SELECT SIFTINGS.

The police patrol wagon and the police telephone system are Chicago ideas.

At the present time nearly all collars used on work horses in Belgium are made of iron.

Paris has a fat men's club, membership in which is acquired by tipping the beam at 100 kilogrammes, or 220 pounds.

For a journey of 200 miles or so, a sound reindeer can travel at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour on good roads.

R. W. A. Sunday is pushing an evangelical campaign in Indiana, and lightening his clerical duties by occasionally acting as umpire in baseball games.

The Russian military authorities have concluded that the sheepskin caps worn by the soldiers are injurious to the eyesight, and will put them in helmets.

The saying "Help me to salt, help me to sorrow," is common among the Highlanders, and the majority of them always decline the article with a wave of the hand.

Frenchmen take the neatest boots; Scotchmen take the largest, but they cannot compete with Lobengula, whose size was twelve inches long and eight inches wide.

Maurice Courant is authority for the statement that the invention of printing is due to Ital Tjong, King of Korea, who had movable types cast as early as 1403.

Lewis John, an old colored man who was kicked to death by a mule at Charlotte, N. C., the other day, went through the war as body servant to Colonel J. Y. Brice and left behind him thirty-six living children.

A great proportion of the cucumber pickles used in the East are grown in one Maine County. Over 160 acres are given up to pickle growing in the vicinity of the town of Camden. The crop is a profitable one, usually yielding an income of $100 to $150 an acre.

The cleaning up of the mint at Philadelphia will net Uncle Sam about $30,000 in gold dust. The gold dust is from the floor sweepings for one year, which are collected every day in a barrel kept for the purpose. The gold is then extracted by the mint assayers.

The Clinging Vine.

The ivy differs from ordinary plants in having rootlets on every stem, thus rendering it almost independent of its main ground roots. Its notorious killing action upon growing trees when it takes possession of them is mainly due to absorption of their juices. If there is any moisture in stone or brick walls, the ivy will have it.

Mrs. P. C. Adams.

Thousands of women, especially in the spring of the year, are nervous, tired, have headache, sick stomach, fainting spells, dizziness, scanty or profuse menses, weak back, constipation, their sides, shoulders and limbs ache constantly—in fact, they suffer from general debility of the whole system. The superior tonic qualities of McElree's Wine of Cardui make it the leading remedy for this class of troubles.

Mrs. P. C. Adams, Chattoogaville, Ga., writes: "Two years ago I was taken sick with indigestion, fainting spells, constipation, falling of the womb, and various other symptoms, and kept getting worse and worse. After taking four bottles of McElree's Wine of Cardui in connection with Thedford's Black-Draught tea I am able to do any kind of work that a woman can do."

D. L. Coker, Cocoina, Fla., says: "McElree's Wine of Cardui has brought rosy cheeks back to one of my cousins after she was given up to die by two of the best physicians.

The Trust After No-To-Bac.

Chicago Special.—Reported here to-day that a large sum of money had been offered for the famous tobacco habit cure called No-To-Bac, by a syndicate who want to take it off the market. Inquiry at the general offices revealed the fact that No-To-Bac was not for sale to the trust at any price. No-To-Bac's success is marvelous. Almost every Druggist in America sells No-To-Bac under guarantee to cure tobacco habit or refund money.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

There is Pleasure and Profit

and satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

And Make Money At It.

If you only knew it, the trouble is with your digestion. If that was good you would sleep better, wake better, work better, and make more money at it. How can one "get on" when the whole system is sluggish? But people don't realize what is the trouble. A box of Ripans Tabules makes life worth living. At druggists.

There will be an enormous peach crop in the State of Washington this year.

Is Your Blood Pure

If not, it is important that you make it pure at once with the great blood purifier,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because with impure blood you are in constant danger of serious illness.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

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WORLD'S FAIR.
IMPERIAL GRANUM
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PREPARED
FOOD
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

SMITHDEAL PRACTICAL & Business COLLEGE, Richmond, Va. Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Telegraphy. Both sexes. Regular Dept. Smithdeal's Book-keeping, 75c.; Grammar, Spelling and Letter Writer, $1. Pens, $1 per gr., post paid.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

UNPARDONABLE SIN.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Comprehensively Explains an Important Theme.

TEXT: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—Matthew xii., 31, 32. "He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."—Hebrews xii., 17.

As sometimes you gather the whole family around the evening stand to hear some book read, so now we gather, a great Christian family group, to study this text, and now may one and the same lamp cast its glow on all the circle.

You see from the first passage that I read that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost for which a man is never pardoned. Once having committed it, he is bound hand and foot for the dungeons of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf, but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this world and a captive for the world that is to come. Do you suppose that there is any one here who has committed that sin? All sins are against the Holy Ghost, but my text speaks of one especially. It is very clear to my mind that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the ascribing of the works of the spirit to the agency of the devil in the time of the apostles.

Indeed the Bible distinctly tells us that. In other words, if a man had sight given to him, or if another was raised from the dead, and some one standing there should say, "This man got his sight by satanic power; the Holy Spirit did not do this; Beelzebub accomplished it," or "This man raised from the dead was raised by satanic influence," the man who said that dropped down under the curse of the text and had committed the fatal sin against the Holy Ghost.

Now, I do not think it is possible in this day to commit that sin. I think it was possible only in apostolic times. But it is a very terrible thing ever to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and it is a marked fact that our race has been marvelously kept back from that profanity. You hear a man swear by the name of the eternal God, and by the name of Jesus Christ, but you never hear a man swear by the name of the Holy Ghost. There are those here to-day who fear they are guilty of the unpardonable sin. Have you such anxiety? Then I have to tell you positively that you have not committed that sin, because the very anxiety is a result of the movement of the gracious Spirit, and your anxiety is proof positive, as certainly as anything that can be demonstrated in mathematics, that you have not committed the sin that I have been speaking of. I can look off upon this audience and feel that there is salvation for all. It is not like when they put out with those lifeboats from the Loch Earn for the Ville de Havre. They knew there was not room for all the passengers, but they were going to do as well as they could. But to-day we man the lifeboat of the gospel, and we cry out over the sea, "Room for all!" Oh, that the Lord Jesus Christ would this hour bring you all out of the flood of sin and plant you on the deck of the glorious old gospel craft!

But while I do not think it is possible for us to commit the particular sin spoken of in the first text I have, by reason of the second text, to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable, and you can find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In olden times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took his birthright and traded it off for something to eat. Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made the trade he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and Government securities and should go into a restaurant and in a fit of recklessness and hunger throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward, but "he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

There is an impression in almost every man's mind that somewhere in the future here will be a chance where he can correct all his mistakes. Live as we may, if we only repent in time God will forgive us, and then all will be as well as though we had never committed sin. My discourse shall come in collision with that theory. I shall show you, my friends, as God will help me, that there is such a thing as unsuccessful repentance; that there are things done wrong that always stay wrong, and for them you may seek some place of repentance and seek it carefully, but never find it.

Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of a misspent youth. We may look back to our college days and think how we neglected chemistry or geology or botany or mathematics. We may be sorry about it all our days. Can we ever get the discipline or the advantage that we would have had had we attended to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at forty years of age and finds that his youth has been wasted, and he strives to get back his early advantages. Does he get them back—the days of boyhood, the days in college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them!" My brother, you will never get them back. They are gone, gone. You may be very sorry about it, and God may forgive, so that you may at last reach heaven, but you will never get over some of the mishaps that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it, you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms, and a boy's eyes, and a boy's heart, you ought to have attended to those things. A man says at fifty years of age, "I do wish I could get over these habits of indolence." When did you get them? At twenty or twenty-five years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man through a long course of evil conduct undermines his physical health and then repents of it in after life, the Lord may pardon him, but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the gospel one Sabbath at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now; I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins, but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is twenty-one years of age; talk about a woman beginning life when she is eighteen years of age! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time they close life. In nine cases out of ten all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between thirty and forty years: They get or lose fortunes between ten and twenty. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful retrospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth we never get over; that you are now fashioning the mold in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being sixty seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You can see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all our young folks. Why, in the light of this subject life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man, the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow will reach over 10,000 years—aye, over the great and unending eternity. You may after awhile say: "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be thirty or forty years of age, and I do wish I had never committed those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you, but undo those things you never will, you never can.

In this same category of irreversible mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they get to be ten or fifteen we wake up to our mistakes and try to eradicate this bad habit and change that, but it is too late. That parent who omits in the first ten years of the child's life to make an eternal impression for Christ never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off to late life adherence to Christ. Here is a man who at fifty years of age says to you, "I must be a Christian," and he yields his heart to God and sits in the place of prayer to-day a Christian. None of us can doubt it. He goes home, and he says: "Here at fifty years of age I have given my heart to the Saviour. Now I must establish a family altar." What? Where are your children now? One in Boston, another in Cincinnati, another in New Orleans, and you, my brother, at your fiftieth year going to establish your family altar? Very well, better late than never, but alas, alas, that you did not do it twenty-five years ago!

When I was in Chamouni, Switzerland, I saw in the window of one of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred on the side of one of the Swiss mountains. A company of travelers, with guides, went up some very steep places—places which but few travelers attempted to go up. They were, as all travelers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped the rope would hold him, the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point, one of the guides slipped and they all started down the precipice. But after awhile one more muscular than the rest struck his heels into the ice and stopped, but the rope broke, and down, hundreds and thousands of feet, the rest went.

And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection and in many cases walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it, and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After awhile they begin to slide down steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed, and he stops, planting his feet on the "rock of ages." He stops, but the rope breaks, and those who were once tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences go over the precipice. Oh, there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save ourselves, but not soon enough to save others.

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! The parent says, "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" You will never have them around again. The work is done; the bent to the character is given; the eternity is decided. I say this to young parents, those who are twenty-five and thirty or thirty-five years of age—have the family altar to-night. How do you suppose that father felt as he leaned over the couch of his dying child, and the expiring son said to him: "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense; but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying, and I am afraid."

In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place also the unkindnesses done the departed. When I was a boy, my mother used to say to me sometimes, "De Witt, you will be sorry for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked, sitting there with cap and spectacles and the old Bible in her lap, and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have often been sorry since. While we have our friends with us we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent, without inquiring into the matter, boxes the child's ears. The little one, who has fallen in the street, comes in covered with dust, and as though the first disaster were not enough she whips it. After a while the child is taken, or the parent is taken, or the companion is taken, and those who are left say: "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds! If we could only recall them!" But you cannot get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one and cry and cry and cry. The white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of their sockets, but these influences shall not be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs immortal. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them. Spare the scolding. Be economical of the satire. Shut up in a dark cave from which they shall never swarm forth all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon you will, perhaps to-morrow. Oh, yes. While with a firm hand you administer parental discipline also administer it very gently, lest some day there be a little slab in the cemetery and on it chiseled, "Our Willie," or "Our Charlie," and though you bow down prone in the grave and seek a place of repentence and seek it carefully with tears, you cannot find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see during that week that I have missed opportunities of getting good. I never come to my birthday but I can see that I have wasted many chances of getting better. I never go home on Sabbath from the discussion of a religious theme without feeling that I might have done it in a more successful way. How is it with you? If you take a certain number of bushels of wheat and scatter them over a certain number of acres of land, you expect a harvest in proportion to the amount of seed scattered. And I ask you now, Have the sheaves of moral and spiritual harvest corresponded with the advantages given? How has it been with you? You may make resolutions for the future, but past opportunities are gone. In the long procession of future years all those past moments will march, but the archangel's trumpet that wakes the dead will not wake up for you one of those privileges. Esau has sold his birthright, and there is not wealth enough in the treasure house of heaven to buy it back again. What does that mean? It means that if you are going to get any advantage out of this Sabbath day you will have to get it before the hand wheels around on the clock to 12 to-night. It means that every moment of our life has two wings, and that it does not fly like a hawk in circles, but in a straight line from eternity to eternity. It means that, though other chariots may break down or drag heavily, this one never drops the brake and never ceases to run. It means that while at other feasts the cup may be passed to us and we may reject it, and yet after awhile take it, the cupbearers to this feast never give us but one chance at the chalice, and rejecting that we shall "find no place for repentance, though we seek it carefully with tears."

There is one more class of sins that I put in this category of irrevocable sins and that is lost opportunities of usefulness. Your business partner is a proud man. In ordinary circumstances say to him, "Believe in Christ," and he will say, "You mind your business and I'll mind mine." But there has been affliction in the household. His heart is tender. He is looking around for sympathy and solace. Now is your time. Speak, speak, or forever hold your peace. There is a time in farm life when you plant the corn and when you sow the seed. Let that go by, and the farmer will wring his hands while other husbandmen are gathering in the sheaves. You are in a religious meeting, and there is an opportunity for you to speak a word for Christ. You say, "I must do it." Your cheek flushes with embarrassment. You rise half way, but you cower before men whose breath is in their nostrils, and you sag back, and the opportunity is gone, and all eternity will feel the effect of your silence. Try to get back that opportunity! You cannot find it. You might as well try to find the fleece that Gideon watched, or take in your hand the dew that came down on the locks of the Bethlehem shepherds, or to find the plume of the first robin that went across paradise. It is gone—it is gone forever. When an opportunity for personal repentance or of doing good passes away, you may hunt for it; you cannot find it. You may fish for it; it will not take the hook. You may dig for it; you cannot bring it up. Remember that there are wrongs and sins that can never be corrected; that our privileges fly not in circles, but in a straight line; that the lightnings have not as swift feet as our privileges when they are gone, and not an opportunity of salvation go by us an inch—the one-hundredth part of an inch, the thousandth part of an inch, the millionth part of an inch—and no man can overtake it. Fire winged seraphim cannot come up with it. The eternal God Himself cannot catch it.

I stand before those who have a glorious birthright. Esau's was not so rich as yours. Sell it once, and you sell it forever. I remember the story of the lad on the Arctic some years ago—the lad Stewart Holland. A vessel crashed into the Arctic in the time of a fog, and it was found that the ship must go down. Some of the passengers got off in the lifeboats, some got off on rafts, but 300 went to the bottom. During all those hours of calamity Stewart Holland stood at the signal gun and it sounded across the sea—boom, boom! The helmsman forsook his place; the engineer was gone, and some fainted, and some prayed, and some blasphemed, and the powder was gone, and they could no more set off the signal gun. The lad broke in the magazine and brought out more powder, and again the gun boomed over the sea. Oh, my friends, tossed on the rough seas of life, some have taken the warning, have gone off in the lifeboat, and they are safe, but others are not making any attempt to escape. So I stand at this signal gun of the gospel, sounding the alarm, beware, beware! "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." Hear it that your soul may live.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

WILLIAM CANNOT KEEP AWAY FROM THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

He Writes of Mid-Summer Life in the Tropics.

Away up in the pilot house. We used to call it the wheel-house when I was young and the wheel is up there yet just the same and the rope that is wound around the hub and runs down mysteriously to the rudder and guides the great big boat. The captain invited me up there and let me turn the wheel a little to see how easily I could change the course. A girl could manage it on an open sea like there was from Tampa to Egmont lighthouse. It was a lovely day and the scenery charming. What a relief to get off the dusty train after a 600 mile journey and walk the deck of a pretty steamer and stretch yourself or climb the iron ladder to the pilot-house and gaze upon the green shores and the islands and passes and white sails of passing vessels. There is but little comfort in traveling on the cars, so far as sight-seeing is concerned, but it is splendid on a river boat in Florida. You can take in miles and miles at a glance and if a man only had another eye in the back of his head his organism would be complete. But then he would have to have another spectacle when he got old and that would be a bother, and if he was in church he couldn't listen to the sermon, for he would be looking at the pretty girls behind him. It is hard to do now when the choir is full and sits in front of you. And then the breeze, the balmy breeze that is ever breathing on you as you sit upon the deck makes you feel so calm and serene, a feeling of "innocuous desuetude," or words to that effect. Folks don't talk much on a steamboat. They look and think and enjoy in a sweet and restful silence the ever-changing scenery. Even the quivering throbs of the steamer make it seem like a thing of life and remind you of your own heart beats that the poet says—

> Still like muffled drums are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

We touched at Petersburg and from there steamed away to the quarantine island, near Egmont. "What do we stop here for," said I to a sociable drummer. "Oh, to be fumigated, of course," said he. I pondered that in my mind for a minute until convinced that he lied, and then I joined in the laugh that followed. These drummers are always lying or joking and they select me for a victim when I am about. The old quarantine doctor was a portly Cuban, a dark brunette, dressed in a navy regulation suit with gilt braid on his cap. He had good manners and was well fed and looked like an educated gentleman. The great barn of a house was full of boilers and tanks and tubes and chemicals for disinfecting the mails or the clothing of the passengers in times of pestilence. Of course we only stopped this time to take on and put off Uncle Sam's little pouches of mail matter and some freight. The lighthouse just below loomed up like a thing of beauty. Graceful as a bird in form, and as white as the clouds, it stands solid upon its swelling base, and every night lights the mariner safe through the narrow passes to deeper and safer waters. These are the things that add majesty and strength to the nation. The quarantine, the lighthouses, the forts, the life-saving service, the men-of-war, all impress you and deepen your patriotism and cause you to submit more willingly to the burdens of taxation.

Our next stop was only a minute's pause in the channel and a girl came swifly from the land in her tiny boat, and when alongside she threw the little mail bag up to the captain and he threw down by her side. She said good-morning and then good-by and was off as quickly as she came.

"Does she get paid for that?" said I.

"Oh, yes," said the captain.

"Well," said I, "she is the first female mail boy I ever saw. What is it these modern, self-made girls cannot do? I see by the papers that they have been practicing as conductors of the street cars in Rome and the men are doing lots of riding."

By and by we entered the broad expanding mouth of the Manatee river, a river named for the curious aquatic animal of that name that used to be found in its waters. The natives called it a sea cow, for it gives birth to its young and breathes air like a whale—a sort of half horse and half alligator creature and has a tail like a beaver. It is a link between the cetacea and the pachydermata or words to that effect. Many museums have fossil remains of this animal and the old settlers still tell about seeing them in the river. Manatee county was named for the river and Bradentown is the county seat. In going up the river a lone and lofty tree was pointed out that stood on the north shore. It was a date palm and is still mourning for its mate that was destroyed a few years ago by a storm or some casualty and since then this tree has never borne a bloom or given a single fruit. "They bear fruit in pairs," said the captain. "They fertilize each other and when one dies the other ceases to fruit and in a few years grieves itself to death." I have great respect for the date palm. It is more loyal to its mate than some people I know.

At Bradentown the river is about a mile and a half wide and the pretty village of Palmetto is right opposite. A little daisy of a naptha launch crosses every ten or fifteen minutes and carries passengers. The big boat—the Kissimee—that we were aboard crosses twice every day and carries freight and passengers. So these towns and Ellenton and Manatee, which are only three miles further up on opposite sides, are practically the suburbs of Bradentown. The river is not in the way, but is a mere pleasure and a sport. Everybody is proud of their river and if the old settlers do not claim to have made it they do claim to have found it. All along the coast on either side are to be seen pretty residences embowered in the shade of tropical trees or surrounded by orange groves. Not many of these are merely winter homes of northern people, but most of them are occupied all the year round by permanent settlers. They have long since found out that the summers are as tolerable here as in New York or Georgia, but they say they can't make our up-country people believe it until they try it.

Well, I have spent three weeks of the month of June in that portion of Florida that lies below the belt—below Tampa—and can truthfully say I did not anywhere suffer from oppressive heat. While at Bradentown I rode out with Judge Cornwell several miles in the afternoon and next day crossed over to Palmetto and spent the morning in riding to the groves and the hammock truck farms and to Ellenton and did not get at all wearied from the summer heat. I found a gentle breeze blowing everywhere and the shade was pleasant. Those truck farms were a revelation to me—their extent and productiveness. The season for shipping is over, of course, but there are thousands of bushels of tomatoes still in the fields going to decay. There were shipped the last season about 200,000 crates of vegetables and there will be shipped this winter probably 30,000 boxes of oranges. The trees are beautifully green and loaded with half grown fruit. They say they sympathize with the growers in northern Florida, and I reckon they do, but they certainly rejoice in the prospect of getting from $3 to $4 a box for their oranges. That they have been greatly blessed and have a beautiful and attractive country every one admits who visits them.

Some Englishman said he did not like this country because it had no ruins. Prof. Copp, of the Pennsylvania University, said in a recent letter to the New York Herald that there were but two well-preserved specimens of the prehistoric mastodon in the world. One was found at Newberry and the other near Sarasota, in Manatee county, Florida, and that each of these fossils were at least 10,000 years old. That ought to be old enough for Johnny Bull or any other Bull. The Herald says that Prof. Cope is regarded as the most learned and reliable scientist now living, but I couldn't find but one man down in that region who had ever heard of this Sarasota man. Professor Rowley told me that he heard of a fossil man being dug up there many years ago, but had no learned its supposed age or what was done with the bones. Poor neglected ancestor. If Mark Twain went over the tomb of Adam what would he have done over you?

At Ellenton I visited the grand old mansion of Dr. Gamble. It looks baronial with its large round two-story columns, and everything built of concrete brick—white brick made of lime and shell molded in cement. In a room in this old mansion Judah Benjamin, the attorney general and afterwards secretary of state of the Confederate States, was concealed for many days while he was making his escape to Cuba. The federals blew up the immense steam sugar houses and destroyed the machinery, but did not find Mr. Benjamin. The very ruins of all these concrete walls and the broken wheels and boilers show on what a grand scale this great sugar farm of 3,000 acres was conducted. There were in ante bellum days hundreds of slaves at work here and old Grandmother Fotton, who still lives at over four-score years, still lives to tell of those halcyon days and of Mr. Benjamin's escape to the Bahamas on the French sloop of Captain Trelay. There are some grand old ruins at Ellenton, and some hallowed memories around them.—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

Loading an Ocean Liner.

To watch the loading of grain either from an elevator or a lighter into one of the mammoth vessels engaged in its transportation is to witness one of the chief operations in the movements of the world's commerce, says a writer in Donahue's Magazine. It is carried in long pipes, with a funnel-shaped movable appendage at the end, which is shifted by means of a rope from one part of the hold to another, according as the stream of grain fills up the spaces reserved for it. The stream enters the vessel with the noise and velocity of a torrent, and sends a dense volume of dust and chaff upward, obscuring the depths beneath, and making the men attending the stowage below look like ghosts in the rising mist.

The "trimming" of the grain in the holds is an important part in its storage. After several thousand bushels have been streamed into the hold, a dozen or more men are delegated to shovel the down-pouring column in between the vessel's beams, a job for which they are paid at the rate of one cent a minute. In vessels of the Cunard stripe, it takes between 12,000 and 15,000 bushels to fill a hold, and these vessels average 50,000 bushels in the total cargo. Ships carrying grain alone can take as high as 125,000 bushels, and when it is considered that from 4000 to 7000 bushels can be stored in an hour, every forty bushels weighing a ton, an idea can be had of the force of the torrent directed into the vessel.

Large vessels have four or five holds, and a distinction is made in storing the cargo in them. Grain, from its compact and dead weight, is reserved mostly for the centre of the vessel, while cured provisions are packed as far forward and as far aft as possible, for their better preservation from the heat of the ship's fires. In some vessels, like the great Cunarders, which carry passengers as well as freight, the heaviest weight is stored in the lowest hold; this is to steady the vessel, and is called in the technical parlance of the stevedore "stiffening" the ship. It takes about 1500 tons to "stiffen a great Cunarder, and when this is done the lower hold is fastened and battened down, and work is begun on the next.

A Curiosity in Canes.

E. R. Waite has recently become the owner of a cane that is a gem in its way, and a veritable curiosity. It is made from the stock of a young orange tree, and the portion of the root which forms the handle is carved to represent a shoe, and so perfect is it in every detail that one's first impression is that a miniature piece of footgear has been slipped over the head of the cane.

On a closer inspection, however, it is seen that the whole thing is made from a single piece of wood, and so carefully has every line been drawn, and the parts of the shoe stained to represent the real article, that the deception is almost perfect.

The heel is worn off at a corner, a heavy patch is pegged over one side of the sole, while two "invisible" patches decorate the sides of the shoe, where it would naturally be worn. Even the eyelets are perfect, while the tongue looks wrinkled enough to have seen service for at least six months.

The shoe shines like a piece of patent leather, while the inside and the soles look to have stolen their tints from the real material. All in all it is a very ingeniously wrought piece of work. Mr. Waite does not know by whom the cane was made, it having passed through several hands before it became his property.—San Bernardino (Cal.) Sun.

The Siamese have a great horror of odd numbers, and were never known to put five, seven, nine or eleven windows in a house or temple.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.
(EASTERN SYSTEM.)

SR

Eastern Time at Columbia and Pts. North.

Northbound. April 21, 1895.		No 36 Daily	No 10 Daily	No 38 Daily
Lv. Jacksonville		5 40 p		7.00 a
Lv. Savannah		10.14 p		11.30 a
Ar. Columbia		2 40 a		3.45 p
Lv Charleston		5.30 p		
Ar Columbia		10.10 p		
Lv. Augusta			10.20 p	1.40 p
" Graniteville			11.15 p	2.10 p
" Trenton			11.43 p	2.31 p
" Johnstons			12.16 a	3.45 p
Ar Columbia			2.20 a	4.22 p
Lv Columbia		3.50 a	3.50 a	4.50 p
" Winnsboro		4.49 a	4.49 a	5.52 p
" Chester		5.35 a	5.35 a	6.40 p
" Rock Hill		6.08 a	6.08 a	7.20 p
Ar Charlotte		7.00 a	7.00 a	8.20 p
" Danville		11.40 p	11.40 a	1.00 a
" Richmond		4.40 p	4.40 p	6.00 a
" Washington		9.35 p	9.35 p	6.42 a
" Baltimore		11.35 p	11.35 p	8.05 a
" Philadelphia		3.00 a	3.00 a	10.25 a
" New York		6.23 a	6.23 a	12.53 p

Southbound.		No 35 Daily	No 9 Daily	No 37 Daily
Lv. New York		12.15nt	12.15nt	4.50 p
" Philadelphia		7.20 a	7.20 a	6.55 p
" Baltimore		9.42 a	9.42 a	9.20 p
Lv. Washington		11.01 a	11.01 a	10.42 p
Lv. Richmond		1.09 p	1.09 p	12.05 a
Lv. Danville		6.10 p	6.10 p	6.46 a
Lv. Charlotte		11.05 p	11.05 p	9.35 a
" Rock Hill		11.51 p	11.51 p	10.27 a
" Chester		12.25nt	12.25nt	11.08 a
" Winnsboro		1.14 a	1.14 a	11.54 a
Ar. Columbia		2.20 a	2.20 a	1.00 p
Lv. Columbia			4.30 a	1.45 p
" Johnstons			6.22 a	3.29 p
" Trenton			6.48 a	3.42 p
" Graniteville			7.18 a	4.05 p
Ar. Augusta			8.00 a	4.35 p
Lv. Columbia		6.40 a		4.20 p
Ar Charleston		11.30 a		8.40 p
Lv. Columbia		1.30 a		12.10 p
Ar. Savannah		5.45 a		4.34 p
" Jacksonville		10.30 a		9.10 p

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

As to a Bee's Eye.

Every bee has two kinds of eyes—the two large, compound ones, looking like hemispheres, on either side, and the three simple, or single eyes, which crown the head. Each compound eye (as one would naturally suppose from the term which designates it) is really an immense aggregation of eyes, each being composed of 3500 facets, which means that every eye seen has its image reflected 3500 times in the bee's tiny brain. Every one of these facets is the base of an inverted hexagonal pyramid, whose apex is fitted snugly to the head. Each of these pyramid facets may be termed a perfect eye, for each has its own iris and optic nerve.—Chicago Times-Herald.

There are some vegetables that can scarcely be distinguished from animals, and some animals that seem to have all the characteristics of a vegetable.

Like all people with whom the beard is scanty, the Indians regard it as a blemish and pluck it out.

After Dinner.

After the heartiest dinner a dose of TYNER'S DYSPEPSIA REMEDY will remove all unpleasant feelings, aid digestion, and build up your health. As an after dinner drink it is far superior to all other remedies, as it never disappoints, and leaves an appetite for the next meal. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by CHAS. O. TYNER, Atlanta, Ga.

Tallahatta Springs, Ala.

It cured me of a very annoying case of Piles in a few days. I have sold a good many boxes of Tetterine for the common Itch, and it has never once failed to cure. It's all that's claimed for it. T. L. Bedsale. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is So Easy to Remove Corns With

Blindcorns, we wonder so many endure them. Get it and see how nicely it takes them off.

The city of Kiel, Germany, twenty years ago had only 37,000 inhabitants. To-day the number exceeds 100,000.

A colony of 5000 farmers, from the Northwestern States and California, are going to North Carolina to locate.

You can carry the little vial of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets right in the vest-pocket of your dress suit, and it will not make even a little lump. The "Pellets" are so small that 42 to 44 of them go in a vial scarcely more than an inch long, and as big round as a lead pencil.

They *cure* constipation.

One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stimulate digestive action and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't do the work themselves. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs themselves.

A Royal Collector.

The Czar of Russia devotes a large part of his leisure to his collection of birds' eggs and postage stamps, in which he takes as keen an interest as a school boy. Many of the eggs he secured himself when a lad. He was a most daring and expert climber, and on more than one occasion he narrowly escaped death while engaged in clambering some cliff or tree in search of his treasures.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

JOHNSON'S CHILL AND FEVER TONIC
Costs you 50 cents a bottle if it cures you, and not a single cent unless it does.
What does it cure?
1st. Chills and Fever.
2nd. Bilious Fever.
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5th. Dengue Fever.
6th. Measles.
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

S. N. U.--29.

USE NO SOAP

with Pearline. 'Twould be absurd. It isn't necessary. Pearline contains everything of a soapy nature that's needed or that's good to go with it. And Pearline is so much better than soap that it has the work all done before the soap begins to take any part.

You're simply throwing away money. It's a clear waste of soap—and soap may be good for something, though it isn't much use in washing and c