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Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Distress After Eating — **Sick Headache**

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Heart-burn — **Sour Stomach**

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Mutton, Pork, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fresh Oysters, Fish, Fruits and Vegetables,

And whatever else can satisfy the appetite of a gentleman—always giving the best the market affords.—I will pay the highest market price for Cows Hogs, Sheep, Chickens, Eggs, &c., &c. 27tf

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WADESBORO, N. C.

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WADESBORO Shaving Emporium.

My Barber Shop is now furnished with the FINEST and most COMFORTABLE Chairs of any town in this section, and all who wish a nice, bloodless shave will find me always at my post, with a steady hand and a desire to please. Hair cut or trimmed in all the latest styles, and we guarantee to please the most fastidious.

Eben Tillman is now with me and will be pleased to serve all his old patrons.

Respectfully,

Ralph Allen.

A Household Remedy FOR ALL **BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES**

B. B. B.

Botanic Blood Balm

It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, or any form of malignant SKIN ERUPTION, besides being efficacious in toning up the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired from any cause. Its almost supernatural healing properties justify us in guaranteeing a cure, if directions are followed.

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The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal.—*Herald.*

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG.—*Medical Review.* (Copyrighted.)

THE MAN WITH A THUMB

By W. C. HUDSON (Barclay North)

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CHAPTER XXIII.

CATHCART CLOSES HIS BOOKS.

Dorison had sustained another shock, and he was carried into the consulting room. The attendant, still sitting at the door and unconscious of the tragedy enacted in the inner room, was dispatched for brandy, which being administered to Dorison restored him a second time.

Cathcart went back to give instructions to the officers. Reappearing, he said to Dorison:

"Come. We will go."

Dorison followed him out into the street, feeling as if he had escaped from a charnel house. They walked to Fourth avenue, indeed to the Bowery, before either spoke. Then Dorison asked:

"Where did he get the poison?"

"It was concealed in that locket. He opened it in his mouth. I ought to have my head cuffed for not taking precautions."

"It is better as it is," said Dorison.

They walked some distance before Cathcart replied.

"Perhaps," he said. "The lesson is the same. Crime cannot be committed without detection. Well, the whole search is over. You can assume your own name. It is cleared. I have done all I set out to do. I can do no more. I close the books."

"More?" cried Dorison. "You've done all. You've done all that could be done. You've done everything. It is wonderful."

"Yes," replied the old man complacently. "It is pretty fair. It will show these New York people that the old man hasn't lost his cunning—that he can work in New York as well as in the west."

"When did you first suspect the doctor?"

"This morning, when I went into his room with you."

"What!" cried Dorison wholly surprised. "This morning?"

"Yes," replied the old man. "Until then I suspected Langdon. I saw that letter from Langdon and partially written reply, and the case of instruments to which the lancet belonged. But that did not arouse my suspicions. I thought perhaps Langdon had taken the lancet. But when I got that package from the safe the whole thing burst upon me in a moment. The letters and lancet took their place at once in the story, and I acted upon inspiration."

Dorison was so astonished that he was silent for a moment. Then he asked:

"Was Langdon's coming an accident too?"

"It is your father's order for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Purely an accident, so far as I was concerned. Probably he had come to know that after the attack upon you last night you were brought to Dr. Fassett, and his visit of this morning had some reference to that attack. What, I cannot determine."

They walked along again in silence.

"What about Pittston?"

"He is shadowed and will be arrested during the day. They will all be sent up."

As they turned into Bleecker street from the Bowery, Cathcart said:

"What is to be further done to set you right must be done by Mr. Eustace. He can do it by patronage of you. Go to him without delay. Give him that letter I gave you yesterday. Tell him all that has occurred today. One thing more."

They had stopped at the corner of Mulberry street, and he took from his pocket the package, from which he drew a paper on which there was writing in red ink.

"Take this," he said. "It is better with you than in the report I must make, since it has not entered into the murder case. Langdon could not have known of its existence or he would have had it. Fassett could not have known its meaning, or, if he did, did not care. But why these women, whose fortunes had gotten pretty low, didn't use it I cannot tell. No one will know now. Perhaps they were afraid to get the money. It belongs to you now by every right. It is your father's order for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The amount, now swollen to nearly a quarter of a million, has been held in trust by Mr. Eustace, subject to that order, for many years. You are rich. Give that paper to Mr. Eustace. He will tell you all about it. I am going to police headquarters to write my report. Our relations are ended, but I hope our acquaintance is not."

"I should hope not, indeed," replied Dorison warmly.

"Well, go to Eustace now. Come to my rooms tomorrow and tell me about your interview with him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

Early in the summer of eighteen hundred and eighty-nine the Gallia arrived at the port of New York after a prosperous voyage.

On its passenger list was the entry:

"Mr. and Mrs. John Dorison, two children and maid."

An old gentleman, tall and distinguished, accompanied by a younger man, middle sized, plump and golden haired, stood on the wharf impatiently awaiting the throwing up of the gang plank.

When the plank was placed in position, with an agility his years scarcely warranted, the old gentleman rushed up and embraced a lady who, smiling through glad tears, stood awaiting him beside John Dorison, by whose hand that of the old gentleman was warmly shaken.

The lady, presenting a lad of five years and a baby girl of two to the old gentleman, bade them know him as "Grandpapa," and also to the younger gentleman, who, she said, was "Uncle Charley."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, as he gazed proudly on the lady, "my dear, you were beautiful as Evelyn Eustace, but as Evelyn Dorison you are lovely."

"You were beautiful as Evelyn Eustace, but as Evelyn Dorison you are lovely."

And young Eustace said:

"And, father, I think John is to be complimented on his beauty too."

"Happiness and sweet content of mind are great beautifiers, Charley, my boy," replied Dorison laughingly.

He advanced to greet an old man with white hair, keen, bright and restless eyes, who presented himself with a contorted face which Dorison knew, if onlookers did not, was intended for a smile of gladness, and whose hands he grasped warmly, saying that his homecoming would not have been complete if he could not have grasped the hand of him to whom he owed the possibility of his happiness and prosperity.

THE END.

Horace Greely on the Misery of Being in Debt.

New York Ledger.

To be hungry, ragged and penniless is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horror of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothchilds would be a poor recompense for five years struggle, with the consciousness that you had taken the money or property of trusting friends promising to return or pay for it when required, and had betrayed confidence through insolvency.

I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would 'go into business'—that is, into debt—to-morrow if they could. Most poor men are so ignornant as to envy the merchants or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant 'shinning,' and who, from month to month, barely evade that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success.

For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt.

Hunger, cold, rags, hard work contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is: 'Never run in debt! Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe a man a dollar!'

Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must give notes and other obligations; and I do not consider him realy in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying at some little sacrifice all he owes; I speak of real debt—that which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and I say, from all such let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore!

Not Enough Money in the South to Pay Our Share.

Chatham Record.

No man can form an adequate idea of the vast and incalculable amount of money that would be required to 'pay the Union soldier the difference between the price of depreciated money in which he was paid and gold.' During the war nearly three million soldiers (the exact number is 2,778,304) enlisted in the Union army, and now it is gravely proposed by the Third party patriots and philanthropists to pay to those soldiers, or their heirs and legal representatives, the difference between the greenbacks, with which they were paid during the war, and the price of gold at that time. If such a project as this should be seriously attempted, there would not be enough money in the South to pay our share (for none would come back here), even if a subtreasury should be established in every township!

F. H. Hickey, 1208 Main street, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I was broke out all over with sores, and my hair was falling out. After using a few bottles of Botanic Blood Balm my hair quit falling out and all the sores got well."

THE CARELESS CREATURES.

A Man Never Can Remember the Things His Wife Tells Him.

Detroit Free Press.

He came home last night a bit tired from a busy day's work and his wife waited until he had got off his overcoat and sat down.

'Did you get that piece of silk I asked you to bring up to-night?' she inquired, seeing that he had not laid it before her.

'Yes, dear; I left it out there in the hall.'

'Did you get the pins?'

'Yes, dear.'

'And the ribbon?'

'Yes.'

'And Bobbie's shoes?'

'Yes.'

'And a wisp broom?'

'Yes.'

'And a wick for the kitchen lamp?'

'Yes.'

'And some matches?'

'Yes; they are with the other bundles.'

'And did you see the man about the coal?'

'Yes; it will be up Monday.'

'And the man to fix the grate in the dining-room?'

'Yes; he's coming as soon as he can.'

'Did you see Mrs. Smith about the Sewing Society meeting?'

'She said she'd come.'

And—and—oh, yes, did you get a new shovel for the kitchen stove?'

'N—n—no, he hesitated; 'I forgot it.'

'Good gracious!' she exclaimed, 'What did you do that for? You know we needed that shovel and I told you about it the very first thing when you went downtown this morning. I do think you men are the most forgetful and careleessest creatures that ever lived.' And she flopped out to see about suppor.

The Difference.

Sam Jones in Atlanta Journal.

I have known for a long time that the biggest difference between my own preaching and that of my breth' ren of the ministry is the difference in the subject we take and the aim of our bullets. In fact, the best commentary I have had on my preaching was given by a negro.

After hearing me preach, he was asked by another colored brother what he thought of Sam Jones. His reply was: 'Take Sam Jones in the Bible and he is no better than these other preachers, but take him outen de Bible and 'fore God he is the best preacher I ever heard.'

Really, you have to get out of the Bible to get at many people of this day. It is an easy thing to criticize a preacher, call him names and make faces at him, but the minister who determines to make full proof of his ministry must set his face like steel and shut both eyes, and go at it in spite of wind and tide, men and devils.

The criticisms on a man's work is the best proof that he is doing something. A cemetery is never a subject of criticism only when it is to be enlarged or improved or something else done out there. I believe that a minister of the gospel is not only a preacher, but is a citizen, with all the responsibility of citizenship upon him. And occasionally it may be necessary in his life's work that he show himself a man among men.

A divine does not mean something not human, and if we preachers are still human beings, we may make mistakes, we may err sometimes, but until society reforms itself and men shall live more honorable and truthful in their business relations, and members of the church shall keep more holy the vows they have made to God, I repeat the saying of the old prophet: 'Lay not thy hand upon mine annointed one and do my prophet no harm.'

SAM P. JONES.

Marriage Lengthens Men's Lives.

By some Scotch statistics recently published, it appears that, in the five years of life between the ages of 20 and 25, the mortality of unmarried men is 1,174 in 100,000, and of married men only 597. From 25 to 30, the numbers respectively are 1,396 and 865. These figures, as above indicated from the death registry of Scotland, but the proportion of the bachelor to the benedict death-rate is believed to be about the same in this county. Taking the whole of the married men and the whole of the unmarried men, from the age of 20 to the close of life, it is computed that the lives of the former average 59 1 2 years, while those of the latter average only 40 years—a difference of 19 1 2 years in favor of married men; that is marrage increases the average duration of man's life by one-half, lacking six months.

Rev. Wm. Hollinshed,

Pastor of the Presbyterian church of Sparta, N. J., voluntarily writes strongly in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He says: "Nothing I know of will cleanse the blood, stimulate the liver or clean the stomach like this remedy. I know of scores and scores who have been helped or cured by it."

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient, action.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by Parham & Hardin.

Lawers and Others in Congress.

Atlanta Constitution.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat calls attention to the fact that the tendency in this country has been to turn over state and national legislation to the lawyers.

There are very few lawyers in the British parliament, and they compose not more than 6 per cent of the French assembly. In this country, The Times—Democrat says:

The drift toward the lawyers has been steady for some year, and possibly reached its maximum in the last congress, since which time the opposition and agitation among the farmers have caused a reaction.

The senate has long been a lawyers' club, and very little change has been accomplished in it. The last session it consisted of 65 lawyers and 17 representatives of all the other interests. In other words, although the lawyers constitute only one-fourth of 1 per cent of the population, they elected nearly 80 per cent of the senators. The present senate shows only a slight improvement. It still contains 65 lawyers, but it has 23 of the other professions—7 merchants, bankers and capitalists, 4 manufacturers, 3 stock raisers and 1 doctor, farmer and minister. The agricultural interests have certainly cause to complain here, with but a single representative in the senate. Coming to the house, however, there is a marked improvement. The lawyer, in the fifty-first congress numbered 208; today there are 184; while the planters and farmers have increased from 32 to 76. The other classes were 81 in number last year and are 73 today—22 manufacturers, 20 merchants, 8 journalists, 6 bankers and capitalists, 5 teachers, 5 doctors, and the rest stock raisers, real estate dealers, preachers, etc. The change in the house from the fifty first to the fifty-second congress has been as follows:

	Fifty-first Congress.	Fifty-second Congress.
Lawyers	208	184
Farmers	32	76
Other professions,	73	71

It is true that the lawyers are still in great excess; that they have a large majority in the house; but there has been an improvement during the year, and the American people seem to be returning to the idea that it is not necesary to have lawyers to frame their laws for them.

Undoubtedly, it is better to have men of various interests; professions and classes in our legislative councils, but it is to be hoped that no man will be sent to congress simply because he belongs or does not belong to a certain interest. The final tests should be his honesty and capacity as a man and as a legislator. When he comes up to these tests it makes little difference whether he is a lawyer or a farmer.

A Boy's Vain Attempt to Fly.

While testing the worth of a home-made flying machine Sunday afternoon young Charles Hornor, of Twenty-third and Gold streets, Philadelphia, sayst he Record of that city, fell from the roof of his home to the ground, forty feet below, breaking his leg and spraining his left arm. Horner, who is only thirteen years of age, is of an inventive turn. For weeks the lad has been working on a plan for a flying machine, conceived in the depths of his young but ingenuous brain. On Saturday he completed the machine, and quietly invited some of his young friends to be present at the trial, which was set for 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Promptly at the appointed hour the half dozen invited guests assembled on the Horner roof. The coast was clear, the remainder of the family having gone out.

With great confidence in his strange looking invention, the youthful inventor buckled to his back the long wings, improvised from two old umbrellas. Thus equipped, he walked to the edge of the roof, all the while vigorously flapping his wings, as if to try them before taking the plunge, or, as he firmly believed, the ascent. He sprang far into the air, but the laws of gravitation were too much for the weak wings, and he fell to the ground with great rapidity. The horror-stricken boys rushed down stairs, expecting to find their companion mangled beyond recognition. He was groaning pitifully among the ruins of his machine. Officer Manbin, of the ninth district, was summoned and the lad was carried into the house. A physician was summoned, and his fractured leg was quickly set and the lad was made as comfortable as possible. He expresses himself as "done with inventing."

Baldness ought not to come till the age of 55 or later. If the hair begins to fall earlier, use Halls Hair Renewer and prevent baldness and grayness.

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Va., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

Dr. E. T. Miller, of Cross Plains, Wis., has expressed the opinion that, for obstinate cases of syphilis and scrofula, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unquestionably the most effective remedy known to pharmacy. Wonderful cures have resulted from its use.

A KNIFE ACROSS HIS THROAT

The Dramatic Termination of a Trial in Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 3.—A unique and dramatic incident occurred in the court of sessions today. Sam Randall, a negro, who had been tried three times for raping a negro girl named Clemida Resoy, and escaped twice by mistrial, was today convicted of aggravated assault. A woman who was jointly indicted with Randall for the crime, had been nol prossed. Upon convition, Randall was told to stand up and receive sentence, which the court fixed at one year in the penitentiary. While the court was yet speaking, Randall leaned down, whipped a knife out of his shoe, and deliberatly cut his throat in the presence of the court and officers and spectators. It was a broad gash, extending from ear to ear, but a couple of bailiffs grabbed him, and prompt surgical aid was secured, which may save his life. Randall, who is a notorious criminal, said his reasons for attempting suicide was because he was disgraced by this sentence. The knife which he used was made out of a bit of iron taken from his shoe and sharpened. It was concealed in the lining of his shoe.

The Difference.

Durham Globe.

It is all right enough for a man's wife to call him her darling little wopsy, when he is awake and she is awake—but the old woman, who, in her sleep tells the truth—yet a different story—is, in the delicate opinion of the Globe—a bold, bad and designing woman—who works here hubby only for a new hat and does not care much for him.

A gentleman friend writes us—he is a subscriber to this Album of song and garland of household treasures—and he says that the other night, after giving his wife a sacred and solemn promise that she should have a spring bonnet as early as Easter if not earlier; that she could have a dozen of 'em if she wanted; that anything which she did not see, just to ask for it and her desire would be satisfied if wealth or labor could do so, then it was he avers, whatever that may or may not mean, that she tickled him under the chin and called him her 'ducksy-deary,' and her 'darling'—and several other endearing names which would inspire a genuine lover to be filled with rapturous joy. He still further avers that she went to bed—not retired as the books have it, but she deliberately went to bed and was soon deep in sleep, and that she snored through the mouth and the nose and would grunt like a blood sweating hippopotamus. He said he whistled to stop the snoring, and it troubled her sleep, but had the desired effect. He says that in a sort of semi-unconscious condition he distinctly heard her say:

That a man who claimed to love his wife and who would go to bed with a breath which would assay ninety per cent. corn licker and a hundred per cent. tobacco was a hog and an imposter.

That a man if he really loved his wife would put his breath in another apartment for the night, or tie it under the house till morning.

That a man who wanted to take all the bed was a greasy old elephant and ought to be hung.

That a man who would brag on his wife's biscuits and put them in his pockets and eat baker's bread, was a liar and a horse-thief and dangerous to society.

That the woman who got married was a fool for doing so, and owed it to herself to either hang or get a divorce.

That all men were hogs and wanted to impose upon their wives because they had married them.

That before marriage the husband would eat cloves and that after marriage he would eat Limburger cheese and garlic.

There are a few other allegations in the correspondent's letter and he asks us what to do.

Were we him, under the circumstances we should hang ourself. In fact under the circumstances he could do no more, and to do less would only increase his misery.

We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There's a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are—a new world created from the brain of a skillful physician—a discovery—the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofula, bronchial, throat and lung trouble lay—in the beginning at least—in impure blood and the weak tone of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human nature being the same, the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was he that the exceptions were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those it didn't benefit for nothing, and the results have proved that he was right.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is the remedy for the million! The only guaranteed Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Grasshoppers, Pigs and Cows Tried for Murder, Etc.

St. Louis Republic.

To prove that the human family of three or four centuries ago had a childish want of common-sense, and that they were bound by an absurd devotion to forms and customs, we need but refer to a few of the remarkable animal trials of the Sixteenth Century.

One of the most celebrated of these was a case tried in Savoy in 1545, when a suit was brought, in the name of the people, against the grasshoppers, which were then ravaging the country. A lawyer was found to undertake the defence of the insects, and the records, which are still accessible today, prove that he exhausted his ingenuity in pleading their cause.

Seeing that they could do nothing better, and that the grasshoppers were fast laying waste the country, the magistrates agreed to formally deed them a large tract of country on condition that they would leave the remainder untouched. The lawyer took the proposition under advisement and spent several days looking over the proposed Canaan of his clients. He finally returned to court and declared that 'his clients could not accept the proposal, because the land offered them was an abandoned and sterile tract, producing little or nothing suited to their uses and sustenance.'

The court decided the case against the grasshoppers, and they were 'ordered and commanded' to remove forthwith to the district set apart for them. They must have refused to obey the mandates of the court, for the records tell of a great famine in Savoy that year 'caused by the ceaseless warfare of the grass jumpers against everything that God made green.'

Hundreds of court records in France, Spain, Holland, Italy and Austria prove that animals were tried for all sorts of great and petty crimes up to within the last hundred years.

In 1782 a cow was tried for murder at Poitouf, France, and five years later a pig, which had killed a child in the streets of Menlan, was trown into prison, tried and finally strangled in the market-place.

Anyone who has access to a library containing sets of Meliott's 'Remarkable Trials' can prove that the above specimens are not fanciful sketches.

"Lent" in History.

New York Ledger.

It is not generally known that Lent, the springtide fast of forty days ending with Easter, owes its English name to the Anglo Saxon lencten, meaning 'spring.' In mediæval times lencten became softened into lenten, and then lent.

According to some authorities, the fast was originated by the apostles of Christ, while others consider that it was originated by the early Christian church. Whatever the story of its origin, its object was to prepare church goers for the great anniversaries of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection, and its period is supposed to have been determined by the duration—forty days—of Christ's fast in the wilderness.

In the fourth century a sentiment arose in the Christian church favoring the extension of the period. The Western branch of the church made the fast extend through fifty days, and the eastern branch through seventy days. In 715 the Western church fixed the beginning of the fast on 'Ash Wednesday,' thus making the period once more forty days.

There is considerable uncertainty regarding the nature of the obligation of the fast in the early church. But it is supposed that until the last week of the period fasting was voluntary. On that week, early named 'Holy Week,' it was obligatory, and the Council of Toledo, held in 646, forbade the use of flesh meat. Wine and oil were also prohibited, and in the Greek or Eastern church are still prohibited on fast days.

Killed by his Minister.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., March 3.—Rev. John Calvin, a Methodist preacher in Green county, this morning shot and killed W. M. Herdy, deacon in his church, and fatally wounded David Smith, a brother-in-law of Herdy. Herdy suspected Calvin of being intimate with his wife and attacked him with a cane, when Calvin drew a pistol and fired five shots with the above results. Calvin is in jail at Eutaw.

Buy Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It cures without fail. To be had at all dealers for 25 cents.

"Heaven's last best gift—my ever new delight," is not my brown stone house, nor my carriage and pair, nor my fine new yacht, nor my prettiest girl, nor my hopes of a [illegible] but my own dear wife.

A DRUNKARD'S PRAYER.

Wanted the Lord to Cut Off One and a Half Inches of His Wife's Tongue.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Over in Whitestone, L. I., a series of revival meetings is in progress in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Last Tuesday night Excise Commissioner R. J. Spitz, a well know citizen, attended the meeting. He does not attend church often, and his presence there was a surprise. While the prayer services were in progress Spitz astonished everybody by rising to his feet, with bowed head, and praying: 'O Lord, I pray that you will cut off one and a half inches of my wife's tongue. Once I was rich, once I was a Trustee of the village; now I am ruined and a drunkard, all by her tongue. O Lord, cut it off.'

Mrs. Spitz, who was present, left the church in a hurry. Later the pastor, the Rev. E. Worriner, asked all those who wished to be prayed for to come forward. Spitz accepted the invitation, and led his son and another boy towards the pulpit by the ears. Spitz was then removed from the church. He spent the remainder of the evening in a bar-room, where he got into a quarrel and was severely handled.

Only a Lawyer Could Do It.

St. Louis Republic

He sat just opposite me in the train, and from the legal documents he was perusing I had no doubt that he was a lawyer. I looked out of the window as the whistle blew to note that we were approaching a large town, and a minute later felt that the car was off the rails. A half open switch had done the business. We bobbed and bumped along for a few yards, and then the car tilted over and went down an embankment.

We were all pulled out of the wreck after a bit, and I found I had a broken leg and some lesser evils. I was laid on the grass beside the lawyer, who was for a time unconscious, but presently he came to and briskly observed: 'Open swich—train derailed—culpable carelessness—won't settle for a cent under $5,000!'

He seemed to feel of himself for two or three minutes to find out how badly he was hurt, and then continued:

'Worse than I thought for! It appears that both legs and this left arm are broken, and I think I can also plead internal injuries. I'm good for six months in the hospital, even if I pull through. Damages not one cent less than $10,000, and don't be in a hurry to settle at that figure!'

There were people rushing about, still engaged in the work of rescue, and three or four of us were groaning and taking on close by, but the lawyer was in no wise rattled. He was evidently sinking, however, for his voice was much weaker as he said:

'Papers, cards and envelopes on the body to identify it by, and they'll telegraph my wife and ship mangled remains home by express. Hurt worse than I thought for. Quite sure I'm going to die. Will drawn and everything in order, and left note on my office desk for my wife to sue for $20,000 in case of my death. Clear case, and jury won't be out five minutes.'

If he said any more I didn't catch it. I was just then busy figuring up my own damages and groaning away in four languages. By and by the people came with doors and shutters to carry us up to the depot. As two of them were ready to pick me up I said:

'I think the lawyer here is hurt a good deal worse than I am, and you may give him the preference.'

'Oh, he isn't in a bit of hurry—he's stone dead!' replied one of the men as he took a brief look.

It was a fact, and further, I was in the court-rooom when his widow received a verdict for $20,000.

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Mr. Henry Perkins, 29 Union Park, Boston writes: From the use of the "Lorvette" Obesity Pills my weight has been reduced ten pounds in three weeks and my general health is very much improved. The principles of your treatment [illegible] my family physi[illegible] inds I have [illegible] my name of your [illegible]

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