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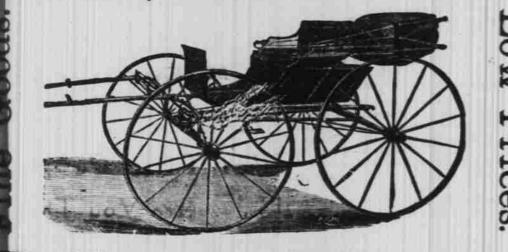


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A PARTING.

"Goodby, then," and he turned away, No other word between them spoken. You hardly would have guessed that day

How close a bond was broken. The quick, short tremor of the hand That clasped her own in that brief part-

ing Only her heart could understand,

Tho saw the teardrop starting: Who felt a sudden surge of doubt Come rushing back unbidden o'er her As at the words her life without

His presence loomed before her. The others saw, the others heard A calm, cool man, a gracious woman, A quiet, brief farewell unstirred

She knew a fatal die was cast.

She knew that two paths hence mus That one familiar step had passed Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant A trivial parting, lightly spoken. She rend the bitter, mute intent. She knew a heart was broken.

—Barton Grey.

THE LOST ENGINE.

"I was speaking the other day," said the Jericho station master, "of railroad ghosts-trains and engines and such-and you didn't seem to believe that there are any such things. Now, just to show you that men on this road have seen. Just wait till that train starts along, and we have this here station to ourselves as usual."

A way train had stopped at the station, and as the station master door of the baggage car a man curiously complicated with a bicycle. The man, who was the baggage master of the train, had managed to put his foot through the spokes of one of the wheels of the bicycle, and man and machine were writhing on the platform, the one cursing loudly and the other giving forth the crackling sound of snapping steel rods.

"There," said the station master. every three times that a man tries to handle one of those machines. Seems to me that they were invented just to make things miserable for the trainmen. I tried to wheel one along the platform one day, and before I knew what was the matter the blamed thing had thrown me and was trying to break my legs and gouge my eyes out. They're just like a coyote. You take a coyote by the back of the neck and hold him out at arm's length, and he'll manage to bite a piece out of the calf of your leg or some other place that's mebbe ten feet away from his mouth. I never yet saw a baggage master that could smash a bicycle without hurting himself worse than the machine. It ought to be made illegal to send

bicycles by rail, and that's a fact." The baggage master finally extricated himself from the bicycle and withdrew into his car to repair damages. The train whistled and went on its way, and the station master, seating himself by my side, proceed-

ed with his story: "About ten years ago we had an engine on this road that you would just have admired to see. She was the Fanny Ellsler - that was her name, being named after one of the queens of France or some other place. Nowadays we don't think that 60 miles an hour is any very great speed, but in those days the Fanny, as we called her for short, was the only engine in this part of the country that could do her mile in 60 seconds. Naturally the road was proud of her, and the men bragged of her continually, especially when they met any of the men that worked on the Montana Southern road, that was considered by some to be a sort of rival of our road, though it was a poor, half bankrupt concern.

"The engineer of the Fanny was an old fellow by the name of Gridley. He was allowed to be the best engineer on the road at that time. He used to be able to do anything with that engine, and he was the only man who could manage her. There was always something queer about the Fanny. She had a trick of getting tired, or of letting on that she was tired, and refusing to work. She'd be a-going along at her usual gait, and all of a sudden she would slow down and pretty near quit making steam. No engineer except Gridley could manage her when she got these fits on. Other men that tried to run her found that the only thing they could do was to wait till she got good and ready to move on. But Gridley, he would just polish up her brasses a bit, whistling some cheerful tune and now and then saying something pleasant to her, and all of a sudden she would hump herself and travel along as if there had never been anything the matter. After the sperintendent got to know the for I was mightily astonished. and settle up the estate. The super- down with me tonight, and we'll intendent kew as well as Gridley did | steal her.' what was the matter, but he would " 'Why don't you tell the superinalways give him his three days, and | tendent, and let him put in a claim Gridley would go away and get for her?' I asked.

drunk enough to satisfy him for the "Because he couldn't never prove taken with him on his engine, just the case would be tried, and they'd to keep him company, when I had a have a hundred witnesses to swear couple of spare hours, and I had a that she wasn't the Fanny. No, sir;

myself ready to fill in wherever

there might happen to be a vacancy.

"One morning Gridley comes to Gridley, that down the road about me looking about as scared as ever | 70 miles from here the Southern I saw a man look. 'What's the mat- track runs parallel to ours for a spell ter?' says I, beginning to fear that and only about 20 yards away? some serious accident had happened | When the Fanny was stole, she was on the road. "'The Fanny is lost,' says he. "'What do you mean?' says L | the Southern track. It's easy enough Has your mother been dying again? | to do, and we'll do the same. I want

died last time only six weeks ago.'

Spartanville this morning,' says he, on a job of this kind. speaking slow and dazedlike, 'and the Fanny wasn't there. You know, we inquired after her by telegraph. bright. There wasn't a blessed station on the road that seen hide or hair of her. The superintendent has started on a | the time table, there was no train special from Athensville and is go- that would be in our way unless it I was telling the truth, I'll tell you | ing the whole length of the road to | might be a wildcat. That's just about the ghost of an engine that I see if there is any sign of her havsaw myself, and that lots of other ing been taken out and ditched, but

he'll never find her.' "'What on earth do you cal'late has become of her?' said I.

"There was always something queer about that engine,' said Gridley. 'You know what queer ways she had, such as you never knew any other engine to have. It's my belief that either she wasn't a genuine at all, but just the ghost of one, and that she's gone back to where she came from, or else, if that isn't what is the matter with her, she has been stole.'

"'How's a man going to steal a locomotive?' says I. 'Do you cal'late that some chicken stealer got into the engine house at night and car-"That's what happens twice out of ried the Fanny off under his coat?" had everything made clear for us as "'No, I don't,' says Gridley, 'but soon as they heard the whistle.

mebbe some of those chaps of the and has come up here and carried

wheelbarrow?' says I, for I thought Gridley was talking nonsense.

"'Didn't you ever hear how Tom Sharpe-him that was superintendent of the Confederate railroad during the war-came to Harper's Ferry one night with about 400 yoke of oxen and dragged a dozen locomotives belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio road off across the country till he struck a Virginia railroad? What's been done once can be done again.' "There was no use talking to Gridley about the thing, and so I let him have his own ideas. As far as I was

concerned, I didn't have any ideas whatever on the subject. I didn't believe that the engine was a ghost, for I had made too many trips on her not to be sure that she was good honest steel and brass. And I didn't believe that she had been hauled across the country by ox teams, for in that case her tracks would have been left on the road, and there wern't no track visible anywhere. The thing just seemed to me to be a the better. However, I couldn't help thinking about this thing, for the whole road talked of nothing else for the next week. It even got into the Chicago newspapers, where, of course, everybody thought it was tendent spoke to me about it himself, for I happened to meet him down at Tiberius Center when he lever again, and as he had nothing particular to do he started in to

was on the search for the Fanny, and I could see that it was his belief that she had been stolen. I told him fair and square that it was a mystery, and that he would have to wait till he got to a better world before "Gridley wouldn't take another engine. He said that unless he found the Fanny he would never touch a make up lost time in drinking whisky. I didn't see him for pretty nearly two months, and they told me that he was gone on a hunt for the Fanny and probably wouldn't ever return. But one day who should come to my boarding house here in

Jericho but Gridley, looking thin and ragged and dirty. However, he was sober enough, though he was more excited than I had ever known him to be, engineers being men that very seldom ever allow anything to excite them. "'I've found the Fanny,' says he in a sort of whisper. " 'Well, I want to know!" says I Fanny pretty well he would never "'It was the Montana Southern

allow anybody except Gridley to take | that stole her, said he. She's down her out of the yard. He used to run at West Saragossa, not ten miles her the length of the road twice a from here. I saw her there yesterwas a very peculiar man, was this her a new smokestack, and they've here Gridley. He never drank a drop | changed her name to the Pocahonwhile he was at work, and as a gen- tas, and her own builder wouldn't eral thing he would keep perfectly know her. But I knew her just as sober for six or eight months. Then | soon as I heard her puff. She's haulhis mother, or his wife, or his sister | ing the express on the Southern road, would die, and he would ask for and she lays up at West Saragossa three days' leave to go to the funeral at night, and I want you to come

good many of them at that time, she has got to be stole, and I know owing to not having any permanent | now just how to get her on to our

berth on the road, and just keeping | track.' " 'How's that?' says I. "'Don't you remember,' says

MOUNT AIRY, N C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1895. taken to this here place, and the rails were unspiked and led across to If that's the case, I'm sorry, for she you to come along because you know she struck a particularly rough a fireman's duties middling well, "'I went into the engine house at | and I won't trust any of our firemen

"Well, I said I would go, and we took a horse and buggy and drove she goes into the engine house every over to West Saragossa that afternight at 7:30, and last night I put noon good and early, so as to see her in as usual and stopped while how the land lay. When night came the fireman banked the fires. When on, we went out of town a bit and we left, there was nobody in the staid in the woods till about 1 place, and, as you know, nobody nev- o'clock, and then we crept down to er goes near it during the night. the engine house and shoved the This morning at 5:15 I went down to Fan: y out by putting our backs to bring her out, and she wasn't there. her, and when we had got her on The fireman had been about five the main track we climbed aboard minutes ahead of me, and he was as and let her run down the grade, much astonished as I was. Well, we which is middling steep just out of easy enough found that she wasn't the village, while I worked at the anywhere in Spartanville, and then fires and got them to going good and

"We had about 65 miles to run. and Gridley said that, according to what I cal'lated there would be, and the idea of running full speed along a strange track in the dead of night didn't suit me as well as some things might. We got the Fanny up to about 45 miles an hour, which was pretty good considering that I was not by any means a first class fireman. Long before we got to a station Gridley would turn on the whistle and keep it screeching loud enough to wake the dead. I shut my eyes every time we came near a station, for I expected that something would be in the way or that a switch would be turned wrong, or that something would happen to smash Gridley and me for good and all. But everybody at the stations thought that we were a special and

"We had been running about half Montana Southern road has got tired an hour when all of a sudden Gridof hearing us brag about the Fanny ley sings out, 'Brakes, quicker'n lightning, and reverse the engine.' We came to a halt, and Gridley says "'Carried her off in a bag or a to me: 'There was a tramp lying asleep with his head on the track. We've cut him into a thousand pieces.' The man was trembling, and I began to understand that the drink

had been telling on him. 'Let her says he in another minute. 'What's done can't be helped.' So in a few minutes more we were booming along again, old Gridley leaning out straining his eyes ahead and keeping his hand on the lever. Presently he sings out 'brakes' again and brings the engine up with a jump. 'Another tramp,' says he. 'What in all creation do they mean by sleep ing on the track in this way?' Then I saw that Gridley had the horrors, and I was mighty sorry I had ever agreed to come with him.

"The same thing happened five minutes later. Says Gridley: 'The whole blessed track is covered with tramps. I can see seven ahead of us now.' With that he seemed to get into a sudden rage and turns on his whistle and says to me: 'I'll stop no more for them fellows. They are big mystery, and when a thing's a doing it on purpose to hinder us, so mystery the less you think about it that we can get caught.' Then he pulled her wide open, and we swung along, the fires roaring and the whistle doing its level best.

"Gridley kept looking out ahead and muttering. 'There's more of em, 'said he without turning to look only a reporter's lie. The superin- at me. 'There's more than I can count. Women too. They're lying every one right straight across the track. There! I felt her jump when she struck that fellow! Come here, Harry, and take this lever for a minute while I take a drink. This here slaughter is more than I can stand.

"I told Gridley to take his drink and make sure that it was a big one, he would find out the truth about it. for I saw that he had got the triangles pretty bad and hoped that whisky might pull him through till we should get quit of the Southern road. It didn't do him any good, however, unless it was to make him more reckless than he was before. He insisted on my shoveling all the coal into the furnace that she would burn, and before long we were going a good 60 miles or more.

"Now, just before we got to the place where the two roads run parallel there was a siding that had been built to reach a gravel pit. The siding began at a little station called Pekin, and was, as I should judge, about two miles long. The Montana Southern folks had taken the alarm by this time, and a dispatch had gone to every station on the road warning them that a runaway locomotive was coming and telling them to stop her the best way they could. The station master at Pekin got this and he thought of the old siding. He got to work and turned the rusty day, except Sundays and when he day myself. They've lacquered her old switch that had been spiked was taking a holiday. You see, he brass work black, and they've given down, and when he came along we shot on to the side track, and away we went for the gravel pit.

"The track was mighty rough, and I begged Gridley to slow her down, for I thought every minute that we town (N. Y.) Conglomerate. Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few Mountain.

Buckter's Armica Salve.

The latest solution proposed for the London fog and smoke nuisance is Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Feier, Sares, Tetter, Ghapped Hands, Chilblass Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give Perfect satisfaction or money assimined Salve.

The latest solution proposed for the London fog and smoke nuisance is the use of gas for all cooking, heating and laundry purposes. The author of the scheme would make its use compulsory. He estimates that it would cost only \$120,000,000 to buy up the gas companies, and the cost of the new plant to enable the whole of the 2,000,000 tons of coal now drunk enough to satisfy him for the next months. He and I were great friends, and many's the ride I've road owns the judge before whom the left in the cine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at Taylor & Banner's Drug

> TAYLOR & BANNER, Mt. Airy, N. O.

should be off the track. But he would not listen to me. That there massacre of the tramps that he thought he had made excited him more and more, and now he had taken to singing and shouting at the top of his lungs. The Fanny was swaying from side to side and jumping almost clear of the rails when place, and I don't mind saying that I just went to saying my prayers

"It had been a cloudy night, but as I was praying for all I was worth the moon came out, and I saw that just ahead of us the track came to an end, and there was a deep hollow of some sort. I made up my mind that I had had enough of that kind of railroading. Yelling to Gridley to jump, I put the brake hard on and went off into a ditch on the left hand side of the road. It was middling full of briers, but the bottom was the softest kind of mud, and I didn't sustain no mortal injury with speaking of. Before I could pick myself up and get on my legs the engine was gone. I got down to the edge of the gravel pit as soon as I could, but there wasn't the least sign either of the Fanny or of Gridley. The bottom of the gravel pit was covered with water, but what was worse, as I afterward found out, there was a big quicksand there, which had been the reason why the gravel pit was abandoned. The Fanny Ellsler went down into that quicksand, and for aught I know she has kept sinking ever since, with Gridley's skeleton standing in the

cab with his hand on the lever. "Well, I came home and told the whole story to the superintendent. and, he, knowing about the quicksand, knew there was no use in searching for the engine. So he told me to keep quiet about the thing, so as not to give the Montana Southern people any satisfaction, which accordingly I did, but after awhile the thing got to be known somehow or other, as things always will, no matter what you may do."

"Much obliged to you for the story," said I, "but you promised mea ghost story, and I don't exactly see where the ghost comes in."

"I haven't got to that yet," replied the station master. "A year afterward I was down in the neighborhood of Pekin, and as I was driving along in a buggy pretty late at night I saw an engine come flying down the old siding and plump into the gravel pit. Leastwise I saw it disappear just as it reached the jumping off place. If that wasn't the ghost of the Fanny, I'd like to know what it was. Moreover, the boys along the Southern road told me that time and time again they had seen that same engine come hustling along at 60 miles an hour and disappear into the quicksand. Now, if that wasn't a ghost what was it?"

"I won't undertake to say," said I, "only if there hadn't been another line parallel to the old siding, and if that line hadn't been in regular use by ordinary healthy trains and engines, I might feel a little more sure than I do now that you saw a ghost and not a special engine on the Montana Southern road."-W. L. Alden in St. Louis Republic.

The Hero Was Rewarded. "A little child kept me from killing a man once," said C. E. Edwards, # guest of the Southern. "Some years ago I was conducting a store for other parties at Winneconne, Wis. I had a clerk who systematically robbed me. I finally came up with him and he made a clean breast of the matter. He said that he had been hired to plunder the store by one of the owners, who was my rival for the hand of a young lady in Fond du Lac. His object was to fix upon me the crime of embezzlement and send me to Waupun. I was young and hot headed, and at once went gunning for the heavy villain of my

that his time had come. The miserable wretch got down on his knees and begged for his life, but I was pitiless. As I brought my pistol down on him his sister, a wee toddler whom I had not before noticed, threw her arms about his neck. She thought he had knelt down to play with her. That was too much for me. I pitched my revolver into the river, and threw up my, position. But I got the girl. The hero was rewarded if the villain did go unpunished."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

little drama. I found him in a store

at Fond du Lac, and informed him

Five Sunday Februarys.

It is only possible for February to have five Sundays three times in each century unless through some chronological freak the century comes in with a leap year, with the first day of February a Sunday. The five Sunday Februarys of this century have been those of 1824, 1852 and 1880. up in hide. The first bear I ever saw The next time this oddity will occur looked as big as a mountain, but aftwill be in the year 1920.-St. Louis

"Margaret, how do you like your

new minister?" "Oh, I don't like him at all He's not a bit sensational. He talks on religion all the time."-Middle-

Bucklen's Armica Salve.

Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and ful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold sunlight by day and the lovely glow by TAYLOR & BANNER, of electricity by night. — Detroit Mt. Airy, N. C.

LIVE BEARS ARE HEAVY.

But a Dead and Harmless One That Weighs One Thousand Pounds Is a Monster

I have hunted and trapped for years in the Rocky mountain and coast ranges, the home of the grizzly, just for the money that I made by it, and in all my experience I have never killed nor even seen a bear that I thought would weigh half as much as some I have read with every inch of pressure I could about, and I have never known any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. Nine out of every ten bears that are reported as weighing all the way from 1,000 pounds up to 2,300 pounds were killed many miles away from a pair of scales.

The largest bear I ever killed, or rather helped to kill, was when my partner and I were hunting and trapping on the Yak river in northwestern Montana, in the winter of 1889. We had had very good luck with beaver, marten and lynx and other land fur. Along toward spring we took a pack of grub and blankets on our backs and went up a creek that empties in the Yak. We intended to hunt in that locality for bear, and, as we always take the easiest way to hunt, we kill an elk, deer or any kind of game we run across for bait, then wait for the bear to come. We had lots of bait up that creek and killed some more on another creek. Then our grub was about out, and we had to go back and pack up enough to last us through the hunting. When we got through packing our grub, we began to see where there had been a bear taking the bait. A warm Chinook wind at that time did the work, for we were killing one now and then. We had traps and guns for bear, also four good dogs, so we were kept hustling taking care of the bides. I had not been up to the farthest

bait for several days. When I had

time to go, D. said that he would keep me company, as he wanted to raise a cache of traps he had made in the fall when trapping for beaver. We had got almost up to the bait when I saw a bear track: It was a whale. I told D. that most likely the old boy was handy around the bait, for the tracks were fresh. When we came in sight of the bait, the bear had either heard or smelt us, for we saw that he had been eating on the bait. We put the dogs on the track and followed after them as fast as we could travel, over windfalls and through underbrush, with snowshoes. We have shoeing away into the spring in the mountains. We had not gone more than half a mile when I heard one of the dogs howl. Then I knew that the bear was our meat. We went down to where the dogs were, and there was a bear that was the grandpa of all the bears either of us had ever seen. It was a bald faced grizzly. He was fighting the dogs. He would run after one, when one of the others would bite him on his heels. It was laughable to see him. He did not know what kind of a jack pot he was in. Finally he thought it was getting too warm for his rear end, so he sat up on his haunches. That was the opportunity we were waiting for. We both turned loose with our 40.90 sharps. and the bear tumbled all in a heap. We skinned him and found where one of the bullets had broken his neck and the other his shoulder.

I had never seen such an animal before for size. I asked D. what it would weigh. That was the first bear I had ever wanted to weigh. D. said he had no idea, but we could try to pull him. We could just move him. He was lying on snow that was pretty solid. We had a stick through his gambrels, so we had a good pull at him. Both of us were over 6 feet tall and weighed over 200 pounds, so we were not very weak. We talked about the weight of the bear and thought he would probably weigh 800 pounds. His hide when stretched measured 10 feet 3 inches from tip of nose to the tail and was 8 feet'9 inches wide. When we went down in the spring, we showed the hide around, and old hunters said that it was the largest bear hide they had ever seen.

We killed 16 bears that spring, but none of them was as large by onethird as the big one. I do not believe that the big one would weigh at the very most 900 pounds, and he was very fat. I think he had not been out very long, as it was in April when he was killed. Now, my notion is that all these bears that weigh from 1,500 pounds up have been killed around a campfire. I would like to hear from any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. A person who had never seen a bear running wild would say on seeing his first that it was the biggest thing ever wrapped er I had killed him he shrunk down to a small black one. I could pack him all around, he was so small -

Forest and Stream. Beer Is Death to Snalls. Beer placed in dishes near flowerpots will tempt all the snails in the

vicinity, and the next morning they will be found lying alongside dead. The latest solution proposed for the London fog and smoke nuisance is

of the 9,000,000 tons of coal now English Spavin Liniment removes all burned in London to be consumed as lard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and gas would be \$55,000,000 more. Gas Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, as a result would be cheapened, Itch on human, mange or horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by of electricity by night. - Detroit



Palpitation of the Heart Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Legs and Feet.

"For about four years I was troub-led with palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath and swelling of the legs and feet. At times I would faint. I was treated by the best physicians in Savannah, Ga., with no re-lief. I then tried various Springs

without benefit. Finally, I tried Dr. Miles' Heart Cure also his Nerve and Liver Pills. After beginning to take them I felt better! I continued taking them and I am now in better health than for many years. Since my recovery I have gained fifty pounds in weight. I hope this statement may be of value to some poor sufferer."

E. R. SUTTON, Ways Station, Ga. Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive cuarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1, 6 bestless for \$5, as

For Sale by Taylor & Banner.

THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

Altitudes at Which the Mean Temperature Is 1,500 Degrees Below Zero. Weather Observer White recently gave an exhaustive talk on the tem-

perature and the pressure of the air

at different heights, during which he

said in part: "The air which we breathe and which envelops this whole earth is composed of oxygen 8 parts, nitro gen 2 parts, and vapor pressure from 100 per cent to one-tenth of 1 per cent. This air is held upon the earth's surface by the attraction of the earth itself. The tendency of the earth's revolution upon its own axis is to throw this air into space, and, as the attraction of the earth for all particles of liquids, gases or solids docreases as the square of the distance increases, the attractive force overcomes the repellent force at all points within a distance of 25,000 miles of the earth's center. Consequently that point is where the centrifugal force equals the centripetal and the point where air ceases to exist. Beyond that point there is an absolute void with the exception of ozone and ether. Now we have reached a point where all matter is absent. What the temperature of this space is is a matter of doubt. There is no motion

"About 200 miles above the earth we find actual, approciable air, which can be measured with the barometer. It contains all the ingredients of the air at the earth's surface. There is very little motion at this height. The temperature is exceed. ingly low, being probably about 1,500 degrees below zero. At 20 miles above the earth's surface we find a different quantity of air, which can be more easily measured by a barometer, has a perceptible motion chiefly due to radiation, and contains animalculæ, vegetable matter and mineral matter. The temperature is very low, probably 600 degrees be

"At ten miles above the earth's surface the air has actually been measured in quantity, quality, vegetable, mineral and animal matter. Here motion is very perceptible there being more there than at the earth's surface. It is continually moving from the west. Professor Hazen of the weather bureau sent up a balloon made of gold beaters' skin, equipped with a barograph, thermo graph and a sunshine recorder. The temperature was found to be 254 degrees below zero, and the barometric pressure corresponded exactly with what it should be at ten miles above

the earth's surface. "At seven miles above the earth's surface we have air in all respects so far as chemical combinations are concerned, and, with the single exception of rarity, the same as at the earth's surface. Glashier, the famous aeronaut, ascended in a balloon to this height and when about 2,000 feet below it began to be unconscious, but retained self possession long enough to pull the throttle valve, exhaust the air and drop until he regained consciousness. The dog that accompanied him never recovered. The temperature shown by Glashier's therme

degrees below zoro. "At these altitudes the tempera ture is always the same, whereas at the earth's surface it is constantly changing. This is due to the topography of the country, latitude and more especially to the advance of cy-

clonic and anticyclonic areas. "From the experience of Glashier it will be seen that a person can ascend nearly seven miles above the earth's surface without losing consciousness or seriously endangering his life."—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

The Evil of Competition Poor Young Artist (displaying a picture)—That is an exact copy of Raphael's "Madonna," which, you will remember, was sold for £25,000. Madam-And how much do you

ask for this picture?
"Ten shillings and sixpence." "What is the cause of such a difference in price?

"Competition, madam. The business is not what it used to be "- Ex-