

A 50c. Calendar For Two 2c. Stamps.
If you will send 4 cts. to J. P. Lyons, Art Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York, he will mail you a beautiful screen calendar for 1900, size 11x16 inches, in 3 panels, lithographed in 11 colors and gold. New York stores charge 50 cts. for calendars as good.

At meetings of the British Cabinet no official record of any kind is kept of the proceedings.

"Duly Feed Man and Steed."

Feed your nerves, also, on pure blood if you would have them strong. Men and women who are nervous are so because their nerves are starved. When they make their blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla their nervousness disappears because the nerves are properly fed.



The Czar's American Driving Teacher.
George J. Fuller, the trotting horse expert, who sailed for Russia a short time ago, will have the pleasant task of teaching the czar how to manage the trotting horse. He has been especially engaged by the Russian government to instruct the army and the royal family. Mr. Fuller is a veteran of the civil war, and is well over 60 years old. He said to a sportsman before leaving: "I know nearly every trotting horse in the country, and I think they all know me."

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
The best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Croup. Small doses; quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. 75c. per box.

Chemp Water in Glasgow.
In Glasgow a \$75 householder obtains for \$1.42 per annum a continuous, never falling, unrestricted stream of the purest water in the world delivered right into his kitchen, wash-house and bath-room. It is calculated that 350 gallons of pure water are delivered to the citizens of Glasgow for every penny paid. And it is water of such peculiar softness that the householders of Glasgow can pay their water rate out of what they save on soap. Loch Katrine water is not only soft—it is remarkably bright, clear and free from vegetable matter because of the bare and precipitous character of the hills which drain into the loch. It is uniform in color, temperature and quality, is absolutely free from pollution, and must remain so because the corporation have now bought up the building rights of the whole drainage area; it needs no filtration and is practically unaffected by the change of seasons—*Engineer Magazine.*

WOMEN do suffer!
Even so-called healthy women suffer!
But they are not healthy!
The marks left by pain are on the young faces of many of our daughters. Pain that leaves its mark comes from a curable cause. If that cause is not removed its influence reaches out and overshadows a whole life. The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so uniformly successful for over a quarter of a century in overcoming the suffering of women, is that it is thorough and goes directly to the cause. It is a woman's

MUST WOMEN SUFFER?

remedy for woman's ills.
MISS EMILY F. HAAS, of 148 Freeman St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was down-hearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am happy to say it has entirely cured me."

JENNIE SHERMAN, of Fremont, Mich., Box 743, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel that I must write you and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had neuralgia of the stomach for two years, so bad that I could not do any work. I had two or three doctors, but did not seem to get any better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and improved from the first, had better appetite, and after taking three bottles of Compound and one box of Liver Pills, can say that I am cured. Your Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine."

The Mannlicher Rifle.
The power of the Mannlicher rifle was recently demonstrated in an accident near Prague. Two gendarmes entered a room in an inn and closed the door, putting their rifles in the corner. One rifle fell and discharged itself, the bullet going through the door into the next room where a party was dancing. It passed through the body of a musician, killing him, and then through the bodies of five of the men, all of whom were dangerously wounded.

Like Finding Money.
The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5c you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

Kipling's Gift to His Physicain.
Dr. James Conland of Brattleboro, Vt., feels himself to be the richest man in his part of the country. He is the Kipling family physician, and he accompanied Mr. Kipling in his various trips to the Great Banks when the famous author was getting information for his "Captains Courageous." The other day Mr. Kipling made his doctor a present of the original manuscript.

Findley's Eye Salve Cures
Sore eyes in 3 days; chronic cases in 3 days, or money back. All druggists, or by mail, 50c. per box. J. P. HAYES, Decatur, Texas.

At Iceland ponies are fed in winter on fish heads.

Pico's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine—Mrs. W. PICKER, Van Sien and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

Kaiser Pleased with a Boy's Tenacity.
The German kaiser had the other day a curious adventure with one of his numerous godchildren. Every seventh boy in the same family, if the parents are in humble circumstances, is named after and educated at the expense of the kaiser. On the kaiser's arrival at Remscheid, one of these godchildren was deputed to offer him a bouquet. The small boy, however, at the last minute utterly refused to part with the flowers. The kaiser, however, only laughed and patted him on the head, and said, "Yes, when a German once lays his hands on anything he does not readily give it up," and ordered fifty marks to be given to the obstinate youngster.

Don't Need Another.
Lady Traveler—Allow me to detail you one moment, sir. I have here a neat and pretty little letter-opener—very handy. Gent (interrupting)—So have I—at home. I'm a married man, you see!

Wages of London Bill Posters.
London billposters struck for \$8.25 per week, fifty-three hours to constitute a week's work.

HORRORS OF THE SUDAN.

THE DEBT CIVILIZATION OWES TO GREAT BRITAIN'S VICTORY.

Some Diabolical Cruelties that Were the Daily Pastime of the Dervishes Before the Rout of the Khalifa—Mr. Neufeld's Revelations.

After the first rejoicings in England over Lord Kitchener's victory at Omdurman there was the usual period of criticism, during which the peace-at-any-price party bewailed the wholesale slaughter of the dervishes and called the Sirdar to account for the murder of the wounded. It was said that the English themselves acted like savages, and many a homily was preached on the brutalizing influence of war.

But people who had read Slatin Pasha's story of fire and sword in the Sudan must have felt little sympathy for the Khalifa's followers or their English advocates, and Charles Neufeld's relation of his twelve years of servitude to the Mahdists will confirm them in the belief that the march of civilization upon barbarism cannot proceed too rapidly. "Chains and Slavery at Omdurman" is the title of the work whose revelation of horrors seems well-nigh incredible.

Cruelty was a pastime of the dervishes, the sport of their daily life under a tyranny which kept all men trembling, whether they were Mahdists or not. The favorite of to-day might become the victim of to-morrow if the jealous fears of the Khalifa were aroused. For all those who had incurred his displeasure there was the prospect of torture and death.

Slatin tells of a common punishment which consisted in lopping off the arm on one side, the leg on the other and leaving the mutilated sufferer to die. Neufeld supplements this with a story which rivals those of the black hole of Calcutta. In a cell less than 30 feet square from 250 to 280 prisoners were kept at night, not once only but repeatedly throughout periods that extended over weeks.

"Any prisoner who went down on such a night never got up again alive; his cries would not be heard above the pandemonium of clanking chains and bars, imprecations and cursings, and for any one to attempt to bend down to assist if he did hear only meant his going under also. In the morning, when we were allowed to stream out, five or six bodies would be found on the ground with the life crushed and trampled out of them."

A vivid description of one night in particular helps to a more perfect realization of the scene. On that occasion one of the prisoners was Ibrahim Pasha Fauzi, an old officer of Gordon's. He had been shackled like the rest, and between the pain and the stench of the place had swooned. As he lay on the ground four Sudanese sat upon his legs, and Neufeld determined to go to his rescue. A desperate fight then ensued, which resulted in his release, but more horrors followed:

"At midnight the doors of the cell were thrown open again and about twenty men, each wearing a shayba, were thrust into the place. (A shayba is a kind of yoke fastened to the neck and the extended arm in such a way that to move the arm throttles the wearer.) Practically there was no room for them, but they had to be driven in by some means. To make space for them the gaolers resorted to their favorite device of throwing into the cell handfuls of blazing straw and grass, and at the same time laying about the bare heads and shoulders of the prisoners with their whips."

Prior to this experience Neufeld had been led out, as he supposed, to execution, but he was tortured instead with all the devilish ingenuity of American Indians. Spears and swords were thrust into his side and he was given to understand that the final blow was to be delivered by one big fellow who kept making passes at him. But each time the fettered man was jerked back by the chain which bound him, to the great delight of the thousands who were watching the play.

Neufeld is a German. Slatin is an Austrian, but both glory in the advance of the British which saved the former from captivity. They have seen and felt too much of dervish cruelty to mourn with the English peace party over the fall of a detestable despotism. Neufeld goes so far as to defend openly the killing of wounded dervishes on the ground that this was the only way to prevent the treacherous murder even of those who went to succor them.

But whatever may be said of the debate on this point, there can be no doubt that there is an infinitely better rule now in the upper Sudan than there ever was before. Kitchener's coming was the whole people's salvation.—Chicago Times-Herald

Nurses in the War.
The largest and most important military hospital during the Spanish-American war was at Fort McPherson, Ga. It was a small but beautiful hospital, surrounded by flowers and shrubs. Almost immediately there came a great call for nurses, and the call was not made in vain.

The nurses were employed upon the recommendation of the Daughters of the American Revolution. There were nearly seventy-five trained nurses sent to Fort McPherson, and many deserve credit for the earnest work they did. Some were making from \$85 to \$100 per month before entering the army service, and through patriotism were moved to give up their lucrative positions to go and nurse sick soldiers. For this they were paid \$30 a month. In most cases their untiring energy and tenderness in the care of the sick was noteworthy. They were supposed to be 12 hours on and 12 off in the per-

formance of their duties, but there were many who worked from 14 to 16 hours a day. The work of the nurses consisted in keeping the beds tidy and clean, the personal care and supervision of each patient, the taking of temperature, feeding, bathing and sponging, and writing letters to anxious friends and relatives at a distance.—Chicago Flower Mission Magazine

AN IMPUDENT SIGN.

Disfigured the Grand Canon for a Time, but Finally Disappeared.

"Yes, I've done a good deal of 'landscape work,' as they call it, in my time," said a New Orleans sign painter. "Landscape work is simply painting signs on the landscape, rocks being naturally the things that are used. I know some folks kick about it, but you can't convince me that a nice, tasty piece of lettering don't sort of brighten up the view and improve the 'toot and scramble,' as they say on the French side. What was the hardest job I ever tackled, did you ask? It was an 'ad.' for smoking tobacco I painted on the side of the Grand Canon on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. I was working for a Buffalo concern that had a contract to put up 5,000 landscape signs for a tobacco company, and a gang of us travelled all over the country looking for good, effective locations. This place in the canon was as tough a proposition as any sign writer ever went against. The side there went straight up about 200 feet, and on the top there was a big overhanging ledge. It was easy enough to get down a ladder from above, but, on account of the ledge, it hung at least forty feet out from the face of the rock. After studying over it for a while, I spliced a couple of fishing poles together and fastened a soft sponge to the end. That was my brush, and by lying flat on the ladder I managed to do a very decent piece of work; at least, you could read it like a book from below, and that was the thing we wanted. When the railroad people found out what I had done they were as mad as blazes, especially the chief engineer, who was an aesthete sort of gent from Boston, and he tried for nearly a month to get it off, letting down Chinamen with scrubbing brushes on poles, but they only made it all the brighter. At last he got some brown paint, about the color of the rocks, and smeared it out, but it took at least a dozen coats and cost a heap of money. If they had only let that sign stand it would have been a great addition to the canon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

London's Female Police.

London, unknown to most of its inhabitants, has a police force the like of which does not exist in any other city on earth.

In order to see it at work you must get up very early on Friday morning and visit Covent Garden market. There you will see such a block of traffic, and such a crowd of angry and unreasonable drivers, that you will not be surprised at the Metropolitan police giving up the duty of keeping order as an impossible job. But still you will find that things come right in the end, and on looking to find out how this is brought about, you will probably be shocked at discovering that Covent Garden has a police force all to itself in the shape of some hundred or so of old women. They dart in and out among the cars, order the drivers to stop, or back their horses or move on. They shout and swear and shake their fists and catch the horses' heads, and, if necessary, shy turnips or potatoes at the drivers.

But they always succeed in having their own way. Only for these women, it is believed that it would be necessary to read the Riot Act every Saturday morning in Covent Garden. As it is, the lady police make a comfortable living out of their profession, the drivers giving them daily tips, while the proprietors pay them a fair salary.—Answers.

Singing School of Thrushes.

A writer in Forest and Stream tells of the methods Papa Thrush adopts in teaching his little ones to sing.

"Find," he says, "a family of wood thrushes and carefully note what takes place. The old male thrush will sing the sweet song in loud, clear, flute-like notes once, and then stop to listen while the young birds try to imitate the song. Some will utter one note, some two. Some will utter a hoarse note, others a sharp note. After awhile they seem to forget their lesson and drop out one by one. When all are silent the old thrush tunes up again and the young thrushes repeat their efforts, and so it goes on for hours. The young birds do not acquire the full song the first year; so the lessons are repeated the following spring. I take many visitors into the woods to enjoy the first thrushes' singing school, and all are convinced that the song of the wood thrush is a matter of education pure and simple."

Where Albinoes Are Found.

Albinos are found among all races. They occur most frequently among nations of dark skin and living in hot climates. In the copper-colored race they are more rare, and still more so among whites. It is not accurately known what it is that occasions albinism. It is not limited to man, but has a wide range among the lower orders of creation. The white crow, white blackbird, and white elephant are classed as albinos.

When a Woman Becomes Optimistic.

When somebody admires a hat that a woman has made for herself she begins to feel that there are some glimmerings of appreciation in the world, after all.—Puck.

MYSTERY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Cruel Truth Reduced It to a Commonplace Establishment.

It seems a pity to let the light in upon accepted mysteries. When, for instance, a handsome mansion has worked long and hard to gain the reputation of being a haunted house, it is positively cruel to reduce it to a commonplace, respectable establishment. Yet this has just been done by Dr. Marie Elizabeth Zakrsewska of Boston, a retired physician and the founder of the famous New England Hospital for Women and Children. Her story of the haunted house is as follows:

"In the early sixties I bought a fine old house in the suburbs of Boston. It had been unoccupied I do not know how long, and it was said to be haunted. It had not one ghost, but a colony of these uncanny creatures. My friends remonstrated both before and after the purchase, and a few who were more than ordinarily superstitious would not visit me except in bright, sunny weather, when I am told all self-respecting ghosts retire to some unknown realm.

"My servants were the worst of all. They heard things and saw things, and got so excited that they behaved more ridiculously than a legion of phantoms. Finally they secured priest to come in my absence and exorcise the evil spirits. About that time I had the place repainted and put into charming order. Either the exorcism or the paint discouraged our spectral friends, because they came no more.

"Years afterward one of my patients, a well-to-do German woman, said to me:

"I must tell you a secret, doctor. When we first came to Boston we were wretchedly poor. None of us spoke English, and shortly after our arrival my husband and one of my sons found themselves out of work. We had no money. Your house was empty and rumored to be haunted, and we determined to benefit by the rumor. We moved in and stayed there over two years. We used charcoal for fuel, which gives no smoke; and the only light we burned was in an inner room invisible from the street. We made a noise now and then, and I suppose some of us were seen through the windows by the passers-by. It changed our luck, however, and from that time on we got ahead. But the reputation of the house when we moved out was terrible."—Saturday Evening Post.

Uncommunicative Heroes.

The really brave man's story about his own deeds is always modest. Not infrequently he is unable to give any account of them which is satisfactory to his hearers. The reporters who "interviewed" soldiers wounded on San Juan Hill had a hard time in getting "stories" from them. One soldier said: "There isn't a thing to tell. I only went up there with a lot of other chumps and got shot. I didn't even have sense enough to know it when I was shot."

Not long ago a French chiquette—Moumraill, of the Paris Gaulois—encountered in a little village of the south of France a gardener who wore pinned on his clean Sunday blouse the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Naturally, the newspaper man wanted to know how he got it. The gardener, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it. I was at Bazelles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed; then down went all the non-commissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang. By and by all the soldiers were down but me. I had fired the last shot and naturally was doing what I could to stand off the Bavarians.

"Well, a general came, and says he: 'Where's your officers?'

"'All down,' says I.

"Where's your gunners?' says he.

"'All down but me,' says I.

"And you've been fighting here all alone?' says he.

"I couldn't let 'em come and get the guns, could I? I says; and then he up and put this ribbon on me, probably because there was nobody else there to put it on."—Youth's Companion.

Why Fishes are Slippery.

Fish of almost every sort are, when fresh caught, slippery and hard to hold. This slipperiness is due to a sort of mucus exuded through the scale, and is of the greatest importance to all slimy creatures.

One of the important functions of the fish's slimy coating is to protect it from the attacks of fungus, a form of plant life found in all waters, salt and fresh, foul and pure. If the fish is so injured that some spot becomes uncovered by the slime, a barely visible fungus will be likely to lodge there, and when it is once lodged the process of its reproduction is very rapid. It soon extends over the gills and kills the fish.

The primary purpose of the slime of the fish is to reduce its friction when in motion through the water and increase its speed. It also serves as a cushion to the scales, which it thus protects from many injuries.

Velocity of the Wind.

The great hurricane which wrought such destruction to Porto Rico has furnished remarkable records of velocity. Recent advices from the weather bureau station at Hatteras contain some very startling figures and prove that if we are to register the highest possible velocities of the wind our automatic apparatus will have to be strengthened accordingly. The greatest velocity occurred shortly after noon, the 17th of August, when records were made which prove this hurricane

to have been the most severe within the past 75 years.

It seems on the morning of August 16 easterly gales were experienced at Hatteras in which the velocity of the wind ranged from 35 to 50 miles an hour. At 4 o'clock of the morning of the 17th the wind was blowing 70 miles an hour and at 1 o'clock p. m. it was 93 miles an hour, with extreme velocities of from 120 to 140 miles an hour. At this time the anemometer cups were blown away, but the report states that the wind probably reached an even greater force from 3 p. m. to 7 p. m. of that day. The highest velocity previously reported at the station was eighty miles an hour. This was in April, 1880. The air pressure reached 28.62 inches at 8 p. m., and this is the lowest ever recorded on the middle Atlantic coast.—Scientific American.

TRYING TO HELP MATTERS.

The Little Brother Was Anxious to Earn Some Money.

No youth who has not yet been through the trials and tribulations of courtship has any adequate conception of what they are, says the Detroit Free Press. Out in the suburbs there is a handsome group of residences and the people occupying them are largely a community unto themselves. They have their own "set," they exchange visits instead of calls, and gossip about each other with all the freedom that obtains in a small town.

A young man from down in the city regarded one of the girls out there as his "steady," and was correspondingly attentive. At every visit he ran a gantlet. In winter there were faces smiling from the window panes, and when weather permitted he had to pass groups that studied every phase of his looks and movements as though he were an imported curiosity.

The climax came during one of the earlier summer evenings. It was light long after the evening meal, and those who were not in their gardens were on the front verandas, so that nothing passed unnoticed. One youngster had broken his bicycle, while trying to ride through an old apple tree, and the largest of the groups was at the scene of the accident. As he approached his girl's brother spied him.

"Say," shouted the irrepressible, "are you going to be engaged to my sister?"

The young man hurried on as though he did not hear the question or the laugh that greeted it.

"Don't git uppish now," called the lad in a still higher key; "mother said she'd give \$10 to know how the land laid and I'll go snooks with you."

There was an engagement within a week and the whole neighborhood received immediate notice.

A Good Strategist.

"John," said Mrs. Thursby, "you were saying yesterday that you were in financial trouble, I believe."

"Yes," Mr. Thursby replied, "and I'm terribly worried. I didn't sleep a wink last night."

"I think I heard you say something, too, about a note held by Mr. Hewitt, didn't I?"

"That's what is causing the trouble. If I could get him to extend the time on it for about ninety days everything would come out all right. I could then realize on some securities I hold and get on my feet, but if he insists on payment now I shall have to sacrifice my valuable holdings, and this will practically ruin me."

"Have you asked him for an extension of the time?"

"No. That wouldn't do any good. He never favored anybody in his life. If he knew how I am fixed he would be all the more anxious to press me for an immediate settlement."

"Well, don't you worry dear. His wife, you know, is several years older than I. We met at a party this afternoon and I spoke to a lot of women there of the days when she and I went to the same school. She turned pale when I mentioned the fact, fearing, of course, that I was going to tell how long ago it was, and that she was several grades above me because she was older; but I put down my pride, and pretended that as I remembered her she was a little thing in pinafores just learning her primer lessons when I graduated. You go to Hewitt's house now, and when she is present ask him to extend the time on that note."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Ingenuity of the Tahitians.

The Tahitians are said to be the people most servicable to the traveler. They seem, in fact, to command at all times the principal conveniences of life.

Half an hour of daylight is sufficient for building a house of the stems and leaves of the fehi banana, and fire is produced by rubbing sticks. If the running water is deeply sunk among stones by working in banana leaves, they bring it to the surface.

The chase of eels, which in those dripping mountains become almost amphibious, offers another instance of their ingenuity.

They tear off with their teeth the fibrous bark of "puran" (Hibiscus thibaccus) and a moment after apply it to noosing small fish.

If one is sent for fruit, he will usually make a basket of the web by plaiting the segments of a cocoon leaf. A mat will be manufactured with almost equal ease. Clothing is always at hand and a banana leaf serves for an umbrella. Tumblers and bottles are supplied by single joints of the bamboo, and casks or buckets by the long stems, and whether you ask for a hatchet, knife, spoon, toothbrush or washbasin, the guides will never be found at a loss.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY.

The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer will each obtain one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. "Red Cross" Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It has won for itself praise from all parts of the United States. It has superseded everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, rice and corn, and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hubinger, Keokuk, Iowa, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years' practical experience in fancy laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all the grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocer for this Starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.