Tribute to a Mother,

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling da single touch bestowed upon you shile yet you have the most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eres, the kind anxiety of that one and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have frends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness aushed upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in Lestruggles with the hard, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I tel when, of an evening, nestling on her bosom, I listened to some quiet ale suitable to my age, read in her miring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when Jappeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church yard; yet her voice whispers from the grave, and her-eye watches over me, as I visit the spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother. -Lord Macaulay.

he fuxuries They're Clamoring for.

A Statesville minister, remarking a few days ago on the prevailing hard imes, scarcity of money, etc., that it snot necessities of life that the people are crying for, but luxuries. This strue. How many people in this section, for instance, are actually destute? Poor people there are, of course. There always have been poor people and always will be poor people, no matter what sort of conditions obtain. On the other hand, numerous people enjoy more luxunes than they ever did before. We are glad this is so, but some of them, because they cannot obtain all the hixuries they want, cry out that they are poverty-stricken and oppressed. It is not the necessities of life they try for, but the luxuries.—Statesville Landmark.

Bound to Holler.

While in Lexington, Va., some months ago I heard a story I have never seen in print, which General Lee told on himself, and which always amused him when it was recalled. Soon after he went to Lexington he was riding on horseback to Goshen, when he passed a black smith shop, the smith came out, looked at him intently, and asked in supprise: "Ain't that General Lee?" Yes,', said the General, as he rained in Traveler. The old soldier stepped forward, grasped the extended hand, and gave it a grip which made the General wince. Then, standing back a step, he cried out: "General, I am bound to holler!" "Oh, no," said the General, "I wouldn't do that." "Yes, sir, I'm bound to holler!" And with that he swund his hat around his head and gave three hearty cheers, while the General galloped off convulsed with laughter.-Select-

Sparrows and Bicycles.

A curious thing about the English sparrow has often been noticed by wheelmen. When the cyclists first to the streets a few years ago, the birds used to hop up in the air and skip away before the wheel was within fitteen feet of them. The rapidity of the motion seemed to startle them out of their wits. But now, even with the increased speed of pneumatic tires and high gears, the birds show little or no fear of the wheels, waiting till the last moment before flying. The wheel is often less than two feet from them before they take to flight. One sparrow over on Clinton street, Brooklyn, a few days ago hopped to one side a few inches and allowed the wheel to pass at about twenty inches.—N. Y.

The Millinnium will Dawn.

When everything goes to please everybody.

When every kind of business is by that hand! Make much of it conducted to suit the notions of every body else.

> When everyone pays their debts without being hunted down and harrassed.

> When nobody will tell a lie and nobody swear they believe it is so.

> When everybody's premises are cleaned up and kept just as every body else would do it who have none of their own to attend to.

> When everybody has some business and attends strictly to it, without attending to other people's.

> When it gets into the head of everybody to live and let live.

When everybody loves the Lord and their neighbor and does not try to dead beat either one or the other.

"That horse is not clear escaped that drags the halter," and that man is not sure of escaping a drunkard's doom in jail, penitentiary or grave, who is tied on to the salcon by the social dram.

With the blood full of humors, the the heated term is still more oppressive. Give the system a thorough cleansing with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and a dose of Ayer's Pills, and you will enjoy Summer as never before in your life. Just try this for once and you'll not repent it.

Fun With the Post Office. A letter was dropped in the Postoffice with an address that none of the clerks were able to decipher, and the letter was sent to Superintendent Walker, who passed it along to Assistant Postmaster Seiditz. It was addressed to "Thomas Waltham, in the city where the next President of the United States was born." Inasmuch as the next President is not to be elected until next November and there appears in certain localities some lingering doubt of the election of Mc Kinley, the letter was simply sent to the Dead Letter Office and in due time will be returned to the funny man who wrote it. It bore the regular postage and also a special delivery stamp. So the Government is ahead just a dime on account of the alleged humor of the write.-Kansas City Journal,

New line dress good. M. T. Young

Price of School Books.

A Sunday Chicago paper, which sells for 5 cents, that is about 3 cents at wholesale, contains as much matter as a schoolbook of 600 pages. The average schoolbook contains hardly a third as much matter. Schoolbooks ought to be selling as cheap as Sunday papers. The art of papermaking and bookmaking has been revolutionized and the school children of the land ought to have the benefit ot ic. Kill the school book trusts and there will be no demand for free textbooks for school children—they will be so cheap that even the poorest parents can buy them for their own children.—Iowa State Register.

When the advantages of a town or community are to be talked up, or when any institution, enterprise or industry, either public or private, needs to be puffed up, or long resotions of thanks or obituaries are to be published, the local paper is invariably appealed to to do the work, says the Durham Sun. It perchance it fails to speak as favorably and profusely as some would have it, the editor is accused of being non-progressive and lacking in enterprise: and some of those very ones will patronize every advertising scheme that comes along, outside of legitimate newspapers, which oft times never reach the public-money wastedand yet they prat about the jewel called consistency. And then say advertising does not pay.

The Heavy Horse Always to Demand.

The modern contrivances of travel and motors for power have made inroads on the lightest scrub horse, and for some time it has appeared that his occupation is gone. Not so with draft and heavy horses, coachers, etc. Many were frightened into selling their heavy broodmares, thinking them unterly useless in the future that fine print can be read in the farthjust as they did when railroads were introduced. Just as the railroads have increased the use for good heavy horses tenfold, so, too, will electricity increase the use of heavy horses. Thousands of motors require tens of thousands of horses to haul their material and manufactured products, which are increasing as the industrial interests develop and prosperity resumed its wonted reign.—Ex.

Did not Advertise but was Busy.

A friend tells us that he recently went into the store of a business man who did not advertise, and was surprised to find him busy. The storekeeper, it transpired had the itch and a Waterberry watch, and when he wasn't scratching himself he was winding his watch.-Mayfield Moni-

In a Nutshe'l.

The American public demands that the government shall make every effort to prevent violations of neutrality laws in the Cuban matter, but it also hopes that the fillibusters will be able to elude the utmost vigilance of the officers.-Detroit News.

The other day a bulletin reading: "St. Louis struck by a cyclone and wrecked" was sent to London. On the bulletin boards it appeared in this form: "The steamer St Louis has been wrecked by a cyclone. One thousand lives lost." It probably never occurred to the Englishmen who posted the bulletin that there is in Missouri a city bearing the same name as the steamship, remarks the Savannah News.

A number of our very wise people are now very animated in a discussion as to whether the late elemental disturbances, wherein so many people were killed and such a vast amount of property was destroyed, was a cyclone or a tornado. What is the difference to you, anyway, just so it doesn't play in your back yard. —Exchange.

A healthy appetite, with perfect digestion and assimilation, may be secured by the use of Ayer's Pills. They cleanse and strengthen the whole alimentory canal and remove all obstrucions to the natural functions of either sex, without any unpleasant effects.

The cotton acreage in this State this year is 50 per cent. greater than it was last season. The sales of fertilizers are twice as large this season and 30 per cent. greater than in any season since the tonage tax went into effect.

Opportunity.

Opportunity is bald behind, and must be grasped by the forelock. Life is full of tragic might-have-beens. No regret, no remorse, no self.accusation, no clear recognition that I was at fault will avail one jot. The time for ploughing is past; you cannot stick the share into the ground when you should be weilding the sickle. "Too late" is the saddest of human words. And, as the stages of our lives roll on, unless each is filled, as it passes, with the discharge of the duties and the appropriation of the benefits which it brings, then, to all eternity, that moment will never return, and the sluggard may beg in harvest that he may have the chance to plough once more, and have none. The student who has spent the term in indolence, perhaps dissipated, has no time to get up his subject when he is in the examination room, with the paper before him. And life and nature and God's law are stern task-masters, and demand that the duty shall be done in its season or left undone forever. "Strike while the iron is hot!"-Ex.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Seeing a New Light.

Nikola Tesla has announced to the world that he has perfected his latest invention, an electric lamp without any filament or film, and a revolution in electric lighting is at hand. The lamp is a bulb a few inches long, charged, so far as the eye can detect, with nothing at all-a perfect vacuum. Into this bulb a current of electricity is introduced and a light is produced so bright est corner of a large room, where but a single one of these lamps is employed, Tesla gets ten per cent. of illuminant from his materials, whereas the ordinary incandescent lamp yields but three.

It will readily be understood, even from this crude statement, what an immense saving will be effected in the lighting of streets, public buildings, stores and private residences. If the invention can be made use of at once, the problem of municipal lighting is solved for the smallest city as well as the largest. Edison is hard at work trying to eliminate the dynamo as a tactor in the production of electricity, and when he succeeds-as there appears to be no doubt that he will-electricity will almost become a new agent and its power and usefulness be increased beyond measure.

It seems peculiarly opportune that just at this time the announcement is made that the Westinghouse and General Electric Companies have ceased their warfare upon each other and, while remaining competitors in the great field of electrical apparatus, will use their patents in common. This greatly cheapens all electrical appliances, and causes another forward movement in the general use of the great mechanical agent of the end of the century.

A Nuisance Suppressed.

This account of how a selfish man 'met his Waterloo' is given in "The Golden Rule":

At a certain concert a young man persisted in whispering loudly to the lady who accompanied him, telling her what the music "meant," what sort of a passage was coming next, and so on. Presently he closed his eyes and said to his companion, "Did you ever try listening to music with your eyes shut? You've no idea how much better it sounds."

Hereupon a gentleman who sat in the seat in front of the young man, twisted himself about, and said gravely, "Young man, did you ever try listening to music with your mouth shut?' Thenceforth the silence in that part of the hall is said to have been almost painful.

The block of glass which is to be made into a vast mirror for the big telescope which is to be one of the features of the exhibition of 1900 has recently arrived in Paris from Belgium, where it has been cast. This immense telescope is to bring the moon to an apparent distance of fifty kilometers from the earth and is being constructed under the direction of M. Francis Deloncle. The polishing of the glass for the mirror of the telescope will be done in

The General In His Own Country.

Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., tells this story: An entertainment was given in his honor at his Norfolk home on his return from Egypt. Among the crowd assembled on the occasion was the wife of an agricultural laborer. She was very eager to know Sir Evelyn Wood, and a bystander pointed him out to her.

"What," she exclaimed in amazement, "that little man, General Wood! Why, my owd man could clout (thrash) him easily."

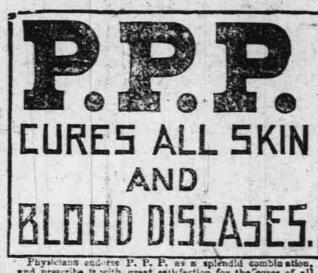
"Never," said Sir Evelyn as he concluded his story, "had I felt more humiliated in my life. "-- Westminster Gazette.

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