The World's Wheat Eaters.

The Department of Agriculture gives the following interesting statistics of populations in different countries, as estimated for May of the present year, and also the annual per capita consumption of wheat in each country in bushels:

	Popula-	Consump-
	tiou May.	tion per
	1893.	capita.
United Kingdom	. 39,500,000	6.11
France	. 38,5,0,000	9.18
Italy	, 80,800,000	4.10
Belgium	. 6,250,000	6.40
Germany	. \$0,500,000	2.24
Nether ands	. 4,700,000	3.90
Bwitzerland	. 3,000,000	4.80
Spain	. 18,000,000	4.70
Greece	. 2,260,000	4.90
Sweden and Norway	. 6,600,000	1.20
Portugal	. 5,800,000	2.10
Turkey in Europe	4,900,000	5.80
Denmark	. 2,260,000	2.10
Bosnia	. 2,100,000	2.00
South Africa		2.82
Japan	. 41,200,000	2,70
United States	67,000,000	5,63
Rus ia, all		1.75
India		0.76
Roumania	. 5,600,000	4.50
Austr a-Hungary		3,64
Bulgaria		6.60
Servia		, 2, 20
Arg ntina		5.20
Chile		4.60
Urazuay	. 700,000	8,50
Australasia	. 4,000,000	7.78
Canada		8,10
Algeria	. 4,200,000	4.50

It will be seen from the above tables that the French people consume most wheat, and the people of India the least. After the French come the Canadians, Australasians, Bulgarians, Belgians, English and Americans, in order named.

In explanation of the comparatively low average American consumption of wheat it may be said that the people of the middle West and throughout the South consume a vast amount of corn; not so much by reason of its greater cheapness perhaps, as from inclination and habit. Primarily, corn was the food of the negro population in the days of slavery owing to its lesser cost, and the negro cooks in white families no doubt were instrumental in introducing the palatable corn "pone" and other creations of like sort to the tables of the average Southern planter. This custom still prevails throughout the South and has gained also a strong foothold in some of the Mississippi Valley States, thus reducing below several other countries our per capita consumption of wheat.

Historical Names of Kings.

Some of the early kings of France ruled over Germany at one time when there was no division, but when there was a separate German nation the rulers gained many curious titles. "Fat" was one and "Blind" another. Also the "Child" the "Fowler;" then "Blood," "Red," "Black," "Superb," and "Sharp," while one king is particularly described as the "Holy and

tian, Great, and a King Mary, who was probably the only woman who held a like title. Over Portugal reigned the Fat, Idie, African, and

Great and Periect. The people of Russia have generally had a hard time of it. We realize this to-day, and the names given to their kings show the reason therefor. None was good, wise, or just, though the e was Peter the Great who did all he could to help his country. But how could a nation progress with rulers who gained the title of Terrible, Imposter. Proud, Lightfeet, Grim, Fierce, and Lion?

A Dreadfully Stuck-Up Engine.

Smithville, in the live and liberal county of Lee, Ga., has a brass band of some years' standing. And this is the which the village newspaper tells of it: "A flagman, almost out of breath, rushed into the Academy of Music here the other night while the Smithwille Brass Band was practicing and asked to see the leader. He said that when the south-bound passenger train, which is due here at 7:15 p. m., got near enough to hear the band the en gine pulling the train suddenly became unmanageable and stopped dead still, listened a moment, gave a short and unearthly shriek, reversed itself and took the back track for Macon in regular Nancy Hanks style. As soon as it got out of hearing of the band it stopped, and a flagman was sent ahead to ask the boys to cease playing until they could get it through town. Now, any engine that won't pass through the city while our brass band is playing is a freak of the first water and should be sidetracked and left for the rust to devous. For sweet, heavenly music give us brass bands and bull-

Just So; Just So. The subtle line dividing genius and insanity is so delicate that in many instances it cannot be defined, it can only be felt. Even the deep researches of physiological-psychology are unable to designate principles on which the judgment can depend for logical deductions on the subject, and the searching analyses and arguments of many erudite students and philosophers are as incomprehensible and meaningless to the ordinary mind as the vain vaporings of a mind unhinged.—New York Mail and

No Pen Can Describe



The suffering I endured ten years from hyspepsia. I tried almost every medicine and almost gave up hope of ever being any better. But Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief very soon and now fam entirely curred of dyspepsia, and advise every one to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's sarsa Cures

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Great Woman"

TEXT: "And it fell on a day that Elisha passed to Shunen, where was a great wo-man,"-II Kings iv., 8.

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A bal-cony overlooking the vailey Esdraelon is offered him in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candle-stick by which to read and a bed on which to slumber—the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman.

Her husband, it seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellencies, just as now you some-times find in a household the wife the centre of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs, the wife's hand on the shuttle, on the banking house, on the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful.

If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silont partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on exchange, but there oftentime comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence.

This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day—a man of large fortune and only a modicum of man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot—if you say "yes," responding "yes;" if you say "no," responding "no"—inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman.

Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess or princess or queen-what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem -be to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on mighty thrones have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles, and holding the book the other side the light read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shu-nem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes.

Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarious nations honor this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer exaited it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious upon this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest, "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honwhence art thou?" If this virtue is so hon-ored even among barbarians, how ought it to The rulers of the provinces that now make up Spain had a number of in the Bible, which commands us to use hos-

Gouty, and included others who were infirm—Bad, Noble, Strong, Valiant, Gracious, Sickly, Impotent, Beneficent, and Ceremonious. Ferdinand III. of Leon and Castile was the Saint and Holy.

Hungary has her rulers described as Saint, German, Thunder, Venctian, Great, and a Viscous Assertance of the Monk and ing?

Ing?

Of course I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place ranging their whole lifetime perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthrople society, quartering themselves of daughter. No faithfulness in public benefaction can ever atone for domestic negligence.

There has been many a mother who by interest of the restoration of her property—every picture in her case is a home picture. Those who are not disciples of this Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful vir-

tue of Christian hospitality.

Not so much the sumptuousnes of your diet and the regality of your abode will im-press the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, aithough you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem.

Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I am pastor of a church where strangers are always welcome, and there is

thankful that I am pastor of a church where strangers are always welcome, and there is not a State in the Union in which I have not heard the affability of the ushers of our church complimented. But I have entered churches were there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and coming to some half-filled pew with apologetic air entered it, while the occupants glared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, if I must," I must." Away with such accursed indecency from the house of God! Let every church that would maintain large Christian linfluence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned.

Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here, and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the night-fall we are tired, and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the word of God and making a prayer. If you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room, and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Rude but glorious Christian hospitality!

Again, this woman in my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that houshold, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission he was cordially welcome. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister—about the sympathies all around him, about the kindnesses, about the genial considerations of him.

Does sorrow come to our home and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the long night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table, are there not many to help him to drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian minister—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy.

thousands of men and women who come down from the mansion and from the cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I suppose the men of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large hearted Christian sympathies of the women of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

Again, this woman in the text was great in

her behavior under trouble.

Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says, "He sat on her knees until noon, and then he died." Yet the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed, "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman was great in trouble.

prosperity, this woman was great in trouble. Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the shoulders that have not been bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hitched up its flerv and panting team and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe

Amazon and the Danube and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or length of the great river of sorrow made up of tears and blood rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families and of communities and of empires—foaming, writhing, boiling with the agonies of 6000 years? Etna and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who has Vesuvius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering reaching up from its depths the lava and the scoria and pouring them down the sides to whelm the nations? Oh, if I could gather all the heartstrings, the broken heartstrings, into a harp I would play on it a dirge such as was never sounded.

Mythologists tell us of Gorgon and Cen-taur and Titan, and geologists tell us of ex-tinct species of monsters, but greater than Gordon or megatherium, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct pecies, is a monster with iron jaw and iron ofs walking across the nations, and history and poetry and sculpture, in their at-tempt to sketch it and describe it, have

eemed to sweat great drops of blood. But, thank God, there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered and say: "It is well! Though my property be gone, though my children be gone, the my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well?" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellations of God's eternal love can illumine it, and though the winter comes out of the northern sky you have sometimes seen the northern sky ail ablaze with auroras that seem to say "Come up this way. Up this way are thrones of light, and seas of sapphire, and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way."

We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed On perilous depths, but cannot be lost. Though satan enrage the wind and the fide. Toe promise assures us the Lord will provide.

I heard an echo of my text in a very dark our, when my father lay dying, and the old ountry minister said to him, "Mr. Talmage, how do you feel now as you are about to pass the Jordan of death?" He replied—and it the Jordan of death?" He replied—and it was the last thing he ever said—"I feel well I feel very well; all is well," lifting his hand in a benediction, a speechless benediction, which I pray God may go down through all the generations. It is weil! Of course it

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or whether she is appealing for the restoration

gence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many another woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and all the

I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got reputations by presenting him very grace-fully with bouquets of flowers on public oc-casions, but what was all that compared with the work of the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this roman of my text was great in her simpli-When the prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said. "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say "satisfied with my lot. All I want is

family and my friends around me. I dwell among my own people." Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages!

How many there are who want to get great How many there are who want to get great architecture and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between gothic and byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of Paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's penciling from Bierstadt's "Yosemite"—men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have hardly enough education to pick out the day of the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors. or to have things as well as their neighbors, or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptey, and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding for-

pitality.

A good man traveling in the far west, in the wilderness, was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw fire-arms along the beams of the cabin; and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After awhile the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After awhile the man of the house whispered with his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned.

Then the man of the house came forward the following against refinement or culture. Splendor of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel—there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovel to English cottage, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or husks to pineapple, or the clumsiness of a boor to the manners of a gentleman. God, who strung the beach with tinted shell and the grass of the field with the dews of the night and hath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin red breast, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful. wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiment. But what I want to impress upon you is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life as among the indispensables, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded, "I dwell among my own neonia."

people."
Yes, this woman of the text was great in her piety, faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mahommedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle in the shambles. Shave of all work, and at last her body.

Mahommedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle in the shambles. Slave of all work, and at last her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband.

Above the shriek of the fire worshipers in India and above the rumbling of the juggernauts I hear the million voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken hearted, downtrodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris and the La Plata and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her.

But, thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises up from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification!

when I come to speak of womanly influence, my mind always wanders off to one model—the aged one who, 27 years ago, we put away for the resurrection. About 87 years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting house at Somerville, N. J., and took upon them the vows of the Christia...

Through a long life of vicissitude she lived harmlessly and usefully and except to be seen harmlessly and usefully and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned empty away. No one in sorrow came to her but was comforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the anget of life came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to a neighbor's dwelling, she

death came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to robe the departed for the burial. We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say, "O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they all may be the subjects of Thy comforting grace!" Her 11 children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long absent missionary son, and when he ship from Ching. sionary son, and when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor and the long absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home she said, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the salvation." The prayer was soon answered.

It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for her children. Whatever else we forget, we never forget the look of mother's hands. As we stood there by the casket we could not help but say, "Don't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting place. The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan River until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod, While the pure spirit rests with God.

I need not go back and show you Zenobia or Semiramis or Isabella or even the woman of the text as wonders of womanly excellence or greatness when I in this moment point to your own picture gallery of memory, and show you the one face that you remember so well, and arouse all your holy reminiscences. and start you in new consecration to God by the pronounciation of that tender, beautiful, giorious word, "Mother, mother

Medicine in the Middle Ages.

In an entertaining article in the Nineteenth Century on mediæval medicine, some curious prescriptions are given. A person whose right eye was inflamed or bleared was recommended to "take the right eye of a Frogg, lap it in a piece of russet cloth, and hang it about the neck." The skin of a raven's heel was prescribed for gout. Diffident young men will be interested in this: "If you would have a man become bold or impudent, let him carry about him the skin or eyes of a lion or cock, and he will be fearless of his enemies; nay, he will be very terrible unto them." The tendency to reti-cence, which is so common a fault of parliaments, municipal councils, etc., might be cured by this treatment: "If you would have him talkative, give him tongues, and seek out those of water frogs and ducks, and such creatures notorious for their continual noise making.'

If a man had a "sounding or a piping in his ears," he was recommended to put oil of hempseed, warm, into them, "and after that let him leape upon his one legge upon that side where the disease is; then let him bowe doune hys eare of that syde, if haply any moysture would issue out." The remedy for nose bleeding was to "beat egge shales to pouder, and sift them through a linnen cloth, and blow them into hys nose; if the shales were of egges whereout young chickens are hatched, it were so much the better.' Powdered earth worms mixed with wine were recommended for jaundice. Toothache might be relieved by an application of the fat of "little greene frogges," or of the "graye worms breathing under wood or stones, having many fete." Frogs and toads were favorite remedies, especially when treated in some grotesquely barbarous manner. Popular prejudice against medical science to-day is declining, and will probably disappear alto-gether; but in the Middle Ages it seems to have had a very rational basis. -Toronto Globe.

Saved by a Blotter.

A commercial traveler writes to the

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "The blotter in a hotel writing room once saved me from very considerable loss. As a general rule the blotter in a writing room is so dirty and covered up with ink marks that the whole presents the appearance of an Egyptian hieroglyphics. But on this occasion. as luck would have it, the blotter was absolutely new and clean and could be examined very closely. The last man who had been using it was also the first, and as he used rather a liberal supply of ink and wrote rapidly hereproduced almost the entire letter upon the blotter before folding it up. I knew him to be the representative of a large Eastern house in a similar though not rival capacity to our own, and without intending to do so, I found myself glancing at the reproduction of his letter on the blotter. I was struck at once with the name of the house from which I had the previous day taken an exceptionally large order, and reading on I found that he had notified his firm that, acting under advice from a very reliable source, he had decided not to carry out his instructions and sell this firm a bill of goods. I went out at once and made a few inquiries which convinced me that not only was the house in ques-tion in difficulties, but that it was also contemplating a fraudulent transfer to defeat its creditors. I promptly wired the house I represented to ignore my letter by mail containing this order, giving the reasons briefly, and following up the telegram by an ex-planatory letter. Some rather indignant correspondence followed, but this was abruptly terminated by the suspension of the latter and the absconding of one of the partners. I have always held a clean blotter in a hotel writing room with a feeling of veneration ever since."

THE reason that an undertaker is rarely a melancholy man is because he can always bury himself in the busi-

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

**worn to before me and *ubscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December. A. D. 1886.

**ERAL **

**REAL **

** W. GLEASON,

Noticy Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure istaken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for test monials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo. O.

The best opals are obtained from Hungary

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite—tones the nerves.

The Sultan of Turkey has the richest colection of gems and regalia in the world.

We Cure Rupture. No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimoniais, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15.

Mrs. L. W. H II. of Butt des Mortes Wis as a recking chair known to be 185 years old, and still in good condition.

Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malar a Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

The Royal Balmoral ta tan, which was designed by the Prince Consort, is manufactured only for the Queen of England.

Beecham's Pills correct bad effects of over-eating. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Uncle Silas Got Even.

"1 tell you," said Uncle Silas, "city folks is full o' their jokes an' things, but I guess yer uncle kin keep up with 'em most o' the time." "Somebody been joking with you?"

asked the new boarder. "Yes. Thet is to say, a young feller thort he was. He was out yistiday an' missed his dinner. It was purty dusty, but that wasn't any ex-

neighborhood."

"But what did he say?" "Wal, I asked him where he had been, an' he says: 'I've bin out scourin' the country.' 'Bin out scourin' it?' says L 'Yes,' says he. 'Wal.' says I, 'ef ye'll step into the kitchen maybe ma'll give ye a towel, so's ve kin go back an' dry it off."-Washington Star.

The skin of an elephant usually takes about five years to tan.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and please.

in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from

every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-ufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

He Found Japan Grossly Immoral. Clement W. Scott, the well-known London dramatic critic and author, has been in Chicago some little time lately on his return from a tour around the world. In speaking of Japan he advanced opinions wholly opposite to the rosy ones of Sir Edwin Arnold. He said: "I found Japan to be the most grossly immoral country I have ever visited. The women are treated like mere slaves, beings of no intelligence, and they are bought and sold like catcuse fur his bein' sarcastic about the tle. Regarding the poetical side of Japan, the tea palaces and other re-sorts described by Sir Edwin Arnold and other writers as dreams of elegant enchantment, I found them tawdry and miserable in the extreme, not to say loathsome. Yes, I was very much disappointed with Japan, as I saw it, and I did it pretty thoroughly. I never was so happy during the whole of my tour as when, having shaken the Jap-anese dust from off my feet, I was safely landed in genial San Francisco."

A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,

*********** For Summer Cookery

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