

More Deer than Sheep in Maine. Twenty-five years ago there were very few deer in Maine, especially in Franklin and Oxford Counties. They were there unknown. In fact, I never saw a deer track in the State till about 1850. Since that time they have increased very fast. I have no fear for deer in the future. They are to-day in every county of the State. Indeed, I may safely say, I am sure that there are more deer than sheep in the State to-day. And that this is so is due, in my opinion, to protection afforded them.—Boston Herald.

Oh, What Splendid Coffee. Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15¢ I drew 900 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb." A package of this coffee and good seed and plant catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

The true prophet is seldom a prophet to his own people.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50¢ or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The reason some folks "lose their mind" must be that they have given others "a piece of their mind"—so often, they have none left for themselves.—Horn's Horn.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25¢.

Don't try to raise too large a crop of religion on too small a plot of ground. Increase your territory as you increase your seed.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25¢ a bottle.

If stolen dollars would burn, there would be some hot pockets.

## America's Greatest Medicine

GREATEST, Because it does what all other medicines fail to do. As an instance of its peculiar and unusual curative power, consider the most insidious disease, and the disease which taints the blood of most people, producing incalculable suffering to many, while in others it is a latent force liable to burst into activity and produce untold misery on the least provocation.

Scrofula is the only ailment to which the human family is subject, of which the above sweeping statement can honestly be made. Now, a medicine that can meet this common enemy of mankind and repeatedly effect the wonderful cures Hood's Sarsaparilla has,—clearly has the right to the title of America's Greatest Medicine. Be sure to get only

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is sold by all druggists. 5¢; six for 25¢.

Hood's Pills set harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla, 25¢.

The Blind Organist.

Scores of people who have attended the Meridian Street Methodist Episcopal Church have wondered how it was possible for a man not gifted with sight to play without error the anthems, hymns and songs for the many services. Charles F. Hansen, who does this, is one of the wonders of the city, and people have become so accustomed to seeing and hearing him that what he does is taken as a matter of course, with scarcely a thought of what it must be for him to arrive at the state which he has reached. It is a rare thing for an organist or an accompanist to play without mistakes, and yet Mr. Hansen rarely misses the correct note. Mr. Hansen entered the institution for the education of the blind in Indianapolis when he was about 10 years of age, and four years later he began the study of the organ. The first work was not much like that which Mr. Hansen does to-day. He has two ways of learning a piece of music, and for each he has to have a reader.

**MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.**

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhoea. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,

I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—Mrs. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.

## WEEKLY SERMONS.

Address by Evangelist D. L. Moody in New York.

"Peace in the Soul" is the title of the Rev. George H. Herworth's Sermon, Preached in the New York Herald's Columns—An Address by D. L. Moody.

"For the kingdom of God is joy and peace."—Romans xiv, 17.

The Bible is the most practical book in the world. There is very little theology in it—not as much as some people think—but a great many inspired bits of advice to the conduct of every day life, as though the writer loved the men and women who would read his word and was actuated by no other motive than to help them over rough places. For this reason the Book has maintained its hold on mankind. It is friendly, kindly and encouraging, a book not to be read through at a sitting, but to be taken up at odd times and glanced at just as you would look at a handful of jewels for a moment and then put them away.

I have noticed that it makes many, very many references to peace and joy—not the peace of a nation, that busy peace in which we compete for personal gain, but the peace of the heart, which creates contentment and keeps the soul in peace and equilibrium; the peace which makes a man feel that everything will come out right in the end because nothing can come out wrong when God is guiding our affairs. It is once spoken of as a very extreme language as "the peace that passeth all understanding," like the peace which a sensitive soul enjoys when it gazes on a magnificent landscape, or like that which the lover of music has when he is listening to some superb orchestra, or like that which a mother has when she is sitting by the cradle of her first born, a peace that refuses to be analyzed, but is so deep and strange that no one can describe it to a person who has not felt it.

I am talking to myself as well as to you when I say that we could get a great deal more out of life if we were more peaceful. We expend too much energy on trivial things, things so unimportant that it does not matter greatly how they go. We allow ourselves to be disturbed by small matters, whereas the soul is big enough to look on them with indifference. We keep ourselves in a condition of nervous tension, which is not simply hurtful to the body but equally so to the spiritual nature. Body and soul are so closely related that over excitement of the one seems to throw the other off its balance. You and I cannot beat out best until we are tranquil in heart with that kind of tranquillity which rests on the firm basis of faith that the angels of God are looking after our interests and trying to persuade us to take the right road to heaven. There is just an atom of insanity in us, and when we grow restless that atom is fanned into a flame. The truly sane man is the quiet souled man. I say, therefore, since Christianity teaches a man to be quietness, that the Christian religion will both make us sane and keep us so.

When crossing the ocean recently our ship ran into a storm. The sea was very rough, the fog closed in on all sides, and we had an uncomfortable time. The waves were in an ugly mood, and on two or three occasions swept the deck. I enjoyed it a little as did the other passengers and should have been grateful for a ray of sunshine. But that was not to be thought of. Suppose I had taken on myself the responsibility of the situation. The captain was on the bridge night and day, but suppose I had allowed myself to wonder whether he knew his business, and had offered him advice as to the conduct of the vessel. Would that have allayed the tempest, would it have stilled the troubled waves, would it have kept the ship from rolling uneasily? I should not only have done no good, but should have interfered to the detriment of the crew. My duty was to keep my peace as best I could, not to go beyond my province as a passenger, to bear in mind that the captain had passed safely through a thousand worse storms and was showing no anxiety about this one. If I had faith in the master of the craft there was no need to be afraid. Any doubt as to his ability to cope with an oncoming storm was his body. My duty was to keep still and to cherish the conviction that all would be well in a few hours.

Now the spiritual difficulty we encounter in our lives is this subtle suspicion that after all there may not be a God, or, if there is, that He is not equal to the emergency. That ranket of all heresies lies at the foundation of our religious restlessness. We may as well face the matter and govern ourselves accordingly. The man who does not cheerfully meet his fate has a lurking doubt of God's existence. He may deny it to others, but he must needs admit it to himself. He may accept the longest creed that was ever written and be orthodox in all the details of his professed belief, but if you could find your way into the heart of his belief you would discover that his faith in God is a social or political luxury, and as such is worth very little.

Did Christ have any doubt that a legion of angels would minister unto Him in His necessity? Can you conceive of Him as sitting at the window of His friend's house in Bethany on the night before the crucifixion and wondering if He could go through the next day's experience? On the contrary, He was self-possessed, serene and cheerful, and if the opportunity to avoid the cross had been offered He would not have used it. He knew that the Father was there, that the Father would be with Him, and that the cruel nails could not hurt Him so much as a doubt of that Father's love.

GEORGE H. HERWORTH.

DWIGHT L. MOODY SPEAKS.

Address by the Evangelist at a Crowded Meeting in New York.

Dwight L. Moody has been holding a series of crowded meetings in New York. The following account is from one of the famous evangelist's addresses there:

"In Luke xix, 10, is the keynote of this week meeting: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost.' Even now I am cast down. A life-long friend has come to me saying that his health is lost and that it is only a question of time when he passes away. I am sad, I say, yet he has the promise of a beautiful life hereafter. Some friend of yours has lost his wealth, is reduced in life. You sympathize with him, I sympathize with him. And yet with all this misfortune there is a hope for a better life.

"To-day I passed the eye-infirmary, across from where I am staying, where I am told are many little ones hopelessly blind. I cannot look at that building without a pang at my heart. A doctor told me that a mother brought her beautiful little child to him and said that it hadn't opened its eyes for several days. He looked at the little child and told her that it was blind. 'Yes,' said she, 'It has been blind for several days.' 'It will be blind forever,' he told her. Then there came a wail from her heart that nearly broke my heart to hear of. Her child could never see its mother. Yet there is hope that the child will be glorified in another world.

"On my way here I passed the Hospital for Orphaned Children. I could not help but sympathize with them. And yet there is hope for these poor beings. There is the hope of another body—a glorified likeness of our

saviour Jesus Christ. And yet—and yet it is so hard for people to realize what it means to be glorified in the life to come. The evangelist's voice thundered as he hurried this down upon the audience. A low murmur came in recognition of its force.

"What is it to be lost? When I came to New York twenty years ago little Charlie Ross had just been lost. The whole nation was moved as it had not been moved since that year. They grieved at the picture of the child lying there, that I search my congregation for some trace of him. Devoted friends of his mother came day after day, searching for the little child. Many and many a mother wept at the thought of the anguish of that boy's mother. And yet there are millions of mothers that have lost their sons, for these sons have missed the word of God.

"Again, I will tell you another story. In one of the towns in the West where I was preaching two little children had wandered into the woods—a brother and a sister. All day they searched for them and they were not found. They had wandered into the woods and did nothing at their labor. So they formed a line—a thousand of them—all a few feet apart, and scoured the woods. Then when the word came down the line that the little ones had been found safe and well, how that town was stirred. 'And yet, I tell you, here are hundreds and hundreds of drunkards, young men lost in vice, lost forever, and yet this town is never stirred. Think of the young men going down, down, deeper into vice, while no one seems to be moved.

"Except that man that again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.

"There is not a poor drunkard nor a fallen woman that God does not want. They do not believe, perhaps, that God wants them? Do you hunt them up. Tell them the word of God.

"A certain woman has ten pieces of silver, and loses one. Does she let it go? No! She gets a broom and raises a dust and a commotion. She doesn't wait for the silver to go down, down, deeper into vice, while no one seems to be moved.

"There is not a poor drunkard nor a fallen woman that God does not want. They do not believe, perhaps, that God wants them? Do you hunt them up. Tell them the word of God.

"While the Son of God seeks you, seek, too, the next man who is lost. I know that I could name the day and hour when he would be saved. 'Ho,' said he, 'I didn't know there was a prophet in your family. The day and hour when you earnestly seek God.'

"God isn't going to save the man that is asleep, who is not awake. I know of one man who stood with his hands in his pockets, leaning against a pillar. 'Do you wish to be saved?' I asked him. 'I've no objection,' he answered. 'Seek the Lord where He may be found. Can you tell me how to find Him? Come, I ask you. Can the Lord be found here to-day?' 'Yes, yes,' cried a dozen voices in reply. The evangelist nodded his head in pleasure.

"Seek the Lord where He may be found. Seek as men seek gold. It won't take long to find Him. Look at the crowd rushing to get into the Golden City. They are anxious to get into the Klondike they would be saved readily enough. If they were as anxious for God as some of them seem to be for war just now, they would find Him easily enough.

"You don't have to wait to be saved. Pray now, 'Lord, save me.' If it is a heart-cry, you'll be saved. If out of work or disheartened, God will save you. How do you know, you ask? Because I have seen thousands saved. It is one of the easiest yet one of the hardest things in the world to be saved. But it's easy when you once make for yourself a way.

"Now let us pray that all in this house be saved. Let us continue in silent prayer." Kneeling, the evangelist lifted his face, still clutching at his breast the song book. After a moment he broke into a deep, intense silence. It was broken by the evangelist arising and asking that a hymn be sung. Then he spoke:

"Come with me!" he cried; "come and be saved. Let all that wish to know the word of God come with me into that room over there. I will counsel with them.

"If there are any beside you that need converting, speak with them. If they be timid, bring them with you. Come."

Arising, the evangelist moved down from the platform, toward his way to the room at the rear. The crowd turned, and dozens of individuals followed in the evangelist's wake. There in that room they obtained his counsel and cheer, and with smiling faces returned upon their ways.

COUNTERFEITING IN PRISON.

Convicts Take Metal From the Engines and Coins Nickels.

A counterfeiting plant has been discovered within the walls of the State Prison at Joliet. The work was done in an engine room by convicts L. H. Coyne and James Brown. So far as known only nickels were coined, presumably because no silver could be obtained. When the officers reached the Coyne and Brown's workshop a window and threw their dies and crucibles into a canal leading to the American River. A large number of well executed five-cent pieces were found. They were made from Rabbit metal taken from the engines which run through the prison grounds for the purpose of hauling rock from the quarries.

It is thought that the dies or moulds were not made by the men who coined the money, but by some of the expert counterfeiters in the prison. Several of the bogus coins have been found in circulation in the town of Joliet.

SHARK CATCHERS DROWNED.

Four Japanese Lose Their Lives in the Surf in an Exciting Hunt.

Four Japanese fishermen were drowned near Pacific Grove, Cal., while harpooning sharks. Japanese catch sharks for oil which nets twenty-five cents a gallon. Two boats went out, with three men in one and four in the other. The boats were lashed together with cross pieces so that they would better withstand the lunges of sharks when harpooned. A school of white sharks appeared early in the afternoon, and one fully twenty-five feet long, was harpooned. Instead of rushing out to sea as wounded sharks usually do, this one made for the shore and dragged the boats into the surf. Four huge rollers were encountered and capsized the boats. Three men in one of the boats reached shore. The others were drowned.

Was Food Adulterated. The pure food congress at Washington was attended by about 200 delegates. Was against food adulteration was declared in strong terms.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Before 1886 the average number of labor strikes of all kinds in this country was about 500 a year. Since that date the average has been 1,500.

One big club of wheelmen in New York has decided not to let women or children participate in century runs. This is taking the right side in another good road movement, thinks the Philadelphia Times.

Official reports show that the attendance at the Indian schools has increased from 3,630, in 1877, to 18,675, in 1897. It appears that the real solution of the Indian question has been found in the spelling book.

In 1794 the habitual users of the English language did not number more than 20,000,000; in 1897 their number was estimated at 110,000,000.

The German emperor talks much about the time when it will be necessary to shed blood for the fatherland. Why not talk about the possibility of preserving the fatherland without bloodshed.

Reports from Klondike indicate that the desirable territory in that region has all been taken and that gold seekers who go to that country now will find themselves compelled to go hungry or engage in common labor. The northward rush, which has already begun, is bound to result in costly disappointment for thousands of men who would better have remained at home.

Fifty Texas farmers are about to go to Guerrero, Mexico, and lay out a town, to be called "The American City." The section settled upon is one of the richest in the state of San Luis Potosi, and grows beautiful crops of cotton, tobacco and sugar cane. The climate is healthful, and the colonists have high hopes of a prosperous career for their initial venture in the "land of the noonday sun." The members of the recently settled Cuban colony, situated near Guerrero, have a great success in tobacco-raising, and assert that their tobacco is in every way equal to the product of the fields of Cuba.

The champion non-professional wheelwoman of America is a resident of the staid and conventional city of Worcester, in the prim and decorous state of Massachusetts. Her name is Mrs. A. M. C. Allen, and her record for 1897 is 21,626 miles, ridden in 296 days. This is 10,206 miles more than any other woman's record in the United States. In the record 117 centuries are included. For the information of those who do not understand the technique of wheel language, it may be mentioned that a "century" is a ride of one hundred miles in a day. The record of the dangers Mrs. Allen has passed is almost as thrilling as Othello's "hairbreadth 'scapes." Dog bites, a sprained ankle, a dislocated foot and such trifles were disregarded as far as possible, and the plucky "bicyclenne" pushed on with a determination and arduous unknown even to many men.

A correspondent to the British Medical Journal suggests that, considering the gravity of the disease in the aggregate, influenza should be made a notifiable disease and isolated. The Journal, in commenting on this, shows the impossibility of real isolation of influenza, saying that, "in a large family there are always many chances that more than one person has been exposed to the original infection, and that while the most marked case is being with much difficulty isolated, the least marked case is wandering at large." The Journal concludes: "But it is perfectly possible to avoid visiting an infected house, and we think it fair to urge that when people have influenza among them, they should keep to themselves, and then even people with a 'common cold' should not visit their neighbors."

Among aeronauts and polar explorers the conviction extends that Andree's expedition is lost, and that no remnant of it may ever be discovered. It is thought probable that the airship and its courageous voyagers have been cast away among the icy Arctic wastes, and that no authentic news of them may ever come to hand. The balloon left Spitzbergen on July 11 of last year, bearing Messrs. Andree, Strindberg and Franckel. The only trustworthy message from them was brought by a carrier pigeon, and was dated two days after their departure, stating that good progress toward the North had been made. From that point on all is silence and mystery, affording the best grounds for surmise that the silence will never be broken nor the veil of mystery pierced. The chance of hopeful news is, of course, not entirely exhausted, but it is at best a slender one, not calculated to encourage the further use of the balloon in Arctic discovery.

According to a Washington correspondent, "the long-standing occupation of one of the White House clerks is gone. Back through several administrations it has been the duty of one man to read the newspapers for the President. This man read and clipped and pasted. He filled scrapbooks with such articles as he thought the President might want to see at some future time. But, besides this, he read with reference to what might be of immediate concern to the President. When he found anything he thought the President would like to see at once, he clipped it and pasted it on a sheet, with the date and the name of the paper. These sheets were laid before the President as regularly as the mail requiring his attention. The reader for the President had a place on the White House staff as far back as Grant's time, if not earlier. He went through all the papers of the country. It was in this way that Mrs. Grant saw the beautiful tribute to her daughter at the time of the Sartoris wedding, writ-

ten by the late John N. Edwards of Missouri, which she acknowledged gracefully, as the expression that had touched her most deeply. The reader for the President has been abolished. Mr. Porter is a newspaper man, and believes that he has a better way to accomplish the same purpose. Furthermore, the President has a select number of newspapers which he prefers to go through himself."

Does machinery displace labor, or widen the scope of its employment? asks the Atlanta Constitution. Ordinarily, this question evokes the answer that machinery displaces labor and that most of our present ills are due in some measure to the rapid increase of mechanical inventions; but a writer in *Monahan's Magazine* undertakes to prove that such is not true. This writer first deals with the printing press. He states that when the printing press was invented some three or four hundred years ago, its immediate effect was to displace some few copyists, but that its ultimate effect was to cheapen the labor of publication and to create demands for books, newspapers and magazines the world over, giving employment to millions of laborers. With respect to the locomotive engine, he contends that where it has displaced one laborer it has given steady employment to thousands. So with the telegraph, the telephone, the sewing machine, the electric light, the electric motor, the linotype press, the typewriter and other useful inventions which have become such indispensable factors in our modern life. In the iron and steel industries alone the writer states that 1,500,000 laborers are today employed, whereas some 50 years ago these industries amounted to mere figments.

To state that machinery displaces labor is to contradict the world's industrial record, and to impeach the splendid progress which it has made from the simplicity of primeval days to the advanced civilization of the nineteenth century.

A Useful Weed.

Kelp, as is known by those living on the sea coast is a crude alkaline matter, produced by the combustion of seaweeds. These are dried in the sun and then burned in shallow excavations at a low heat. About twenty or twenty-four tons of seaweed yield one ton of kelp. Kelp is composed of chloride of sodium, carbonate of soda, sulphate of soda and potash, chloride of potassium, iodine of potassium or sodium, insoluble salts, and coloring matter. It used to be the great source of soda, but a better quality is now obtained from the composition of sea salt. A ton of good kelp will yield about eight pounds of iodine, large quantities of chloride of potassium and also by destructive distillation a large quantity of volatile oil, from four to fifteen gallons of paraffin oil, three or four gallons of naphtha and from one and a half to four hundred weight of sulphate of ammonia. This latter as well as the sulphate of soda and potash enter into many of the commercial fertilizers.

There are in Scotland twelve factories, most of them at Glasgow, and two in Ireland which produce annually in all from this marine plant 130 tons of iodine. At Finisterre in France there are factories which produce 50 tons of iodine.

Seaweeds of several kinds are used for forage. Oxen, sheep and deer seek the fucus vesiculosus on the seashore in winter when other supplies are scarce; in the Swedish province of Gothland it is boiled and mixed with a little coarse flour as food for hogs; and in Norway, fucus setatus is used as food for cattle, generally sprinkled with a little meal.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

South American Wheat.

Mr. Buchanan, the late Minister to the Argentine Confederation under the Cleveland Administration, has just returned from that country, and reports that the Argentine wheat crop this year will be great enough to permit an export of from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels, an amount which will have not a little effect upon the price, as it will considerably augment the world's supply. The possibilities of South America as a wheat-producing country are almost limitless. A great area remains to be opened up in the Argentine, and when the railroad system is completed there it will develop a wheat belt almost as large as our own rich one in the far northwest. So, too, in Bolivia and Peru, at some time in the next century, there will be devoted to wheat cultivation an immense area which must bring South America seriously into competition with the United States for the wheat markets of the world.—Pittsburg Post.

Limited Partnerships.

The word "limited," so often seen after the business title of a firm, is a precaution against disaster. Under the English law there are two kinds of stock companies; in one the liability of the stockholders is unlimited, that is to say, if the stock of the company has a nominal value of \$100,000 and the company fails for \$500,000, the private property of the stockholders may be taken by process of law to satisfy the difference between the amount of the stock and the amount of the liability. When, however, the company is "limited" the liabilities of the stockholders are limited to the amount of stock they hold, and in case of the failure of the concern they are not liable to a greater extent than the value of their stock.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A squad of cyclists is now attached to every corps of cavalry in the German army.

## LOVELL DIAMONDS STAND THE TEST.

Board of Experts So Decide.

Remarkable Investigation From Which the Lovell Diamond Bicycle Came Out Ahead of All Competitors.

Where there are so many makes of bicycles on the market, all of which at first sight seem to be on an equal footing to the casual observer, and still the fact is well known that there is no article in common use where it is so easy for the manufacturer to cover up the imperfections as in the bicycle, both in material and workmanship, and which cannot be detected until the machine has been given a test on the road, such an investigation as has just been completed by the best experts in the country, under the supervision of the Western Review of Commerce, is likely to be of great value to the riding public. The honor of producing the best wheel among the thirty-seven well-known makes that were tested fell to the old established house of John P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Lovell Diamond. The investigation was made in a thorough manner by competent experts in the construction of wheels, and before them were placed thirty-seven of the



COLONEL BENJAMIN S. LOVELL, President of the John P. Lovell Arms Co.

leading makes. The machines were all marvels of the most recent ideas of mechanical construction, and were brought together without the slightest intimation or knowledge to the manufacturers that such a test was to take place. The practical experts composing the investigating board gradually weeded the machines down to a small number, and, after several days of careful testing of the relative merits of the machines, they were unanimous in their verdict that the Lovell Diamond was undoubtedly the best wheel made and so reported to the paper, the president of which immediately called Mr. P. Lovell Arms Co. company informing the latter of the investigation made and the decision reached, and this was the first intimation that the Lovell company had of the matter. The statement that the Lovell Diamond is the best bicycle built is based upon the fact that every part of the machine is made at their own factory. Previous to and including 1887 the machine bearing the name of the Lovell Diamond was manufactured for the John P. Lovell Arms Co. by outside parties, but beginning with the season of 1887, every part of every machine bearing their name plate has been constructed at the factory of the John P. Lovell Arms Co., South Portland, Maine. This fact easily accounts for the proven supremacy of the "Lovell Diamond" over all other leading makes of the world. The Lovell Arms Company have three stores in Boston, Washington street, Broad street and Massachusetts avenue, and branch stores in Worcester, Mass., Providence, R. I., Pawtucket, R. I., Portland and Bangor, Me., besides having agents in nearly every city and town throughout the country. Their new catalogue, "Famous Diamonds of the World," free on application.

Suits of Mud.

"I had an experience during the war that I can never forget," said an old soldier, who now lives in Western Kentucky.

"I was coming to Pulaski County, Kentucky, from down in Tennessee, on parole, and had for a companion a neighbor boy who was coming on the same mission as myself, to see a sick parent. Just after we had come over the line into Kentucky we encountered a hard rain storm, a regular gully washer and root soaker. We took refuge under a tree during the storm, but resumed our journey after the cloud passed over. When we got on the road again we found it almost impassable, the stiff blue clay clogging up under the insteps of our shoes until we couldn't walk at all.

"The further we went the more of the sticky clay we picked up, and our loads of 'stickum,' as my friend called it, got so heavy we positively couldn't navigate. When we cleaned off the mud we would make a few steps, only to find ourselves loaded down again. At various times I was walking with the clay clogged up on the soles of my nearly fifteen inches thick, and it raised me up like stilts. As long as we stayed on that mountain our progress was hindered in that way. We met a farmer walking up the hill who said the mud would stick just like gumbo, and it was always so in rainy weather. It took us five hours and a half to get down one mountain side, and we were so tired after that half-day of nerve-exhausting toil we had to stop for the night. I never saw such clay before or since, and I hope I never shall have to walk in any again."

Wedding Day Superstitions.

It used to be thought by the superstitious that to try on a wedding-ring before the ceremony was unpropitious. If the shaking hand of the bridegroom dropped this symbol of love in the act of putting it on the bride's finger, it was held that the ceremony had better be stopped then and there. To lose it was prophetic of evil, and to remove it after it was placed on the finger was unlucky.

The women always regard a man with suspicion, after a stray baby has been left at his door.