

TARNISH ON SILVERWARE.

To prevent articles of silverware from tarnishing, warm them when well cleaned and paint them over with a thin solution of collodion in alcohol, using a wide, soft brush for the purpose. Articles so treated must be wiped only with dry cloths.

Courtesy is a cheap commodity, but it sometimes pays splendid dividends. A farmer in Elk county, Kansas, displays this sign: "Hunt all you want to, and come to the house for dinner." This farmer, it is said, is twenty calves ahead on this season's hunt alone.

Railroading in Japan.

Japan has 4236 miles of railway, of which 210 miles were constructed in 1903. The number of passengers carried on these railways in 1903 was 110,000,000, the freight transported was 10,122,671 metric tons and the cash receipts amounted to about \$23,800,000.

Beware of Ointments For Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the senses of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

German Day.

The State of Utah has established a holiday in honor of Germans. It is called German Health Day and is the first Monday in October. On this day all theatres, churches, public halls, hotels, boarding houses, etc., must be thoroughly disinfected.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on box. 25c.

There are 44,000 hotels in the United States.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by all druggists, \$1. Mail orders promptly filled by Dr. E. Detchon, Crawfordville, Ind.

One of the new sports in England is fancy with motor cars.



Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities, female troubles, and I..."



LASTING RELIEF.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says:

"My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregular action of the kidneys. I was suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I took Doan's Kidney Pills and experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Correggio and His Life.

Little is known of Correggio, which would argue that he was of a retiring disposition. He was born in the little town of Correggio, twenty-four miles from Parma. In the latter city he was educated, but in his seventeenth year an outbreak of the plague drove his family to Mantua. By 1514 he was back in Parma. For some years he worked here and painted many famous pictures. It may have been because of grief over the death of his young wife, but at the age of thirty-six, indifferent to fame and fortune, he retired to the little town where he was born. All that is known regarding his death is the date, March 5, 1534.—Charles H. Caffin, in St. Nicholas.

Young Girl Supplies Guns.

The fact may not be known that a young girl, barely sixteen years of age, may be said to be responsible, in a way, for the bloodshed in the warfare now going on between the Japanese and the Russians. Grim though it may sound, yet it is true, for Miss Krupp, only child of a famous iron King, became, on her father's death, owner of the Krupp Works at Essen, and it is from those works that practically all the guns and cartridges now being used by the rival powers in the Far East are exported.

Miss Krupp, who is one of the richest heiresses in the world, has inherited not only her father's wealth, but his brains and wonderful power of industrial organization.

Though so young, the nineteen-year-old girl is "boss" and has to be consulted on all matters of importance.

She takes the greatest pride in the work of the different departments—though, as yet, her interference in business matters is limited to passive supervision.—New York News.

A Long Train.

Cordele, Ga., Jan. 3.—The Atlantic & Birmingham railroad ran Saturday what was probably the longest train of cars ever seen in Georgia, operated by a single engine. The train was made up of one hundred and two cars, loads and empties, and was drawn to Fitzgerald from Brunswick, at a good rate of speed by one of the company's new monster locomotives.

The train was broken up at Fitzgerald, where several branches of the road diverge, after the officials of the road were thoroughly satisfied that the big engines would do all that was claimed for them by the manufacturer. The train was nearly a quarter long, including engine and caboose.

THE CALL.

Came Mrs. Brown to call
On little Mrs. Jones,
They greeted in the hall
In most delightful tones.
"So rushed," said Mrs. Brown,
"I really cannot stay—
I've been all over town,
It seems to me, to-day."

And then they talked of books,
Of music, and of clubs,
Of chambermaids and of cooks,
Of leaky laundry tubs,
Of candles and of soup,
Of churches and of gowns,
Of fevers and of croup,
Of how to ward off froens.

Of wrinkles, freckles, too;
Of divorcees and brides,
Of scandals old and new,
Of fashion's latest strides,
Of neighbors and of friends,
Of enemies and kin,
Of pleasing coffee blends,
Of where "she" got that pin.

Of certain people's debts,
Of certain people's fights,
Of the contending sets,
Of certain women's spites,
Of papering the hall,
Of what each one had read,
Of which one owed the call,
Of what somebody said.

Of how "she" held her looks,
Of golf and cards, and tea,
Then back again to cooks—
And then: "Oh, goodness me!"
Cried Mrs. Brown at last,
"I must be rushing on,
The afternoon is past—
At least, it's almost gone."

"That's one thing I detest
About a formal call—
One has to look her best,
And scarcely talk at all,
Step in, my dear, some day
When you're out for a walk—
There's so much we could say
When we've time for a talk."
—Chicago Tribune.

THE REFORMATION OF CIRCE.

FOR the last time, then—
"For the last time, no!"
Ransom looked sorrowfully into his friend's face.
The note of finality in that brief negative was unmistakable. And the pity of it! "I shall not come again, Derrator. But now that you are sending me away—we shall likely enough never meet again—you are going to hear the truth."

Derrator bowed.
"Be precise, my dear friend," he murmured, with a faint note of irony in his tone. "I am going to hear your view of the truth."

"I do not accept the correction," Ransom answered, quickly. "There are times when a man can make no mistake, and this is one of them. You shall hear the truth, and when you have spun out your days here to their limit, your days of sybaritic idleness, you shall hear it again—only it will be too late. Mind that—it will be too late! You are fighting against nature. You were born to rule, to be master over men. You have power—the gift of swaying the minds and hearts of your fellow creatures. Once you accepted your destiny, your feet were planted firmly upon the great ladder, you could have climbed—where you would!"

"My friend," Derrator murmured, "it was not worth while."
Ransom turned upon him fiercely.
"Not worth while! Is it worth while, then, to loiter in your flower gardens, to be a dilettante student, to write fugitive verses, to dream away your days in the idleness of a purely enervating culture? Life apart from one's fellows must always lack robustness. You have the instincts of the creator, Derrator. You cannot stifle them. Some day the cry of the world will fall upon your ears, and it may be too late. For the place of all men some time or other is filled."

Derrator lit a cigarette, and took his friend by the arm.
"Come," he said. "You have plenty of time for the train. I will tell the carriage to go on to the top of the hill. I want to show you my possessions."

Ransom recognized a purpose in his friend's invitation. Together they climbed the mountain, and reached the summit.

I shall not despair. Au revoir, Derrator!"
"Farewell!" Derrator answered, with a wave of the hand.

She came to the boundary hedge, a gleam of white, tall, a little ghostlike with the smooth grace of her silent movements. She was bareheaded; she came to him out of the late twilight as one walking through a mist. As she walked she sang softly, at first to herself, then to him. He heard, frowning. He was pale and nervous.
"Is it true," he asked, abruptly, "that you are going?"

"But why not?" she answered, with gently upraised eyebrows. "One does not come to such places as these for always. One sleeps through the night, but the daytime—ah, that is different!"
"You have been contented here?"
"More than contented! I have been almost happy," she answered.
"Then why go back?" he asked, with a sudden fierceness in his tone. "What is there in the world so beautiful, after all? Here are the sun, and the sea, and the wind—it is the flower garden of life. Stay and pick the roses with me!"
She shook her head.
"I am not like that," she answered, slowly. "Life may have its vulgarities, its wearings and its disappointments, but it is the only place for men and women. The fight may be arduous and the prizes tinsel—yet it is only the coward who lingers without."

"Still, you have been content here," he repeated, hoarsely.
"Content to rest," she answered, "but one does not sleep for ever. We were, neither of us, born to linger in a maze of abstractions. The contemplative life is for the halt and maimed of the world. We others must carry our burden into the thick of the battle."

"You speak to-night in allegories," he said. "You mean that you will return to London?"
"Of course!"
"And leave me here, after these days together—after everything?"
Her eyes sought his, and her heart beat to part.

Interviewing J. F. Morgan.
An amusing story is told of the persistence of a reporter on a metropolitan daily who had been assigned to interview J. Pierpont Morgan.
"It appears that..."

perfume of the roses hung heavy upon the air? She leaned forward and touched him on the arm.

"You shall have your answer," she whispered, "and it shall be 'yes.' But there is a condition."
The momentary flash of joy in his face died away. "Another?"
She leaned a little forward.

"Do not be afraid, dear," she whispered. "The condition is only this—that you take me back to where I found you. Only a little while ago I was a missionary; to-day I am myself a convert. Let us go back together—and hear whether the nightingales are singing still!"

So Derrator was never Prime Minister, after all.—The Sketch.

REMARKABLE MAIL CARRIER.

The Romantic Career of a Frontiersman Who Carried Uncle Sam's Mail.

Robert L. Athy, who has just been appointed mail carrier between Hampton and Spradlin, Wolfe County, has the most remarkable record of any man in this part of the country. His unusual record began at his birth, when he weighed only two and one-half pounds, and he could be put in a coffee pot easily. He grew up, however, to medium size.

Athy has been a mail carrier in different sections of the mountains for nearly twelve years and in that time has made a great reputation as a hunter, having killed several bears, a large number of wildcats and almost a thousand squirrels, besides a number of rattlesnakes. Several times in his career Athy has been compelled to leave his horse at the bank of some swollen stream and to place his mail sack in his teeth and swim across. In all his twelve years of service the mail has never once been delayed. Once Athy narrowly escaped being killed by a landslide which swept down a mountainside and completely obliterated the road just in front of Athy.

Athy is also a preacher of the gospel. Each day at one or two points along the trail he finds a crowd waiting him, and there he gives five or ten minute talks on the methods of getting in and staying in the straight and narrow path. Many have been converted by his teachings. Athy also acts as messenger boy for that entire mountain district, and when any one wants a bundle brought from the store he never hesitates to ask Athy to bring it for him.

Athy states that he has been engaged to be married twenty-eight times and has never been "in earnest" yet. Athy has educated himself and is well read for a citizen of that part of the mountains. He is always well dressed and polite, and is undoubtedly one of the most popular of Uncle Sam's mail carriers.

Athy is thirty-seven years old. He has ridden one horse all the time that he has been mail carrier, and it is estimated that they have covered nearly 12,000 miles together.—Correspondence of the Washington Star, Owingsville, Ky.

A Clever Change.

At the Academy of Sciences in Paris it was announced recently that M. Mollard had hit upon a means for transforming a radish into a potato. M. Mollard's method, briefly described in popular terms, is this: He takes a very young radish, "pasteurizes" it in a certain way, and it grows up into a fine potato. More scientifically, the young radish is cultivated in a glass retort, after a process invented by Pasteur, in a concentrated solution of glucose. Starch then develops plentifully in the cells of the radish, which swells out, loses its pepperiness, and acquires practically the consistency, flavor, and especially the nutritive properties, of the potato. It is not claimed that the latter vegetable will be at once superseded or that it will yet be cheaper to change radishes into potatoes than to cultivate the latter in the ordinary way. But M. Mollard's discovery is regarded as one which may have far reaching consequences. He may have, to some extent, found the "philosopher's stone" of the vegetable kingdom.

Hypnotism and Crime.

The average man knows in a general way that there is such a thing as hypnotism, and that a person when in the hypnotic state will do as he is bid. Consequently, when it is reported that a crime has been done by one man at the suggestion of another who had hypnotized the first, the average man is ready to believe it possible. This does not happen so often as is sometimes supposed, according to Dr. Pierre Janet, a French psychologist who has recently been lecturing in this country.

Doctor Janet says that of all the cases where hypnotism has been alleged as a cause of crime, he knows of but three where the fact has been clearly shown, and in one of these cases hypnotic suggestion was not necessary to explain the crime. Doctor Janet says, further, that only five or six per cent of mankind can be hypnotized, if one uses the term with precision. Other psychologists say that a man when in a hypnotic state can not be persuaded to do anything which he would not do if fully conscious of his acts.

There is now talk that the King of Italy may send over a statue of Julius Caesar, and if people object to that, too, they are informed that Caesar was an eminent scholar who learned Latin when a very small boy, declares the Bangor, Me., News.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23ria bottles and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Cavalry of the west coast of Madagascar ride oxen.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles. Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

All the soldiers in the army of Argentina are forced to play football.

Mrs. Winslow...

SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF LUNGS SO COMMON IN WINTER. CURED BY PE-RU-NA.



A COLD ON THE LUNGS THREATENS TO BECOME SERIOUS.

Pe-ru-na Brings Speedy Relief.

Mrs. H. E. Adams, ex-President Palmetto Club, of New Orleans, La., writes from 110 Garfield Court, South Bend, Ind., as follows:

"I am pleased to endorse Peruna, as I took it about a year ago and it soon brought me relief from a cold on my lungs which threatened to be serious."

"The lungs were sore and inflamed, I coughed a couple of hours every night, and I felt that something must be done before my lungs became affected."

"Peruna was suggested by some of my friends who had used it, and acting upon their advice I tried it and found that it was able to bring about a speedy cure. You have my highest endorsement and thanks for the good it did me."

Noting the Praises of Peruna. Mrs. Frances Wilson, 32 Nelson St., Clinton, Mass., writes:

"Had you seen me at the time of my illness and now, you would not wonder that I take delight in sounding the praises of Peruna."

"My ailment was a severe cold which attacked the bronchial tubes and lungs."

"I followed your special directions and after using six bottles of Peruna, I was on my feet again. I think Peruna a wonderful medicine."

A PLAIN TALK On a Plain Subject in Plain Language.

The coming winter will cause at least one of the women to have catarrh, colds, coughs, pneumonia or consumption. Thousands of women will lose their lives and tens of thousands will acquire some chronic ailment from which they will never recover.

Unless you take the necessary precautions, the chances are that you (who read this) will be one of the unfortunate ones. Little or no risk need be run if Peruna is kept in the house and at the first appearance of any symptom of catarrh taken as directed on the bottle.

Peruna is a safeguard, a preventative, a specific, a cure for all cases of catarrh, acute and chronic, coughs, colds, consumption, etc.

For free medical advice, address Dr. S. R. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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GA-ALA BUSINESS COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.

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SUCCESSORS TO
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