A Queer Caller.

A writer in Cassell's Little Folks tells a story of a runaway hippopotamus, whose keeper succeeded in recapturing him in an unusual manner. In the days when Mr. A. D. Bartlett was king of the Zoo the hippopotamus once managed to break out of his house. It employed its freedom very properly to make a friendly call on Mr. Bartlett. He was not pleased to see this huge charge out of bounds, and sent for one of the elephant keepers to come and secure it. To this man the "hippo" had taken extreme dislike, and when he shouted to it, it turned and chased him. Away flew the keeper at the top of his speed toward the hippo's den the big beast in hot pursuit. The keeper darted through the gate, and bolted up the stairs to the platform over the hippo's tank. Here he was safe. Meanwhile, Mr. Bartlett, who had been following the runaways, had securely closed the gate, and the hippo was again in prison.

Sacred Ground.

The ground on which a foreign legation stands is considered as belonging to the country whose flag floats from the legation roof. Supposing a member of a foreign legation in London committed a murder, all we could do would be to "suggest" (a favorite diplomatic word, always used, except in relation to China) that the offender should be sent back to his native country and punished there. Some time ago, when a certain gentleman, whose name was well known at the time, was kidnaped into the Chinese legation, an inspector from Scotland Yard immediately proceeded thither and released the prisoner. This was a most serious breach of international law, and was intensely discussed "in diplomatic cirrles." Since the Chinese legation is part and parcel of China, an invasion of the celestial empire was thus made by a Sctoland Yard official.-Chambers' Journal.

Salt in a Ton of Sea Water. In a ton of Dead Sea water there are

187 pounds of salt; Red Sea, ninetythree; Mediterranean, eighty-five; Atlantic, eighty-one; English Channel, seventy-two; Black Sea, twenty-six; Baltic, eighteen; and Caspian Sea,

And Wouldn't Shake the Stove. Wife-"I had to discharge the cook today." Husband-"What for," Wife -"Oh, she got too tender hearted to do her work properly." Husband-"Is it possible?" Wife-"Yes; only this morning she refused to beat the

Daily Increase of Misery. It is estimated that 3,000 marriages daily performed throughout the

eggs or whip the cream."

ures Talk

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE

Subject: Our Father's House - A Lessoy of Patience-An Impressive Warning Against Being Puffed Up With Transitory Earthly Grandeur.

[Copyright 1900.] WASHINGTON, D. C. - This discourse of Dr. Taimage is pertinent at this time of year, when many people are moving from house to house, and it teaches lessons of patience and equipolse in very trying circumstances; text, Philippians iv., 12, "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound." how to abound.'

Happy Paul! Could yor really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exaspera-

on? Teach the same lesson to us ali. We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what s house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field; moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The troglodytes are a race which to [this day pre-fer the caverns to a house. They are warm they are large; they are very comfortable they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches; we come farther on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the centre and skins of animals reaching out in all directions mats on the floor.

Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house, with was a space surrounded by broad stones, against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coal and stones and ashes pounded together. After awhile the porch was born, after awhile the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and is the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Hebrews had openings in their houses from which the scale with the scale the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding of it. There being no windows the people were dependent for light upon latticework, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was so late as 200 ments. Window glass was, so late as 200 or 300 years ago, in England and Scotland so great a luxury that only the very wealth-lest could afford it. A hand mill and an

oven and a few leathern bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department. Thank God for your home, not merely the house you were born in and the many houses you were born in and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home to-day, count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in a while you will find a man who lives in a house where he was born and where his father was born and his grandfather was born and his great-graudfather was born, but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have becupied. The fact is there is in this world no such thing as permanent resi-

In a private vehicle, and not in a rail rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson, the unest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fasciand before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. frode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me—that all the houses had been sold or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold because of financial misfortune or because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their busbands tarried in town in the night always having some business on hand keeping them away. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chilis and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had oceurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted

Take up the directory of any city of England or America and see how few people live where they lived fifteen years There is no such thing as permanent

I saw Monticetio, in Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpeller, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the White House, which was President Taylor's residence and President Lincoln's residence and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case? I tell you that the race is nowadis and no scoper gets in one race is nomadic and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then.

Aye, instead of being nomadic, it is im-

mortal, moving on and moving on! We whip up our horses and hasten on until the the only permanent earthly residence.

A day this spring the streets will be filled

A day this spring the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded; it will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the ramity furniture from one house to another; it will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and their crockory broken and their carpets missit and their broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers; it will be a hard day for landlords; it will be

a hard day for tenants. Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the Ten Commandments.

My first word, then, in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now, we will see whether, like the apostie, you know how to shound

how to abound.

how to abound.

Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one, add two stories to your vanity or make your brightly polished sliver doorplate the coffin plate to your buried humfility.

Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked; they simper where once they laughed; they go about with an air which seems to say, "Let all smaller craft get out of these waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder."

ters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder."

I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller house. No sooner did they go over the doorsill of the new house than they became a glorified nulsance. They were the terror of dry goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept and, if compelled to stand a moment, with sondemnatory glance turning all the peo-

ple seated into criminals and convicts, They began to bunt up the family coat of arms and had lion couchant or unicorn arms and had lion couchant or unicorn rampant on the earriage door when, if they had the appropriate coat of arms, it would have been a butter firkin, or a shoe last, or a plow, or a trowel. Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they were trickled out of heaven on a lump of loaf sugar. The first thing you know of them the father will fail in business and the daughter will run off with a French dancing master. A woman spoiled by a dancing master. A woman spoiled by a finer house is bad enough, but a man so

upset is sickening. But I must have a word with those who in this Mayday time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size, and so much room is not required, so they move out into small apartments. I know there are such cases. Marriage has taken some of the members of the family, death has taken other mem-bers of the family, and after awhile father and mother wake up to find their family lust the size it was when they started, and they would be lonesome and lost in a large house; hence they move out of it. Moving day is a great sadness to such if they have the law of association dominant. There law of association dominant. are the rooms named after the different members of the family. I suppose it is so in all your households. It is so in mine. We name the rooms after the persons who occupy them. And then there is the dining hall where the festivi-ties took place, the holiday festivities; there is the sitting room where the family met night after night, and there is the room sacred because there a life started or a life stopped-the Alpha and the Omega of some earthly existence. Scene of meeting and parting, of congratulation and heart-break, every doorknob, every fresco, every mantel, every threshold, meaning more to you than it can ever mean to any one else. When moving out of a house, I have always been in the habit, after everything was gone, of going into each room and bidding it a mute farewell. There will be tears it a mute farewell. There will be tears running down many cheeks in the Maytime moving that the carmen will not be able to understand. It is a solemn and a able to understand. It is a solemn and a touching and an overwhelming thing to leave places forever—places where we have struggled and toiled and wept and sung and prayed and anxiously watched and agonized. Ob, life is such a strange mixture of honey and of gail, weddings and burials, midnoon and midnight clashing! Every home a lighthouse against which the billows of many seatumble. Thank God that such changes are not always going to continue; otherare not always going to continue; otherwise the nerves would give out and the brain would founder on a dementia like that of King Lear when his daughter Cordelia came to medicine his domestic calamity.

But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold or the bailiff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small heaven in two rooms and others suffer a pandemonium in twenty. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow can'ile as under the glare of a chandelier, all the burners at the giare of a chandeller, all the borners at full blaze. Who was the happier—John Banyan in Bedford jail or Beishazzer in the saturnalia? Contentment is something you can neither restinor purchase. It is not extrinsic; it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move You will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? All the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it less mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old fashioned tollet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for the marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little deaf? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you this springtime at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothesbasket over the banisters and the carman is getting red in the face trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year. some of you, than you eyer had. You take God and the Christian rengion in your home and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities; God in the nursery—that will protest your children; God in the dining. protect your children; God in the dininghall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet; God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the drydocks; God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move; get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were discovered by the state of Color. earthly house of this tabernacie were dissolved, we have a building of God, a
house not made with hands, eternal in
the heavens." How much rent will we
have to pay for it? We are going to
own it. How much must we pay for
it? How much, cash down, and how
much left on mortgage? Our father is
going to give it as a free gift. When are
we going to move into it? We are moving
now. On moving day heads of families
are very apt to stay in the old house until
they have seen everything off. They send
ahead the children, and they send ahead
the treasures and the valuables. Then
after awhile they will come themselves.
I remember very well in the country that
in boyhood moving day was a jubliation.
On almost the first load we, the children,
were sent on ahead to the new house, and
we arrived with shout and laughter, and were sent on alpead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. Wo my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead. We have sent many of our valuables ahead, soot many treasures ahead. We cannot goyet. There is work for us to do, but after awaits it will be toward night, and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home, and those who have gone ahead of us, they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions" and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then the last load unloaded, the table will be spread, and our celestial neighbors be spread, and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxications, but with "the new wine of the kingdom." And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since were on earth when we leared to dis, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle and the going up stairs from a miserable kitchen to a giorious paror. O house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

You can't always file away the flaws in an indictment.

THE SMALLEST SHEEP.

It Lives in Brittany and Is No Bigger Than a Lap Dog.

The very smallest of all kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise for, of course, it cannot have much wool, and, as for eating, why, a hungry man could eat almost a whole one at a meal. It is so small when fullgrown that it can hide behind a goodsized bucket. It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. Any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep. One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but, if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way.-Stray Stories.

Keeping on the Safe Side. Miss Passe (archly)-"How long do you think a man ought to know a girl before proposing?" Mr. Clubleigh-"All his life!"-Somerville Journal.

Serious Ills of Women

The derangements of the female organism that his penholder, scratched his head and breed all kinds of trouble looked at the ceiling, but the quotation and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very things that give way promptly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

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Portland, Ore., exported 9,500,000 bushels of wheat during the last eight months. More than half of this was raised in the State of The Best Prescription for Chills

and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c. Paderewski gave two concerts in Mexico,

and the result to him was the neat sum of

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syruffor children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, aliays pain, cures wind colic. 26c. a bottle.

Joseph Jefferson closes his New York engagement this week.

M. I.. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Coudersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, '5c.

Mrs. Langtry is to act in a new translation of "The Queen's Necklace." FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervou

ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great NerveHestorer \$2trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 231 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Arthur Pinero is writing a play for Olga Nethersole.

Piso's cannot be too highly spoken of as a ugh cure .- J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900. Regina, the headquarters of Canada's

Northwestern provinces' mounted police, is

a typical prairie city.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Buomo Quining Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE's signature is on each box. 25c.

The Missing Line.

Bobby was writing his regular weekly "composition," for it was in the old days when compositions and declamations formed a part of the school exercises every Friday afternoon. The subject of Bobby's essay was "True Manhood," and he wished to end it with a poetical quotation. He gnawed would not come. Then he turned to his elder sister. "Rachel," he said, what's the line that comes after this: 'Honor and shame from no condition rise?" "I know," spoke up his

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younger sister, and she promptly quot-

ed: "'Vinegar never catches flies.'"

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something about them. To meet this want we are selling a book giving the experience of a practical positry raiser for (Only 25c. twenty-five years. It was written by a man who putall his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Culcken raising—not as a pastime, but as a business—and it you will profit by his twenty-five years' work, you can save many Chicks annually, and make your Fowls earn dollars for you. The point is, that you must be able to detect trouble in the Poultry Yard as soon as it appears, and know how to remedy it. This took will teach you.

It tells how to detect and cure disease; to feed for eggs and also for fattening; which fow is to save for breeding purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable.

Sont postpaid for twenty-five cents is stamps.

Book Publishing House 134 LEONARD ST., N. Y. City.

Spring Body Cleaning



Every spring you clean the house you live in, to get rid of the dust and dirt which collected in the winter. Your body, the house your soul lives in, also becomes filled up during the winter with all manner of filth, which should have been removed from day to day, but was not. Your body needs cleaning inside. If your bowels, your liver, your kidneys are full of putrid filth, and you don't clean them out in the spring, you'll be in bad odor with yourself and everybody else all summer.

DON'T USE A HOSE to clean your body inside, but sweet, fragrant, mild but positive and forceful CASCARETS, that work while you sleep, prepare all the filth collected in your body for removal, and drive it off softly, gently, but none the less

surely, leaving your blood pure and nourishing, your stomach and bowels clean and lively, and your liver and kidneys healthy and active. Try a 10-cent box today, and if not satisfied get your money back-but you'll see how the cleaning of your body is

