

SMILES.

If things don't come your way, why go round and head them off.—Galveston News.

Went down with his colors flying—the painter when his staggering broke.—Lowell Courier.

Mrs. Hale (just married)—"Maria, we will have oels as a second course dinner." Maria—"How much ought I to get, ma'am?" Mrs. Hale—"I think twelve yards will be sufficient."—Vogue.

A boy never saw all of a circus; he firmly believes that only half of it is there, the half that it is on the bills being in some other town.—Atholion Globe.

While the rest of us have occasional streaks of bad luck, it is the horseman who neglects his harness who really knows what hard lines are.—Buffalo Courier.

Lawyer—"It is true that my client called the plaintiff an ox, but considering the present high price of beef I do not consider that a very great insult.—Flegende Blatter.

Half a Century. One at fifty don't feel old, yet he has had considerable experience. According to a statistician, a man who has lived a half century has slept 6,000 days, has worked only 6,500, has spent in amusement 4,000. His diet has embraced about eight tons of meat and two tons of fish, eggs and vegetables, and he has drunk over 7,000 gallons of fluid. He has been ill about 500 days, which is surprising considering above gluttony, and has walked a distance equal to half around the globe.

The Money-Maker. The best money-maker on the farm is the hen. She turns grass into greenbacks, grain into gold, and from the sand and gravel she coins silver. There is nothing else on the farm to compare with her. The horses and cattle are heavy consumers, and to get their value we must part with them; but not so with the hen. In her small way she is a gold mine on the face of the earth; a mill that grinds that which others overlook or refuse.—Farmers' Review.

By Violence. Little is accomplished in this civilized era, but with the gentle laxative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the bowels are relieved without sharpness or subsequent weakening. Dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, weakness and kidney trouble yield to this reliable curative, forming a pleasant and agreeable and recommended by physicians. Give this medicine a fair trial and be convinced.

You are mistreating your friend when you treat him with whisky.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation Free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

An ounce of put off will cause a ton of regret.

"A Practical Age." Is it fit for the present age? "Of what use is it?" and "How does it get my money out of it?" are questions always asked before making an investment. It is a general and intelligent young ladies' magazine. It is the only one in its class. It is the only one in its class. It is the only one in its class.

Throw Phlegm to the Dogs. So Shakespeare said, and it is the best of good advice for those suffering with tetter, ringworm, eczema, salt-rheum and other parasitic skin diseases. Physic never cured them and never will. Most blood medicines are merely cathartics—have nothing to do with scaly skin eruptions. There is the only absolutely sure cure. Druggists sell it, 50 cents a box, or by J. L. SHUPRIANE, Savannah, Ga.

Attention, Tourist. The most pleasant and cheapest way to reach Boston from the East is via Central Railroad and Ocean Steamship Company. The rate is \$42.50 for the round trip, \$24.00 straight. Tickets include meals and stateroom. Full particulars free. Write to the agent of the Central R. R. or address any agent of Central R. R.

Who Are They? No medical remedy ever put before the people has received an endorsement so universal and enthusiastic among the thousands who have used it as that which has been given to Dr. King's Royal Corn Cure. Both as a character and number these statements are without parallel in the history of medicine, and they prove beyond question that this great remedy does what is claimed for it.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. Yes, money talks, but it is very short in its stay.

Impure Blood. Manifests itself in hot weather in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause great annoyance. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which makes the blood pure and removes all such disfigurements. It also gives strength, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. Get Hood's. Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

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The Ups with the Downs.

Say, pa, will you tell me what makes all this trouble? Said my little son Jimmy to me. "I skinned both my feet as I walked o'er the stable. An' the thorns are still stickin' in me. There's the long, tiresome hill where we carry the water. An' drive down the cattle to drink; it would save lots o' work, an' it seems that you oughter. Move our house down there, I think." Well, Jimmy, my son, since you proffer the query, Philosophy's guidance is none; If your work is so light that you never grow weary, 'Tis work just as well not begun; To have a high hill we must have a deep hollow. An' the ups always go with the downs; From the clouds of today there is sunshine to follow. An' smiles travel tandem with frowns. If you never had pain or nervous depression You would not know the blessing o' health; An' it's only by hunger an' gaunt deprivation That we learn 'o the value o' wealth. The troubles an' trials, my son, you complain o' Are blessings to you an' to me. For we must get a prod from the bread 'o oppression In order to know that we're free. ELMER E. STEVENSON, in St. Paul Dispatch.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY JOSEPH E. HARRIS.

Captain Edward Ford, of the California Battalion, of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, will be remembered by every officer in the Army of the Potomac, and particularly by those who served with him in the valley of the Shenandoah, as a scholar, a kindly hearted gentleman, and a gallant soldier. At the battle of Chancellorsville the captain was detailed from his regiment for temporary staff duty, a service which he did not at all enjoy, for he was one of those men who liked to be with his "boys." As we have to do with the captain and not with the battle, it is unnecessary here to attempt any description of that sanguinary struggle. The captain was sent with an order to General Howard, but when he reached the command of that officer, he found the Eleventh Corps broken, demoralized, and in full retreat before Stonewall Jackson's men.

While the captain was trying to find the officer for whom he had the message, his horse was shot down, and before he could untangle himself from the stirrups, he saw poised above him the gleaming blade of a swarthy Confederate soldier. The captain had no time to think, much less to act; a few seconds more and all would have been over with him; but before the blade could fall upon his head, a Union soldier leaped from behind a tree, and a well-aimed shot sent the horseman reeling from the saddle.

"A mighty close call that, captain!" was all the soldier said, as he drew the young officer away from the dead horse, and a moment more and both were rushing after the retreating corps, with the enemy in hot pursuit. It was no time to make inquiries, to express thanks or to ask for names, but in the few minutes, during which they ran on side by side, the face of the man who had come to Captain Ford's rescue was indelibly impressed on his memory. He felt that the soldier had saved his life, and after the battle was over, he made every effort to find him, but without success. That he was an American he knew from his voice and appearance, but his name, the number of his regiment, or even the corps to which he was attached, though he believed it was the Eleventh, were alike unknown to him.

The captain served with distinction through the war, coming out with the full rank of colonel. He settled down in Boston, where he engaged with success in manufacturing, and a few years afterward took to himself a wife. His married life was quite as happy as his military service was distinguished, and his business career prosperous.

The colonel was and is a prominent member of the Loyal Legion, the Society of the Army of the Potomac and other veteran organizations, in all of which he was well known, not only for his hearty camaraderie, but for his ability to sing a song or tell a story. Not once, but a hundred times, and always with the hope of finding the man who had so unexpectedly come to his aid at Chancellorsville, the colonel told the story of his gallant rescuer. But the years wore on, and his dark hair and whiskers became streaked with gray, and still no one could give him light as to the identity of his rescuer.

Just ten years after the close of the war, on account of his children, the colonel moved from the city of Boston to a beautiful rural home near Somerville. In the adornment of this place he took great delight, and there are soldiers of every State in the Union who will remember, with pleasure, the happy times spent there as Colonel Ford's guest.

One night, just before Christmas in 1876, the colonel stayed up in his library long after his usual time for retiring. 'Twas one o'clock when he went to bed, but the matter on his mind kept him awake till the clock on the mantel chimed two. His bedroom opened off the library, and he was just sinking into a doze when he was startled into wakefulness by hearing a

chair turned over in the next room. Quickly and silently he got out of bed, and having no other weapon at hand, he picked up a bootjack, which was near the washstand, and in his bare feet slipped into the library. By the light of a lamp burning on the grounds outside he saw the figure of a man bending over his desk, and with movements so cautious and catlike that he was certain that it was not one of the servants, and also that his own entrance had not been observed by the burglar.

The man's back was towards him, and knowing that a fight would follow, in which he might get the worst of it if he gave any alarm, Colonel Ford sprang forward, brought the bootjack down with a "number one cut," and the next instant with a groan the intruder fell in a heap at his feet. The colonel lit the gas immediately, and turned the burglar so as to expose his face. As he bent over him, Chancellorsville and all the incidents connected therewith flashed through his mind. Here was the man he had been so long in search of, the brave fellow who, at the risk of his own life, had saved him from the sabre of a mounted Confederate.

The colonel was about to summon the servants, but suddenly changed his mind. He had the necessary stimulant at hand, and he at once proceeded to revive the unconscious burglar. After a few minutes the man was restored to his senses, and rising unsteadily from the floor he rubbed his eyes, and in a dazed, frightened way surveyed the man standing before him.

"Who are you, and what brought you here?" demanded the colonel. Before replying the man staggered into a chair, and then in a broken voice, replied:

"My name is Tom Rushmore. My God, sir! do not have me arrested!" "Not have you arrested!" repeated the colonel. "What else can I do with you? I find you here as a burglar trying to rob my house, and fortunately I have been able to prevent you from that crime and perhaps from the greater one of murder?"

"Murder!" echoed the man, as he pressed his hands to his bleeding head. "Before Heaven, sir, I had no thought of that. You will not believe my oath, but if you could I would swear to you, and with truth, that this is the first time in my life that I ever knowingly attempted a crime. My wife has been an invalid for nearly two years; my children are suffering for food, and I am out of employment. For days and weeks I have searched far and near for work, but without success. I have heard that you were rich, and in my desperation I tonight entered your house, hoping that I might be able to pick up something that, without serious loss to you, would have enabled me to buy medicine for my wife, and furnish bread to my starving little ones."

"Were you a soldier?" asked the colonel. "Yes, sir," was the response, "and I think a brave one. Here is some evidence of it," and he tore open his flannel shirt, exposing a scar across his right breast. "Were you at the battle of Chancellorsville?" asked the colonel, eagerly. "Was, sir," replied the man. "What was your corps?" "The Eleventh. But, in justice to myself, I should say I was not one of the men who led the stampede in that fight."

"No," said the colonel, "I think I distinctly remember you near the rear, and with the enemy all about." "You remember me?" said the man, in surprise. "I must confess, sir, that while I have seen you since the war, I do not remember having met you during that time."

"Yes, I think you did meet me, and saved my life in that very battle," and then the colonel related the incident at Chancellorsville, which the man distinctly remembered, though he modestly took no credit to himself for the part he had played in the young officer's rescue.

There is but little more to say. The colonel did not read his visitor a lecture on the immorality of his conduct that night. His heart was too full of the man's gallantry on the former occasion. The poor fellow came in to find something that he might sell that would relieve his family; he went out with money in his pocket and hope in his heart.

It is pleasant to add, though it is just what might have been expected from Colonel Edward Ford, that Tom Rushmore had no need longer to seek for employment. He is now a trusted superintendent of one of the colonel's establishments. His wife is restored to health, his children are reaching man and womanhood, a credit to himself and the State.

The colonel still delights to tell of how Tom Rushmore saved him at Chancellorsville, and of how he found him after so many years, but he does not mention the details of their meeting.

Comparative Mortality of the Sexes. Although woman has been deprived of so many rights and privileges, she has at least the advantage of man as regards longevity; she suffers less from accidents, injuries and many

forms of disease; she is, in fact, more tenacious than man of the limited enjoyments allowed her. Dr. Brandreth Symonds has collected and studied a large number of statistics to illustrate this interesting fact. The comparative mortality of the sexes at different ages, shows that in the first year of life the mortality of the female is much less than that of the male, being at birth 92.64 per 1,000 as against 112.80, and at the end of the year, 31.88 as against 35.08. This difference continues up to the fourth year.

From five to twelve the female mortality is greater than that of the male, being at the latter period 3.56 for males, and 4.28 for females. At the age of forty-six the male mortality equals that of the female, the latter having been up to this time slightly in excess. During the years forty-six to fifty-six, the period of the climacteric, the male mortality gains rapidly on the female, being 6.32 per annum for the one and only 3.47 for the other. Hence the climacteric is really a much more serious time for man than for woman. After fifty-six, the female mortality gains on that of the male, but is always slightly below it. Woman has not only a less mortality and a greater longevity than man, but there is, according to Dr. Symonds, a plurality of female births, though the contrary view is usually held. Nature seems determined to keep up a full supply of women.—New York Medical Record.

Disease in Railroad Coaches. In the laboratory of the Imperial Board of Health of Germany experiments were made, and the results which have been published show, says London Science Sittings, that the seeds of consumption were found in abundance in the dust collected, not only on the floors, but on the walls and seats of the carriages. Samples of dust were taken from 45 compartments of 21 different passenger cars and 117 animals were inoculated with them. Part of these died very soon thereafter of various contagious diseases before they had time to develop consumption; of the rest, killed four to six weeks after inoculation, three had tubercles.

These three, however, were inoculated with sleeping carriage dust, taken from the floor, but from the walls cushions, and ceilings. Bacteria at the rate of 78,800 per square inch were found on the floor of a fourth class carriage, and 34,400, 27,000, and 16,500 per square inch on the floors of the third, second, and first class carriages. Thus even in the latter, the average passenger, who usually has at least half a compartment to himself, say 3,000 square inches of floor, has an army of 49,500,000 deadly enemies aiming at his vitals on the floor alone, to say nothing of other millions in front and rear, on both flanks, and overhead. It would seem impossible to escape; but a Board of Health is said to have reported measures for removing or reducing the danger which the railroads are considering.

Where Birds Get Drunk. "Birds get drunk sometimes as well as men, at least they do down where I live," said Harvey Ellis of Florida. "I'll tell you how I know it. There is a bush or shrub known as the pride of China, which is quite common down in my state. This bush in the winter is covered with berries on which the birds delight to feed. These berries are commonly called by us mad-berries, from the fact that over-indulgence in them produces precisely the same effect upon the birds that liquor does on man. One day last winter my stable boy brought a blue-jay home which he said he found flustering about in the road. It would lie in the boy's hand seemingly perfectly contented, with eyes elated and fearless, and its head wagged about in a ridiculous manner in its efforts to hold it up. It was a common North American drunk, nothing more. The bird had indulged in the mad-berries until it was reduced to an almost helpless state of intoxication. Thousands of respectable Northern robins which migrate to Florida in the winter, and who would blush to do such a thing at home, are found lying about in the grossest state of intoxication from the same cause."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Orange Cure for Alcoholism. The new virtue claimed for the orange—that if consumed systematically it will wear the veriest spot from all alcoholic potations—is being widely disseminated in England. Six oranges per diem form the ration, to be consumed at intervals of two or three hours. In answer to the inquiry propounded in daily newspapers, "What must a man do if he can't get oranges?" a correspondent says: "Let him take apples. Apples, even more than oranges, have the power to diminish and, if eaten systematically, to entirely eradicate the craving for stimulants. This is owing to the malic acid, which completely renovates and purifies the whole system. If fruit were freely taken as a part of the daily meals, we should hear far less of the troubles and ailments now so common. It may not be generally known that oranges are also specially valuable in lung complaints, the acid citrate of potash preventing the development of pneumonia."—Chicago Record.

FLOATING FACTS.

Boston has a water-storage capacity for 17,746,843,960 gallons, which is considered to be 483 days' supply.

Philadelphia has the name of "Mother City of Photographic Portraiture" because it was the first city in this country to adopt photography after Daguerre, and was the first in all the world to apply the new art to the reproduction of human faces.

When the editor of the populist paper at Kingman, Kan., returned from the state convention, where he had voted against female suffrage, he was seized by a large party of women's rights people, who put on him a flaming sun bonnet and a yellow "Mother Hubbard" and marched him through the streets, headed by a brass band.

If it be true that the Indiana giant, Hanson Craig, who has just died at Danville, Ind., weighed 900 pounds, he must have been the heaviest man of whom there is any record. The famous English giant, Daniel Lambert, who died in the month of June, 1809, weighed only 739 pounds.

Cure for the Blues.

In a certain town a number of cures were established. There was a faith cure, a hot water cure, a cold water cure and a cure for the blues. Thinking that in these days of business depression and financial stringency, when more or less acute attacks of the blues are so prevalent as to be almost epidemic, a reliable remedy would be a delight, we give the one recommended at this cure. On his arrival at the cure for the blues the patient was shown into a small office where sat a physician. After questioning the patient a little he gave him a small box, charging him to keep the contents a close secret. In the box was a slip of paper with these words: "Let no day pass without doing something for some one." This prescription carefully taken is guaranteed to cure the most chronic case. We hope if anyone under whose eye this may chance to fall, is suffering from this melancholy disease, he will give it a trial.

Consumption of Horse Meat in Paris.

In the survey of the butcher shops, one duty is to make sure that horses, ass and mule meats are not masquerading as beef. Not that their sale is forbidden, but in the contrary the municipal laboratory itself has declared this sort of nourishment "an excellent thing." It simply demands that the meat be sold as equine and not bovine, and that the animal that furnish it be not decrepid or diseased.

The first point is regulated by establishing shops especially for the sale of horse meat. Or, if it is sold from a cart or in a regularly licensed butcher shop, by requiring that it be marked plainly. The sale of horse meat has grown to enormous proportions since the first shop was established in 1866. The estimate is, that it is eaten now in a third of the Parisian households. In 1891, 21,231 horses, 61 mules mules, 275 asses were sold in the Paris shops. The meat costs about half as much as beef.—McClure's Magazine.

Necessity of Irrigation Recognized.

The necessity of improving the conditions of agriculture by means of irrigation has been recognized in nearly all states west of the Mississippi river. Conventions have been held in North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Wyoming and Montana for the purpose of more thoroughly studying the question of irrigation and ascertaining what should be done by the national government and the several state governments in the way of legislation to secure the introduction and increase of irrigation facilities. The proceedings of these different conventions have proved valuable to the states mentioned. In Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado a large acreage has been made available within the past two years utilizing the water supplies that have heretofore been allowed to run to waste. The results obtained have been highly satisfactory, and due effort is being made to extend the irrigating facilities in these states.—Ex.

The more familiar we become with some money-made men the greater becomes our contempt for money.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure. All others contain alum or ammonia.

Uses for Soda. Tinware may be brightened by dipping a damp cloth in common soda and rubbing it well. Very hot soda in a solution, applied with a soft flannel, will remove paint splashes. Use soda in the water to clean paint and glass instead of soap. Strong, tepid soda water will make glass very brilliant, then rinse in cold water, wipe dry with linen cloth. Ceilings that have become smoked by kerosene lamps may be cleaned by washing off with soda water. For cleaning oil paint before repainting, use two ounces of soda dissolved in a quart of hot water, then rinse off with clear water. A lump of soda laid on the drain pipe will prevent the pipes becoming clogged with grease; also, flood the pipes once a week with boiling water, in which a little soda is dissolved. Wash white marble porches, bath, etc., with a mop dipped in boiling hot water and soda. A good deal of soda should be dissolved in the water. A little soda put in the water in which cut flowers are placed will keep them fresh for a long time. If grease has been spilled on table or floor of kitchen or pantry, put a little soda on the spots and then put boiling water over them.

His Sure Rule of Action. A well known lawyer on a circuit in north England, curious to know how a certain jurymen arrived at his verdict, meeting him one day, ventured to ask: "Well," replied he, "I'm a plain man, and I like to be fair to every one. I don't go by what the witness say, and I don't go by what the lawyers say, and I don't go by what the judge says; but I look at the man in the dock, and I say, 'He must have done something or he wouldn't be there,' so I bring 'em all in guilty."—Argonaut.

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