

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Norway is to adopt standard time on January 1. In 1775 halibuts said to weigh twenty ounces fell at Murcia, in Spain. The average annual rainfall over the whole earth is thirty-six inches. A dog which cost the government \$10 was recently sold at the New York custom-house for 50 cents. The World's fair stockholders have received their dividends. The total amount paid was \$790,000. In the coal region of Kansas they have begun to mine coal by electricity. Two coal cutters, operated by electrical current, are now in use, and the results are very satisfactory. The mean temperature of several leading cities is as follows: Athens, 63 degrees; Boston, 49; Calcutta, 78; Charleston, 66; Constantinople, 66; Dublin, 50; Havana, 78; Jerusalem, 63; London, 50; Mexico, 60; Moscow, 41; Naples, 61; Paris, 51; St. Louis, 55; San Francisco, 56; Savannah, 67; Stockholm, 42; Washington, 56.

What Women's Extravagance Does.

It is always amusing to hear men complain of the extravagance of women, when, if it were not for this so-called extravagance, manufacturers, jewelers, merchants, importers, dress-makers, furriers and milliners would have to go out of the business. It takes an army of trained artisans to get one great lady ready for a ball. When she is dressed from the tip of her satin slippers to the top of her diamond tiara, she is the product of a dozen artistic trades and represents some of the mightiest interests in commerce. It was the demand of the fine things of all women's adorning as well as the sacrifice of one woman's ornaments that led to the discovery of the new world. Extravagance in dress is only extravagance when women spend for their dress out of proportion to their own or their husband's incomes. The woman of wealth ought to spend of her abundance in every direction. Comparatively speaking the poor are a great deal more extravagant than the rich.—Boston Beacon.

Don't Give up the Ship! So say those who, having experienced its benefits themselves, advise their despairing friends to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for the combined evil—liver complaint, dyspepsia and irregularity of the bowels. Frequent use of the Bitters in malarial, rheumatic and kidney troubles and nervousness. Use the great remedy with persistence.

When you can put out a fire with kerosene you can drive the wind with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Dr. Kline's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y.

Honesty is poor policy when it is only policy.

HALF RATES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Via the Southern Railway Company Lines (Piedmont Air-Line). Tickets on sale August 23 to 28. Good until Sept. 30, returning. For the ocean on Knights of Pythias Conduces. The official and only direct route. Pullman vestibule trains with dining cars. Fastest trains. See that your tickets read via the Southern Ry., and know that you have the best route. Individual tickets subject to every body. For particulars apply to nearest agent Southern Ry. Co. W. A. TUCK, G. P. A., Washington, D. C. S. H. HARDWICK, Asst. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

What They Say

These are a few simple statements about Dr. King's Royal Germenur from people who have tried it thoroughly: "Used it in my family six years ago. One of the best remedies known." C. Lowell, Temple, Tex. "Most efficient family medicine for all purposes." Jos. E. McKee, Mont. Ga. "Best remedy; nothing like it, or equal to it." Rev. R. H. Rivers, D. D., Louisville, Ky. "Greatest of all remedies."

A Practical Age

Is a fit epithet for the present age. "Of what use is it?" and "How soon will I get my money out of it?" are questions never asked before making an investment of any kind. Bright, intelligent young ladies no longer spend their time in acquiring useless accomplishments. Parents who wish to render their children independent, cannot do a wiser thing than give them a course in shorthand and typewriting. For young ladies it is a genteel and pleasant work, and for young men it is often the stepping stone to a higher business position. For teachers, etc., in the best, most thorough and complete school in the South, write Miss McNeill's School of Stenography & Typewriting, 137 and 139 S. B. & L. Assn. Bldg., Wall St., Knoxville, Tenn.

Attention, Tourist.

The most pleasant and cheapest way to reach Boston, New York and the East is via Central Railroad and Ocean Steamship Company. The rate is low for the round trip. \$10.00 straight. Tickets include meals and steamer. Tables are served with all the delicacies of the season. For information call on or address any agent of Central R. R.

Cure Corns With Physic.

Might as well try that as to attempt the cure of Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm and other cutaneous affections with blood medicine. Tetter is the only ailment that can be cured with a remedy. With it cure is sure. It's an ointment that cures corns at drugists or by mail from J. T. Shurtline, Newark, N. J.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier,

gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

That Tired Feeling

Is due to an impoverished condition of the blood. It should be removed without delay, and the best way to accomplish this result is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will purify and vitalize the blood, give strength and appetite, and produce sweet and refreshing sleep. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.

THE PROGRESS SELF-TRAMPING COTTON PRESS.

Quick, strong, durable & easy to use. The only one of the kind. It is the only one that will not break down. It is the only one that will not get out of order. It is the only one that will not cost you a fortune. It is the only one that will not give you a headache. It is the only one that will not give you a cold. It is the only one that will not give you a fever. It is the only one that will not give you a chill. It is the only one that will not give you a cough. It is the only one that will not give you a sneeze. It is the only one that will not give you a hiccup. It is the only one that will not give you a burp. It is the only one that will not give you a fart. It is the only one that will not give you a fart.

HALMS Anti-Rheumatic Chewing Gum

For Rheumatism, Gout, Catarrh and All Other Inflammations of the Joints. Sold by the Medical Faculty, Boston, and by all Druggists. Price 25c per box. O. H. HALL, 100 West 23rd St., New York.

Wishes of All Ages.

I asked a little child one day— A child intent on joyous play: "My little one, pray tell me Your dearest wish; what may it be?" The little one thought for a while, Then answered, with a wistful smile: "The thing that I wish most of all Is to be big, like you, and tall." I asked a maiden, sweet and fair, With dreamy eyes and wavy hair, "What would you wish, pray tell me true, That kindly fate should bring to you?" With timid mien and downcast eyes And blushes deep and gentle sighs, Her answer came: "All else above My dear wish is this, to love." I asked a mother, tried and blest, With babe asleep upon her breast: "Oh, mother fond, so proud and fair, What is thy fondest secret prayer?" She raised her calm and peaceful eyes, Madonna-like, up to the skies: "My dearest wish is this," said she, "That God may spare my child to me." Again, I asked a woman old, To whom the world seemed hard and cold: "Pray tell me, oh, thou blest in years, What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?" With folded hands and head bent low The answer came, in accents slow: "For me remains but one request— It is that God may give me rest." —Boston Globe.

The Best Man On Earth.

"I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived!" And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, she thought she meant it. After all, how very few of us really know what we mean? "I engaged myself once, when a girl, and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took the conceit out of him, and sent him away about his business." The voice was now a little sharp. What wonder, with so galling a memory? "No man shall ever tyrannize over me—never! What the mischief do you suppose is the matter with this sewing machine?" "Annoyed at your logic, most likely," said her friend, a bright young matron, as she threaded her needle. "My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent."

"I am glad you are satisfied," was the laconic reply. It was quite evident by the expression of the dressmaker's face that she had formed her own opinion about my friend's husband, and was quite competent to form and express an opinion on any subject. Miss Kent was a little woman, fair as a girl and plump as a robin. She wasn't ashamed to own that she was forty years old and an old maid. She had earned her own living most of her life, and was proud of it. She was a good nurse, a faithful friend and a jolly companion; but she strove her wrong way, and you'd wish you hadn't in much shorter time than it takes me to write it. Her views on all subjects were strikingly original, and not to be combated.

What are you going to do when you are old?"

"What are you going to do when you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment.

"But other folks do, I suppose."

"What you can't work forever."

"Can't say that I want to."

"Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man—"

"I don't want any man. I tell you, Mrs. Carlisle, I wouldn't marry the best man living, if he was as rich as Croesus and would die if I didn't have him. Now, if you have exhausted the marriage question I should like to try on your dress."

There was something behind all this, I knew well. My friend's eyes danced with fun, and as Miss Kent fitted the waist she threw me a letter from the bureau.

"Read that," she said, with a knowing look. "It may amuse you."

This is what the letter said:

"My dear Jennie: I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must, however, be one stipulation about my visit—you must say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty years ago today I wrecked my whole life. So unsuitable was that marriage, so utterly and entirely wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life.

Your old cousin,

"MARK LANSING"

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thing thought of in connection with that gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man, Jerome told me, and for fifteen years carried a load of misery that few could have endured. Death came to him at last, and now the poor fellow believed himself an alien from domestic happiness.

Singularly as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look it, and as rosy and as fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers. As I looked at him I defied anybody to see one and not be reminded of the other. True, he had more of the polish which comes from travel and adaptation to different classes and individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by nature than the bright little woman whom Jennie determined he should marry.

"I was surprised you should think it necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark," cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side looking out of the window. "The idea of my being so ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me, "Come, let us go to my sitting-room. We are at work there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?"

Of course, Cousin Mark said "No," promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

"This is my cousin, Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent."

Mr. Lansing bowed politely, and Miss Kent rose, dropped her scissors, blushed and sat down again. Cousin Mark picked up the refractory implements, and then Mrs. Carlisle proceeded, with rare caution and tact, to her labor of love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud an article from the Popular Science Monthly, drawing Miss Kent into the discussion as deftly as was ever a fly drawn into the web of a spider.

"Who is that lady, Jennie?" Cousin Mark inquired, in the evening.

"You mean Miss Kent?" said Jennie, looking up from her paper. "Oh, she is a lady; I have known her for a long time. She is making some dresses for me now. Why?"

"She seems uncommonly well posted for a woman."

Under any other circumstances Mrs. Carlisle would have resented this, but now she only queried, "Do you think so?" and that ended it.

Two or three invitations to the sewing-room were quite sufficient to make Cousin Mark at home there, and after a week he became familiar enough to say:

"If you are not too busy, I should like to read you this article."

"Oh, I am never too busy to be read to," Miss Kent would say. "Sit down by the window in this comfortable chair and let's hear it."

After a couple of weeks, when the gentleman came in hoarse with a sudden cold, Miss Kent bustled about, her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he should not forget to his dying day; but one dose cured. After this occurrence Miss Kent was a really wonderful woman.

Ah, what an arch plotter! She let them skirmish about, but not for once did she give them a chance to be alone together. Her plans were not to be destroyed by premature confidence until the very evening preceding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Carlisle, whom the fond mother did not like to leave quite alone with his nurse.

"We are compelled to be gone a couple of hours," said she, "but Cousin Mark will read to you, won't you, cousin?"

"Certainly, if Miss Kent would like it," replied the gentleman.

The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matrimonial speculation would have plenty of time. The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of that room was a large closet, with a large blind elevator, and out of this closet a door leading to the stoop and garden. Imagine my surprise when I was told that Mr. Carlisle was going to the lodge, and that we, after profuse warnings about the baby and promises not to be gone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor by way of the back gate and garden. In vain I protested.

"Oh, you little goose," said Jennie, laughing; "there'll be fun enough to last us a lifetime. John wanted to come awfully, but I knew he'd make an awful noise and spoil everything, so I wouldn't let him."

The wily schemer took the precaution to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, as still as two mice, we waited results.

Presently Cousin Mark, as if aroused from a protracted reverie, asked: "Would you like to have me read?"

"Oh, I am not particular," replied Miss Kent.

"Here's an excellent article on elective affinities. How would you like that?"

Jennie's elbow in my side almost took away my breath.

"That's to gain time; see if it isn't. Now for something interesting."

"It's by a prominent French writer, I believe," answered Cousin Mark.

"I don't think I care for a translation tonight," said Miss Kent.

"Nor I; nor reading of any kind," he continued. "This is my last evening in New York, Miss Kent."

"I hope you've enjoyed your visit," she returned.

"Jennie!"—into my very head this time—"she is as shy as a two-year-old colt."

"I didn't think I should feel so bad about leaving," Cousin Mark went on. "He is the wreck, you remember," whispered Jennie.

A long pause.

"I have been a very lonely man, Miss Kent," Cousin Mark resumed, "but never realized how lonely the rest of my life must be until I came to this house."

"Oh, how lonely!" echoed Jennie.

"Now I must return to my business and my boarding house—boarding house for a man so fond of domestic life as I am, Miss Kent."

Just then we very distinctly heard a little kind of purr, which sounded very like a note of intense sympathy from Miss Kent.

"I have friends in San Francisco, of course," said Cousin Mark, "but no fireside like this—no one to care for me if I'm ill, nobody to feel very badly if I die."

"That'll fetch her," said Jennie.

"I wish that I lived in San Francisco," said Miss Kent, in a little quivering voice. "You could call upon me at any time if you needed anything."

Jennie in convulsions.

"If you will go to California with me, Miss Kent, I'll wait another week."

"Why, Mr. Lansing, what do you mean? What would folks say?" she said.

"We don't care for folks," said Mark. "If you will go, we will have a house as pleasant as money can make it. You shall have birds and flowers and horses, and all the scientific monthlies that you want; and you shall never sew another stitch for anybody but me. Will you be my wife?"

Just then Jennie and I stepped up another peg, and there was that little old maid, who would not marry the best man that ever lived, hugged close to the man's breast who wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, not even to save her life. We came away then, but my opinion is that they remained in just that position till we rang the bell about half an hour later.

"How did you know?" I asked of Jennie.

"My dear," she answered, "my whole reliance was upon human nature; and let me tell you, whatever else may fail, that never does!"

"Why, Miss Kent, what makes your face so very red?" inquired Miss Jennie, upon entering; "and Cousin Mark, how strangely you look! Your hair is all mussed up."

"And I hope to have it mussed up often," said Cousin Mark, boldly. "Miss Kent and I are to be married this week."

Jennie laughed until her face was purple, and when I went up stairs Miss Kent was pounding her back.

The Cicada. The seventeen-year locusts are not locusts, nor are they closely allied to the family. They are cicadas, and unlike the locusts they are not seriously injurious to vegetation, nor are they popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding—at all poisonous if handled. Although so long in coming to maturity, the time varying from different varieties from one to seven years, the active life of this cicada is only about two months, and it usually terminates near the place of its birth. The female lays her eggs under the bark of branches, and about six weeks afterward the grubs fall to the ground, in which they harrow at depths varying from one to three feet. Here they undergo six distinct changes before after their long period of hibernating they again come to the light.

When the locusts or cicadas appear on the surface they are encased in a hard shell like a crab, and like a crab this shell is cast by a rent up the back from which the creature emerges. Although the development has been so slow, there are no wings apparent when the shell is cast, yet so rapid is their growth that three hours afterward the long gauze-like wings are developed and the creature can fly. The peculiar whirring noise that distinguishes the cicada is made by the male only, and is produced by rubbing the serrated hind legs against the resonant wings.

The Biggest of Ropes. A rope company of New Bedford, Mass., has received an order from a Chicago firm for a rope which will be the largest ever made. It is to be used on the driving wheel in the engine room of the Chicago Cable Railroad Company. It will be three inches in diameter and eleven inches in circumference. There will be twelve of these ropes on the wheel; each of them will be 1,260 feet long, and the combined length of the twelve ropes will be three miles. The cost will be \$5,000.—Boston Transcript.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Black net, accordion plaited, is very effective. In this country we now have 2196 women architects.

Long envelopes are now in vogue. The square one is no longer fashionable.

Women violin players have increased greatly in numbers in Europe of late years.

The carriage is again in favor. It has crossed from Paris with the bandeau and monocle.

The deceased Wife's Sister's bill has been defeated again in the British House of Lords.

Attorney-General Stockton, of New Jersey, has decided that women could vote at school elections.

All of the students of the violinello at present at the Royal Academy of Music in England are women.

A New York surgeon has succeeded in trimming a young lady's large ears to a size that meets her approval.

The Princess of Wales has taken to two-button gloves, bless her economical soul, and now the rest of us may.

The widow of General Boulanger has bought property at Tunis, where she says that she intends to spend the rest of her life.

A shopper was seen the other day in one of the large New York shops who wore a well embroidered in tiny rosebuds and violets.

Miss Faulkner, a Virginia country girl, was married recently in Calpepp County to Viscount Netterville, who has a castle in Scotland.

The Husband and Wife bill has gone into effect in Kentucky. The effect of the bill is to render every married woman a femme sole.

Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, the poetess and postmistress, is such an accomplished pedestrian