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Ginger Snaps, 50c lb.  
Gardines, 50c lb.  
6 bars Swiss Home Soap, 25c  
Mixed Biscuits, 9c lb.  
Eggs, 10c lb.  
A Jay's Tea, low season, usual price 50c, for 40c lb.  
B. Powder, Standard, 12c lb.  
Big bargains in fancy kitchen Flower Pots, decorated in fancy colors, 15c each.  
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## SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

Not those who face the cannon's roar,  
Or dare an earthly hell,  
That represent a stirring heart,  
With deeds wrought good and well.  
'Tis those who in the ranks of life,  
Of true tho' humble birth,  
Who sow and reap the golden grain  
And beautify God's earth.

The bravest hearts 'mid free born men  
Throb o'er the till'd soil.  
The faces wet with honest sweat  
Smile amidst the toil.  
These are the men who stanch and true  
Combat misfortune's din,  
When famine's hand approach the land,  
They man the guns,—and win.  
—Pretoria.

## THE BRANDYWINE'S STORY.

More than thirty years since, a young recluse known to his friends as "the bard of Brandywine," charmed by the murmur of its sparkling waters, thus apostrophized the little river:  
"Still some forest tale thou'rt telling  
Gayly to these listening shores,  
Near thy laughing water's roar.  
Here beside thee when I'm sleeping  
Tendrils green my harp shall twine;  
Thou for me wilt then be weeping—  
Thou alone, fair Brandywine!"  
But the story of the Brandywine is an inspiration to achievement rather than sentiment. Labor and patriotism are the warp and woof of its romance, and among the lesser streams mentioned in American history its place is unique.

The Brandywine finds its way through the Christiana to the Delaware, and is navigable but one mile from its mouth. Close to its confluence with the Christiana, the Swedes landed in 1638 and founded a colony. Here they built a fort and subsequently a stone church, with tower, belfry and tiled-paved chancel. Seventeen years later the fort was demolished by the Dutch, but the "Old Swedes' Church" with its ivied tower—the cherished monument of a pious and industrious people—still survives and is nearing the close of its second century in a fair state of preservation. It stands near the Brandywine, within the limits of Wilmington, which, in the last century, was called Willing's Borough, but under Swedish and Dutch dominion was known as Christiana-ham.

Here in the quaint old burial ground surrounding the church, the late Ambassador to England, Thomas F. Bayard, was recently laid to rest, side by side with his father, Senator Jas. A. Bayard, and his grandfather, Jas. A. Bayard, Sr., who was one of the Commissioners who formed the Treaty of Ghent, at the close of the war of 1812. Above the Swedes' church, at the head of tide water, both banks of the Brandywine were sentinelled by the Dutch with grimly-frowning gristmills, built of stone. The march of progress, with its serried ranks of red brick dwellings, has spared but one of these outposts of the quaint old borough. Rising sheer from the water's edge, with one shoulder thrust into a street and the other under the bough of a friendly forest tree, the old mill appears, in its massive masonry, its wide shipping-gates and its beelling crane that glances itself in the foamy water, like a picture from Holland, etched into the mossy bank and totally foreign to its surroundings. It is still used for some purpose; and to the fanciful, a drowsy humming that proceeds from within might suggest the struggles of Rip Van Winkle to emerge from the torpor of his twenty years' sleep. As early as the period of the Revolution, this particular mill had passed into the hands of a Quaker; and during that dark winter at Valley Forge, Washington himself visited the Quaker in quest of flour.

"Friend Washington," said the miller, "I am a man of peace and cannot help thee fight. But," he added slowly, "to save human beings from starvation is another matter. I will do what I can." Accordingly, the disciple of Penn sent food to the famishing soldiers.

Westward from the old mill to the foot of King's Road is less than a mile. Here we come upon a dilapidated dam, whose wide rents are choked with the debris of freshets. With shattered breast and blackened loes, thrown awry, it looms through the mist like a spectral giant, half submerged, and horribly distorted in an effort to catch the elusive stream, while the latter darts hither and thither, and tumbles down a hundred falls with rippling laughter at its merry escape. On a grassy slope near the dam, a broken buhrstone marks the site of the "barley mill," once owned by a Scotch patriot, whose small, hip-roofed dwelling is yet standing, just beyond the mill-race. For a number of years this humble roof gave shelter to the Irish exile, Hamilton Rowan.

Rowan's romantic escape from an Irish prison to America, and the large reward offered by the British crown for his capture, caused the few who knew him to view with curious interest his tall form and melancholy features. But not until the year 1798, when the scourge of yellow fever swept over the neighboring borough, did the generous soul of this "exile of Erin" reveal itself to those who had befriended him in adversity. Day and night he ministered to the sick, comforted the dying and aided in the burial of the dead. Strange to say, he walked through the pestilence unscathed, and lived to receive from England a formal pardon which restored him to his family and estates in Ireland.  
Continuing up stream from King's

Road to Canada's ford—a distance of twelve miles—we are behind us the more picturesque views of the Brandywine, and emerge, through a rocky gorge, upon a quiet, pastoral scene, which, on the 11th of September, 1777, was rent by the din of battle.

Scarcely three months prior to the above date, Congress had adopted "the stars and stripes" as the flag of the United Colonies; and it was here, in "the fight at the ford," that our national emblem received its first baptism of fire. Here Lafayette first drew his sword in defense of American liberty, and here, while the British lost but five hundred men, more than a thousand patriots were numbered with the killed and wounded.

Glancing back at the wooded heights above the rocky gorge, we see the plateau where Washington reviewed the echelons of Sullivan, and where he gravely lifted his hat at the cheers of Wayne, who clamored for battle as he rode down their lines. The impetuous Pulaski was there; and farther north was posted the division of General Green, from which was thrown out a strong detachment under command of Maxwell to guard the passage at the ford.

Just here, where the shallow stream purrs round its mossy rocks with a retrospective murmur, the brave Maxwell charged the Hessians again and again, while the roar of Knyphausen's cannon shook the hills. After a partial success, the unsupported patriots were forced back by the fierce yagers. Then followed a mortal struggle, under a canopy of thick smoke, where the wounded fell with the slain and their mingling life-tide suffused the limpid waters.

Yonder, on a circular eminence, stands Birmingham meeting-house, which was used by the British as a hospital; and a little to the southwest a low shaft, recently erected by the school-children of the neighborhood, marks the spot where Lafayette fell, wounded, and where Washington said to the surgeon, in his impressive manner:

"Take care of him as if he were my own son."

In the summer of 1825, near the close of Lafayette's last visit to this country, he reached Wilmington from Chester in an open barouche drawn by four white horses. Crossing the covered bridge which then spanned the Brandywine, the old hero was moved to tears by the appearance of a bevy of white-robed schoolgirls, who sang songs of welcome and strewn flowers in his way. He was royally entertained by the town authorities, and was the honored guest at a brilliant wedding in the evening.

The next day he rode out to the battlefield, where, in the shade of a grove, a rustic banquet was spread. On that occasion he delivered a toast, the words of which are now inscribed upon the shaft above mentioned. Lafayette said:

"The honor to have mingled my blood with that of many other American soldiers, on the heights of the Brandywine, has been to me a source of pride and delight. May the blood spilled by thousands, with equal merit in the cause of independence and freedom, be to ensuing generations an eternal pledge of unaltered republicanism, federal union, public prosperity and domestic happiness."

On his return from Chadd's Ford, Lafayette spent several days at the residence of his friend and compatriot, Eleuthere Du Pont, and while there, at the request of a daughter of his entertainer, he wrote in an album the following lines:

After having seen, near half a century ago, the bank of the Brandywine, a scene of bloody fighting, I am pleased now to find them the seat of industry, beauty and mutual friendship.

LAFAYETTE.  
July 26th, 1825.  
Soon after the above lines were written, the nation's guests proceeded to Washington; and it will be remembered that in the ensuing autumn, he embarked for France on board a sailing vessel that floated "the stars and stripes" and bore the name Brandywine.—John Wickliffe Jackson.

The Sirocco, or samel, a hot wind of the fiercest description, experienced at intervals in the wildernesses of Nubia, Arabia, Syria and Persia, is occasionally fatal to life. When these winds begin to blow, the atmosphere assumes an alarming aspect. The sky at other times so clear in this climate, becomes dark and heavy, the sun loses its splendor and appears of a violet color. The air is not cloudy, but gray and thick, and is, in fact, filled with an extremely subtle dust, that penetrates every where. This wind, always light and rapid, is not at first remarkably hot, but it increases in temperature as it continues. The lungs are contracted, and become painful. Respiration is short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, and the body becomes consumed by an internal heat. In vain is resource had to large draughts of water; nothing can restore respiration. This death is a real suffocation; the lungs, being empty, are convulsed, the circulation disordered, and the whole mass of blood driven by the heat toward the head and breast, whence that hemorrhage at the nose and mouth which happens after death.

The current of the sirocco is seldom of any considerable breadth, but different examples of it have been traversing a tract of country of but scanty extent at the same time, and several cases of disaster from it upon an extensive scale are upon record.

Green.  
His wealth will go to a blithe young wife,  
Who says she'll keep his memory green;  
The old man's getting the worst of it.  
In an ancient green goods game I weep.

# DIZZINESS

You hear so many old and young ladies say that they are dizzy. These women are nervous, bloodless, they have palpitation of the heart. They are weak and rundown and suffer from female troubles. No remedy is as good as Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for weak women. It is made especially for women and it will cure women only. We do not recommend our remedies as a cure all, for, they are intended for one purpose only and that is for female troubles. They are the most inexpensive remedy to be had to day. Fifty Red Pills for 50c last longer than any \$1.00 old-fashioned liquid medicine, and they are not to be compared with these liquid remedies, for, Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure quickly, permanently and more cheaply than others and are easier to take. Working girls can take them to work with them. What we say of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills is true. Just as sure as there is a sun they cure. As we know that there is always someone who will doubt the efficacy of a remedy, we give you the following names and addresses of a few ladies who have been cured. Write them.

Miss Eva Tetrasait, 125 Wendell Street, Providence, R. I., writes:  
"I cannot speak too highly in favor of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. They have done for me what no other remedy has ever done. I have cured me of female weakness. I suffered very much. My constitution was completely run down when I began taking them. To-day I am entirely well."  
Mrs. Winslow S. Bohlen, 55 Webster Street, Manchester, N. H., writes:  
"I was in despair and never expected to be restored to health when I began the use of your Red Pills. I was irritable, weak and suffering from dizziness. I was very nervous. But relief came in eight days as soon as I began taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills."

Mrs. Mary Cordell, Carleton, Mich., writes:  
"My strength was nearly exhausted. I suffered from dizziness, headache and everything that a woman could suffer. I took Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and they cured me. I recommend them to all sick women as the best and cheapest remedy for their illness."

All kinds of diseases are pitifully laid before us every day of our lives, by suffering women and girls in every station of life. We are proud to be able to help those suffering creatures by a remedy, which, on account of its cheapness is within the reach of both rich and poor. It is our aim to supply a remedy for women that will cure them quickly, cheaply and permanently.

This Dr. Coderre's Red Pills will do. They are a remedy adapted to women's diseases only, and can be taken at any age, time, and under any conditions. They are preferable to cure all and alcoholic remedies which pretend to cure everything.

Any woman who suffers, and wishes to give a full description of her case to our specialists, can write or call and see them at their offices. Their consultations either by mail or at their offices free to everybody. Their success in the treatment of women's diseases is wonderful and their advice to them is invaluable.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our doctor's book, "Pale and Weak Women." If a woman suffers from constipation, we recommend the use of Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, as our Red Pills are not Purgative. The combination of these two remedies has a pronounced effect upon the whole constitution. The Tablets are 25c a box. Secure and read the directions given on the circular around each box of our remedies. It is very important.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold by all first class druggists at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Each box contains fifty pills. Beware of imitations. Address all letters to

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## A Luminous Sea Crab.

One of the marine curiosities recently fished from the bottom of the Indian ocean by a dredging vessel in the employ of the Calcutta Society of Natural History was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light, similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity kindled by our common glow worms. The oddity was captured in the day time and placed in a large tank, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was pitchy darkness, the crab surprised the naturalists by lighting up the tank so that all the other sea creatures, great and small, could be plainly seen.

## Origin of "Setting the River on Fire"

In old English times, when each family was obliged to sift its own flour, it sometimes happened that an energetic man would turn his sieve so rapidly as to cause it to catch fire. The style of sieve used in those days was called a "tense," and it became a customary saying that a lay man would never set the tense on fire. Now it happens that the name of the river Thames is pronounced like the name of this old flour sieve, and after many years, when the old-fashioned tense was forgotten, it was thought that setting the river on fire meant setting the river on fire, and that is why to-day we say that a stupid person will never set the river on fire.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## There's Nothing New.

Almost all of man's inventions have been foreshadowed by nature. The hypodermic syringe with which the physician injects morphine into a patient's arm has its counterpart in the sting of a bee. The tunnel-borer is an adaptation of the work of the teredo, or ship-worm. The principle of the balloon is found in certain fishes. The papermaking industry is paralleled in the building of a wasp's nest. In the mechanism of a man's body there are joints and levers similar to those used in engines. The automatic clicking of surfaces which rub together in an engine is on the same plan as the lubrication of joints in our bodies. Man's nervous system resembles the telegraph in its mode of working.

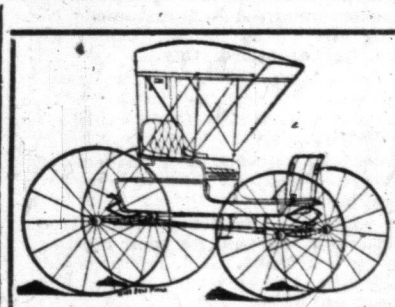
The ball-bearings of a bicycle or automobile are not so very dissimilar to the ball-joints of human hips and shoulders.

The principle of the lever was foreshadowed in the long bones of the human body.

## The Cat Resisted Deep-Water Baptism.

"A little boy I knew of in the West," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in the Ladies' Home Journal, "belonged to a family who had trained him to believe in the deep-water form of baptism, and was experimenting with the household cat and a bucket of water. The animal evidently did not believe in immersion, for she resisted, bit and scratched and used bad language—in the cat tongue, of course. Finally, the little boy, with his hands covered with scratches and with tears in his eyes, gave up the effort to effect the regeneration of the cat. 'Dog-gone you!' he cried—notice the choice of epithets in the use for the word dog—'and be an Episcopal cat if you want to!'"

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