a thoroughly tested remedy, gently prepares the system for this period, lessens the pain, and removes all danger. Its use insures a safe and happy termination of the dreaded event.

\$1.00 PERBOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by express on receipt of price. BOOKS Containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent to FREE any address upon application, by The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ca-

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.

- Winston Journal: A Mr. Schwab was struck by lightning and instantly killed yesterday (Thursday) afternoon, about three miles from Pinnacle station. He was driving a two-horse wagon. Both of the horses were killed and

the wagon badly damaged. - Maxton Scottish Chief: There is a town on the C F. & Y. V. R. R. with about 1800 inhabitants which claims to not have a single negro family living in the incorporate limit of the town. Perhaps not another case of this kind exists in the South. The name ot the place is Hope

- Fayetteville Observer: The Dispensary is doing a big business today (Saturday), keeping all hands busy filling requisitions for whiskey and beer. Up to 3 30 this afternoon over two hundred packages had been sold, and the sales threaten to reach the 300 mark before sundown.

- Sanford Express: Crops are looking fine since the recent rains. The warm days and nights we have had for the past week have caused cotton to take a good start to grow. - Mr. B. Buchanan, who lives near Popular Springs, this county, had his dwelling house, with nearly all its contents, destroyed by fire at 11 o'clock Wednesday night. It is not known how the fire originated.

- Danbury Reporter: The seasons in this section up to the present time have been all that could be asked, and crops -corn and tobacco -doing well. - Blackberries are getting ripe fast. The crop is remarkably fine, the largest for years. -- We have never known rattlesnakes so scarce in this section before. You can't buy them at three dollars per

TWINKLINGS.

- Bingers-"And were you married on time?" Gingers-"Oh no: I had to pay the

parson cash."- Yonker's Statesman. - "I believe Goodluck has got an increase of salary. What was it for-Yes! He always listens when the boss ells the smart things his kid says."

- "Your hair is always so handdevote a great deal of attention to it."

somely dressed, fraulein. You must chief weakness."- Tit Bits. - Spudds - "Young Hawkins

seems very pensive to-night. Do you suppose that he has fallen in love?" Spatts-"Ob, no. He is only breaking in a pair of tight shoes."-Judge. - Rural Raggs-Wouldn't yer help a man along what was starvin'?

Mrs. Hussiff-Certainly. But I don't see what help a man wants to starve.-- Freddie-Oh, pa! The goat

swallowed my big fire-cracker. Cobwigger-Well, that's nothing to be crying about. Freddie-Yes, it was, pa. The thing

never went off .- Judge. - He-"Why does Miss Van Peet have an English footman?" She-"Oh, I suppose she wants to

learn the language."- Truth. - Thourist (in a coal min, after passing along cigars)-"Everything seems to be wet and damp. Where can

I strike a match?" Miner-Roight here, sor. Dinnis, lift the' robber cloth offen th' powder keg." -N.Y. Weekly.

- Bob-Simplex answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell bim the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringes around the John-What did they tell him?

Bow-To wear knickerbockers-

- It is anticipated that the "Big Four" in Chicago will now engage extensively in raising cattle for their hides. They alone have had a strong interest in removing hides from the free list and clapping on them a 20 per cent. duty.-Philadelphia Record, Dem.

Dyspepsia Cured.



A FTER suffering for nearly thirty years from dyspepsia, Mrs. H. E. Dugdale, wife of a prominent business man of Warsaw, N. Y., writes: "For 28 years, I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and a weak stomach. The lightest food produced distress, causing severe pain and the formation of gas. No matter how careful of my diet I suffered agonizing pain after eating. I was treated by many physicians and tried numerous remedies without permanent help. Two years ago I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and Nervine. Within a week I commenced improving, and persisting in the treatment I was soon able to eat what I liked, with no evil effects
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"Soop e sued out, significant most silly used solly." All 900 "significant out of the Phil. Curr All Pain. "One cent a dose."

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June 15 17 "sa tu th

The Wheekly Star.

WINTER SLEEP.

know it must be winter, though I sleep I know it must be winter, for I dream I dip my bare feet in the running And flowers are many, and the grass grows deep.

ceives!)—
I know I must be old, for, all unseen,
My heart grows young, as autumn
fields grow green,
When late rains patter on the falling

know I must be tired (and tired souls I know I must be tired, for all my soul To deeds of daring beats a glad, faint

know I must be dying (death draws I know I must be dying, for I crave Life—life, strong life—and think not of the grave
And turf bound silence in the frosty year.
-Edith M. Thomas in New York Tribune.

THE RIVALS.

"Yes, sir. That old shuntin engine that's uffin an snortin like a broken winded old porse could tell a tale, if it wasn't so short o' breath. That's the very engine old John Wright used to drive when I was his stoker. Let me see-I've been drivin three yearaye, it'll be ten year come next September He was a fine figure of a man, was John He stood 6 foot 11/2 in his stockin's, an was broad in the shoulders too. In his greasy peaked cap an oily blue jacket he looked a glant. He was a queer nn. I used to tell him he needed a wife to look after him. Ha, ha! He always made his tea wi' water out o' th' engine boiler, an when I laughed at him he'd slap me on the back, an say, 'What's good for the horse is good for the rider, Harry.' He was a rare old

"Oh, no; he'd be 40 odd, I suppose, but was a young man of 28, an he seemed old, like, to me. As I've said, he was a bachelor, an, as far as I knew, likely to remain one. There wasn't much of the ladies' man about John. But still waters run deep, they say, an John Wright had his little secret.

"About three mile out o' town, I used to notice that he whistled three times and always looked across a couple o' fields a bit farther on, as if he were lookin for somethin. I asked him once or twice what it was, but he edged me off, an changed the subject, so I didn't press it. But I kept my eyes open.

"It was early winter when I first went on to stoke for John, an, of course, bein a goods train, it was generally gettin on for 8 o'clock at night when we passed this par-tic'lar spot, bound for Barnham, 50 mile It's 'up bank,' as I dare say you from here to Longbridge, eight mile up the line, an we never got any great speed on until we'd passed that length, especially when we'd a heavy freight. But all I could make out for some months was the dim outline of a cottage that had an 'up stairs' window with a red blind. The cottage lay a couple o' fields away. What nade me notice the red blind was that, as we passed, the window was always sudden

"Aye, an so was John Wright's face soon as ever he saw it. Such a smile—an he had a kind face, had old John—an then he'd seem lost a bit, as if he were thinkin o' something as was good to think about. "I couldn't make it out, for you see I looked on John as a musty, crusty old bachelor, for all he were such a good sort. But the light nights let the secret out. It were no use of his keepin his tongue tied then; for there, in th' little front garden, across them two little fields, was a pink frock, an a sunbonnet an a little hand flutterin a bit of a hankychief as we passed-

every night, as true as the clock.
"I chaffed John rarely about it, first
time I saw it, an he blushed—he did indeed, sir! Though his face was grimy on the top and copper color under that, I'll swear he blushed. But he looked pleased an proud, for, by that time, we'd grown such thick friends that I'm sure he didn't mind me knowin.

"Then, bit by bit, it all came out. John and her father, who used to be pointsman at Chubb junction, half a mile farther up the line than the cottage, had been lads together. John had gone up for a 'camp' every Sunday for many a year. He'd known Mary Mathers since she was born, an when she was a little lass he'd nurse her on his knee, an told her he'd wait for her. I dare say he meant it in fun at the time, but, as she grew up, he knew he liked to be where she was better than any-where else in the world. That's how he put it, sir. Then Tom Mathers, her fa-ther, fell ill, an I learnt afterward, an I guessed even then, that John Wright made his wages keep four instead of one. Mary's father never worked again. He was on his back for 18 months, an then he died.

"An then, you may be sure, John was a father to the fatherless, an a husband to the widow-as far as lookin after 'em went, at any rate—only he wanted to be a husband to the daughter, Mary. Of course, I learnt this bit by bit, an I can't help fillin in things as come to my ears years after, for John was never the man to blow his own trumpet. Ha, ha! He was well content wi' the steam whistle—especially when passing Railway cottage. Poor John!

"Well, to cut a long story short, Mary seemed to make no objection. Why should she? She'd never met anybody she liked better, and a finer fellow than John Wright never walked. He got her to promise to light the lamp in the room wi' the red blind on dark nights as he passed on his engine, an to give him a wave of her hand on light nights, for he said it was somethin to be goin on with like. He'd a touch o' sentiment in him, had John, aye, he "One Saturday night he says, 'Harry,

"'Walk o'er wi' you,' I says. 'Where?'
"'Why, to Mrs. Mathers,' to be sure. I'd like you to know my Mary. An then you can tell me what you think o' my sweetheart.' An as he said it that sweet, far off look came in his face, an I knew he loved that lass as few lasses are loved.
"Well, I went, an I wished at the time I'd staid away. It was love at first sight wi' me, an I felt I should never, never be the same again. God forgi' me, but after that Sunday I felt at times I hated John Wright. When she stood at the stile, at the crossing midway between the cottage an the signal box—as she did every evenin from the very day I went wi' John—an waved her hand to him, bashfullike, an he threw her a clumsy kiss, I felt I could ha'

knocked him off the engine. "I fought again 16—an, you must un-derstand, I didn't feel that way all the time, for we were good friends, an no one would have seen a difference. But when he talked of her in his quiet way—of bein wed an such like—it was like knives in

"Then he pressed me to go again an spend a Sunday at the cottage. I put him off, but he wouldn't take 'no' for an an-

swer. So, whether for fear of hurtin his feelins or because I couldn't keep away, I can't say, but I yielded an went. After that I went several times, an each time I art, aye, an what seemed worse, I couldn't help knowin that Mary was troubled the same way. But I will say this, I never tried to make Mary love me, an never a word of love passed between us, but sometimes I thought I saw trouble in John's eyes, an then I'd vow to myself to

"Often enough I'd be on th' front o' th' engine, or on th' tender, when we passed the stile that summer an do as I would, I couldn't help but look to catch her eye. An I never missed, though she waved her hand to old John.

"One evenin, in the early autumn of "One evenin, in the early autumn of that year, we were goin at as good a speed as the incline would let us an just gettin toward the cottage. John had sent me round to th' front o' th' engine with my oil can, an I couldn't help lookin ahead to see if Mary was standin waiting at the stile. Yes, she was there as usual, right in front of us, for the line curved to the right inst at the stile, an was hidden from right just at the stile, an was hidden from view behind a little wood. I could see her print dress, an the same white linen bon-net she wore when I first saw her in the garden on that spring evenin. Oh, how my heart went out to her, an how that old wicked feelin toward John rushed through me an made my nerves tingle from head to

"Mary had her back toward us—a very unusual thing—an I remember wonderin why. Then the usual three whistles sound-



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antiable for WRAPPING PAPER. and excellent tor Placing Under Carpets other ceremonies of life,

ed, short an sharp. She turned instantly an threw up her hands like one demented We went thunderin down to the crossin where she stood an I saw her eyes starin at me, like coals of fire set in a face as white

me, like coals of fire set in a face as white as chalk. She fascinated me.

"Just then old John shut off steam an I heard him doin a thing he'd never done afore—reversin the engine! All of a sudden Mary seemed to wake up an find a horrible dream true, for I heard, above the roar of the train, the grindin of the ralls, an the shrick of the hrakes that had been jammed hard down—I heard one pieroing scream. It was a word—my name—'Har-

"Of course, all this happened in a breathless second or two. Half a lifetime is sometimes squeezed into a half a min-ute, sir. I took my eyes from Mary's face as we passed her, standin as if turned to stone, an I looked ahead. Heavens, what a sight! Bearin down on us at a great speed was an engine an tender—a runaway! It was comin down the bank tender first, an we were timed to meet at the junction. I saw it all in a flash. The train was jumpin like a buckin horse, an, with my body all of a tremble, I'd as much as I could do to get back to the footplate. There stood John Wright, of course

I seemed to see him an naught else. He'd ione all man could do, an was standing But it wasn't his stillness that made the tears start to my eyes. It was the look on his face. It made me nearly forget the doom to which we were rushin. I can't describe it. It was the look of a man who has nothin left to live for—whose hope had been suddenly wiped clean out forever.

"The instant he saw me his face changed. He sprang toward me, an seizing me b the arm with a grip of steel, spoke in a hoarse whisper that could be heard above everything: 'Jump off, my lad—you've time—you can do it. Jump off, for her

sake. She loves thee, lad; she loves thee, for her sake. Harry, for heaven's sake!' "I said, 'Nay, John.'"
"'Quick,' he says. 'Harry, Harry Jump for your Mary's sake!' "I swung one leg off the engine-life was dear-an prepared to spring into the grass. Then a great, surgin love for this man came over me, and I turned suddenlike an took him by the hand and I says, John, we'll stick together an die together —if it's God's will—for her sake.' An he ust gave me that sweet look an stept in front of me, as if to put his great fram betwixt me an death, an there came crash as if heaven an earth had met, an seemed to roll over an over, an then it felt as if the whole earth had risen up an smit-

en me, an I knew no more. "I woke from a troubled dream that seemed to have lasted a lifetime, an opened my eyes, half conscious an not sure but I was still dreamin. Then I slipped off again, an I remember thinkin that the sweet eyes that mine had seemed to meet were the eyes of my guardian angel. An they were, sir, for, when I opened my eyes again all the past came back to me with he tearful face of Mary Mathers.

"I put my hand out on the counterp an she put hers gently on the top of it. An believe me, sir, that's the only way I ever popped the question.' We'd been through too much together to need much fuss. 'Where is he?' I framed my lips to say. don't know whether she heard, but she understood, for she put her hand into her an drew out a black edged card an held it before my eyes, while her own filled again with tears. I read, 'In loving memory of John Wright, who was killed at the post of duty."

"Happy! Happy isn't the word for it, sir. Ours is one of the matches made in heaven."-London Tit-Bits.

Wrecked on Fort Fisher. Technical training in any profession is a good and necessary thing, but it must be

mented by careful and constant practice in order to eliminate the chances of danger, especially on board ship.

In 1863 the United States frigate B. was cruising off the Virginian coast under the command of Captain H. Captain H. had under his charge a number of young and enthusiastic midshipmen, graduates of the

naval college at Annapolis. It was his custom to have them take the position of the ship at noon each day when he took his own observations. Very often it happened that their calculations did not tally with his, but this only made him the more anxious to exercise them in so necessary a mathematical problem.

One day he was sitting in his cabin, as

usual, at noon, after he had completed his caculations, and waiting for his "mid-dies" to bring in theirs. The first came in almost immediately, visibly elated at hav-ing finished his task so soon and, as he believed, so correctly.

The captain took one look at the figures and then leaped from his seat so quickly that the astonished midshipman started

back in alarm. Almost exploding with laughter, the old captain curved his hands before his mouth and hurried to the com-"Clear away the boats!" he roared.

"Clear away the boats! We're wrecked, hard and fast aground on top of Fort Fish-There was a howl of laughter from on deck, and the erratic young man grasped his papers and rushed past the captain and out of the cabin without waiting for ceremony .- Youth's Companion.

To Look Young Dress In the Latest Style. The most essential point perhaps in attaining every woman's object of looking young is to dress always in the latest mode. The French understand this to perfection; the English do not even pretend to A dowager wears gowns of from 5 to 25 years old in style. A grande dame Parisienne looks always as though she had just stepped from the atelier of a smart cou-

A woman of 40, in an old fashioned gown and with thin and badly dressed hair, looks passe entirely, while her friend of 55, in smartest array, is young in every move-ment. Her stylish gown swings about her with an air of distinction, and her fashionable hat shades her smooth fore-head. Her face is framed in ruches and boas and medici collars, and with softly pompadoured hair modishly undule. She stands and walks with the erect carriage and the little jerky trip of a young woman; she sits with her skirts sweeping the floor beside her, her feet together or easily crossed, instead of flouncing down on her back breadths and folding her hands over a wide lap. Altogether she is a replica of her daughter.—Boston Herald.

Many fastidious women wear with their low necked corset covers a large kerchiefthe word used by our grandmothers is the only correct one—of the finest and sheerest linen, hemstitched, crossed over the neck and brought up well on the throat. This is to protect the lining of the gowns. One of these kerchiefs after once wearing by the daintiest of women shows dusky shad ows upon it, which point a hygienic moral. Sensible Dame Fashion-she is at bottom an old lady of much common sensehas not as yet provided a covering for the bare arms that are thrust into elegantly lined gowns. My lady does not realize how much she needs them, but she would e horrifled at the thought of wearing another garment next her skin for two weeks without subn itting it to the laundress.— New York Times.

To Wash Silk Underwear. Great care should be taken when washing silk underwear. Soap never should be rubbed directly upon the garment. Strong soap suds made of warm water and white soap will be found best. Squeeze the garment in this water, and then, if the garment is very much soiled, pass it through another warm suds and then rinse in very lukewarm water. Press between the hands to get out the water. Shake well and pull into shape, and when the garment is nearly dry press it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Butter Spreader. The butter spreader which goes with the bread and butter plate is the one knife on the table which is placed with the sharp edge out. The plate is placed at the left and just back of the regular plate, and the spreader lies in front of it, with the sharp edge to the front. It may be placed at the right of the bread and butter plate when it lies with the edge in, as with the other knives. Thus placed, the knife is most easily taken. Common sense rules the setting of the table, as it does

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

VALUABLE TIPS FOR WOMEN WHO WANT TO BE HEALTHY.

The Importance of Eating Only the Right Kind of Food-How Athletes Are Trained-The Bad Effects of Incorrect Ways of Standing.

Delicate women are out of date. There was a time when it was considered fashloneble for a woman to faint frequently, grow hysterical over trifles, and have at least one chronic ailment. Today such a woman, instead of being cuddled and made much of, is passed hurriedly by with a word, not of sympathy, but rather of scornful pity. She is refered to as "Poor thing!" And if there is one thing that will make a woman cast off her invalid ways it s that phrase.

Women nowadays are turning back to the ways of the Spartan girls, who believed that the physical training of the sexes should be identical and practiced what they preached. They were taught to run, to leap, to cast the javelin, to play ball and to wrestle. Their Athenian sisters did nothing of the sort and were not compara-ble to the Spartan girls. Once an Athenian said to the wife of Leonidas: "You Spartans are the women who rule

"Yes," she answered, "and we are the only women who bring forth men." There is a lesson in this retort for all womankind. American women, be it said o their credit, are beginning to apply it. Old women, young women and scho are giving more attention than ever before to physical culture. Three women were discussing the general interest in physical training for women, in a restaurant not long ago. It was one of those little places where a man feels himself conspicuous, for it was patronized almost exclusively by women shoppers. One of the talkers was white haired, another was middle aged, and the third was an athletic looking girl just out of her teens. The middle aged woman turned out to be a teacher of physical culture, and she talked in such a clear, practical way that pretty soon all the women at the nearby tables were listening to the conversation of the trio. It all started

this way: "I wouldn't order chocolate eclairs if I were you," said the middle aged woman. "Why not?" asked the girl. "I'm not in training now. As long as I was on the basket ball team at Vassar I wouldn't have dreamed of giving such an order, but I'm a graduate now, and chocolate cclairs are "They aren't good for you," insisted the

middle aged woman. "You told me your-

self that you were never in such perfect

health as when you were in training and confined yourself to nutritious, wholesome "That's so," acquiesced the girl meeky, but without countermanding her order. "Physical culture teachers as a rule nake three mistakes," continued the middle aged woman, salting her rare roast beef vigorously by way of emphasis, "I think the first three questions they should put to pupil are: What do you eat for breakfast, ncheon, dinner and between meals? How do you sit, and how do you stand?"

ed the girl digging into the middle of eclair "Not at all," answered the physical culturist. "Standing is a lost art, and as for sitting, so far in the history of this world of ours it has never become an art. When it comes to eating-well, I feel almost hopeless about cating. I fear that women

"Why, what funny questions!" exclaim-

will never learn to eat.' "What queer notions you do have," com mented the girl, ordering a double portion of ice cream. "Vanilla and chocolate mixed, if you please. I'm sure I have a good, healthy appetite," she went on "and I think I not only know how to eat, but enjoy it."

"Yes, I won't dispute that," replied the middle aged woman,' "but you insult that appetite, which is the craving of a strong, healthy stomach, by giving it eclairs and ice cream instead of giving it the proper food. Nearly all young women do the same thing. Every time you do that you weaken your muscles, which you tell me you are so anxious to train. You cannot possibly train a muscle unless you have given it the proper food. Now, I'm not a crank on dietetics, but every teacher of physical culture, every director of a gymnasium, every master of a swimming school, every instructor in a bicycle acad emy, should pay a great deal of attention to what their pupils eat, and try to impress on each pupil the necessity of proper food. "Every boy is anxious to become a Fitzsimmons, and if his instructor in gymnastics will tell him what food is best for him to take he will have it, or make life a burden for his mother. The same is true of a girl. Let the teacher tell a girl that certain things will harden the muscles of ner body, giving her a firm, graceful fig ure, and certan other things will make the muscles of her cheeks firm, which is one of the secrets of retaining a pretty com-plexion, and she'll confine herself to those

"Up to this time," the enthusiast coninued, "girls and women have devoted their attention almost exclusively to the development of their arms and legs. This is a great mistake. Women need, even more than men, to give much attention to the development of their vital organs, The legs and arms work much more easily if the vital organs are well developed Women should be trained from the time they are out of swaddling clothes to hold the abdominal muscles tense. Then we would hear of no such thing as displaced

"Oh, it's so interesting," exclaimed th

"You said something about women not knowing how to stand correctly." "Well, I told the truth," said the enthusiast. "They don't. Watch 'em as they file up to the desk there to pay their checks, At least 25 have been up since we've been sitting here, and not one has stood correctly. 'Look at that stout woman there now, with her abdomen thrown out and the upper part of her body held back. She probably lies awake nights worrying because she is losing sight of her waist, and yet her habitual method of standing is ust the cause of the trouble. Glance at the thin, delicate looking woman behind ner. The position of her body is all wrong. You can see that her abdominal muscles are thoroughly relaxed. So it is with the next in line. The fourth woman throws nearly all her weight on one side when sh stands, and you can see that this has changed the shape of one hip. Thus it goes. One woman stands so that one shoulder grows higher than the other or her back gets twisted, and another becomes lopsided in some other way. A mother or teacher who does not train the young intrusted to her care to stand correctly is guilty of almost a crime. The harm done to the outside of the body is nothing compared to the injury done to the machinery

Vegetable Diamonds

nside."-New York Sun.

The alkaloid of Calycanthus glaucus, discovered and first extracted by Dr. Eccles, may be obtained in crystals which from their high refractive power sparkle very much ike diamonds. Some were shown at a recent meeting of the New York section of the American Chemical society. This alkaloid has the highest refractive power of any known organie substance. A nitroso compound of calycanthine is thalleiccanthine. This forms dark'colored salts that in dilute solution are a brilliant green. No therapeutic application of the alkaloids has yet been announced.—Popular Science News.

Cultivate Exercise. When a girl "comes out" and escapes from the daily routine of the schoolroom, she is very much inclined to give up taking regular exercise. No doubt she will go for a 20 or 30 mile run on her bike one go for a 20 or 30 mile run on her bike one day when she feels particularly active, but it is more than likely that, in consequence of other attractions, she will not ride again for three or four weeks. The girl who wishes to keep fresh and young in spite of a round of gayety should cultivate the habit of exercise. It will become so essential to her that she will not be able to do without it when her girlhood is to do without it when her girlhood is passed, and consequently her health and her figure will be preserved in a way which would not be possible had she led an in-active life.—Exchange.



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