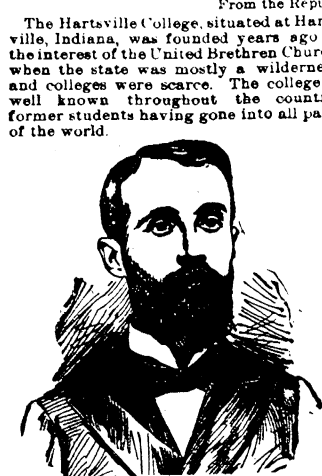


A SCIENTIST SAVED

President Barnaby, of Hartsville College, Survives a Serious Illness Through the Aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.



PROF. ALVIN P. BARNABY.

A reporter recently called at the famous seat of learning and was shown into the room of the President, Prof. Alvin P. Barnaby. When last seen by the reporter Prof. Barnaby was in delicate health. Today he was apparently in the best of health. In response to an inquiry the professor said: "Oh, yes, I am much better than for some time. I am now in perfect health, but my recovery was brought about in rather a peculiar way."

"Tell me about it," said the reporter. "Well, to begin at the beginning," said the professor, "I studied too hard when at school, endeavoring to please myself for the professors. After completing the common course I came here, and graduated from the theological course. I entered the ministry, and accepted the charge of a

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.
The Lowest Rates Ever Made to an Exposition in This Country.

The Exposition in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the admission of Tennessee into the Union is not a local affair by any means. It far surpasses in extent of buildings, beauty of grounds, interesting exhibits and number of both foreign and home attractions any exhibition ever held in this country. It is the possible exception of the Columbian of 1893. Located as it is on the main line of Louisville & Nashville Railroad it is the direct line of travel between the North and South, and can be visited en route with loss of but little time. The extremely low rates that have been established make it cheaper to go a little out of your way, even to take in this great show, while its own attractions will well repay a special visit. Write Mr. C. R. Moore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for matter concerning it.

We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavoring to be so ourselves. Goldsmith.

Now is the Time to Get a Home.
The Chicago & North-Western Railway has just published a newspaper giving facts about the great State of South Dakota and the advantages for the purchase of agricultural, dairy and cattle lands. Lands can be had at present upon most favorable terms, and there is every indication of large immigration into the state this season. Correspondence is solicited from intending settlers, and a copy of the paper will be mailed free, upon application to W. B. Kniskern, 25 Fifth Avenue Chicago, Illinois.

To reach more than half an hour a man should be an angel himself or have angels for hearers.—Whitfield.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c per box. If C.C.C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

Make Him
The lower lips about the world "owing him a living." The world owes him nothing but a very rough coffin and a retired and otherwise useless place to put it.

I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited upon the children, as well as the sins of the father.

A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant, has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.

The Illinois supreme court has declared the inheritance tax law of that state as valid and constitutional.

There is a Class of People
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it with out distress and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c. and 25c. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare, and he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

Easiest way to kill a chicken is to break the egg before it is hatched. Same is true of consumption. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a positive cure for coughs and colds. Nothing will cure consumption. Does it pay to neglect the cold?

No soul is so desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—George Eliot.

One to five applications of Doan's Ointment will cure the worst case of itching piles there ever was. Can you afford to suffer tortures when a simple, never-failing remedy is at hand? Doan's Ointment never fails.

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over.—G. Macdonald.

Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has cured hundreds of cases of deafness that were supposed to be incurable. It never fails to cure earache.

The violence done to us by others is often less painful than that which we do to ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

Constipation is a deadly enemy to health; Burdock Blood Bitters is a deadly enemy to constipation.

There is no sweeter repose than that which is brought by labor.—Chamfort.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

A man like a watch is to be valued for his manner of going.—William Penn.

My doctor said I would die, but Pilo's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kelsner, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, 1893.

Self-denial is indispensable to a strong character.—Theodore Parker.

A man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.—Bacon.

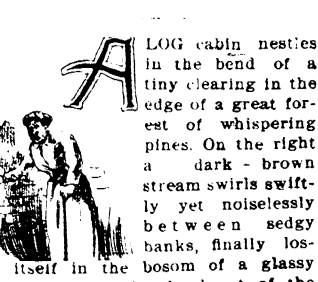
A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.
Related by a Keeper of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson.

(From the Jackson Citizen.)
Mr. A. E. Wing resides at 612 N. Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich. He is a keeper in the Michigan State Prison, a man of sterling integrity, and whose word is beyond dispute. He tells the following story of a wonderful escape, and the incidents connected with the dangerous position in which he was placed. He says, some months ago my attention was attracted by a swelling of my groin, which began to increase in size to such an extent that I was alarmed. It spread down my legs to my feet, and I was bloated from my waist down, so badly that I could not pull my pants, over my legs, and I had to open my shoes fully two inches before I could get them on. Even my face became puffed up, and my whole system seemed affected. I could hardly drag myself upstairs to undress. I consulted a physician, one of the best in the city. He said the swelling was caused by an irritation of the kidneys, and I commenced treatment with him. But I seemed to be getting worse. I was strongly urged by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I finally consented. After the first week I commenced to see a change, and felt much better. This was encouraging, and I continued their use. I took five boxes in all, with the happy result that I was completely cured. I have never heard of any medicine which had such a pronounced and radical effect, and yet not affect the system generally and leave it in such a good condition. I feel better now than I ever did. After the effect was once established the swelling gradually disappeared until it was entirely gone. I regard Doan's Kidney Pills as a most wonderful agent in the curing of any form of kidney disorder.

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

A man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.—Bacon.

MAMMY'S CHILE.



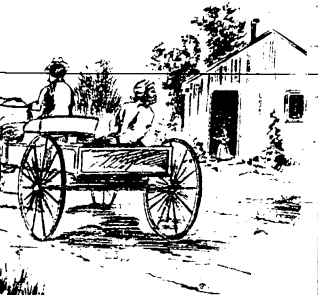
A LOG cabin nestles in the bend of a tiny clearing in the edge of a great forest of whispering pines. On the right a dark brown stream swirls swiftly by, between sedgy banks, finally losing itself in the bosom of a glassy black lake deep in the heart of the noisy swamps.

On the left a field of fair young cotton stretches in even, monotonous drills as far as the eye can reach, the tender plant faintly green along the ridges of grayish-black soil of the furrows. The June sun beats down most ardently upon wood and field, a steady, burnished, golden glory, and the intense heat refracted from its rays against the scorching earth rises man-high, quivering like the exposed nerve surface of a timorous soul, swaying, shimmering, rising and falling in fantastic arabesque over all the arid uplands.

Near the edge of the field a man bends over a hoe, industriously working among the young plants. He is a bondsman, a slave, but yet he is happy, for the little, tall, graceful black woman who bends so steadily above the washtub propped against the cabin-side is his wife. He has chosen her from among all the dusky maidens on the big plantation, and in his heart is a great love and as great a hope that by steady work he may soon buy her freedom and his own.

His thoughts dwell upon this subject as he works, singing as he keeps time, with slow, monotonous chopping of his hoe in the dry, loose soil. His melody is trivial and primitive, full of monotonous repetition, but the vocal harmonies are rich, full, strange, of barbaric originality, not easy to write or interpret. But the voice of the woman repeats the refrain in a soft, tremulous crescendo that rises now and again into an almost prophetic wail, and there is no sweeter music in the world to his untrained ear than her mournful voice as it quivers back to him upon the vibrant air:

"Out'n de wilderness, oh, Lord!"
Crowning the hill a lordly white mansion glistens through the green foliage and from a side gate in the green hedge a path runs in sinuous curves between lush fields of grass and clover down to the little cabin in the edge of the wood. Through the little gate comes a girl, tall, lithe, and sootily clothed. Her limbs are bare, and she holds a cotton basket over her head to shield her face from the sun. Her black eyes glowing from beneath the coarse screen with sidereal fires. She does not tarry on the path that the sun has kissed to scorching intensity. Her bare, slender brown feet bare, fly touch the hot, white sand as she dances over the path with many fantastic steps, keeping time to the swift rhythm of her body and limbs with a low, monotonous, musically, weirdly monotonous, juba tune, dear to the negro heart, and which forms an accompaniment to his best beloved dance. The girl joins the woman at the tub outside the hut, plunging her long brown arms among the snowy linen floating in the azure water. She has left off dancing now, but she still hums the tune, and keeps time with her work as she rubs and wrings the dainty white garments. In the doorway of the cabin, that is sharply out-



MAMMY: OH, MAMMY!

lined against the gloom of the interior, a figure appears suddenly, a tiny ebony tot, a scant snowy white garment barely covering its cup-like dusky body. It stands uncertainly on its wobbly infant feet and crows inquiringly, insistently: "Mammy, mammy!" The woman leaves the tub suddenly, catching the little black pickaninny in her arms, a swift gleam of the holy joy of motherhood illuminating her face. "Mammy's chile!" she murmurs passionately, and then, holding the infant high in her arms, she calls to the man hoeing in the field. He laughs and brandishes his hoe, making grotesque motions to attract the baby's wandering gaze.

The sun beats down with the same fiercely burnished rays upon the cabin, the mysterious stream, the whispering wood, and the path leading from the mansion through the hayfield is just as hot. But the green shutters of the mansion are tightly closed, the trim yard is in disorder, and the erstwhile fair blooming garden is trampled out of recognition by many feet. A curious spectacle is being enacted in the ruined garden. In the graveled space before the wide piazza a block has been erected. To the right is huddled a shrinking group of men and women, sootily clad, bare of head and foot, their knobby hands telling eloquent tales of days of ceaseless toil with hoe and plow. Facing them a curious, eager group of sun-tanned white men afoot and astride of glistening animals murmur and comment on the commonplace heart-breaking tragedy.

The slender-limbed yellow girl has mounted the block, and in her liquid-black eyes there is a gleam of resigned comprehension. The strident voice of the auctioneer assaults the cowering summer silence; there is a murmur among the white men, and the girl steps down, the whole current of her life changed by a few brutal words. One after another the shrinking black victims tremblingly mount the overturned tub that does duty for a block, and now it is the turn of the woman whose home and heart are centered in the tiny cabin, the tip of whose smokeless chimney can be seen over the green hedge.

Her fate, also, is quickly decided.

She is taken from the block, hustled into a wagon, the driver mounts his seat and starts at a brisk trot. The road winds through the wood, past the cabin, and as the wagon draws near a tiny white-clad figure appears against the black square of the low doorway. The babe recognizes the bowed figure crouching in the wagon, and stretches out its tiny hands, its shrill treble reaching her through the clatter of the flying hoof-beats: "Mammy! Mammy! Oh, mammy!"

"My baby chile!" The wagon clatters on, the cabin passes from view, receding with every step of the horses farther from the life of the helpless black woman.

Every one in town knows old Beck. She is bent, blind, deaf, altogether hopelessly decrepit. She receives the pittance of charity with a humble bob of her stiff old body, but no intelligent conversation is expected of her, though her old lips are always moving, repeating over and over a single sentence that has, together with the picture of a little child in a scant gown stretching its hands to her from a low cabin door, burned itself into her broken heart and crazed brain. "Mammy! Oh, mammy!" And she mutters between her shriveled lips, as she plops along her uncertain way: "Mammy's chile, mammy's chile!"

LOUISE PIKE.

NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

Vegetables and Flowers Brought to Early Maturity.

Experiments conducted for the last five years at Cornell college, the results of which were made public last June, seem to prove that electricity may be used to stimulate the growth of plants, says a writer in the New York Herald. Agricultural scientists had long recognized the valuable part that atmospheric electricity played in the life of vegetable growths, but the artificial application of it had never before been attempted. In addition to the application of electricity to the seeds of the plants and to the soil, the experimenters at Cornell used the arc light at night. The plants receiving the bright electric rays at night and the sunshine in the daytime were found to grow much faster than those not thus supplied with the artificial stimulant. Lettuce, spinach, radishes and similar vegetables were brought to maturity in almost half the time ordinarily required. By applying the arc light direct to the plants their growth was so accelerated that many ran to seed before the edible leaves were formed. Plants placed within five feet of the lamp died and wilted shortly after being taken out of the soil. The effect upon flowering plants, especially upon the daisy, petunia and violet, was equally remarkable. The blooms were hastened in their growth and their number multiplied. The colors were frequently made more brilliant. On the other hand, they faded sooner. A Mr. Rawson, who owns a fancy truck farm near Boston and has tried similar methods, finds that the gain from one lot of lettuce is sufficient to pay the expense of operating the electric lights during a whole season.

New Friends and Old.

New friends can never take the same place in our lives as the old. The former may be better liked for the time, their society may have even more attraction, but in a way they are strangers. If through change of circumstance they go out of our lives they go out of it altogether. These latter-day friendships have no root, as it were. Their growth is like Jonah's gourd—overshadowing, perhaps, and expansive, but at the surface, whereas an old friend remains a friend forever. Although, separated for an indefinite period and not seen for years, if a chance happening brings old comrades together, they resume the old relations in the most natural manner and take up the former lines as easily as if there had been no break or interruption of the intimate intercourse of old lang syne.

Such relations are impossible to establish except in youth, but once made they are for life. As people grow older these friends and associates of youth are apt to be more appreciated and old relations are oftentimes resumed that have been suffered to languish for many years.

These links with the past form a chain that, next to the ties of blood, makes one of the strongest relations of social life.

Although pessimists declare that friendship is a myth and what are called intimates are people who consort together for amusement or self-interest, the very fact that there is this feeling of especial kindness for old time associates proves that there is such a thing as sentiment independent of worldly considerations.—New York Tribune.

"Run It by Water."
A young lumberman of northern Minnesota, whose habits of drinking had given the "blind staggers" to his business, reformed and ran his sawmill with profit. While in the transition period he met Tom, an old friend. "How are you?" asked Tom. "Pretty well, thank you; but I have just seen a doctor to have him examine my throat."

"What's the matter?" "Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least he could not find what I want to find."

"What did you expect him to find?" "I asked him to look down my throat for the saw mill and farm that had gone down there in drink."

"And did he see anything of them?" "No; but he advised me if ever I got another mill to run it by water."

How It Travels.

She—"But a woman can make money faster than a man can." He—"Yes; I've known you to travel half over the city to spend half a dollar when a man would have parted with it at the first store he went into!"—Boston Transcript.

Costly Meal of a Pig.
A peasant living near Milan recently bought a pig, which, when killed, was found to have swallowed a metal matchbox containing two notes of the value of \$250.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Getting Ready for the Slight of Hand Performer. Tough on Mr. Goat. Sailing Affair Impending. E. U.—The Woman Question.

Lesson One.
(GIRL)—and cannot flowers press? I believe you're joking, now. But if you really cannot, Bees, I'll have to show you how.

To press a fragrant rose or two, Or even a tender fern, Is something I am sure that you can very quickly learn.

And now I'll give you lesson one In flower-pressing, Bees. And yet it cannot well be done This afternoon, unless

We had a bunch of flowers here—A few with which to do—But you're so like a flower, dear, Why couldn't I press you?

—James Courtney Challis.

Staved Off Impending Evil.
Mrs. Bimley met her husband in the hall and gave him a good hug and kiss.

"Oh, George," she said, "I'm so glad you've come. Your slippers are by the fire, and I have a nice hot supper for you, and some of that quince marmalade you like so well. When you are away I'm so lonely I don't know what to do, and I thought I would ask you if—"

"Here," said Bimley, hurriedly drawing from his pocket a \$20 bill; "this is for a spring bonnet and I'll have that set of diamond earrings sent up first thing in the morning. Don't say a word; you are perfectly welcome."

Later on Bimley wiped the perspiration from his brow and muttered to himself:

"Got that visit from her mother headed off once more, but it comes high."—Detroit Free Press.



Mr. William Goat (sottoquoting).
Well, now, that's what I call tough! If things keep on this way, I'll get so a feller won't be able to raise a square meal!

His Desire.
"It's a small thing to mention," said the middle-aged man, in a tone of apology, "but while we're among strangers here I wish you wouldn't call me colonel. I'd rather be known as captain."

"But you are fully entitled to the designation."

"I know I am, and I don't want you to think I am not proud of my military record. But everybody who gets a title without having been in the army seems to be called colonel. It isn't always a man's own fault; his friends, who mean well, are responsible. They never distinguish him as captain, and that's why I'd like to have you use the word in my case. It serves me to identify me with the army and it sounds more genuine."—Washington Star.

A Flood Sufferer.
"You a flood sufferer?" "Nitt!" said the hired lady. "You have been hanging around town all this winter and spring."

"But I am, lady, indeed I am," protested Mr. Dismal Dawson. "I got to thinkin' of all that water, an' it made me that sick 'n' weak that I ain't been even able to ask for work."—Indianapolis Journal.

Like Many Others.
"I thought you were going to get your share of the pie," said the man who had stayed at home.

"I guess I couldn't wait long enough," said the man who had gone to Washington in a sleeper and come back in the smoker. "I seem to have got no farther than the soup."—Indianapolis Journal.



Getting Ready.
Tommy: "Practiclein' wot?" Jimmy: "Trowin' things. Can't yer read dat bill? It sez 'don't miss him.' I wonder wot his fav'rable vegetable is?"

The Woman Question.
"Woman will never make a successful politician. She cares too little for public sentiment."

"Of course, woman does not like public sentiment. No gentleman would make love to a woman in public, anyway."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

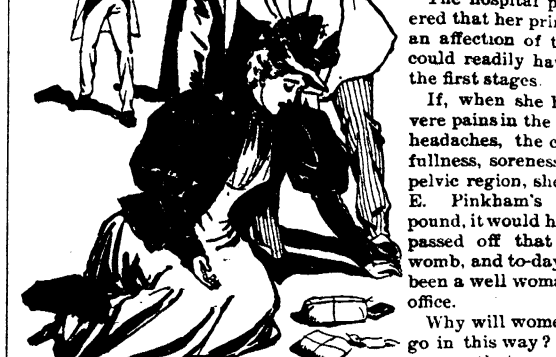
Told by the Editor.
"Here's a magazine with only six pages of advertising. How do you suppose it can live?"

"Easy enough. Each contributor must send on fifty subscribers to insure the acceptance of his article."—Cleveland Leader.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY

A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine.

This mere wreck of a woman had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large publishing house in New York. Her health began to fail. Instead of taking rest and medical treatment, she resorted to the stimulus of morphine.



The hospital physicians discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages.

If, when she had felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it would have dissolved and passed off that polypos in the womb, and to-day she would have been a well woman sitting in her office.

Why will women let themselves go in this way? It seems passing strange that a woman like this one, so highly educated, and so well placed, should have depended on morphine, instead of seeking a radical cure.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers—she need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman; her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her; it will cost you nothing. In the meantime get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the nearest drug store. The following letter from one of your sisters will encourage you:

Mrs. BERTHA LEHRMAN, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and sideache, leucorrhoea, and the worst forms of womb troubles. 'Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stout and heartier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying.'"



Misunderstood.
Pat—Oi want to get a pair av shoes for th' bye.
Clerk—Certainly, sir; French kid?
Pat—No, soor, he's an Irish kid.

Drunk for Twenty Years.
A correspondent writes: "I was drunk on and off for over twenty years, drunk when I had money, sober when I had none. Many dear friends I lost, and numbers gave me good advice to no purpose, but thank God, I got my hand out last in the form of my poor wife, who administered my marvelous remedy, 'Anti-Jag,' to me without my knowledge or consent. I am now saved and completely transformed from a worthless fellow to a sober and respected citizen."

If "Anti-Jag" cannot be had at your drug-gist's it will be mailed in plain wrapper with full directions how to give secretly, on receipt of One Dollar, by the Remova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York, or they will gladly mail full particulars free.

Vanity makes us do more things against inclination than reason.—Rochefoucauld.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Ad. S. J. L. Remedy Co., Chicago, or New York.

It takes hard times to make some people thankful.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Is a constitutional cure.—Price, 75c.

The way to speak with power is to speak honestly.

FITS Permanently Cured. Notice or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send at once for free booklet. Dr. J. C. Kline, 1531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wives seldom know when they have a good thing.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fails, druggists refund money.

Nature's loving proxy—a watchful mother.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, cures colic, 25 cents a bottle.

Quick steps indicate energy and agitation.

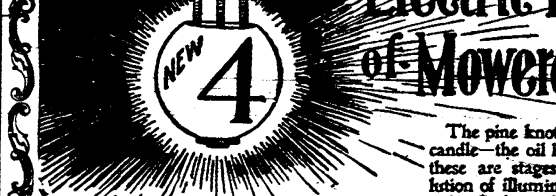
Coe's Cough Balsam. In the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is a sure relief. Try it.

Genius is a curse unless it loves truth.

SPRAINS? You'll find out what they are when you use crutches.

You'll find ST. JACOBS OIL out when you put the crutches away, completely cured.

Electric Light of Mowerdom.



The pine knot—the tallow candle—the oil lamp—gas—these are stages in the evolution of illumination, which today finds its highest exponent in the electric light.

Similar and no less striking has been the evolution of grain and grass cutting machinery. In 1831 the scythe and the cradle were superseded by the McCormick Reaper. The intervening years have seen many improvements until now we have that model Harvester and Binder, the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator, and that veritable electric light of mowerdom, the

MCCORMICK

New 4. It is not only the handsomest mower ever built, but it is, in every sense of the word, the best—and if your experience has taught you anything, it is that there's nothing cheaper than the best.

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago.

The Light-Harvesting McCormick Open Elevator Harvester. The Light-Harvesting McCormick Binder. The Light-Harvesting McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator. The Light-Harvesting McCormick Reaper. The Light-Harvesting McCormick Mower.