, more contented and more successful mother.

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has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman need neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. \$1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special attention, write to Dr. J. C. McCall, 150 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. T. A. Albright & Co. will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. 4m

DeWitt's Little Early Risers.
The famous Little Pills.

THE PROMISE OF THE PAST.

"The but of deating years a score
Since father used to call:
"My son, 'tis time you got to bed,
Come, say good night to me,
Ah, how unwele were the words,
And how they spoiled the fun!
Dear's tired, why, not a bit!
Our game was not half done."

But time has flown, and I'm a man,
And heavy loads I bear,
For weary the lagging hours
Drag on, held back by care!
Too long, too long, are now the days,
And things are different quite;
How glad I now respond
To father's call each night!

Somehow the thought occurs to me
That this same rule may hold
When I shall bid my dear
And his bright face grow cold;
May not the somber messenger,
Whose call I now would dread,
Come at the last, a welcome friend,
To bid me to my bed?

—Kansas City Independent.

THE SECRET OF THE ABANDONED SHIP.

By W. Clark Russell.

He was the smallest man I ever saw in my life. He paced the floor quickly with a short stout step, his hands deep buried in his little pockets. He was a dry and harsh old man, like a parched pea, with 50 years of seafaring. I called upon this sailor, believing that he alone could solve the mystery, and he answered the instant I inquired if he could do so:

"Yes, sir," and pulled a piece of worn newspaper out of his side pocket. "This is the piece," he began, "they put in about it. They make her an American. The number one. They call her a brig. The number two. I ought to know, for I was her second mate."

"She was a black bark of 700 tons belonging to Liverpool, and the piece they put into the papers about her was this," said the little sailor man, putting on a pair of glasses.

"Ten years ago a British merchantman saw a vessel with all sails set, yet something was wrong. They boarded her. Everything was in a state of confusion. The crew, dinner unstarted and scarcely cold, cargo intact, the well dry, no one living or dead was on board. The log had been written up to within a short time of the period of her being boarded. There was not a drop of blood, a lock of hair, a disordered cabin or anything to show the sign of a struggle. From that day not the slightest stir has been obtained. Yet she has been a lucky ship ever since."

"Now," said the little sailor with excitement, "slapping the sheet of paper, 'I have contradicted this yarn over and over again. I have given the public their four or five days in the sweat pits. The sweat pits are dug out in the sides of the hills and the skins are hung up in rooms inside. It is dangerous for a man to stay in one of these pits, owing to the fumes of ammonia which issue from the hides after they have been confined for a little while. They are powerful enough at times to overcome a person. But the workmen know what they are about and do not imperil their lives by remaining too long in the place."

"After the turn in the sweat pits the hides are ready for scraping. It takes a trained man to know just how long to keep them in the sweat pits. The thing is done right, the hides should be just about at the point of decomposition before they are taken out. Then bare armed men stand ready with long, sharp knives, which they work over the skins with both hands, removing all the hair and the small particles of flesh so that there is not a shred of it left. Each skin is given over thoroughly and tossed into still another vat filled with liquid in which there are small strips of hemlock bark. The hemlock bark has a hardening tendency on the skins. In some cases acids are used in addition to the bark."

"Tanners have an instrument they call a barkometer with which they test the strength of the liquid. It would not do to have it too strong or the skins would be burned. So they are generally put first in a weak solution. Then the bark juice, or whatever I want to call it, permeates the skin through every pore. The next process is that of drying. Then the dry hide is rolled and a coating of fish oil spread over it to give it the peculiar gloss which you notice in leather. The skins are next stored in a loft for two or three days and afterward shipped to the leather sellers in New York and other cities. We have no need to do other cities. We have no need to do other cities. We have no need to do other cities."

"The best quality of leather is made from hides that come from South America, mostly from Buenos Ayres. A great deal of these hides we get from the big western cattle states. An old cow has only used for making expensive. It would not be possible, on account of their scarcity, to get a buffalo hide for less than \$200. These hides here," said the dealer, pushing some with his foot, "we sell for 23 or 24 cents a pound, and they range in weight from 12 to 14 pounds."—New York Sun.

BEAVERS TRAIL THEIR TAILS.

Naturalists have placed the beaver a long way down in the list of vertebrates, but it undoubtedly stands next to man in the variety of occupations in which it engages. All cats are hunters, while foxes are not, there are, however, some among the Nimrod. As cats are primus donnas, and monkeys make clever comedians, but it is only the beaver parent that educates his children to take up several trades. In a single colony among them you will find civil and marine engineers, wood choppers, raftsmen, laborers, quarrymen, miners, plasterers, masons, carpenters, boat carriers and fishermen. All beavers take contracts for building dams, but when the work is undertaken the task is so divided that each member of the colony has its own particular work to look after. In this way they make some wonderful excavations and construct their dams in an incredibly short time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

DEWITT'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE.

turned to and lighted the galley fire and cooked a plentiful breakfast and distributed the food so that the men could easily come at it, and then as quickly as he might, with my own share of breakfast in my pocket, I sprang again into the main shrouds for the safety of the top and had scarce arrived there when after I beheld the smoke of a steamer.

"I watched that black film with dreadful eagerness."
"I thought I might turn blind even as I looked."
"Then, recollecting that no color was at one peak, I sank to the deck on a stay, rushed to the flag locker, sent aloft our biggest ensign inverted and made again, with the swiftness of the fear of the blindness and of death in my heart, for the mainmast."

"The steamer was alongside of us in little more than an hour."
"She ran close, imagining us derelict. I hailed her from the mainmast and the captain of the yacht, sent aloft our biggest ensign inverted and made again, with the swiftness of the fear of the blindness and of death in my heart, for the mainmast."

"That steamer's name," said the little sailor, "was the Eagle of Middleborough."
"And this is the sequel of this extraordinary story. Scarcely had the Eagle sunk the hull of the Middlesex out of sight, leaving her lying just as she had been left throughout the night from the moment when the helmsman lost his grip of the spokes, when another steamer called the Sea Queen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, heading in the wake of the Eagle, fell in with the bark and hoisted her."

"Here, then, came in the mystery."
"A fine ship was found deserted in mid-ocean, signs of breakfast recently cooked in the galley, and eaten by men in the fore-cabin and by one or two aft, the galley fire still alight and making a good smoke in the mouth of its chimney, but not a soul aboard."
"Not a stain of blood to supply the riddle with a tragic solution. Her hold was tight."
"Her mate went aloft and hunted about the ocean everywhere in search of her, but nothing was visible save the fading trace of a steamer's light smoke or some delicate streak of cloud in the northeast."
"The galley fire burning was the puzzle. They took the bark in tow and carried her to a port, but the story," said the little sailor passionately, "is always wrongly told when it's written."
"And now I hope, since you've taken it in hand, that the public will at least in my version of the puzzle, seeing that I was second mate of the bark and had to boss the blooming show at the end."
—New York World.

A VERY HOT PATIENT.

HE LIKELIKE WAS A MAN WITH A VERY QUEER TASTE.

The singular case of a Gentle who Was in Good Health Apparently While the Thermometer Registered His Temperature at 125.

"There are a number of malingers in town," began the attending physician at an east side hospital. "They have the ability to feign diseases, throw fits on the street, get picked up by the ambulance and sometimes they impose upon the house physician and the nurses and are allowed to stay a little while in a hospital. I knew of a man who was really an expert at the business. He puzzled the doctors and lived for the greater part of three years in various hospitals. I was one of his dupes."
"I had a hurry call to a house on Second avenue. On the second floor I found my man lying unconscious, with blood upon his mouth. I felt his pulse and found there wasn't anything unusual about that. Then, in tearing off his clothes to make a hurried examination, I found that his ribs on the left side were all puffed up with court plaster, in strips, just as any doctor would fix up broken ribs."
"That's where the blood comes from," I said at once. "One of the fractured ribs has slipped and punctured the lung."
"I gave him something to stop the bleeding and a hypodermic injection to bring him out, and then I bound up an open bursa I discovered on his elbow. While he was recovering consciousness I took his temperature and I found it away up—108 and 109. Now, the normal temperature of a human being is 98.4. In the worse cases of pneumonia we don't expect to find it over 105."
"Just then the man came to and tried to make me understand what had happened to him. I got a German in from across the hall to interpret. The patient said he had fallen through an open hatch on a schooner bound from Baltimore to New York about a month ago; that he had been attended by a physician on his arrival here and had got along right until now when he had suddenly collapsed. His temperature showed me that I had a serious case on my hands, though I couldn't tell for the life of me what was the matter with him."
"I hurried him into the hospital, put him to bed and explained the extraordinary feature of his case to the 'house.' The 'house' took his temperature again and the nurse told him, 'You've got a fever and you've got to take your medicine and give him his cold baths and keep his temperature down. It had run up to 113. And there didn't seem to be anything the matter with him outside of that.'"
"Everybody in the hospital got to talking about the case. When the attending' went through the ward the house hurried him by that German. He didn't want to confess that he was staggered. The patient didn't groan any worse. He maintained a constantly high temperature anywhere between 110 and 125, and we kept up the drugs and the cold foot baths."
"One day the attending' noticed the case and asked how long that man was going to be kept in bed to cure a sore elbow. The nurse told him, 'Take his temperature,' said the attending'."
"The nurse put the thermometer in the man's mouth under the tongue and the doctor watched narrowly. All of a sudden he walked up to the bed. 'Get out of here! Get up and dress and don't let me see you again,' he said sternly to the patient."
"A half an hour the man was out on the sidewalk. You see that doctor was an older man than any of us. He saw the man was feigning, but he manipulated the thermometer in his mouth so that by friction he could run it up as high as he pleased."
"The next day this same man was picked up on the street and taken to another hospital, and the same doctor who was attending at both places caught him there the very first thing. For three years I heard of that German, off and on, always with the same patched ribs, sore elbow and extraordinary temperature. Why, one doctor in Connecticut wrote a paper for a medical review in which he said he had found a man apparently in normal health with a temperature of 137: It was our malingering man!"

Nature's Color Box.
Onions, from leaks to Bermudas, are bleaching to the skin, and so are lemons, asparagus and celery. Spinach is the broom of the stomach, as the French say, and sorrel, in soup of puree, as they cook it in the provinces and at the students' restaurants in the Latin quarter, is a great laxative. Dandelion, lettuce and all the salads will bring out the red and white tints of the skin.
Beets, carrots, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, cherries and blackberries are red and bloodmaking, depleting infatigable loveliness in cheeks and lips if eaten, not now and then, but three times a day. This is the fruit cure of garden of Eden because Eve had no potent medicines, cosmetics or doctors.
Pineapple is good for the stomach and all passages. Rice, all cereals and white vegetables, such as cauliflower and parsnips, are wholesome. But pickles and pie crust, hot cakes and too many sweet will make one look pale, because they lack the acids and salts which nature needs to cleanse her machinery. Oil she must have, too, from the olive and nut, to keep the internal wheels revolving.

Marine Corps Chevrons.
There is only one branch of the United States service where the chevrons of sergeants and corporals are worn as they were a century ago and as they are still worn in a very large portion of the English service. This is in the United States marine corps, and here they are inverted, the point of the chevron being toward the shoulder instead of toward the wrist, as in all branches of the service. The other curious feature of the service is that the colors of the corps are red and yellow; those of cavalry and artillery, while the service is actually infantry.

OLD FOLKS IN RUTHERFORD COUNTY.

"Corn Cracker," writing from Cherry Mountain on 2nd inst., gives the following in regard to old people in his section:

I wish to state right here that I challenge any State in the Union or any other county in this State, to trot out as many old inhabitants as are in Rutherford. In the first place, we will call "Granny" Hollifield to the stand. She has lived up to a record of 118 years, and is still living, near Ellenboro, N. C. This place, you will remember, is a province, or "walled town" of Cherry Mountain. The next witness, will be Jesse Wells, of Puzzle Creek, at the head of navigation thereof, near Bostic. He is 94, hale and well preserved. He is a Baptist and a Democrat, and farms for a living.
Benjamin Biggerstaff is aged 92, and his mind and body are vigorous enough for a man of 60. He is a Baptist and goes Democratic.
Sheriff Andrew Long is 91. He rides wild mules and bucking bronchos, albeit they now and then down him. He is a Presbyterian and goes Democratic early and often, and still hoes his crop and guides the plow—not because he has to, but, Cincinnati-like, he wants to.
Next, John A. Long is aged 89 and still does some farm work. He is a Baptist and Republican.
Preston Long is over 90, and still farms. These three old Longs are all related, and the old sheriff is the father of Lox Long, of Long, Tate & Co., of Charlotte. Preston Long told me on Thursday last that he read the book of Ezekiel through within the week. He is a Republican and Methodist.
William Wade, aged 90, is a citizen of Duncane creek, and has plowed every summer until this last and works at the blacksmith trade. He would have plowed this summer, but sprained his ankle. He hears very well and reads a great deal. He was an old Whig and is now a Republican, but belongs to no church.
Now, like the report from the traditional back-counties that never fail to trot out the necessary majority, we call "Granny" Lisk to the stand. "Granny" Lisk is very numerous and one of her species flourishes in South Carolina. But, pshaw! the South Carolina "Granny" Lisk is only 75, and would hardly be regarded as an old maid at Cherry Mountain, and had she lost her husband at that age, would merely be regarded as a charming young widow. The ancient and original "Granny" Lisk, of Cherry Mountain, lives on the line of Rutherford and McDowell, but, pshaw! the South Carolina "Granny" Lisk is only 75, and would hardly be regarded as an old maid at Cherry Mountain, and had she lost her husband at that age, would merely be regarded as a charming young widow. 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