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T. H. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.

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Are the best and cheapest goods offered. Try them and you will be fully satisfied with the results from their use.

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Total,	$20 98

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This Wonderful Cure shows the power of the medicine in dissolving stone.

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A Great Renal Depurant.

Cures all diseases of the kidneys, bladder, urinary passages. Female Weaknesses, Bed Wetting in children, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Skin and Blood Diseases, Swelled Limbs, Bright's Disease, Gravel or Stone in bladder, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample free.

Dr. Fenner's **Pellets** cure Sick Headaches, Constipation, etc. The best Family Physic.

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Sizes, shapes and shades for all ages, features and complexions, but only one quality—the best.

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ICE CREAM, CUSTARDS, WATER ICES.

The public will here find a pleasant and refreshing place to rest when fatigued with the heat and the worry of an afternoon's shopping. A cordial reception awaits you.
MRS. J. W. CLARK, JR.

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TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
The Best Spring Medicine

Just now everybody is thinking about taking something for the blood. A Spring medicine as we speak of it. And it's a good thing to do, but you want to get the proper medicine. If you consult your physician he will tell you to

Take a GOOD LIVER MEDICINE

and that, because the liver has everything to do with the blood. If the liver is sluggish the system is clogged, the blood becomes impure, and the whole body suffers. Every medicine recommended for the blood is supposed to work on the liver. Then get at once the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES,"

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It does its work well, and tones up the whole system. It is "Better than Pills," and can be had in liquid or powder.

AFTER A YEAR.

The slender lilies nod their heads
On either side the garden way,
And all along the flower beds
Tall foxgloves stand in fair array.
The throstle in the pear tree near
Still carols as when first we came
The same old song he sang last year,
And we, we are no more the same.

How strong the lilies smell! How neat
The ordered rose beds, row on row!
It's still the scene that seemed so sweet
A year ago—a year ago.
We noticed how that apple bough
Stood out so green against the sky.
It's just as fair as ever now,
But we are altered—you and I.

The days have come between us two
And moved us ever more apart.
We cannot, as we used to do,
Tell to each other all our heart.
Only a year since last we met,
But in that year what things have been!
We walk, we talk together, yet
We cannot bridge the gulf between.

All looks unchanged, save we alone.
We've drifted into other ways.
Time turns the page, the past is gone,
And naught restores the vanished days
The flying hours new scenes reveal.
We never fancied—you and I—
They could come when we should feel
No longer sad to say goodby.
—S. C. Watkins in New York Ledger.

The National Army of France.

The great armies of the French republic had been created by Carnot, with the aid of his able lieutenant, Dubois de Crance. They were organized and directed by the unassisted genius of the former. Being the first national armies which Europe had known, they were animated as no others had been by that form of patriotism which rests not merely on animal instinct, but on a principle. They had fought with joyous alacrity for the assertion, confirmation and extension of the rights of man. In the march of events their patriotism, grounded in Rousseau's doctrines, had brought into prominence his conception of natural boundaries. There was but one opinion in the entire nation concerning its frontiers—to wit, that Nice, Savoy and western Rhine border were all by nature a part of France. As to what was beyond opinion was divided, some feeling that they should continue fighting in order to impose their own system wherever possible, while others, and they by far the largest number, were either indifferent or else maintained that the nation should fight only for its natural frontier. To the support of the latter sentiment came the general longing for peace which was gradually overpowering the whole country.—Professor W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Stumped the Savage.

A distinguished African explorer, M. Mizon, on his return to France brought with him a young negress 12 years old called Sanabon. One day she was taken to see the pictures in the Goupil gallery, and her entertainers were naturally desirous of knowing how a perfected art would affect an utter savage. She was asked to tell what she saw and answered readily enough as she came to one canvas after another that she saw trees, men or animals. Finally she was led up to the canvas of an impressionist on an easel by itself and interrogated in the same fashion. She hesitated for a long time. Then she walked up to the picture, looked behind it and retreated again.

"What do you see?" urged her companions. "It is a horse," she returned hesitatingly. The intention of the artist had been to represent the margin of a pool where a woman, with a child standing beside her, was washing clothes.—San Francisco Argonaut.

All Girls Are Beautiful.

"I don't know what you ever saw in me to admire," the fair one remarked demurely.

And he answered: "Oh, well, you know, sweet one, a fellow who is anything doesn't look for mere beauty in a girl. It's"—

And now those two hearts that beat as one are doing separate thumps. He has returned her soiled glove and a lace handkerchief and the prize lock from her fringe. And she has returned everything except the diamond brooch, which she keeps as a souvenir of their shattered love.—London Tit-Bits.

Smoked Hams.

Lady—I heard you had a fire here and are selling goods at a bargain.

Grocer—That right, ma'am. Look at these fine hams for sevenpence a pound, only slightly damaged by smoke.—Pick Me Up.

HE COMMANDED THE EMPRESS.

Worth's Word Regarding Her Costumes Was Final—One Exception.

Worth was admitted to the Tuileries whenever he had something fresh to show her majesty. He would arrive there early in the morning and lay out the new toilets and stuffs he brought with him in a small room near her bedchamber. He would then withdraw, leaving his assistant behind him to give all the explanations that might be demanded. On other occasions the empress, who possessed a great deal of taste, would send for him to discuss the various fashions which he had laid before her. But he would rarely change his mind, and it was almost impossible to obtain from him the slightest modification in his dresses.

As a rule, it was the sovereign who had to submit to the will of the man dressmaker. When the trying on came, he was ushered into the presence of her majesty as soon as she had put on the dress. At a glance he detected the slightest imperfection and instructed his assistant how to remedy it. He would never allow the empress to wear a costume the effect of which was not what he expected.

A curious anecdote on this point is related by The Gaulois. The Comtesse de Montijo, mother of the empress, was always a strict observer of court ceremony, and it was Worth who had the making of her dresses. She ordered them "decollete," and being afraid of catching cold she wore a kind of transparent "maillot" to protect her arms and shoulders. The empress had often begged her not to wear low dresses, pointing out that at her age she might well wear high ones, but the countess would not give way. Thereon her majesty sent for Worth and warned him that if he made any more low dresses for her mother she would withdraw her custom from him. The countess protested, but in vain, and Worth for once obeyed orders.

He employed over 800 hands. His stock comprised the richest and most variegated collection of silks, satins and stuffs to be found anywhere. One of the Lyons silk factories worked solely for him. He had a certain talent for designing and drew a sketch in colors of the toilets he invented. Later on he employed an artist to paint his dresses in an album, which will remain in his family as a precious relic. The fall of the second empire affected him deeply, for he was a stanch imperialist. Every year he sent to the empress in exile a nosegay of violets tied up with a ribbon bearing her name in golden letters. He had his own peculiar way of dressing his customers, and his tastes were absolutely original. He was a great lover of jewelry, and his fingers were always covered with diamond rings. He had visited all the capitals of Europe, and there was hardly a personage of mark whom he had not come across. His memory was prodigious and only equaled by his discretion.

He was as generous as he was rich, and there was not a philanthropic institution to which he did not subscribe. During the siege he turned his apartment in the Champs Elysees into an ambulance, where he supported 25 soldiers sick or wounded. Numbers of persons who had seen better days were relieved by him in the most delicate manner. Charity never appealed to him in vain. His good deeds made him popular, and his name will be found in most of the memoirs of the period. The Goncourts allude to him several times in their "Journal," and Mme. Octave Feuillet, widow of the romancist, gives an amusing account in her "Souvenirs" of how, when she wanted a dress for a court ball at once, he improvised one for her in a couple of hours. The rapidity with which he could turn out a costume at a moment's notice was one of his many talents which his rivals tried in vain to imitate with success. He left behind him two sons, who appear to have inherited their father's capacities.—London Globe.

Awkwardness and Spurs.

It is pitiful to see a man who can not ride and whose feats are necessarily confined to a beaten track appear in spurs. If he were going for a walk, it would not matter, for then he would only cut his boots. But it is to be dreaded that before his return he will have lacerated his horse, and if he should chance to tumble off scored his brand new saddle.

It may be doubted how far it is advisable, even for first rate riders, to arm their heels as a mere point of dress on all occasions. A good horse will do his best without having his sides wounded. When he flinches, either he is not properly asked or he distrusts himself. Nevertheless the spur has many uses, of which he who understands them certainly ought to avail himself.—"The Arabian Horse," Major General Tweedie.

Homely Voltaire.

Voltaire was the ugliest man of his age. Emaciated to a skeleton, all the features of his countenance were exaggerated. His nose and chin nearly met from the lack of teeth; his cheeks were sunken and wrinkled; his eyes set so far back in his head and so obscured by shaggy, overhanging brows as to be almost invisible. He usually wore a large wig, from the midst of which his attenuated features peeped out with comical effect. For years before he died his weight did not exceed 90 pounds.

ODD CONCEITS IN CANES.

Human Bones and Teeth For Handles. Sticks Made of Skins of Animals.

"Some queer articles are made up into canes," said a leading maker of walking sticks to a reporter. "The curious looking knob on that stick is the top of a man's thigh bone. It was left here to be repaired by a customer whose business partner had lost his leg through an accident. The leg was amputated, and he had the knuckle of the femur made into a head for a walking stick. When he died not long ago, he willed it to his partner, who left it here."

"Do you often have people wanting stick handles made out of human bone?" asked the reporter.

"Well, not often, but I know of at least four cases since I have been in business. It is very difficult to make a satisfactory handle out of human bone on account of its spongy texture. You cannot give it a high polish, and it soon wears out or decays. This stick here, you see, has a head studded with little pieces of bone. What do you suppose they are? Why, teeth. A customer of ours had Riggs' disease, which causes the teeth to gradually drop out one by one.

As each tooth fell out he would come in and have it inserted in the head of his cane. I am just putting the last one in today. This is not a solitary instance either.

"One of the best and most expensive materials from which a stick can be made is rhinoceros horn. A first class rhinoceros horn will measure 30 to 40 inches in length. One horn will make seven or eight sticks. The horn is prepared and pressed into any shape or length. A good stick is worth from $75 to $100.

"Another material which makes a very heavy and tough stick is the skin of the manatee. The skin comes in lengths of about two feet and is dry and shriveled. They say, and I believe it to be true, that if a blow is struck with a manatee stick hard enough to draw blood the death of the victim will follow. It is claimed that it is poisonous if any of it gets into the blood. There are very strict rules against carrying them in Cuba and West Indies generally."

Snakewood is the most expensive wood used in canes. It is also the strongest and lasts longest. A plain piece of snakewood big enough for a cane is worth $5 when mounted. The dealer showed a stick made from one of the oak slats used as a temporary footpath over the Brooklyn bridge before it was opened. The backbone of a shark makes an odd stick, light and very strong. Whalebone, sheep's horn and many kinds of skins are also made into canes. For handles boar's teeth and the tusks of hippopotami are generally used—that is, for the high priced sticks. Cheaper handles are made from different grades of buckhorn. Walrus tusks are also largely used for good handles. The hardest thing in the world in the way of bone is the grinder of a hippopotamus. You can strike fire from it with steel. No tool will touch it, and the enamel has to be eaten away with acids before the tusk can be worked at all.—New York World.

Street Democracy.

They were two ragged children standing on the curbstone watching the carriages as they drove up and stopped to let out their occupants.

The street waifs were dirty and ragged and no doubt hungry, for the basket they carried between them was empty, and the face of the younger of the two was tear stained.

"They must be awful rich," he said to the girl at his side.

"Jimmy," she answered, "d'ye know wot I'd do if I was rich as—as mud, like them? I'd jes' set up straight in me carriage, an if the folks didn't get out o' the way I'd run over 'em, so I wud."

"I wouldn't," said Jimmy slowly and solemnly. "If I wuz rich, I wouldn't want no carridge, nor hosses, nor nothin. I'd go jes' as fast as ever I cud to heven an bring me mudder back agen."

He finished with a sob, and the girl looked at him with an air of superior disdain.

"You're a silly," she said, but her voice was soft, and she took his hand in hers as they moved away.

Catching the Chairman.

Very frequently it occurs that an overofficious director of a railway company will make a point when traveling on his line of railway of laying nice little traps for the lowly employees and afterward soundly rating those who fall into them.

The other day one of these individuals arrived at a wayside station in a trap. The porter carried his portmanteau and rugs onto the platform, and when the train arrived put them into a first class carriage. Before getting in the gentleman handed the man a 2 shilling piece. The man touched his cap and said:

"Thank'ee, sir."

Then the great director frowned.

"Do you know that by accepting that fee you are rendering yourself liable to instant dismissal? Weren't you told on entering this company's service that under no circumstances were you permitted to receive gratuities from the general public?"

The poor man quailed and shuffled nervously, for he saw that he had been caught. He had never met this pompous person before, but he guessed that he had some connection with the company. So, brightening up, he said: "That's right enough, sir. But you ain't one of the general public. You're the chairman of the company." He kept the 2 shillings.

HOW CABLES ARE SENT.

The Two Systems of Submarine and Overland Telegraphy Are Very Different.

The manner in which messages are sent and received over the transatlantic cables between this country and Europe is very different from that in which telegrams are transmitted.

The two systems of submarine and overland telegraphy, although but two departments of the one science and in many ways closely connected, are yet entirely different one from the other.

The apparatus, the methods of signaling and even the telegraphic characters that form the alphabet are altogether dissimilar, and the most expert land line operator would be as much at a loss in an attempt to send a message over the cable as would a locomotive engineer.

Instead of the loud clatter and din and the incessant clicking of brass sounders so familiar to every one as the distinctive characteristic of a telegraph office, there is in the cable office absolute silence so far as the manipulation of the instruments is concerned.

Instead of the message being rattled off by the tongue of a brass sounder into the ear of the operator they are silently written by a slender, mysterious finger on a ribbon of white paper, which passes quickly before his eyes. The paper ribbon, which is about half an inch wide, is unwound from a roll and drawn by noiseless clockwork over a shelflike desk in front of the operator.

A delicate glass tube no thicker than an ordinary needle and crooked like a bent forefinger, which is suspended between the poles of a large upright magnet, moves nervously to the right and left on the ribbon being drawn beneath it and traces in a thin line of blue ink characters that look something like the markings on a barometer chart or the quotation board of a stockbroker.

If the comparatively clumsy instruments used for land telegraphy were used on the Atlantic cables, scarcely one word a minute could be transmitted, while with the recorder a speed of from 15 to 25 words a minute is regularly maintained.

The mirror, which is still used on some cables, is the most delicate and perfect telegraphic instrument ever invented. It is simply a small needle suspended in a magnetic coil delicate and fragile as a feather caught in a spider's web.

The needle is a piece of watch spring three eighths of an inch long suspended by a short thread of cocoon silk and having a small piece of silvered glass affixed to it with shellac. The whole thing weighs but 1 1-2 grains.

The instrument is placed in a dark room, and a ray of light from a lamp is focused through a lens on the mirror and reflected back onto a graduated scale. The currents of electricity sent through the cable enter the magnetic coil and cause the needle to be deflected from side to side, the motions being made to form telegraphic characters.

These minute vibrations are read off by an operator, who calls out each word as he receives it to a copyist, usually in an adjoining room.—New York Dispatch.

A Treasured Nickel.

An ordinary 5 cent piece is carefully treasured by Artist Frank Duckett of Philadelphia as a memento of General Grant. Mr. Duckett came into possession of this memento in this way: One day several years ago Mr. Duckett boarded a street car directly after a stout man whose full brown beard and black slouch hat struck Mr. Duckett as familiar. A moment later he recognized his fellow passenger as General Grant, whom he had frequently seen during a sojourn at Washington several months previous. Mr. Duckett took a seat directly opposite the distinguished gentleman. The conductor came in to collect the fares. Mr. Duckett handed the conductor a dime, and at the same moment General Grant gave the same official a nickel. The conductor turned the general's nickel over to Mr. Duckett and rang up the fares. Mr. Duckett carefully stowed his "change" away in a separate pocket and has cherished the coin ever since because of its having been last used by the great soldier president. — Philadelphia Record.

A Motto by Francis Joseph.

A German authoress who is collecting autographs for an album for girls and has valuable contributions by the Emperor William I and Frederick has obtained the following motto from the Emperor Francis Joseph, who is not known to have given such autographs before. It is written in a clear, bold hand and runs thus: "Take your duties seriously and require the same of others, but be lenient toward the failings of your neighbor. Franz Josef."—London News.

Only an Emperor.

William II is not the only German emperor who has dabbled in music. The Emperor Charles VI was congratulated on his skill by the composer Fuchs, who said to him, "What a pity, sire, you are not a conductor!" To this Charles VI replied: "Well, it can't be helped. I am only an emperor and must make the best of it."

Frederick Barbarossa had, according to a contemporary historian, a beard that reached down to his knees. "A story longer than the king's beard" was a proverb of his time.