The pain from slight burns is very great. An excellent application is a thick paste of common baking soda moistened with water, spread on a piece of linen or cotton, and bound on the part, writes Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, in an article on "What to Do in Emergencies," in the Ladies' Home Journal. This can be kept wet by squeezing water on it from a sponge or cloth until the smarting is soothed.

A thick coating of starch can be used instead of the soda, or wheat flour if nothing better can be had. but neither should be applied if the skin is broken. In this case it is better to use vaseline, olive or linseed oil. The doctor will apply some preparation containing carbolic acid.

If the air can be effectually excluded from a burn the pain is re-

Blisters should be pricked and the fluid absorbed with a soft cloth before dressing.

If the clothing adheres to the skin the loose part should be cut away and the patches of material soaked off with oil or warm water.

When the injury is extensive the sufferer will be prostrated and may die from the shock. Heat should be applied to the extremities and over the heart, and hot drinks given until the doctor comes.

In burns from strong acid the part should be covered with dry baking soda or lime, as the alkali will neutralize the acid. No water should be used, but cosmoline or oil applied after the alkali has been brushed off.

When the burn has been caused by an alkali an acid must be used. A person recovering from the effects of a burn requires very nourishing food.

What Was on His Mind.

The Hartford Post records a strik-

ing instance of preoccupation which occurred in that city not long ago. A teacher in one of the public schools asked her pupils to write a

sentence containing the pronoun "I." A small colored boy responded thus: "My mother made a shortcake. It was so short I dida't get any of it."

Time and Season.

All things have their time and season, and in the changeful temperature of a closing winter rheumatism flourishes. The best treatment is referred to in a letter from Miss Lina Gunckle, Trenton, O., Feb. 22nd, 1893, who says: "I suffered for several years with rheumatism, but was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. I am now well and never feel anything of it." Better get the Oil in time and there will be no season of trouble afterwards.

Teacher-What is it, Harry, that stings like an adder? Harry-The end of a leather

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes outh that he is the enior 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 Cuarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'SCATAMRE CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December. A. D. 1886. presence, this 6th day of the A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,

SEAL } Notary Public Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for test monials, free, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo. O. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Ask a man how to define injustice and he will tell how others are treating him

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, etc., quickly relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Traches." They surpass all other preparations in removing hoarseness, and as a cough remedy are pre-eminently the lest.

You are always sure to find foot-notes in a shoe-dealer's advertisement.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles, Pamphlet and Consultation free, Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The surgeon may be very sedate, but he is a

A postal, a drop of luk, a request for a free catalogue-2000 mailable articles—save 25 to 50c, on \$1. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, 67c.; Liver Pills, 12c.; Porous Plasters, 12c.; Hat Dye, 10c. E. A. Hall, Charleston, S. C.

If thou desirest ease in this life, keep thy secrets undisclosed, like the modest rose

Shiloh's Care

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption; it is the Best Cough Care; 25c., 50c., \$1

Business with the peripatetic ragman seems to be picking up.



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 pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleaning the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. 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 manufactured 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.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

WHE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Sustaining Power of Religion."

TEXT: "Though ye have lain among the pols, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."-Psalms lxviii., 13.

I suppose you know what the Israelites I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brickkiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food, and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest they lay down among the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning, they found their garments covered with ing, they found their garments covered with the clay, and the smoke, and the dust, and esmirched and begrimed with the utensils

But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery, and He took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David, in my text, comes to describe the transition of these poor Is-raelites from their bondage amid the brickkilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with sliver and her feathers with yellow

gold."
Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life In Egypt." said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen just before sundown pigeons and doves, which had during the heat of the day been hiding among the steller and the page. been hiding among the kettles and the pans with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find. Just about the hour of sunset they would spread about the hour of sunset they would spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unsolled by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird.

And as the pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breasts. So you see it is not a farfetched simile or an unnatural comparison when David, in my text, says to these emancipated Israelites, and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy. trouble into any kind of spiritual joy, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters, Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoi, it keeps us dradging in a most degrading service, but after awaile Christ comes, and He says, "Let My people go," and we pass out from among the brick-kilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the gospel. We put ou the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when at last we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in heaven we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its teathers with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something which ome of you do not believe, and that is that the grandest possible adornment is the re-ligion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible. They have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the bisnopric of Durham that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his skepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said "Now, sir, I have examined the subject, and you have not. And I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosepher, consent to condemn a thing you have never examined."

And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something un-desirable, something that will not work, something Pecksniffian, something hypocrit something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin red breast, you might compare it to a dove-its wings covered with sliver and its

feathers with yellow gold. But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the clubrooms where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say, "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians. giving up all his worldly prospects for some-thing which is of no particular present worth!" Here is a young woman who had

thing which is of no particular present worth?" Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian—her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing room.

Now all through the fashionable circles the whisper goes, "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful gait should be crippied, that such worldly represents about the proposed. that such worldly prospects should be obliterated!" Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness and that all her paths are pleasantness and that an net paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark and doleful and lachrymose and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, wings covered with silver and its feathers

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheer-ful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder. I do not say but he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged, but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man not a Christian depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has a large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows how to spend. Everything goes bright and well with him.

But trouble comes. There are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that some-times to young men trouble comes—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone. He goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society. blames the church, blames everything, rushes perhaps to the in-toxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble he drowns his body and drowns his soul.

body and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man.

Trouble comes to him. Does he give up?

No! He throws himself back on the resources of heaven. He says: "God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine, Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What panionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise, 'All are yours,' What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my body-guard. What though my fare be poor and my bread be scani? I sit at the King's banquet!"

Oh, what a poor, shallowstream is worldly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, rolling midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the ton bound beach of the sea when there has been a storm on the ocean, and you have seen the waves dash into white foam at your feet. They did not do you any harm. While there you thought of the chapter written by the psalmist, and perhaps you recited it to yourself while the storm was making commentary upon the passage: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the another the religion of Christ on their free thinking on all these subjects.

Whether I ive the Lord, and if I live the Lord will be with me." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, the learned and the great, "Happy!" Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, the learned and the great, "Happy!" Or the last word of Meintosh, the learned and the great, "Happy!" Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, the learned and the great, "Happy!" Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is well." Or the last word of Meintosh, "It is wel Oh, what a poor, shallowstream is worldly

makes a man of worldly success and worldly circumstances! Nelson, the night before his last battle, said, "To-morrow I shall win either a peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." And it does not make much difference to the Christian whether he rises or falls acquaintance of a young man whom I shall call Ellison, Ellison was an infidel. Ellison to worldly particularly the provided to the control of the contr in worldly matters. He has everlasting renown anyway. Other plumage may be torn in the blast, but that soul adorned with Christian grace is fairer than the dove—its

You and I have found out that people who pretend to be happy are not always happy. Look at that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at everything good, going into roistering drunkenness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from the barroom counter, laughing, shouting, stamping the floor. Is he happy? I will go to his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the gas off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as the pillow on which that pure

young man sleeps.

Ah, no! When he opens his eyes in the morning, will the world be as bright to him as to that young man who retired at night saying his prayers, invoking God's blessing upon his own soul and the souls of his com-rades and father and mother and brothers and sisters far away? No. no! His laugh will ring out from the saloon so that you hear it as you pass by, but it is hollow laughter. In it is the snapping of heartstrings and the rattle of prison gates. Happy—that young man happy—

-that young man happy?

Let him fill high the bowl; he cannot drown an upbraiding conscience. Let the balls roll through the bowling alley; the deep rumble and the sharp crack cannot overpower the voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in the dance of sin and temptation and control of the scane cannot cannot will the brillianay of the scane cannot death; all the brilliancy of the scene cannot make him forget the last look of his mother when he left home, when she said to him 'Now, my son, you will do right; I am sure you will do right. You will, won't you?" That young man happy? Why, across every night there flit shadows of eternal darkness; there are adders coiled up in every cup; there are vultures of despair striking their iron oeaks into his heart; there are skeleton fingers of grief pinching at the throat. I come in amid the clicking of the glasses

and under the flashing of the chandeliers, and I cry "Woe! Woe! The way of the ungodly shall perish. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The way of transgressor is hard." On, my friends, transgressor is hard." Ob, my friends, there is more joy in one drop of Christian satisfaction than in whole rivers of simul delight. Other wings may be drenched of the storm and splashed of the tempest, but the dove that comes in through the window of this heavenly ark has wings like the dove covered with silver and her feathers with Again, I remark, religion is an adornment

in the style of usefulness into which it inlucts a man. Here are two young men. one has fine culture, exquisite wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly success, but he lives for himself. His chief care is for his own comfort. He lives usilessly. He dies unregretted. Here is another young man. His apparel may not be so good : his education may not be so thorough. He lives for others. His happiness is to make others He is as self denying as that dying oldier falling in the ranks, when he said 'Colonel, there is no need of those boys tiring themselves by carrying me to the hos pital. Let me die just where I am. So this young man of wnom I speak loves God. wants all the world to love him, is not asnamed to carry a bundle of clothes up that dark alley to the poor. Which of those young men do you admire the better? The one a sham, the other a prince imperial.

Oh, do you know of anything, my hearer, that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ? Here is some one falling; he lifts him up. Here is a vagaboud oy; he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are 800,000, 000 perishing in midnight heathen darkness. By all possible means he tries to send them the gospel. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at, and he may be caricatured, but he is not asnamed to go everywhere saying: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. It is the power of God and the wis lom of God unto salvation." Such a young man can go through every-

Spectacle the First-Napoleon passed by with the host that went down with him to Egypt and up with him through Bussia and crossed the continent on the bleeding heart of which he set his iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of which he went grinding the wneeds of his gun carriages—in his dying oment asking his attendants to put on his military boots for nim.

that can resist him. I show you three spec-

There is no force on earth or in hell

Speciacle the Second-Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and strategem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole kingdoms with his infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents—his last words, in delirium supposing Carist standing by the bedside—his last words, "Crush that wretch!"

Spectacle the Third-Pau!-Pau!, insigni ficant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and heaven full; announcing resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking consolations which light up the eyes of widowhood and orphanage and want with glow of certain and eternal release; undaunted before those who could take his life, his cheek flushed with transport and his eye on heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all the foes of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other nand oeckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away as he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a grown of righternament. for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me."

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wind of death struck the conqueror and the infidel, they were tossed like sea gulls in a tempest, drenched of the wave and torn of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard through the everlasting storm, but when the wave and the wind of death struck Paul, like an albatross, he made a throne of the tempest and one day floated away into the calm, clear summer of heaven, brighter than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion—a religion that can do so much for a man while he lives and so much for a man

when he comes to die?

I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Diodorus, and the departure of an infidel. Diodorus, dying in chagrin because he could not comoying in charrin because he could not com-pose a joke equal to the joke uttered at the other end of the table; Zeuxis, dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman —a sketch made by his own hand; Mazarin, dying playing cards, his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them

All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch Minister, who said to his friends: "I have no interest as to whether I live or die. If I die I shall be with the Lord, and if I live the Lord will be

scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the infidelity, and when he went home on his vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciations of wings covered with silver and its feathers Christianity. Time passed on, and vacation with gold. spend the vacation and was on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel keeper said: "I am sorry that to-night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation." "Oh," said the oung college student and minister's son, 'that will make no difference to me, except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering.

The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the groaning of the sick man or the step of the watchers, and his soul trembled. He thought to himself: "Now, there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel? How if El-lison should know how my heart flutters? What if Ellison knew my skepticism gave He slept not. way?"

In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel keeper. "How is the sick man?" "Oh," said the hotel keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow. The doctors told us he could not last through the night." "Well," said the young man, "what was the sick one's name—where is he from?" "Well," said the hotel keeper, "he is from Providence College." "Providence College! What is his name?" "Ellison." "Ellison!" Oh, how the young man was stunned! It was his old college mate—dead without any hope. It was many hours before the young man

could leave that hotel. He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard something saying to him: "Dead! Lost! Dead! Lost!" He came to no satisfaction until he entered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent mission-aries of the cross, the greatest Baptist missionary the world has ever seen since the days of Paul—no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven—Adoni-ram Judson. Which do you like the best, Judson's skepticism or Judson's Christian life, Judson's suffering for Christ's sake, Judsom's almost martyrdom? Oh, young man, take your choice between these two kinds of lives. Your own heart tells you this morning the Christian life is more admirable, more peaceful, more comfortable and more beautiful,

Oh, if religion does so much for a man on earth, what will it do for him in heaven? That is the thought that comes to me now. If a soldier can afford to shout "Huzza! when he goes into battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to shout "Huzza! when he has gained the victory. If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in heaven! I want to see that young man when the glories of heaven have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all huskiness of earthly olds is gone and he rises up with the great doxology

I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in the land wher they are all kings and queens forever and ever. It I have induced one of you this morning to begin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship. I may not bear from your own lips the story of temptation and sorrow, but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are en-

That I might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clothes His dear children in heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates that there might dash upon your ear one shout of the triumph; that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor. Oh, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved-father, mother, brother, sister or dear little child garnered already

You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing! You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph! You wonder why oft they look to the gate of the temple and watch and wait. I will tell you why they watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. and wait and look to the gate of the temple.

For your coming! I shout upward the news to-day, for I am sure some of you will repent and start for heaven: "Oh, ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming! Angels poising midalr, cry up the name! Gatekeeper of heaven, send forward the tidings! Watchman on the battlements celestial, throw the signal!"

"Oh" you says "realization."

"Oh," you say, "religion I am going to ave. It is only a question of time." My brother, I am afraid that you may lose heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his em-pire. The Parisian mob came around the pire. The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries, the national guard stood in de-Tulleries, the national guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe: "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general, "Now is the time to fire." "No," said(the general, "It is to all yet." The latest the see that the "it is too late now. Don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citi-zens? It is too late."

Down went the throne of Louis Philippe, Away from the earth went the house of Orleans, and all because the king said, "Not yet, not yet!" May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late, too late on losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth,

When the Judge descends in might, CI tied in majesty and light; When the earth shall quiske with fear, Where, on, where wilk thou appear?

A Mastodon's Tusks.

A prospector who came down on the steamship City of Topeka Thursday night from the gold fields of Alaska brought a number of curious relies from that far-away region. The most interesting of the collection is a set of ivory tusks of an enormous size, the remains of a mastodon. A great tooth was also found with the tusks, which were discovered in a deep canyon several hundred miles back in the mountains from Juneau. The size of the tusks in question is something phenomenal. They form almost a semicircle, the circumference being ten feet by actual measurement, tapering down to a point from a thickness of about six inches, where the tusks project from the head. The elements of ages have apparently had but little effect on these mastodoric ornaments. for the surface is almost smooth and nearly as hard as rock, and the combined weight of the two tusks exceeds 350 pounds. The tooth found is of irregular shape, probably fourteen inches long, six inches through, and weighs ten or fifteen pounds. - Seattle (Wash.) Telegraph.

It is claimed for Hachalish Bailey, of Somers, N. Y., that about 1815 he brought into the United States the first elephant, called "Old Bet," which, with other animals soon afterward imported, formed the first traveling menagerie in this country. Van Amberg, the noted lion tamer, was subsequently associated with the company.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Baking ABSOLUTELY PURE

A German Girl's Day.

German matron rouses her daughter of sixteen at seven o'clock in the morning, summer or winter. Half an hour later she must be at breakfast, serving her brothers and sisters, after seeing that they are properly dressed for school. Rid of the young folks, she must make her bed and clean and dust the whole of the rooms of the house by ten a. m. On three days of the week she sets out for the dressmaker's and learns the business until noon. On the other three days she practices on the piano and learns English. Twice a week the hour from twelve to one is devoted to music lessons. At one thirty dinner is finished, and the girl must herself put away and lock up the remains, after which she is allowed to read some entertaining book or play piquet or dominoes with her father. From half past two until four-o'clock she does plain sewing.

The whole family then take co ee. and walk for an hour and a half. At six her father pounces upon the unfortunate girl and gives her a subject in history, geography or literature on which to write a theme in the space of an hour without book or other assistance. The young lady must next prepare tea to which the family sit down at seven o'clock, punctually. After that she may take to her embroidery or crochet, and the family read aloud by turns till nine o'clock when the poor eldest daughter is sent

Art of Perspiration.

The health code of the average Italian may be summed up in two "Seek perspiration when maxims: ill," and "Avoid perspiration when well." No matter whether the ailment be grave or slight, prompt measures are taken to induce profuse perspiration, the usual recourse being to hot teas made from various healing herbs, says Kate Field's Washington. In ordinary health an Italian takes every precaution against getting into a perspiration.

Perhaps this feeling, more than the lethargy resulting from a warm climate, may be held responsible for the lack of active outdoor sports in Italy. Roller skating and bicycling are growing in favor, shooting galleries and quiet boating have always been popular, but cricket, base-ball, tennis, and similar games are hardly known even in their mildest form.

Although resisting their long, hot summers without detriment to health, Italians perspire freely when taking most moderate exercise. In recognition of this treacherous fact both gentleman and laborer move through life very quietly, never hurrying except in a case of dire necessity.

"How MANY foreign languages can your wife speak?" "Three-French, German, and the one she talks to the baby."-Tid-Bits.

There is nothing in the world which a resoute man who asserts himself cannot attain.



It will, perhaps, require a little stretch of the imagination on the part of the reader to recognize the fact that the two portraits at the head of this article are of the same inthe head of this article are of the same individual; and yet they are truthful sketches made from photographs, taken only a few months apart, of a very much esteemed citizen of Illinois—Mr. C. H. Harris, whose address is No. 1,622 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Harris explains the marvalous changin his preserved appreciate. welous change in his personal appearance. He writes: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my life and has made me a man. My home physician says I am good for forty years yet. You will remember that I was just between life and death, and all of my friends were sure it was a case of death. was just between life and death, and all of my friends were sure it was a case of death, until I commenced taking a second bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' when I became able to sit up and the cough was very much better, and the bleeding from my lungs stopped, and before I had taken six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' my cough ceased and I was a new man and ready for business.

I now feel that it is a duty that I owe to I now feel that it is a duty that I owe to my fellow-men to recommend to them the 'Golden Medical Discovery' which saved my life when doctors and all other medicines failed to do me any good.

I send to you with this letter two of my photographs; one taken a few weeks before I was taken down sick in bed, and the other was taken after I was well." These two pho-tographs are faithfully reproduced at the

was taken after I was weil." These two photographs are faithfully re-produced at the head of this article.

Mr. Harris's experience in the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" is not an exceptional one. Thousands of eminent people in all parts of the world testify, in just as emphatic language, to its marvelous curative powers over all chronic bronchial, throat and lung diseases, chronic nasal entarrh, asthma, and diseases, chronic nasal catarrh, asthma, and kindred diseases. ent physicians prescribe "Goiden

Eminent physicians prescribe "Golden Medical Discovery" when any of their dear ones' lives are imperilled by that dread disease, Consumption. Under such circumstances only the most reliable remedy would be depended upon. The following letter is to the point. It is from an eminent physician of Stamps, Lafayette Co., Ark. He says: "Consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption. She used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and, to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the 'Golden Medical Dis-

SWEET POTATO SLIPS.

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W.L. DOUGLAS, R.

W. L. DOUGLAS 83 SHOP



covery.' I consented to ber using it, and it cured her. She has had no symptoms of con-sumption for the past six years. People having this disease can take no better rem-Yours very truly,

W.C. Rogers In, 5. From the Buckeye State comes the following: "I was pronounced to have consumption by two of our best doctors. I spent nearly \$300, and was no better. I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I bought and used eight bottles and I can now say with truth that I feel just as well to-day as I did at twenty-five, and can do just as good a day's work on the farm, although I

had not done any work on the farm, although I Truly, your friend, William Dulcury Mr. Dulaney's address is Compbell, Ohio.

Mr. Dulaney's address is Campbell, Ohio.

"I had catarrh in the head for years and trouble with my left lung at the came time. You put so much faith in your remedies that I concluded to try one bottle or two, and I derived much benefit therefrom. I used up three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, five bottles of your, "Golden Medical Discovery," and in four months I was myself again. I could not sleep on my left side, and now I can sleep and cat heartly. So long as I have your medicines on hand I have no need of a doctor; I do not think my house in order without them. Yours truly,

A. H. Heard Marlow, Baldwin Co., Ala.

If it would be any more convincing, we could easily fill the columns of this paper with letters testifying to the cure of the severest diseases of the throat, bronchia and lungs by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." To build up solid flesh and strength after the grip, pneumonia, ("lung fever"), exhausing fevers, and other prostrating diseases, it has no equal. It does not make fat like cod liver oil and its nasty compounds, but solid, wholeno equal. It does not make for the couling oil and its nasty compounds, but solid, whole

A complete treatise on Throat, Bronchial, and Lung Diseases; also including Asthma, and Chronic Nasal Catarrh, and pointing out successful means of home treatment for these maiadies, will be mailed to any address by the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of six cents in stamps, to pay postars. stamps, to pay postage.

VINELESS OR BUNCH YAM FISHER & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 18 and 20 Broadway, New Yark s, to-day and mention the paper.
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