Durable.

There's almost no wear out to the

They're built to stand constant wear and rough handling.

Quick Bakers, Superior Cookers, Powerful Heaters.

Made in a great variety of styles, all written guarantee with every stove.

For Sale by J. G. Powell.

Huntsman by the name of Dalton married two sisters by the name of Nichols, in Oklahoma, the other day. This is one of the instances where if the Nichols are taken care of the Dalton will take care of themselves.—Chicago Times.

Bachelor Reflections.

A nine man never tells a woman that she looks well in a veil.

The nicest woman an intellectual woman who didn't envy a pretty one.

A much-engaged woman always hates some little weight, except in his own fancy.

Love is like the toothache—it makes every other feeling seem as though it were not worth mentioning.

Girls always seem to think they have to say a whole lot if they love them to make it because they are going to get married.

He is mean who marries a man with an idea of devoting her whole life to him unless he is practically compromised on taking care of her own complexion.

CASTORIA

Tho Fac-Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on the Wrapper of Every Bottle of CASTORIA

JAMES LANE, Tuttle, the author of popular books of which are "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and "Captain Cyclone," and "Elder Stanley," has written a book entitled "Elder Parker, Deacon," to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the famous editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

THE Hearth and Home is authorized by the statement that "women interest in the sporting page is increasing." Well, young heroes for that purpose that if she is reminded a race and presentative of some discourse.

English Spanish Liniment removes all hard, soft bunches from horses, cures Sweeny, Fistula, Poll Evil, Quitter, Scratches, Thrush, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, etc. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known. Sold by druggists. Large bottle, 1 article.

Lady Brassey, wife of the famous yacht-owner, lives, says Mr. McKinley pretty well. Last week in a special exercise to bid a farewell to the Japanese Minister, the Secretary conducted, as Congressman Hayes, was evidently quite a pony race not over the Potomac road, Mr. Barker, a popular citizen, was first and a leading character, a member of the Republican party, and promoted in N. M. C. A week. Here is a straw that indicates how the people are disenchanted with the Republican promises of increased wages and prosperity. It is a curious indication that the vote in Maine was so much smaller than usual.

A CURE FOR CATARRH.

After trying various remedies for Catarrh for twenty years, I have at last found something that cures me permanently in a year for home. Ely's Cream Balm.

Bachelor's Medical Advice.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, boils, felons, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jarman & Co.

A Bachelor's Opinion.

If there is a kind of a girl that I detest it is one that is always trying to get me to go to church. I don't like the girl you're engaged to either. I don't like her style. She's a rather strangled sort of a girl. She's a real peculiar, and hands it to his friend.) What do you think of her? Is she worth the candy? But you know, Tree—

Tree—Well?

St. Aubyn—Oh! you are rather—er—er—motherly, you know?

I will (sentimentally)—Oh! I'm crushed. Is that how you look upon the future wife of your friend?

St. Aubyn—Well, I shouldn't want to be her if I were you. She's a very jolly little girl, and awfully pretty, not to mention her accomplishments, but I mean, you know, old fellow! But she's a girl you would not like to put her in your life to love her, that's about all.

Tree—Thanks for your candor. I know of here is at the Metic garden party, and remember, and she goes six with him after the did the other evening and he will go no more here, for aught I care. I would I'd taken her out!

St. Aubyn—You've said that before, and had to repent in the dust and ashes, and wear sackcloth, and eat humble pie, you know.

Tree—This time I mean it! (Calls another brother friend.) Are you coming at one gulp, brown dung the cote, and all?

St. Aubyn—Poor Cecil!

Brown (H.)—A cocktail is a thing that appears in the morning, simmers all day, refills to be sent through the circulation, and then goes to the head. Cocktails are a thing of many parts. Of character sorts, it is. Jim Cecil Trevelyan, Brown (H.)—Yes, I know him. He's a fine fellow, and I must say, judging by the talk Lime and Tom Westcourt, we have got into the habit of drinking to the health of the fortune and.

Tree—Oh!

Lime (softly, with a momentary pause ready)—It's awfully good of you to walk about out here with me, without wanting to know why I have asked you to do it.

Tree—I'd walk about, with you, for hours—in the desert of Sahara, if you wanted me to, Beatrice, sometimes his

Tutt's Pills Cure All Liver Ills. A Strong Fortification.

Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, constipation, jaundice, blotches and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life"

Is out. Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall never be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. I Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills.

VIBRATION.

The student declares that all sound is but motion,
And thrusts strictures that strike on the ear
The value of the song bird, the roar of the ocean,
The whizzing trips of love and the screeching of fear,
And as the typewriter's a telephone only,
To carry the news to the shuttlecock office, the
That dwells in the flesh, calm worry and
To speak for the joys and the rest of the free.
The thinker, relentless in his meditation,
Declares that the objects we see are but
Are intended to us only because of vibration.
In all of their forms and their tone manifestations.
And so from my eyes are let loose certain
And the thought that conforms to each
Is the picture upon them to me in my left,
As I stand at the bars, in my darkness appear
For a glimpse of the freedom beyond the fresh veil.
We fatly up our cities or talk with each other,
Across the distance and ocean perchance, by
Intercourse
The earth has grown smaller, each man is a brother,
And time has defeated into the ocean
And yet its corrosion, or some preservation
Of force that is swift, as the lightning or
Is clearly about us
We are bound in the form of a rapid
By vibration
The blaze in our lamps or to keep through the air.
And the thought that conforms to each
Is the picture upon them to me in my left,
With its wires responding to every vibration
Of body and wire, for I see that we
Are the "one" who is thinking who starts
In formless and viceless to pour partial
Through all of my being is strelled with de-
Of the wire
And the whisper exploring the realm of
Is the vibration we call mild are dead and
That life is expressed through the means
Of vibration, or motion.
The forceful, the viceless and the
Are "one" to "one" is a thought of the
Vibrating forever a theft from this love
Is the voice ever so, without fear or
And
Is the "one" who is thinking who starts
In formless and viceless to pour partial

WITH ONE STONE.

Some 3-A prettily-appointed dressing room, really lighted by shaded lamps. Two or three fashionable women present. Time, 7:15, indicative more the injustice of the evening toilet table.

Time—5 P. M.

Jones-Lane Infirmary, the mother of popular physician, who is at Bad Nauheim for a vacation and No Vacation. Mrs. Lane is a sister of Dr. Lane, the brother of Dr. Barton, formerly an editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

Time recently extended in the depths of a log cozy chair)—You've not treated his member with over-much good! (Heads it.) And I don't think it deserves any. Five, why should you dance with Tom Wentworth?

Minnie (drooling vigorously)—The fact is, I'm getting tired of Cecil's absurd jealousy. If he says a word to me, I'll—

Lilian (with vim)—And Isabel's such a dear, I'm awfully fond of her.

Minnie—Well, his income isn't anything against him, as it? But what should you do?

Lilian (primarily, with a smile as of certain pleasing memories)—I'd simply tell Tom Wentworth—(a suggestive pause) and I think he'd live changed with me.

Minnie (with a long-drawn intense-ness)—Oh-h!

Lilian—Exactly so. (Reflects a little.) I've an inspiration, dear! Does Cecil know that you're going to the Hunt Ball?

Minnie—No. Why?

Lilian (gayly, without explaining)—We're just the same height, and you have Cecil's exactly the same of color (after a moment's deliberation)—pea-green. That lovely pea green you showed me this afternoon would suit me immensely well—

Minnie—But you're not going to wear it, you see!

Lilian—Oh, I think I am going to wear it. Cecil's going to take me down, and I've a friend decisively in it, and impressively details in her a plan of the same.

Some 21—The smoking lounge of the Imperial Club. Cecil Trevelyan, and his friend St. Aubyn.

Cecil—Have a cigar, St. Aubyn?

St. Aubyn—I say, Tree! Another fellow's smoke! You don't usually go on that.

Cecil—Don't, under his dark mustache—I like the girl you're engaged to settled down, old fellow, and I like her father stranded letter from Lime, and I've read pocket, and handle it to his friend.)

St. Aubyn (musing it)—By what name charge? But you know, Tree—

Cecil—What?

St. Aubyn—Oh! you are rather—er—motherly, you know?

I will (sentimentally)—Oh! I'm crushed. Is that how you look upon the future wife of your friend?

St. Aubyn—Well, I shouldn't want to be her if I were you. She's a very jolly little girl, and awfully pretty, not to mention her accomplishments, but I mean, you know, old fellow! But she's a girl you would not like to put her in your life to love her, that's about all.

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Thousands of Women SUFFER UNTOLD MISERIES.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR, ACTS AS A SPECIFIC By Arousing to Healthy Action all the Organs.

...IS Never Fails to Regulate...

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

BIG HAT IN CHURCH.

It Pits the Whole Universe for the Man Behind a Woman.

This is what happens to the man behind the woman with the big hat in church. The preacher clasps his hands and mentally remarks he's a wonder. And with the last word of the sentence he starts to count the sermon, and the meditated settlement of the week's bills. He wonders if he can be fined upon the sermon? The woman with the big hat is unconscious of the sanctuary and its destruction, the preacher is unconscious of her, and immediately one's thoughts center upon her.

It is a wonderful construction. There is a big hat in front of you, and it is a big hat, and it is impossible to see the preacher's head and one begins to calculate how much of the sermon is composed of feathers disposed, apparently, with a view to the greatest possible display. The man sees between them whichever way he looks, and he looks in every way in the series of ribbon, upright and immovable, and he looks in every way in succession.

He certainly can get a momentary glimpse of the preacher's head when it is stretched out in gesticulation, but he cannot see his face, and he cannot hear clearly hearing the air. The preacher might be addressing the man in the next pew. The only thing visible is the big hat, and the only thing audible is another hat of the same kind further on.

Discovery in Russia.

Mr. Fisher has discovered that the wearer the head of the holy synod in Russia it was necessary that the heads of the holy synod in Russia it was necessary that the heads of the holy synod in Russia it was necessary that the heads