

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE more you love, the more you live. Every dog is a lion somewhere. God will leave nothing half-done. Love is the apex. Humility, the foundation of the Christ-like life. The city is as strong for the poor as it is for the rich. A patched-up friendship is apt to break in a new place. There is a river within that is ever warring with its shores. What a career the Almighty Father chose for His Beloved Son! The devil fears the prayer that is learned at a mother's knee. God gives no burden where He has not first given strength to bear it. However high a man may climb, he must always start from the ground. There is no pew in any church that the devil has not sometimes occupied. Get where God can trust you to handle money, and you will never find your pocket empty. Airing other people's faults never made them smell any sweeter.—**Ram's Horn.**

The writer says that brains will tell. Sometimes they do, and sometimes it is brains that keeps a man from telling.

Never Too Sure.

Against the probability or possibility of mischance or accident we can never be too sure. But if we should stop to consider how great is the chance of sudden death, we would be made too timid and unhappy. Caution is needed not to be foolishly, and precaution to know what is best to do when an accident happens. One day this winter two men were walking and one said: "We're too timid in treading on slippery places. I tread firmly and never think about them, and so escape a fall." "Never be too sure," said the other: "It is that that throws you off and makes the fall the harker." Just then they came upon a place covered with thin snow, where kids had been sliding. The first speaker slipped and came down with his foot turned and badly sprained his ankle. He was a cripple on crutches until a short time ago, having used many things without benefit. Up to that time he had not used St. James Oil, which, when used, cured him completely, so that he walks as usual. There is a probability that for the rest of the season he will walk cautiously, with the precaution of having this great remedy ready for use.

Pruning Lilac Wiegels.

Both lilac and weigela bear their flowers on their young or green shoots, and if pruned in autumn or winter the bloom will be much reduced. These plants need very little pruning, as a rule, beyond cutting away any dead wood or unnecessary branches, but if wood at any time it should be thought desirable to shorten or head back the branches, the proper time for doing it is immediately after the plants have finished their blooming.—**Vick's Magazine.**

Looking Backward.

"You must feel very happy in this lovely cottage you call your own?" "How can I when I think of my family that owned an estate of thousands of acres, with a castle and a whole regiment of servants?" "Why, when did they lose it?" "During the eleventh century."—**Brooklyn Life.**

CONSULTING A WOMAN.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman. She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ailment. Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement. This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge. Her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health. "I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—**Mrs. JOHN FOREMAN, 26 N. Woodberry Ave., Baltimore, Md.** The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.

HE PAYS THE FRAYT

WOMAN'S

JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR

GUARDS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

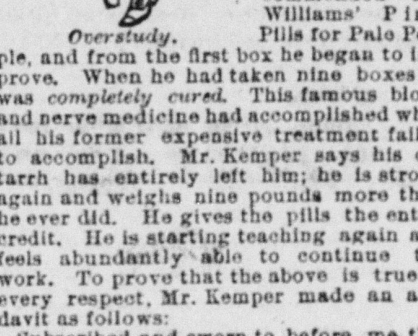
Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, Use in Time, and by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

An Overworked Brain.

From the Record, Piercetn, Ind. Determined to rise in his chosen profession as an educator, Ernest Kemper, of Piercetn, Ind., overtaxed himself mentally and physically. He was ambitious, his mind was always on his work. From early morn until late at night he continually pored over his books. Few persons, even with the strongest constitutions, can keep up under such a strain.

In addition to his studies, Mr. Kemper was teaching a school some three miles from his home. Finally, his excessive study and the exposure of going to and from school in all kinds of weather undermined his health. He was taken to his bed with pneumonia and his overworked brain almost collapsed. For several weeks he was seriously ill. Catarrh had taken root in his system and his mind was in a delicate condition. He was sent to Colorado where he spent three months without receiving any benefit.



Then a notable improvement came from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and from the first box he began to improve. When he had taken nine boxes he was completely cured. This famous blood and nerve medicine had accomplished what all his former expensive treatment failed to accomplish. Mr. Kemper says his catarrh has entirely left him; he is strong again and weighs nine pounds more than he ever did. He gives the pills the entire credit. He is starting teaching again and feels abundantly able to continue the work. To prove that the above is true in every respect, Mr. Kemper made an affidavit as follows:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of September, 1897.

R. F. Warr, Notary Public.

We doubt if these pills have an equal in all the range of medicine, for building up a run down and debilitated system.

SITTING DHURNA IN INDIA.

The Maharratta Method of Settling Debts.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad debts; but even a professional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Maharrattas—at least, if travelers' tales are to be trusted. In that country—so they say—when a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his debtor, that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby, in some mysterious way, becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He neither himself eats nor allows his debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be canceled. However strange it may appear to Europeans, this method of enforcing a demand is an established and almost universal usage among the Maharrattas, and seems to them a mere matter of course. Even their "scindlah," or chieftain, is not exempt from it.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant takes with him a number of his followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed of his adversary, to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence for the man who imposes the ordeal; and, of course, the strongest stomach wins the day. After all, we have little right to ridicule this absurdity; for our own laws provide, nominally at least, for starving a jury into a verdict.

A similar custom was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares that Brahmins were sometimes systematically put through a course of training to enable them to endure a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich person, where they publicly made a vow to remain fasting until a certain sum of money was paid, or until they perished from starvation. To cause the death of a Brahmin was considered so heinous an offense that the cash was generally forthcoming; but never without a resolute struggle to determine whether the man was likely to prove staunch, for the average Oriental will at most as soon give up his life as his money.

It must be a great consolation to the widow when the insurance more than covers the loss.

Prayer and Profanity are all right in their proper places, but if you have Tetter or Eczema, or Salt Rheum, or Ringworm, better save your breath and buy "Tetter-ine," 50 cents a box at drug stores, or by mail from J. T. Shupertine, Savannah, Ga.

Love of reading enables a man to exchange the weary hours which come to every one for hours of delight.

Oh, What Splendid Coffee, writes Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I grew 300 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb." A. C. G.

A package of this coffee and big seed and plant catalogue sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

The average man never fully realizes at midnight how very sleepy he is going to be at 1 o'clock the next morning.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CUREY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

People seldom love those who withstand their prejudices, and who endeavor to control their passions.

UNDERGROUND STREAMS.

Thousands of Miles of Subterranean Rivers in Kentucky.

Mr. John R. Proctor, formerly State Geologist of Kentucky, has written an article for the Century on "The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky." Mr. Proctor says:

Passing southward through Kentucky on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, the observant traveler will notice that about forty miles from Louisville the road climbs Muldrow's Hill, which is the northern escarpment of an elevated limestone plateau sloping gently to the south and west. The road traverses this plateau for about one hundred miles, and descends a southern escarpment into the basin of central Tennessee. In this distance only three streams are crossed—Nolin, Green, and Barren Rivers; and between these rivers the entire surface drainage passes away through subterranean channels, giving rise to a curious "sink-hole" topography which is peculiar to this region. These circular and oval-shaped depressions are so numerous that in places the rims almost touch one another, and one can sometimes count several hundred to the square mile. Through vents at the bottom of these sinks the surface-water passes downward into caverns and underground streams, emptying into the above named rivers through arched ways near water level, and in places beneath the surface of the rivers.

The surface-rock of this plateau is the Subcarboniferous limestone, which is here several hundred feet thick, a massive, remarkably homogeneous rock, with no intervening strata of shale or sandstone—conditions most favorable for the formation of caverns; consequently this region contains more and larger caves, in a given area, than any other region in the world. In Edmondson County, where the celebrated Mammoth Cave is located, it is claimed that there are as many as five hundred known caverns.

A range of hills of uniform height, running parallel with the railway and several miles distant, will be observed to the north. On nearer inspection this will be seen to be a level plateau rising out of the limestone plain, and held up by a capping of massive sandstone. It is beneath the protection of this sandstone-capped plateau that the larger caves are found. Green River has cut through this plateau to a depth of about 320 feet; and as the sandstone cap is about 70 feet thick, we find about 250 feet of massive limestone exposed above the drainage level, we thus have 250 feet as the present limit of the vertical extension of these caves. The evidence is conclusive that these caves have been cut down to correspond with the deepening of the channel cut by Green River. In the region immediately along the line of the railway, where the sandstone capping and the upper limestone have been removed by erosion, the caverns have less vertical extension, and correspond to the lower avenues of the Mammoth and other caves to the north. Doubtless large caverns, corresponding to those now remaining beneath the sandstone plateau, existed here before the upper member of the limestone was eroded from this area.

There is no means of estimating the extent of the caverns and subterranean streams in this region. Every one of the innumerable depressions or sink-holes—save where the vents have been closed, thus forming ponds—communicates with an underground channel or cave, and the aggregate length of such channels has been estimated at many thousands of miles. Nor can we form any estimate of the number and extent of large caverns yet undiscovered. But for the erosion caused by a small stream cutting through the roof of Mammoth Cave the present entrance would not have been broken open, and this, the greatest of caves, might have remained unknown. Several other of the largest and most beautiful caves in this region have been found by accident. Hidden grandeur doubtless yet remain entombed beneath the extensive uplands reaching out on both sides of Green River.

In crossing the southern upland we come upon oval-shaped limestone valleys, surrounded on all sides by a sandstone rim, with no outlet save through vents in the bottom. These valleys are sometimes hundreds of acres in extent, and are probably formed by the falling in of extensive caverns, the debris, disintegrated by the elements being carried away through the subterranean channels. The fact that existing caves under the hills surrounding these valleys have been found through entrances in the sides of some of the valleys is an indication that this may have been the condition.

STRAINS.

Best Way to Treat These Injuries to the Human Frame.

It is commonly said that a sprained joint is worse than a broken bone, and this is often true, for in a severe sprain the injury is really greater than in a simple fracture. The ankle is perhaps the most frequently sprained of all the joints, though the knee, elbow and wrist are also very liable to be injured, in falls especially.

A sprain of a joint varies greatly in severity; it may consist of a simple wrench, without the tearing of any of the ligaments, or it may be a more extensive injury, stopping just short of a dislocation. In a moderately severe case one or more of the ligaments of the joint will be torn slightly, or possibly completely across; the membrane beneath the ligaments, which retains the lubricating fluid of the joint, will be ruptured, permitting the escape of more or less of this fluid into the parts about and giving rise sometimes to a consider-

able swelling; this swelling may be increased by an effusion of fluid into the joint, especially if inflammation sets in; and finally there is usually a slight, or even sometimes a quite pronounced, escape of blood into the tissues, and this, gradually working to the surface, appears as a black-and-blue stain.

In more severe cases the tendons passing over the joint and attaching the muscles which move it to the bones may suffer considerable damage, or one of them may be broken or torn from its attachment, bringing with it a sliver of bone. Where so much harm has been done to all the parts,—bones, ligaments, tendons and muscles,—it is easy to understand that much pain will result and that the cure will be tedious.

In the treatment of a sprain the first thing to be aimed at is to relieve pain and prevent inflammation, to favor healing of the torn structures, and after that to restore the use of the limb.

The first of these objects is accomplished by absolute rest of the injured part, the limb being raised, and by lead and opium wash, a spirit lotion, or such other local applications as the physician may prescribe. Swelling is prevented in a measure, and pain is sometimes relieved, by firm bandaging with a flannel bandage.

The Cache in Alaska.

The settlements along the Yukon are few and far between, and consist, for the most part, of the same elements. There are the company's store; the huts and tents of the natives; the crowd of howling dogs; salmon hanging in red strips, burnished with copper tinges in the sun; little tots of children; chattering women offering baskets, mocassins, and trinkets for sale; and here and there perhaps a squad of uniformed children, marking the work of some mission—good-looking, clean-looking children, but, whether Christianized or not, spoiled for living like natives again. The problem is, what is to become of them? Along the banks are occasionally met the rude huts and tents of small parties of Indians come hither to cut wood for the boats or to wash; but, however simple the habitation, it must always have the cache, or storehouse, propped upon posts to keep the supplies out of reach of the dogs; for these dogs can bite through a tin can and almost climb a greased pole in search of food. The cache should have a place on the coat of arms of Alaska; it is universal.—**John Sidney Webb, in the Century.**

Living Progeny of Fish.

A doubt that has troubled scientists for years—whether there exists a viviparous kind of fish, one that gives birth to its young in a living state—was definitely settled in the affirmative the other day, when the city hall fountain of the capital of Arizona territory was cleaned out. In turning the water out of the big cement basin, where a gold fish variety of the carp family has long disported itself for the edification of the Phoenix nurse girl and the Maricopa County hobo, it was found that many of the fish had given birth to progeny fully formed and ready to dart in search of food at the moment of coming into their watery world. Others had given birth to tiny creatures that were globular in shape, except for the protruding eyes and a nascent tail fin that could scarcely be seen without a strong glass. From all the evidences, it was clear that the clean-up had been made during the breeding season, yet there was no sign of fish roe or eggs. Many specimens of the strange young fish were collected, and will be shipped to different experts, one lot going to the Smithsonian Institution.—**Chicago Times-Herald.**

How the Whale Escaped.

A whale is seldom caught napping. When, however, one is waked from his after-dinner sleep by a passing vessel, he makes off from the intruder in great haste. The author of a recent book, "With Russian Pilgrims," has a good story to tell of a whale thus disturbed. One day at sea, when I was captain on the Vancouver, a big whale created a sensation. The upper deck was covered with loungers for it was a lovely summer afternoon, and all the deck chairs had their novel-reading occupants.

The whale was sleeping in the sunshine, and suddenly felt his tail tickled by the passing monster. He leaped bodily out of the water in his anxiety to hurry away. The fashionable crowd gave a shout; novels flew and chairs emptied themselves quickly, as every one rushed to the rail; but the whale dived, and an infant's voice said: "Ma, did the whale jump out of the cabin window?"

A Quaint Custom.

The marriage customs of nations are quaint. Here is one which is described by a traveler: A Hottentot widow marrying again has to cut off the joint of a finger, which she gives to her new husband on her wedding day. Each time she becomes a widow and marries again she has to sacrifice one finger joint.

A Travelling Plant.

The most extraordinary plant known is the "travelling plant," which has a root formed of knots, by which it annually advances about an inch from the place where it was first rooted.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHEN PAPA WAS A BOY.

"When papa was a little boy
You really couldn't find
In all the state of Washington
A child so quick of mind.
His mother never called but once,
And pa was always there;
He never made the baby cry,
Or pulled his sister's hair.
"He never slid down banisters,
Or made the slightest noise;
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right;
And chopping wood and milking cows
Were papa's chief delight.
"He always rose at six o'clock
And went to bed at eight,
And never lay abed till noon
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
When he was ten years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.

"He never grumbled when he had
To do the evening chores,
And never in all his life forgot
To shut the stable doors.
He never, never thought of play
Until his work was done,
He labored hard from break of day
Until the set of sun.
"He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
Said truly, I could never see,"
But little Dick Malloy,
"How he could never do these things,
And really be a boy."

CATNIP AND CATS.

Catnip is a strong smelling plant, with an odor something like mint. It has some medicinal value, but otherwise is useless and would not deserve mention, were it not for the peculiar fascination it possesses for the feline tribe. The common house cat grows delirious over catnip, and the great savage cats, like the lion and tiger, are not less susceptible. This latter trait is more strange, because, so far as known, this herb does not grow in their native haunts. Not long ago an armful of fresh catnip was taken to the Zoo, in Chicago, and permission was given to try its effects on the animals. It created a great commotion.

Perhaps the most astonishing incident connected with the tour of the cages happened just as the visitor, with his big bundle of catnip, left the office of the keeper in the animal house. The scent of the plant filled the whole place, and as soon as it reached the parrot's corner, the two macaws set up a noise that drowned thought and made for the side of the cage, poking their beaks and claws through. When the catnip was brought near them, they became nearly frantic. They were given some, and devoured it, stem, leaf and blossom, with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their voices.

The keeper and the catnip carrier then made for the cage of Dan, the African leopard. Now, Dan, so far as is known, had never before smelled or seen a leaf of the plant. Before the front of his cage was reached, he had bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant, alert and, with brightening eyes, at the bars of his cage. This African exotic went simply insane.

The man with the catnip purposely waited for a few minutes before he poked any of the green leaves and yellowish white flowers of the plant through to the big cat. Finally a double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den. Never was the prey of this African dweller, in his wild state, pounced upon more rapidly, or with more absolute savage enjoyment.

First Dan ate a mouthful of the catnip, then he lay flat on his back and wriggled his sinuous length through the green mass until his black spotted yellow hide was permeated with the color of the plant from shoulders to tail tip. Then Dan sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw, and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. Heat-d with his exertions, he exuded catnip at every pore. He ate an additional mouthful or two of the stuff, and then jumped back to his shelf, where he lay, the very picture of a yawn and contentment.

In the tiger's cage there is a young but full-grown animal captured within eighteen months in the jungles of India. He is a powerful brute, and one with whom even the keepers do not seek a close acquaintance. When this great surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip, he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this the soft note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big-maned South African lion to shame.

That vicious tiger and his kindly dispositioned mate fairly revelled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into their cage. They rolled about in it, and played together like six-week-old kittens.

They mewed and purred, evidently discussing the question as to what this strange plant was which gave them a variety of pleasure never before experienced. They tossed it about, ate of it, and after getting about as liberal a dose as had Dan the leopard, they likewise leaped to their respective shelves and blinked lazily at the sun.

The big lion, Major, was either too dignified or too lazy to pay more than passing attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful or two of it, and then he tucked up his chops in a "that's-not-half-bad" way, and then went back to his nap. The three baby lions quarrelled over

their allowance, and ate it every bit; but they could not be beguiled, despite their tender years into frolicking over the presence of the plant.

HE WANTED TO BE A PET.

I do not know his name. I never saw him. But a friend told me this story, and I know it is true. He was a little, round, fat baby. What do you think? But you will never guess. So I must tell you that he was a little hippopotamus, who wanted to be petted. He lived far away in Africa, in a muddy river, with his mother; and he swam along by her side, or rested on her back when he grew tired of swimming. He was about as big as a large pig, of a delicate gray color, and had never seen a man in his short life, until my friend found him, after shooting his mother.

In South Africa, one does not have a great choice of food; and the black men who live there are very fond of hippopotamus steak, so that is how this baby came to lose his big mamma. She was shot to feed a large party of hungry men.

Neither the sound of the guns nor the loss of his mother seemed to trouble this little baby, however. He climbed out of the water, and came up to the men, who were standing about, as if he wanted to be petted, and played among the horses like a big dog. The horses must have wondered what the strange, little, snub-nosed animal was, who gambled about like a puppy and looked like a very queer kind of pig.

After the big hippopotamus had been out and distributed for food, the men mounted their horses, and rode off to their camp, which was five miles away. And will you believe me when I tell you that the baby followed them all that day, trotting along through the woods and keeping up with the horses? He wanted to be a pet very much indeed, you see; and my friend would probably have shipped him home to England to live in some civilized "Zoo," had not the dogs about the camp where he was stopping made such a noise that they frightened the brave baby away.

He turned back, and ran into the woods, where, in all probability, he died of hunger. So that is all I can tell you of this little, big animal who wanted to be a pet.

THE SMALLEST SHARE THE BEST SHARE.

Some young girls were out in the fields gathering the blackberries that grew abundantly there. Each had her own little basket or bucket, and all were soon picking busily, now and then throwing a gay word across to each other or stopping to eat a sweet berry to see how good and ripe it was. But Mary Fielding, it was soon noticed, stopped filling her own basket every now and then, and stepped to the side of a younger girl to help her. Whenever one of these smaller ones got discouraged, it seemed as if she looked up at Mary, and always found her ready to notice her. "Mary," said one of her own particular friends, "if you stop to find the nicest places for all the younger ones, you won't get your share of berries. They'll get the best ones, and the most."

"My share will be what is left," said Mary. "I'll get enough, never fear. Sometimes the smallest share is the best share. I can't bear to see the little girls troubled and not help them."

Be Proud of Red Hair.

Instead of being dissatisfied with their lot, women with red hair should study how to use it becomingly, and be proud of the distinction of having it. There appears to be an impression among women with red hair, says an exchange, that almost any shade of blue can be worn by them, because, as a usual thing, they have fair and delicate complexions. But, as a matter of fact, blue is the one color above others, that ought to be avoided. The contrast is too violent and the combination is not harmonious. The shades most suitable to be worn with red hair are bright, sunny brown and all autumn-tinted tints. After these may be selected pale or very dark green—but never a bright green, pale yellow and black unmixd with any other color. Mixed colors are not becoming to red-haired people, as they nearly always give them a more or less dowdy appearance. In fact, red hair is usually so brilliant and decided that it must be met on its own ground, and no vague, undecided sort of things should be worn with it.—**Philadelphia Ledger.**

Languages Taught by Machinery.

The phonograph is now used to teach foreign languages. With each phonograph the pupil receives a text book and twenty cylinders. Each lesson in the book is arranged in the form of questions and answers. The pupil ready to begin, puts the cylinder of the first lesson in the machine, the tubes in his ears and starts the phonograph. Keeping his eye on the book he hears the words and phrases repeated, with their proper accent, just as if the professor stood at his side. There is the additional advantage that the lesson can be repeated twenty or a hundred times if necessary, until every sound is familiar to the pupil.