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THE JOKERS' BUDGET.
ISTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.
Air—Easily Answered—Wanted Lunch—A Broken Engagement—Making Success Certain, Etc.
HIS AIR.
"Have you ever noticed what a distinguished air Prof. Barotoni has?" asked the soulful girl.
"I have noticed an air of garlic, that is what you mean," said the snop nosed girl, and the soulful girl looked disgusted.
EASILY ANSWERED.
Hobson—What do you suppose a man's pants are made of?
Wigwag—Probably of a sort of very tight bark.
WANTED A LUNCH.
Landsman (at a yacht race)—What's that craft out yonder?
River Man—That's the stake boat.
Landsman—Row me over to it.
A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.
He—Do you believe in signs?
She (demurely)—Yes, ice cream signs.
MAKING SUCCESS CERTAIN.
Footlytes—I am going to call my new play "The Baby."
Graffiti—That's a queer name.
Footlytes—I know; but a baby is always a howling success.
WANTED SOMETHING OUT OF SIGHT.
Dandy youth—What the mischief did you hire me a blind horse for?
Liveryman (guilelessly)—Didn't you tell me you wanted something out of sight, because you were going to take your best girl driving.
TO UNCLE SAM.
If a name you want that's sure to be lucky,
Let the next cruiser be called "The Kentucky."
No doubt her guns would do terrible slaughter
and though full of holes, she'd never take water.
WHY HE WAS JOLLY.
Jinks—You ought to meet my friend Wittles; most entertaining fellow you ever saw; bubbling over with humor; just chock full of jokes and funny stories.
Blinks—Indeed! Is he a writer of humor for the papers?
Jinks—No. He's a reader of humor in the papers.
AN UNWONTED SIGHT.
"Oh, look, mamma, look!" exclaimed little Emerson Beens, of Boston, who was making his first visit to New York.
"What is it Emerson, dear?"
"Why, mamma, there goes a woman without spectacles."
ACCOMMODATING.
Mrs. Richley—Please, Mr. Burglar, don't take that diamond pin; it's a keepsake!
Burglar—Dat's all right, ma'am; I give yer me word as a gentleman dat I'll send yer de pawn ticket be mail, de foyast ting de morning.
SOME HOPE.
"Young man," said the sage, "I hear you are about to be married?"
"You are right," said the young man.
"Well, young man, the day will come when your wife will make the discovery that you do not know everything on earth. It will be a great shock to her feelings and your supremacy. Still, there is hope for you; you, while cheerfully admitting that you really do not know it all, may be able to persuade her that the reason for that state of things is that there is so much in the world that is not worth knowing."
EASILY EXPLAINED.
Fuddy—I hear that Strainer, the cashier of the bank, has turned up missing, along with a goodly portion of the securities. How do they account for his disappearance?
Duddy—His trying to keep up appearances, I believe.
THE SAME TO HIM.
"I saw that Spiffins was going to ask me to lend him some money, so I checked him," remarked Snags.
"Well, that was all right," replied Bellefield; "Spiffins would as lief have a check as the cash."
COMPLIMENTARY.
Gent—Mademoiselle looks more beautiful every day.
Lady—You have been telling me so for a good many years. What a horrible fright I must have been to start with.
THE GOLDEN MEAN.
"What is the golden mean we hear about?" asked one small student of another.
"It must be a miser," replied the latter.
THE WAY IT HAPPENED.
She—So you wouldn't take me to the 20.
He—For better or worse.
Charlie Rosa was stolen on July 1, 1874.

STRAY BURROS.
They Furnish a Desert Indian With a Livelihood.
An old Indian, known to prospectors as "Figtree John," has for many years lived alone beside a large spring in the Colorado desert in San Diego county. His home is one of the most desolate and inaccessible spots on the earth's surface and the last place one would expect to find a human being living in contentment. It is close to the Mexican line and about fifty miles east of the hills that form the western boundary to the waste of white sand.
At all seasons of the year the heat is intolerable—and the awful hot wind blows day and night. Five yards from the spring in any direction there is not a living green thing in sight—only the blinding glare of the sandy plain stretching for miles on all sides until it joins the foothills in a shimmering purple hue.
Figtree John's place, however, is a tiny oasis of about 200 square feet. The spring is a large one and the water pure and fresh when it bubbles from the earth. But it evaporates during the day almost as fast as it comes from the ground, so that the surface is only moistened for a small extent. On the edge of the spring grasses and weeds grow, and one large fig tree spreads its branches over the whole spot.
The tree bears fruit almost the year around and also serves as a shelter for John. Blankets are spread on the ground and camp utensils scattered around. But there are always plenty of things to eat and drink that have been brought from the markets of civilization, and the way John obtained these was a puzzle to the prospectors for a long time. He never did any work and certainly could not raise nor find anything to sell anywhere near his place. But it seems John's money has always come to him without an effort. He simply lay down and waited.
It is horrible to think about, but he waited for the pack burros of prospectors who had been overcome by thirst and died in the desert. John's place is several miles off the trail of prospectors going to and from the gold country, and hundreds of bleaching bones have been found in the vicinity.
Most of these men have several burros and good outfits when they start, but somehow they lose the trail or are overtaken by sandstorms. All share the same fate—a few days of horrible suffering and then death.
The burros, being more hardy than the men, are more able to stand the hardships, and when their masters lie down and die in the burning sand they find water by instinct. Since old John has been at the spring a large number have come to his place crazy for water. Of course he takes care of them and makes a search for their owners, or holds them for identification.
Sometimes they have expensive outfits, showing the owner to have been a tenderfoot that expected to find a mountain of gold. The provisions in the packs John has always appropriated after a certain time, and the burros he has sold to people in the foothills to whom he makes periodical trips. On one occasion a whole train of burros came to his place, and the owners were never found, so that John cleared several dollars just by waiting under his fig tree.
Old John is perfectly happy in his desert home, and is well pleased to have prospectors die in the desert, so long as their burros come to his spring. He takes good care of the animals and becomes very friendly with them. He never sells any of them or the contents of their packs for at least a year, but keeps them in case any one calls to claim them. But nobody ever calls to claim stray burros that are driven by thirst to Figtree John's place.
One of Fashion's Tyrannies.
One of the tyrannies of fashion, from which there is a prospect of speedy relief, is the heavy interlined widely distended skirt. The weight of this abomination varies according to the quality and quantity of hair-cloth necessary to line it; but four hands are hardly enough to manipulate the folds in such a way as to keep the skirt out of the dust, and when a woman tries to accomplish the task with two her gown is soon forgotten in her cramped fingers and she gives it up in despair. How anything so totally unfit to be worn in the street as this fashion is a mystery to everyone except those who manufacture the haircloth, and they must have reaped a harvest of riches. But physicians have denounced the heavy linings as injurious to health, and this, with the good sense of long suffering and heroic women who have patiently tried to endure the burden for fashion's sake, has brought about a decided reaction against them, and the heavy skirt must go.
Gauze ribbon trappings are very much liked for trimmings, especially in black or dark materials. There is nothing softer and prettier than a gauze ruffling of black for the collar of a cape or a wrap.

A Wonderful Machine.
One of the most remarkable developments of the automatic machine is a "Doctor Cureall," in Holland. It is a wooden figure of a man, with compartments all over it, labeled with the names of various ailments. If you have a pain, find its corresponding location on the figure, drop a coin into the slot, and the proper pill or powder will come out.
Not Sudden Enough.
Young Tutter—Miss Clara, suppose that to-morrow evening I should call again, and having nerved myself up to it, suddenly, while we were conversing, I should, without a word, throw my arms around your neck and deliberately kiss you—what would you do?
Miss Pinkery—Oh, Mr. Tutter, don't ask me to look so far ahead.
Renewal of Sectional Bitterness.
Texan (at the grocery store)—What do you call them things?
Grocer—Those are olives.
"Are they good to eat?"
"Certainly. Try one of them."
(Bites into one). "Just as I expected. Got a wooden core. Come from Connecticut, don't they?"
A LIVING SHADOW.
REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OF A NORTH CAROLINA MAN.
Strange, but True, Story From the Lumber Regions of a Southern State—Verified by Personal Investigation.
(From the Greenville, N. C., Reflector.)
The following interview has just been given our reporter by Mr. G. A. Baker, the overseer at the farm of Col. Isaac A. Suggs, of Greenville, N. C. It will interest anyone who has ever had typhoid fever. Mr. Baker said in part:
"I was living in Beaufort County, and on the 2d day of October, 1893, I was stricken down with typhoid fever. I had the best physicians to attend me and on the 15th day of January, 1894, I was allowed to get up. I was emaciated, weak and had no appetite. I could only drag along for a short distance and would be compelled to sit down and rest. This continued for some time and I began to give up hope of ever getting well. I lost my position in Beaufort County and having secured one in Pitt County, clerking in a store, I undertook it, but so weak I could not do the work and had to give it up. The disease settled in my knees, legs and feet. I was taking first one kind of medicine and then another, but nothing did me any good. I was mighty low-spirited. I moved out to Col. Suggs's about four or five months ago and commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took the first day for about three months. I began to regain my appetite in a week's time, and then my weakness began to disappear, and hopes sprang up with a blessedness that is beyond all telling. At the expiration of the three months I was entirely cured and could take my axe and go in the woods and do as good a day's work as any man. I was troubled with dyspepsia and that has disappeared. It is also a splendid tonic for weak people. I say, Mr. Editor, God bless Dr. Williams; may he live for a long time; I know he will go up yonder to reap his reward for he has done a wonderful lot of good. That makes you out of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that if they will come to me I can certainly satisfy them as to their merits. I always carry a box of pills with me and when ever I feel bad I take one."
We were forcibly struck with the earnestness of Mr. Baker and his statements may be relied on.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an un-failing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and yellow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female; and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away
Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up uncolonized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by Druggists everywhere, under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.
The Paris Mont de Piete gives out pawn tickets for about 350,000 watches annually.
To Cleanse the System
Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.
Howard Kahn, has a girl music teacher eleven years old.
Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Rheumatism, Constipation, Dropsy, etc. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.
Two children, each fifteen years old, were married in Dahlgroeka, Ga.
It Is Merely Good Health.
That beautiful complexion is health, preserved by using Face-Lines, clear the skin of blemishes and insure life more worth living.
We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. T. H. DANNEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
I can recommend Face-Lines for Consumption, Hoarseness from Anthrax, etc. Dr. J. W. Wind-sud, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1894.
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING Syrup for children teething, soothes the gums, regulates the bowels, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle if afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-Water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

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

Will be a Colossal Bottle.
At the Bordeaux exhibition which will be opened shortly, will be seen the largest bottle ever made. It will be 20 less than 85 meters, or nearly 115 feet high, and it will represent a bottle of tonic bitters. To the Bordeaux exhibition it will be what the Eiffel tower was to the Paris exhibition of 1889. The bottle will be in the center of the grounds, and the people will be admitted to the interior. Two enormous doors will give access to the ground floor, where there will be a large refreshment room. Leading to the first, second and third floors there will be two spacious staircases, each of 160 steps. They will end about half way up, after which there is to be a winding staircase leading to the neck of the bottle, at the top of which there will be a terrace, with room for thirty-five people upon it, whence a fine view of the exhibition grounds and the city will be obtained. The whole will be surmounted by a kiosk in the guise of a cork, which will afford a shelter from the sun or rain.

Mere Nothings.
In Paris one person in eighteen lives on charity.
There are thirteen miles of bookshelves in the British Museum, London.
Some men are tried and trusted, while others are tried after being trusted.
A document envelope that works like a telescope, adjusting itself to one paper or to fifty, is said to be a recent invention.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD
When pimples, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Boils and kindred ailments, and Scrofula, it is an unequalled remedy.

Farmers SEND YOUR Produce To F. I. SAGE & SON, 133 Reade St., N. Y.
Receivers of all kinds of Country Produce, including Game, Live and Dressed Poultry and Trussed Calves. Specialties: Berries, Grapes, Apples, Pears, Honey, Onions, Potatoes and Butter. Correspondence and Consignments solicited. Steadily furnished. References: Dun's or Braintree's Commercial Reports, to be found at any bank.

ROB ROY. Fit, Style, Comfort, Durability.
ONE MILLION MEN are Wearing Them.
Latest Shape. Extension Soles.

WHAT? Karl's 3 Shoes
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
KARL'S, 125 & 127 Nassau St., New York

SITUATIONS WHERE QUALIFIED—Young Men to learn Telegraph, Station and Express Agents' Duties. F. WHITEMAN, Chairman, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURSES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Consumption.

"Good Wives Grow Fair in the Light of Their Works," Especially if They Use SAPOLIO
Keep the Baby Fat.

"My baby was a living skeleton. The doctors said he was dying of Marasmus, Indigestion, etc. The various foods I tried seemed to keep him alive, but did not strengthen or fatten him. At thirteen months old he weighed exactly what he did at birth—seven pounds. I began using 'SCOTT'S EMULSION,' sometimes putting a few drops in his bottle, and again feeding it with a spoon; then again by the absorption method of rubbing it into his body. The effect was marvellous. Baby began to stouten and fatten, and became a beautiful dimpled boy, a wonder to all. SCOTT'S EMULSION supplied the one thing needful."
"MRS. KENNON WILLIAMS"
"CAVE SPRING, GA., May 21, 1894."

Scott's Emulsion
is especially useful for sickly, delicate children when their other food fails to nourish them. It supplies in a concentrated, easily digestible form, just the nourishment they need to build them up and give them health and strength. It is Cod-liver Oil made palatable and easy to assimilate, combined with the Hypophosphites, both of which are most remarkable nutrients.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!
Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.