Oh! The Pain Of Rheumatism!

Its Tortures Known to Thousands.

The aches and pains of Rheumatism become a constant companion to all who are victims of this disabling disease. The people generally are not acquainted with the cause of the disease, though thousands know its tortures.

Everybody should know that Rheumatism is a peculiar condition of the blood, upon which all liniments in the world can have no effect whatever. The best blood remedy is needed—one which is able to go to the very seat of the disease and force it out. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is the right remedy for Rheumatism, because it is the only blood remedy free from mercury, potash and other minerals which intensify the disease, causing stiffness of the joints and aching of the bones.

S. S. S.—neutralizes the acid condition of the blood, and forces out every trace of the disease. It reaches even the worst cases where the doctors have made cripples with their prescriptions of potash and mercury.

"My wife was for years a sufferer from Rheumatism, and was treated constantly, but could obtain no relief. The doctors said the disease was liable to strike the heart at any time, in which event death would be inevitable.

"Every kind of treatment recommended for Rheumatism was given, including widely advertised blood remedies, but none did any good. She grew worse all the while and was reduced to a mere shadow of her former self.

"It was at this critical period that S. S. S. was tried; this medicine seemed to reach the disease promptly, and she began to improve. One dozen bottles effected a complete cure, and she has had no touch of Rheumatism since

"D. R. JOHNSON,
"Blackshear, Ga."

Every one afflicted with Rheumatism should take Swift's Specific, the only remedy which can reach their trouble. S. S. S. will cure the most aggravated case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cancer, Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Eczema or any other blood disease. It is guaranteed

Purely Vegetable.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

A Complete Surprise.

"Well, did your wife surprise you on Christmas?"

"I should say she did. She didn't pay half as much for the present I got her as I was afraid she would."

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble: too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and go get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents or one dollar.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, if you send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in the New Berne Weekly JOURNAL.

Not Often.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" she asked.

"Of course," answered the Savage Bachelor, "Do you suppose if a man had the gift of second sight he would fall in love?"

"Life Renewer" For Ladies

Olivia Peterson, of Coldwater, Mich., writes: "I had not been able to sit up a half day at a time for thirteen years until I used the Mystic Life Renewer. It has cured me of nervous troubles, headache and a very bad stomach. It has helped me in so many ways, and cured me of afflictions that the doctors said could not be cured. The blessed Life Renewer has done more for me than all the Patent Medicines, Doctors and Christian Science treatments combined. It is the most wonderful medicine I ever saw."

Sold by Henry's Pharmacy.

Dead Beats.

The couple skipped in the dead of night
To 'scape the pressing dun.
'Twas thus indeed they proved themselves
Two hearts that "beat" as one.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by F. S. Duffy.

The Latest Thing Out.

Polite Shopman (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the very latest thing out.

Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it if only as a curiosity.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The greatest remedy for Incipient Consumption. Cures at once Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Grippe, Asthma and Croup. At all druggists. 25c.

In the Family.

"Remember," said the father of the young man who was inclined to be fast, "that the race is not always to the swift."

"And remember also," said his sister, who was addicted to the progressive euchre habit, "that the booby prize is sometimes of more real value than the other."

MOZLEY'S LEMON ELIXIR.

A Pleasant Lemon Drink.

Cures indigestion, headache, malaria, kidney disease, fever, chills, loss of appetite, debility, nervous prostration and liver failure, by regulating the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood.

Mozley's Lemon Elixir

Cured me of indigestion. I had suffered for ten years. I had tried almost every medicine, but all failed. Since taking Lemon Elixir I can eat anything I like

W. A. GRIFFETH,
Reevesville, S. C.

Mozley's Lemon Elixir.

Cured me of indigestion and heart disease, after years of suffering, when all other remedies and doctors had failed.

N. D. COLEMAN,
Beulah, S. C.

Mozley's Lemon Elixir.

I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia for about fifteen years, my trouble being my liver, stomach and bowels, with terrible headaches. Lemon Elixir cured me. My appetite is good, and I am well. I had taken a barrel of other medicine, that done me no good.

CHARLES GIBHARD,
No. 1515 Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

Mozley's Lemon Elixir

Cured me of enlarged liver, nervous indigestion and heart disease. I was unable to walk up stairs or do any kind of work. I was treated by many physicians but got no better until I used Lemon Elixir. I am now healthy and vigorous.

C. H. BALDWIN.
No. 98 Alexander St., Atlanta, Ga.

MOZLEY'S LEMON HOT DROPS.

Cures all coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, bronchitis, hemorrhage, and all throat and lung diseases. Elegant, reliable.

Twenty-five cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

A Small Stake.

"My wife gave me a pocket-book with a nickle in it."

"What was that for?"

"So I could get down to the bank.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz.' Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at F. S. Duffy's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00 every bottle guaranteed.

He Saw Too Much.

Jaggs—My dear, you are getting better looking as you grow older. Your beauty appears to have doubled.

Mrs. Jaggs—That will do, Mr. Jaggs You've been drinking again.

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'" For sale by F. S. Duffy.

When in Bayboro stop at the Lupton House for good accommodations.

On Manufacturing Plants.

ED. JOURNAL.—A few years ago Mr. Edward Atkins uttered the prophecy that in the manufacture of cotton goods the south could never become a dangerous competitor with New England. The large number of mill men who are abandoning New England for the superior advantages and more profitable fields of the south set Mr. Edward Atkins at least in the light of an uninspired prophet.

It is hardly possible to over estimate the industrial and economic changes which are now in progress in the south. This is particularly true of North Carolina where the transition from an agricultural to a manufacturing people is rapid and sweeping. Ten years ago there were perhaps not more than a dozen, possibly not so many, cotton mills in the State; now there are more than two hundred, with an increase at the rate of five a month. Then cotton manufacturing was experimental and its results doubtful; now we know that it is profitable from the day the mill opens.

Three years ago when a financial crisis forced many New England mills to close their doors the North Carolina mills ran on full time, declaring dividends from fourteen to twenty per cent.

Upon manufacturing enterprises the life and growth of all our towns depend, and, in the middle and western sections of the state, many of them, from this cause alone, have doubled, and in some cases, quadrupled their population, and are rapidly becoming important business centres. A little while ago Gastonia claimed less than two hundred and fifty people; today its population is greater by a thousand or two than the white population of New Bern. Six cotton mills have doubled twice over the population of Concord. Other instances could be cited. What manufacturing has done for Durham and Charlotte is well known.

In the light of these facts, and with some understanding and appreciation of New Bern's splendid natural advantages for manufacturing and ample transportation facilities, it is a matter of growing wonder, to the writer at least, that our business men and citizens generally are not more interested in this highly profitable feature of industry than they have yet appeared to be.

A plant for the production of wire fencing, a furniture factory, and three or more cotton mills, all of which we greatly need, would bring hundreds of people here, other industries would spring up, and our population would double in a few years. Every department of business feeling the impetus thus set in motion would thrill with new life, and this goodly town would enter upon an era of prosperity hitherto unknown.

Herein incidentally, but neither the less true nor the less important on that account, lies the solution to New Bern's white supremacy problem. Build factories, employ white labor, and by and by there would be little danger from inferior race rule. White supremacy would take care of itself.

The same energy and determined effort existed to secure the development of the business interests of New Bern that were put forth in behalf of the paramount issue would result in marvelous things for the town.

What shall be expected? Will our business men build factories? Will they seek to induce northern capitalists to invest their money in our midst? Last week the papers state that $2,000,000 would come to Richmond for investment next year. Proper effort might have brought some of that money here.

Now is New Bern's opportunity, and great possibilities invite to effort. At the the rate of sixty cotton mills a year how long will the opportunity continue?

What factory building has already achieved for the State is a prophecy of that which is yet to come. It is the beginning and not until every section of North Carolina is vocal with the hum of machinery and the song of the spindle shall the end be. Will New Bern join the glad refrain? Let us hope so.

H. H. MASHBURN.

P. S.—The JOURNAL'S editorial, Dec 29, subsequently to the writing of the above, is timely and worthy of careful consideration. H. H. M.

No healthy person need fear any dangerous consequences from an attack of la grippe if properly treated. It is much the same as a severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed for a severe cold and a prompt and complete recovery is sure to follow. For sale by F. S. Duffy.

Happiness.

John—I tell you what, Ike, hit ain't what a man gits in dis life what makes him happy, hit's what he don't want!

Ike—Dat's a fact, John.

$100.

Dr. E. Detchon's Anti Diuretic

May be worth more to you than $100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. $1. Sold by C. D. Bradham, druggist, New Berne, N. C.

Sarcasm.

"She has a nice little voice."

"There is only one fault about it."

"What's that?"

"It isn't little enough."

Mr. S. A. Fackler, Editor of the Micanopy (Fla.) Hustler, with his wife and children, suffered terribly from La Grippe One Minute Cough Cure was the only remedy that helped them. It acted quickly. Thousands of others use this remedy as a specific for La Grippe, and its exhausting after effects. F. S. Duffy.

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

DISTRESSING STOMACH DISEASE.

Permanently cured by the masterly power of South American Nervine Tonic. Invalids need suffer no longer because this great remedy can cure them all. It is cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. The cure begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvelous and surprising. It makes no failure, never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered your cure is certain under the use of this great health-giving force. Pleasant and always safe. Sold by C. D. Bradham Druggist, New Berne, N. C.

SONG OF THE BATTLESHIP STOKERS.

[illegible]

Over the sea our fights
With fair waste the opening night
And far from fan or fire feed the flame
At the quenching foams we [illegible]
We venture know the [illegible]
Of the battle's rushing tide
But hear the boom of unknown doom
Where the thundering [illegible]

Each moment passed may be our last
For the crashing foes beneath us
And the of late revelry die
Perhaps while smoke [illegible] sky
In hurrid night we feed the fires
As the tall king [illegible]
Heaven in [illegible] to win the goal
Of our country's [illegible]

—Harper's Weekly

SYMPATHETIC KIPLING.

How He Cheered the Spirits of a Sick Elephant.

A writer in the San Francisco Argonaut tells the following anecdote as coming from the lips of an American traveler who spent some time in the company of Rudyard Kipling in London.

One afternoon, we went together to the zoo, and while strolling about our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard, a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound proceeding from the elephant house.

"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"A sick elephant, sir. He cries all the time. We don't know what to do with him," was the answer.

Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more painful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up to the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone and in words unintelligible to me at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lowered tone of voice and evidently recounted his woes. Possibly elephants, when "enjoying poor health," like to confide their symptoms to sympathizing listeners as much as do some human invalids. Certain it was that Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on a conversation, with the result that the elephant found his spirits much cheered and improved. The whine went out of his voice, he forgot that he was much to be pitied, he began to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr Kipling, of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers and beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"Doesn't that beat anything you ever saw?" ejaculate a compatriot of mine, as the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful goodby to the back of his vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that it did.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?" I asked when I overtook my friend.

"Language? What do you mean?" he answered with a laugh.

"Are you a mowgli," I persisted, "and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?" but he only smiled in reply.

How It Troubled Him.

A traveler down south had heard a great deal anent a certain "oldest inhabitant," Lem Pickering by name, who dwelt (so his information ran) in a small Georgia town. Reaching that town one November afternoon he forthwith instituted inquiries concerning the local celebrity.

An old negro was basking in the sun just in front of what, for lack of a more specific synonym, was called "the hotel." Going up to him, the stranger asked:

"Do you know Lem Pickering?"

"Golly, yass," was the reply. "I'ze knowed Lem dese fohty years, sah."

"I presume his old age gives him quite a deal of trouble?"

"Specs it does, sah."

"Keeps him indoors all of the time—eh?"

"Not exactly, sah, not exactly. But it do gib him lots o' trouble without keepin him indoors, sah."

"You don't tell me! How?"

"Fac' is, sah, it keeps him in de grabeyard."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Conversing by Gesture.

It is well known that conversing by gesture was formerly widespread, though now confined to savages and the dumb. The classical nations and the early Egyptians set great store by gesture. Of late years it has been found that the pictures on Greek vases can be interpreted by the language of gesture, and most earlier works on the subject will require to be revised by this new light. Sacred symbols, the attitude of idols, the hieroglyphs, for example, the Maya writing of Yucatan, also show the presence of gesture language, and there is now a hope that we shall be able to understand them better by this key.—London Globe.

Influencing the Judge.

"Dennis Halligan, you are charged with beating your wife. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Av yer honor plaze, Oi don't t'ink Oi bate her at all, at all."

"Don't think you beat her?"

"No, sor. Ef Oi'd bo'n riffereein the schrap mesiff, Oi'd called it a draw."—Boston Courier.

Sweet Joy.

"I was just going to ask you to subscribe to this purse for Jibbles' widow when I happened to remember that he was your worst enemy."

"I'll be delighted to subscribe. Just think how it will grind him wherever he is!"—Cleveland Leader.

The wines of the ancients would not be thought palatable today, for they were mixed with sea water, resin, salt, pitch and aromatic herbs, exposed in smoky garrets till reduced to a sirup, and then strained and mixed with water.

Statistics show that in London one person in 45 is maintained by public charity, while in New York the proportion is one in 200.

ACROSS THE NEUSE

Record of the Number of Vehicles Crossing the Bridge for Three Days.

[illegible] of interest was some of your readers [illegible] a copy of a record of vehicles that passed over the Neuse river bridge coming to New Berne Thursday, Friday and Saturday before Christmas. The record was kept on request for the three days mentioned by the obliging and accommodating keeper S. S. Lattimer.

On Thursday there were 1[illegible], Friday 3[illegible], and Saturday 2[illegible]. In the meantime the station was opened 45 times to allow of [illegible] as night. We have all seen, and I cannot not have felt the good results of the material benefit to the town and county, that the bridge has brought about. Neuse.

Miss Windley Entertains.

An enjoyable evening was spent by those persons who were the guests of Miss Bettie Windley last Thursday evening. On this occasion the game of progressive euchre was played and several prizes were given the players who had placed for better or worse. Mr. Owen H. Guion presented the prizes with appropriate remarks. The giving of some of the pumping jacks and yellow kid doll babies caused a good deal of merriment.

Miss Brooks, of Louisville, Ky., who is visiting Miss Mary Moore, was present and recited one or two well chosen pieces of poetry. Miss Brooks is an accomplished elocutionist and delighted her hearers with the witty selections which she recites extremely well. She is the teacher of elocution in the Red Springs Seminary.

There were present Mr and Mrs John Dunn, and Mr and Mrs Owen H. Guion, Misses Annie and Emma Stevenson, Misses Carolyn and Addie Claypoole, Misses Sadie Hollister, Marie Mohler, Mary Guion, Mary Moore, Agnes Foy, Lizzie Hancock, Bradford Hyman, Isabel Bryan, Kathleen Matthews, Mabel Hughes, and Miss Brooks of Louisville; Messrs W W Clark, N C Hughes, H R Bryan, Jr., Geo Henderson, J Leo Burrus, D R Davis, T W Waters, J G Dunn, P S Cox, Mark Stevenson, R A Nunn, Wm Dunn, Jesse Claypoole.

After cards were finished and the prizes had been presented refreshments were served the guests. Mrs Windley and Miss Bettie Windley entertain in a charming manner.

School Committeemen's 8th District.

The School Committeemen of the Eighth District of Craven county met yesterday and after the transaction of some business, the following motion was made and adopted:

"That the country schools be closed after a term of five months in the school year, beginning October 1st, 1898."

Married at 8:30 p. m. on the 29th inst. at the residence of Mrs. Boyd on Johnson street, by Rev. Hight C. Moore, Mr. J. P. Voliva to Miss Mary E. Ward. We wish bon voyage along the pathway of life.

Coughing injures and inflames sore lungs. One Minute Cough Cure loosens the cold, alays coughing and heals quickly. The best cough cure for children. F. S. Duffy.

What it Does.

Householder—Do you pretend to say that this metre measures the amount of gas we burn?

Inspector—I will enter into no controversy, sir, but I will say that the metre measures the amount of gas you have to pay for.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS

Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retension of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by C. D. Bradham, Druggist, New Berne, N. C.

An Honest Avowal.

And so you love me—me alone?"
She ventured to propound.
"Yes, more that way," said he, "my own,
Than when your ma's around."

Fateful Souvenir.

As a souvenir of her son, Hamilton Fish, Jr., Mrs Hamilton Fish has sent to every member of Troop, I, Roosevelt's Rough Riders, in which young Fish was sergeant, a silver-mounted knife. The knife is of beautiful workmanship, and is inscribed "Las Guasimas, June 24, 1898," and on the other side "Souvenir of Hamilton Fish, to his comrades in Troop I. R. R.

The maid—I'll be a sister to you.

The man—Not much! I've just got enough collar buttons for myself.

Real Rude.

"I think that young man is the rudest creature I ever saw," said Maud.

"In what respect?" asked Annie.

"He insisted on referring to the mistletoe, as Hobson weed."

He Was There.

Robby—I know where Santa Claus does most of his Christmas shopping.

Mamma—Where?

Robby—At the 5-cent store. I saw lots of things like mine down there last week.

Disowned.

"See that man over on the corner? Just now he rushed up to me and claimed to be my cousin."

"Was he?"

"No; he disowned me because I wouldn't lend him $10.

SOMETHING NEW

5¢

Large package of the world's best cleanser for a nickel. Still greater economy in 4-pound package. All grocers. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

Sharks and the Dead Whale.

The presence of any large quantity of easily obtainable food is always sufficient to secure the undivided attention of the shark tribe. When "cutting in" whales at sea, I have often been amazed at the incredible numbers of these creatures that gather in a short space of time, attracted by some mysterious means from heaven only knows what remote distances. It has often occurred to us, when whaling in the neighborhood of New Zealand, to get a sperm whale alongside without a sign of a shark below or a bird above. Within an hour from the time of our securing the vast mass of flesh to the ship the whole area within at least an acre has been alive with a seething multitude of sharks, while from every quarter came drifting silently an incalculable host of sea birds, converting the blue surface of the sea into the semblance of a plain of new fallen snow.

The harpooners and officers from their lofty position on the cutting stage slew scores upon scores by simply dropping their keen edged blubber spades upon the soft crowns of the struggling fish, the only place where a shark is vulnerable to instant death. The weapon sinks into the creature's brain, he gives a convulsive writhe or two, releases his hold and slowly sinks, followed in his descent by a knot of his immediate neighbors, all anxious to provide him with prompt sepulture within their own yearning maws.—National Review.

The Four Greatest Poets.

Who are the four greatest poets of the world? The question was one, we gather from Sir Edward Hamilton's monograph, which used to exercise Mr. Gladstone. About the first three places indeed he believed that there could be no reasonable question. They must be assigned to Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. But about the fourth place Mr. Gladstone found geat difficulty. He considered that there were four competitors—Æschylus, Virgil, Milton and Goethe. We wonder how many of our readers would at a first guess select Mr. Gladstone's final choice? It was Goethe.

Who, in recent days, have been the greatest masters of English? This was another question which Mr. Gladstone was fond of considering. He decided in favor of two as greater than all others—Cardinal Newman and Mr. Ruskin. It is interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Morley, in a lecture, answered the same question. According to him, the great masters of English in our generation have been three—Carlyle, Macaulay and Mr. Ruskin. The last named alone appears, it will be seen, in both lists.—London News.

Life's Changes.

While in the drawing room coach on his way home from Philadelphia not long ago a New Yorker found himself face to face with a woman whom he had not seen for some time.

"Why, Mrs. Blank," cried the New Yorker, "how"—

At the woman's reproachful glance he stopped. "Not Mrs. Blank," she corrected. "I got my divorce from Mr Blank some time ago. I'm now Mrs. Dash. Let me present my husband, Mr. Dash," whereupon a man got up and bowed.

"You—you don't mean it!" gasped the New Yorker. "I hadn't heard. You and Mr. Dash haven't been married very long, have you?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said the woman, "about 45 minutes, I think," consulting her watch. "We're on our wedding trip now."

The New Yorker gasped again. Then, "Bless you, my children," he cried and fled to the smoking car.—New York Sun.

An Offset.

"This is Mr. Pneer, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have rented a house fronting on Mulberry square, I believe?"

"I have."

"Well, my name is Ferguson. I have rented the house next to yours, and by a queer mistake the man I sent to clean it up so I could move into it went to the wrong place and cleaned up yours. His bill, which I settled, is quite moderate—only $1.50—and I thought that if the work proved satisfactory on inspection perhaps you would not object to assuming the payment of that amount."

"Not at all, sir, but I shall charge you $1.50 for one day's occupancy of my house. That, I think, makes us even, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

When the Time Came.

Maud—Oh, Ethel, and what did you say to him when he proposed to you? Did you say what you said you were going to the other day? That was a noble speech, just suited to crush the boldest man. And did he slink away like a whipped dog?

Ethel—Well, not exactly. You see, I didn't say just that. I—I—well—er—er—well, you see, I said "yes."—London Fun.

Strange Mistake.

North Side Mother—I told you a little while ago, Jerry, who our first parents were. Let me see if you remember. Who was the first man?

Precocious Boy—Adam.

North Side Mother—That's right. Who was the first woman?

Precocious Boy—Evil.—Chicago Tribune.

It Would.

The quartette of girls who were expelled from a New Hampshire seminary for smoking cigarettes were evidently thought to be bringing the school into bad odor.

One from Each Wife.

"Wonder if that Utah Congressman smokes?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"I was just wondering how he would ever manage to get away with three boxes of Christmas cigars."

Age of Discretion.

A young man may be said to have reached the age of discretion where he takes down the pictures of actresses from his mantel and puts up a portrait of his rich maiden aunt instead.

Not That Kind.

General Wheeler was asked the other day by a very young lady of Washington: "How is it you never wear any medals? You surely have some." "No," answered the soldier. "I have not. I am no bicyclist and I never made a century run in my life."

Imaginative.

"That dull Miss Wiggs doesn't seem to have a particle of imagination."

"Yes, she has; she thinks she can sing."

She Knew Him.

Mrs. Potts—"It was rather late when you came home last night. Where were you?"

Mr Potts—"Why, my dear, Wednesday night is the regular weekly lodge meeting night, you know, and——"

Mrs Potts—"Yes, of course I know; but did you win or lose?"

His Thoughts.

Papa—Now, Johnny, I have whipped you only for your own good. I believe I have only done my duty. Tell me, truly, what do you think yourself?

Johnny—If I should tell you what I think, you'd give me another whipping.

Vest on Himself.

"I am a short, broad man," said Senator Vest the other day, "but my enemies say my speeches are both long and narrow.

HINDIPO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY produces the above result in 30 days. *Cures Nervous Debility, Impotency, Varicocele, Failing Memory.* Stops all drains and losses caused by errors of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Young Men regain Manhood and Old Men recover Youthful Vigor. It gives vigor and size to shrunken organs, and fits a man for business or marriage. Easily carried in the vest pocket. Price 50 CTS. 6 Boxes $2.50 by mail, in plain package, with written guarantee. DR. JEAN O'HARRA, Paris

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