Is seen and felt in ev'ry form; But hearts that thrill And souls that fill With love for all find love alone

But more than form the spell that binds In love or turns the heart away; Above the earthly types the soul May mount to God's eternal day.

In essence there The good and fair Live on, live on, which come and go The joys and fears, The hopes and tears, That mingle life and death below

As tides of light the shades of night Forever chase from shore to shore; So streams of life are pouring in, Dispelling darkness evermore.

The light and breath, Or gloom and death, Accept, reject, just as you will-Despair and death, Or lasting breath,

The choice is yours-which law fulfil? -H. N. Maguire, in Boston Transcript,

### CLARISSA'S LECTURE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"The 'Inconsistencies of Love,'" repeated Jessie Jermyn. "What a funny name! And how strange it seems to have our Click's name printed up in big, fat, black letters at the Lyceum door, with 'Admittance fifty cents' under it. Well, she always said she was determined to make herself a career and it seems she has succeeded. I wonder bow much she gets a night! I only have twenty dollars a month for drudging away, six hours a day, at that miserable district school in Turtle Valley. And then think of the delignts of having one's name in the newspaper, and being referred to as 'our distinguished townswoman!'

Jessie stood as if transfixed before the big double doors of the Turtle Valley Lyceum, her eyes wide open as two blue moons, her rosy lips apart. Harry Jermyn, towering at least ten inches above her head, also took note of the legends inscribed on the bulletin-board in alternate red and black lines, with a full complement of exclamation points.

"I wonder how she does it?" said he. "I suppose it's very simple," observed Jessie.

"Not so simple as you suppose," said the young farmer. "I know that time I rose to address the Agricultural Club. I felt exactly like a wooden dummy. All my points had gone out of my head, and I couldn't think of a mortal word to say. And Click is such a gentle, softvoiced little thing."

Clarissa Courthope—Jessie Jermyn's Cousin Click—had left her uncle's kindly roof at the age of eighteen, determined to make a name and a livelihood for herself. She had stumbled by accident, as it were, into the lecturing then he laughed. arena. She had enlisted as "comion" to a strong-minded woman, who | "Come, let's go." addressed her sister women from the rostrum, and on one occasion, in a solitary little mountain village, when Miss Cackleton had unexpectedly succumbed Clarissa had valiantly studied up her notes and addressed the assembled audience in her stead.

She was so successful that thenceforward she had decided on the sword wherewith she would open the world's oyster, and she had achieved the fruition

Uncle and Aunt Jermyn marveled at her success. Harry shrugged his shoulders and observed that he never had supposed so strong-midded a bird could have been nurtured in the old farm nest. Jessie sighed deeply as she contrasted her own slender earnings with the prices commanded by the young lecturer; and this was Click's first return to the home of her girlhood. She had been an ugly duckling in those days-a peg which seemed to fit neither in the square holes nor the round ones-only "our Click." She was famous now, and all the rural world was crowding to see and hear her.

"I could write a lecture, I'm sure, said Jessie, half admiringly, half resent-

"So could I," said Harry. "Let's try," proposed Jessie.
"Nonsense," said her brother.

all that. Click laughed merrily at the "Anybody could write it," said she

"I'm not so altogether sartin o' that," said the old farmer, patting his niece's smooth, seai-brown head, covered with masses of shining braids.

Click was not pretty, but she had soft, pleading eyes of the deeper wine-brown, a good healthy color and teeth whiter than new milk. Her dress, of plain, black silk, fitted her like a glove, and the narrow frill of lace she wore at throat and wrists was of the finest valenciennes, and fastened with a dead gold

"She looks a lady all over," said Mrs. Jermyn, proudly.

"She is a lady," pronounced the farmer. "One o' nature's turning out." "Listen, Click," said merry Jessie,

"I've written a lecture. Do you want to hear it?" "I'm all curiosity," declared Click.

And Jessie read it-a heterogeneous jumble of fact and fancy, fun and senti-"How would that do for an au-

dience?" cried the little school-teacher,

"I am sure they would be amused," said smiling Click. "And Harry has written one, too,

persisted Jessie. "Where is it, Harry? A regular burlesque-all about love and its inconsistencies. You see there is nothing to prevent two preaching on that topic! On, it's capital!"
"Nonsense!" said Harry, reddening.

"Don't chatter, Je sie!

But Harry rose and went out of the if I may be allowed to coin the word. room; he thought the joke, if joke it was, had been carried far enough.

The next day was the day of the Lywere to drive into the village to witness the oratorical triumph of their little girl. Mrs. Jermyn had arranged for a cold supper, served an hour earlier than usual, so that she and Grandma Jermyn might have time to dress. The house was to be locked up and left, for even Jeremiah, the farm-hand, and Arabella, the bound girl, were to be privileged to go. Jessie came flying to her brother's room.

"Hal!" she cried-"oh Hal! has gone! In the wagon with father and it." mother! I thought you were going to

White Lightning?" "No," he said, curtly. "Why should to drive you!"

"Why?" repeated bewildered Jessie. Because you are Harry and she is Click !"

"Is that such a very good reason?" "Harry, you used to like her!"

"I like her now; but can't you see, Jessie, that Miss Courthope, the popular lecturer, is quite a different person from our little Click!"

"No," cried Jessie, "I don't?" "She is used to the cultivated circles of the city," said Harry. "We are in another sphere. I thought of that when you were reading her your little effusion. She laughed; but are you quite sure that there was not a certain ladylike scorn mingled with her merriment? I, for one, am very thankful that she had not the chance to criticise my nonsense! I'm sorry I wrote it Jessie!"

"But she has had the chance," said Jessie, coloring to the roots of her crinkly yellow hair. That burlesque was so funny I couldn't resist the temptation of vexed with me!"

He bit his lip. "What did she say?"

"I don't know. I put it on her dressingtable before tea. She knows your writing; she'll understand what it is."

Harry gave a sort of groan.
"What a fool I was!" he said. "Well, suppose there's no use scolding you,

Jessie's lip quivered; she looked timidly at her brother.

"Oh, Harry, have I done wrong?" "Kiss me, puss. I dare say you meant no harm," he said, with a forced laugh. "Come, let's make haste, or we shall be late. Stay, though; run and get me that silly manuscript. I should like to see it flying up chimney in a stream of sparks before I go."

Jessie, overwhelmed with tardy penilence, flew to obey his behests. Presently she came back, looking rather dis-

can't find it anywhere. She must have put it away." Once more the young man groaned,

"Kismet!" said he, dramatically.

Had he but known where his luckless roll of manuscript was at that identical moment, he would scarcely have reconciled himself with such philosophy to to an attack of hoarseness and influenza, the decrees of "Kismet," the unalterable. At the eleventh hour, after Miss Courthope was already seated in the family carriage, she discovered that she had as fuel, being transported to Chicago in left the all-important lecture in her pipes for that purpose. A small per-

> "Arabella," she said, to the little sewingmaid who stood gaping on the steps, "run as fast as you can to my room and get me the packet of written papers on the table."

> "Yes, miss," said Arabella; and off she sped, proud to be of use to the literary young lady. "Thar's two on 'em," said Arabella.

> "I guess it's the toppermost one. And so Harry's burlesque was going to the Lyceum safe inside Miss Courthope's mink muff, while her own effusion lay peacefully by the blue-satin pincushion on her dressing-table.

The building-no very spacious edifice -was crowded with the literary and asthetic world of Turtle Valley. The squire and his family, the parson and his eleven olive branches, the storekeeper and the mill hands crowded up against the dressmaker, the telegraph operator and the genteel elderly ladies who lived in the neat white houses, on the interest of But the idea lingered in his brain for their money. In short, the indescribable conglomeration which one only sees in an inland village. Miss Courthope advanced graciously and gracefully to the footlight-circled front with her roll of manuscript in her hand-for it was one of her idiosyncrasies to be unable to dispense with written memoranda-and

opened it. There was a moment's silence. audience sat breathless; the lecturer seemed stricken dumb, and in that awful second, Harry Jermyn, whose eyes were marvelously acute, recognized his own writing in Clarissa's hands. He half rose; then sat down again. The conscious Jessie sat fanning herself. The good farmer and his wife stared with all

But Clarissa Courthope was equal to the emergency. She fell back on her memory and her womanly skill in improvisation. If the audience did not get precisely "The Inconsistencies of Love," they got something quite as brilliant and amusing. After that first brief pause there was no further hesitation nor of utterance; and when at last she sat down, the little lyceum rang with ap-

"Oh, Chek! Oh, Click!" cried Jessie, running into the miniature "green room" at the side of the platform. "I'm

so proud of you!" "I am very glad of that," said Click, wiping the dews from her forehead with her cobweb of a pocket handkerchief.
"But the next time Harry wants to play a practical joke on me, I entreat that he won't select the time that I am standing before the most critical audience that

"But it really is so funny! Come-I've | could possibly be selected-one's own let Click hear mine; it's only fair that old friends and neighbors. It may be you should follow suit. Give it to me, very funny, but there is certainly a spice Hal; let me read it to Click!" coaxed of cruelty about it that—that—well, in fact, it came very near unwomaning me,

"I knew you were deeply offended," said Harry Jermyn. "And I should have deserved it if I had deserved it. At [all ceum lecture. All the Jermyn family events, you cannot be as mortified as I

Miss Courthope colored and shrank back from the sternness of his tone. Jessie looked from one to the other; then she caught at the manuscript.

"It's my fault!" she exclaimed suddenly. "All my fault, Click! I put it on your dressing table for you to read. I-I never thought of such a complication as this. Oh! don't blame Harry. He had nothing whatever to do with

The crimson blood dyed Clarissa's drive her with the covered buggy and | cheek more deeply than ever. She hesstated; opened her lips as if to speak, and still remained silent. Harry rose I obtrude myself upon her? I am going and left the room without further com-

"Go after him, Click! Don't let him leave you in anger!" cried Jessie; and Clarissa obeyed. Like a deer she sped down the hall, overtaking him just where the moonlight streamed in white glory through the cresent-shaped north casement.

"Harry! I spoke unadvisedly!" she faltered. "Won't you forgive me?" "Certainly. What have I to for-

But the tone was far from satisfactory. She stood looking piteously at him. All of a sudden she burst out crying. In a second he had her in his arms,

clasped close to his breast. "Click! My love-my love!" "Oh, Harry! Harry!"

That was the wooing and the winning. Certainly short-possibly sweet. But it needed nothing more.

"Talk about the 'Inconsistencies of Love," said Jessica, who was the happiest of little sisters, "here's Click-has letting her see it! Oh, Harry, don't be always declared she meant to marry a city millionaire, and Harry has said that a lecturing lady was his special detestation. And Click is engaged to Harry and Harry to Click; and the strangest part of it is that they both seem perfectly satisfied !"-New York Ledger.

> The Supply of Coal Oil is Immense. Concerning the facilities of the Standard Oil Company to supply the entire world on short notice, Mr. Dodd made some startling statements.

"The Standard Company has now over 25,000 miles of pipe lines," said he, "iacluding local pipes which bring oil from the wells to the main lines. Of main lines, there are two extending to New York, two to Philadelphia, one to Baltimore, three or four to Pittsburg, one to Cleveland, one to Buffalo, one to Chicago, and a new one which is being constructed to Chicago. These take the oil to the refineries located at the termini "It's gone, Harry," said she. "I of the pipe lines. The amount of oil an't find it anywhere. She must have running through these mains is about 2,940,000 gallons per day, or 70,000 barrels. Of this amount, fully on third comes to New York.

"Originally, oil was taken from Northwestern l'ennsylvania only. it was found in Southwestern New York State. The production in those regions is now light, the largest finds being in the vicinity of Pittsburg and points extending into West Virginia. There is a big oil field in Northern Ohio, but the oil is inferior in quality and of use mostly centage of illuminating oil is obtained from it, and one of the largest refineries of the company is being constructed in Chicago for the purpose of getting out the percentage. An oil well is never quite exhausted. Small wells are still being operated in the region of the first discoveries of 1859. At times we have had 30,000,000 barrels stored in big brick tanks, such as you see along the Erie Railway, to the number of perhaps thirteen thousand, in New York and Pennsylvania. We have about 10,000, 000 barrels stored at present."-New York Telegram.

## Sensations in Hanging.

Captain Montagnac, who was executed France during the religious wars, but was rescued from the gibbet by a Mar-shal Turrene after having hanged by the neck for nearly three minutes, said that he had lost all pain the moment the trap sprung, and even complained at being scued and taken away from a beautiful light that defied description. Another culprit, who escaped through the breaking of the rope, said that after a second or two of suffering a light appeared, and across it a beautiful avenue of trees.

All accounts seem to agree, in one par ticular, at least, that the suffering is but momentary; that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds; that colors of various hues start up before the eyes, and that when these have been gazed at for a limited space the rest is total oblivion .-St: Louis Republic.

## We Have Plenty Elbow Room.

A statistician says: "Few are aware of the vast number of people that can be placed on a small tract of ground. When we speak of millions of men we are apt to picture to ourselves an almost boundess mass of humanity; yet 1,000,000 men, standing close together, each not occupying more than four square feet, could be placed on a patch but little more than a third of a mile square. square mile will accommodate 7,965,-000. The whole population of the world could stand on two townships."

## Water Lily and Snapping Turtle.

A snapping turtle not much larger than a trade dollar suns his spotted shell and salmon-colored neck on the leaves of the Sierra Leone water lily in the Unio Square fountain, New York, and divide ublic attention with the sparrows that op down there to bathe. The lily leaves are fully fourteen inches in diameter and easily support the turtle's weight.

#### THE FARM AND GARDEN.

THE BEST LAND FOR SEANS.

Beans require less moisture, except to germinate, than any other grain. If they come up evenly a few showers about the time the pods are forming will make a A wet soil, or one containing much humus, is not fitted for this crop. Either a clay well drained or a gravelly surface is better than loam. The soil must be permeable to moisture, so that if heavy rains come, water will not stand on the surface .- Boston Cultivator.

#### PURSLANE.

This low, creeping plant, commonly called pursley, seems to grow in rich garden soils almost as if by magic, so quickly does it spread over the ground. It is quite easily pulled up and if left upon the ground where it grew will soon take root again, especially if the soil is at all wet or moist. While it is one of the most common weeds, it is by no means as bad a pest as many others. The best way to dispose of it is to scrape out the entire plant with a hoe, and carry them out of the garden, unless one has chickens or pigs, when it may be pulled up and thrown to them, with a certainty

GROWING CROPS IN SUCCESSION.

The practice of rotation of crops is not now followed as it used to be before the use of fertilizers became so common. It is now possible to feed the land with just what it wants for any crop, and it is not now considered as the actual means of feeding crops so much as a vehicle through which the food is given. Consequently, we do as we wish in this respect, and if it is desirable to grow and special crops we do it, only taking care to provide all the plant food that the crop needs in the right form. This has made it possible to suit our products to the best markets and to the special locality, and has greatly relieved farmers from intolerable competition. But, under these new circumstances, it becomes necessary that a farmer should be able to know what any particular crop needs and how to apply it in the right manner. This goes to show the change that has occurred in farm practice, and why a farmer must be well educated in the details of his work, and also in the science of it, to a large extent .- New York Times.

#### HOW TO THEAT HORSES.

The great Axtell, who sold for \$105,-000, the greatest price ever paid for a horse, is an example of the keen sensibilities of the noble animal. His driver tells us he will not even move when hitched up if his harness does not fit perfectly in every respect. Horses know as well as people when they are kindly treated, and when used in a harsh or severe manner, and, like people, they possess the spirit of revenge. They rewho, after a separation of several years cially the Leghorns, for good results. a little colt by her side and had been so fowl than the Black Langshan. ill and cross that no one hardly dared to come near her. Her groom hid himself and when he came from his place of concealment she seemed in every way possible to be trying to attract his attention to her colt. He said that her joyful whinny was as friendly a welcome as he ever cared to receive, for it plainly showed that the royal old mare considered him her friend, and also that she had not forgotten the kind and gentle treatment he gave her when he took care of her. People should never be cruel to is reining their heads so high. People say they do it to make them look stylish, but in reality it only makes them act and look awkward, and besides we should consider how tired the poor animals get with their necks in such a position. When you treat a horse harshly and severely can you expect him to be kind and gentle !- Clark's Horse Keview.

## SUBSOIL PLOWING.

Subsoil plowing, which by many is considered as greatly improving the chances for a crop, has nevertheless as yet not come into anything like general use in farm practice. This arises, no doubt, from the fact that the benefits to be derived from it are not common to all soils, and also largely to the double cost of preparation which subsoiling implies. The theory is that it is beneficial in both dry and wet seasons-in the former by creating a sort of reservoir for water in the loosened soil below the ordinary furrow against a time of need, when the plants may be supplied with moisture through capillary attraction that would otherwise have drained off from the surface; in a wet season, through a breaking up of the subsoil, which allows an excess from rainfalls to pass downward, where it would otherwise remain too long on or near the sur-

face to the injury of plants. Whatever view may be taken of these proportions, it may safely be said that its advantages, or the opposite, cannot in all cases be predicted without putting it to the test of actual experiment on the farm itself. In discussing this subject in a monthly report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, Mr. M. Mohler, the Secretary, recommends the follow-ing easy method of determining whether subsoiling does or does not possess, in whole or in part, the merits often claimed

The plan proposed is to plow and subsoil two or more strips, about two rods in width, from sixteen to twenty inches deep, across the field selected for the experiment and let the balance of the field be plowed the usual depth and not subsoiled, and let the surface preparation of both be the same before the planting. Then plant the field across the subsoiled strips so that there can be no difference in the time of planting,

and give exactly the same cure and | treatment to the entire field while the crop is growing. Keep a record and note every ten days the varying condi-tions of the weather and the differences, if any, in growth of the plants, and after harvesting the difference in the crop if the land has been well cultivated. yield and quality of grain. In this manner the question of its usefulness for such a soil and under such conditions may be quite satisfactorily determined.

While the suggestions of Mr. Mohler are intended primarily for the consideration of farmers in his own State, the method proposed is equally applicable elsewhere. It may thus be used by any farmer in any locality as a comparatively easy and inexpensive way of learning whether on his own fields subsoiling will produc; a sufficient increase in his crops to compensate for the additional ex-

#### SUCCESS IN KEEPING POULTRY.

It is comparatively an easy task to protect poultry from both lice and mice. A litt fresh, strong insect powder dusted among the feathers will quickly dispose of the one, and kerosene splashed or sprayed on the roosts will do away with the other. Repeat two or three times during the summer, and once or twice that they will soon eat it up .- Now York during the winter, and the thing is done.

The next thing of importance is a constant supply of fresh water. Nothing is better than a running brook, but if it cannot be had, the supply in the drinkng vessels should be replenished several times a day during the heat of the season. An admirable plan of drinking fountain is one that can be made and used by every farmer, and consists of an old baking pan under a box, with one end protruding. The drinking dish, of whatever form or material, should be frequently washed, preferably with boiling water, and a drop of carbolic acid, or a little piece of copperas be added to the water. Stagnant pools, especially of manure water in the barnyard, should never be tolerated, especially where has could get access to it, as when thirs the foolish hen will take a drink out of the stinking pool as readily as out of the purest running brook or coolest spring.

During the summer we should not be very lavish with the grain. Free roaming fowls will need very little, and that may consist mostly of wheat or oats, corn being given but very scantily, if at all. Make some new nests in new places from time to time, and renew the litter in the old ones often. Gather the eggs regularly every afternoon. Catch the rats, skunks and weasels. Cure scaly legs by dipping them in kerosene That is about all there is to it. Only a word needs to be added about

Any good breed, under such conditions, will or should give you good results. But some are better an others. The Leghorns, either white or brown, will fill the egg basket. The Brahmas are fair layers, and give you a large, plump table fowl besides. Crosses of the two are excellent. Plymouth Rocks member people and voices, as is shown make a good fowl, and you can cross by the wonderful mare Goldsmith Maid, them with any other pure breed, espefrom her groom, knew his voice when like my fowls to be all uniform, consoshe heard him talking, although she did quently prefer a single, pure breed, and not see him. The Maid at this time had none has ever suited me better as a farm

Set the hens as fast as they wish to set in spring. Make the nests on the and called her. She whinnied joyfully, ground, in barrels, boxes, or nooks, etc., where the bird will be hidden and undisturbed. Do not fuss much with the setting hens. After the chicks are hatched, put them with the hen in a coop for a few days; then, if possible, set them free. To break up the setting hen there is no better way than to let her set a week or so, then give her a few chicks to take care of. Feed her well and she will soon be in laying condition again, and all the better for the horses, and it seems to me that one of rest and change enjoyed for a few weeks. the greatest cruelties horses have to suffer This farm management of poultry, and it will seldom fail to be profitable .-Practical Farmer.

PARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Allow each hen three square feet of

Pekin ducks are best where there are

no ponds. If kept dry and clean, earth makes a

good floor for poultry.

Ventilate your cellar into your kitchen chimney or one in which a fire is kept. Hens must be provided with warm shelter if they lay eggs during the win-

Eggs are easily chilled, and when thoroughly chilled are unfit for hatch-

Using milk to make soft feed for poultry will be found much better than

Bins should be thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed before new grain is stored

If eggs are to be kept any time they hould be washed clean as soon as they are gathered. Much loss in eggs is often occasioned

by allowing the bens to lay outside the oultry house. One advantage in feeding the scraps rom the table to poultry is that it sup-

lies them with a variety. When fowls purchased for breeding are brought to the yards, keep them separate from the other poultry for two

or three days. While the crops that are held back for higher prices may sell to better advantage later on, do not lose sight of the fact that every day causes a loss of weight. All crops are composed largely of water, and a portion of this water is constantly evaporating. This is made apparent by the fact that old seed is drier than that which is new.

Special fertilizers for potatoes have given wonderful yields on potatoes have given wonderful yields on potatoes this season. Sandy soils have been found capable of giving large yields when the seed is properly cut and special fertilizers used. It has also been noticed that by the use of fertilizers there is less rot and disease compared with potatoes where barnyard manure has been applied.

#### NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Pond-lify is the latest tint.

The fan-shaped sachet is a novelty. The bonnets of the season are small,

Jet nail-heads or cabachons are sure of being in style. There is a woman's brass band in

Glenville, Ohio. Dona Amelia Cardia is the first woman doctor in Portugal.

Hats trimmed only with ribbon demand a generous quantity.

Bleached cows' tails are used for looping back heavy portieres.

A single woman runs a Bearmont (Penn.) livery and boarding stable.

Gold key rings are among the little favors sent to brides and grooms by poor but elegant friends.

Brown University has decided to admit women to its classes on the same conditions as men. Arizona has a woman mining expert

in the person of Nellie Cashman, a beautiful brunette, only twenty years old. Oscar Wilde says that the secret of the

charm of the American women is that they behave as if they were beautiful. A commendable tendency to lighten

the weight of wool fabrics is noticed in the importations of winter dress goods. A Kansas City man has been compelled to pay a fine of \$50 for kissing the hand of a beautiful lady who objected to the

Miss May Collender, a shining light in New York society, enjoys in connection with her social distinction that of being the most gifted amateur singer in New York, for such competent judges have

declared her to be. Jean Ingelow is now a gray-haired little old woman of sixty-three years. She is a kind friend of the poor, and at regular intervals gives them what she calls "copyright dinners" from the proceeds of her books.

Among the women's clubs in New Jersey is one that has named itself "The Sparrows," because the members live on the crumbs that fall from the big clubs' tables. They have the second reading of the papers from two or three large clubs in the State.

Young lady ushers were a pleasant innovation in concert room practices at Maysville, Ky., for Mile. Marie Decca's concert, Mile. Decca was originally Miss Mollie Johnson, a Maysville beauty, and the pretty ushers were her young lady home friends. The indiscriminate slaughter of sea-

gulls which formerly characterized the shooting season at Flamborough, the well-known promontory on the Yorkshire coast, is not so common this year, one reason assigned being that the fashion of wearing sea birds' feathers is dving Chili must be a very expensive place

in which to live. A lady's board costs from \$30 to \$100; dress silk from \$6 to \$20 the yard, and the modiste will charge you from \$30 to \$50 for making it. As much as \$12 a dozen has to be paid for linen handkerchiefs and \$18 for a pair of button boots. Women seem to have it all their own

way in a Sinaland parish in Sweden. There is a female teacher at the school, a postmistress, a female organist and a female secretary at the savings bank. In addition there is a female tailor, a female bookbinder, a female shoe maker, a female butcher and a female baker. In Washington there is a young

woman who has a hothouse in which she finds not only play but profit. Last year she sold 100,000 violets, and obtained good prices for every one. This year she hopes to be able to give up her place as clerk and to devote her whole time to raising these fashionable flowers.

Women are coming to the front in Salvador as well as elsewhere in spite of the fact it is not considered at all good form for women to work there. A young women's telephone school has been established by the Government for the express purpose of training young senoritas for the service of the company there.

Victoria has another strange taste for a Queen. She has a fancy for wild animals and takes an unusual interest in everything concerning them. Carter, the lion tamer, has been invited to Windsor, and also the entire Edmunds family, who have distinguished themselves in taking care of the wild animals of a certain show.

The oldest woman minister in the United States is the Rev. Lydia Sexton, who is now in her ninety-third year. She has been in the ministry between forty and fifty years. In 1870 and 1871 she held the position of chaplain in the Kansas State Penitentiary. Her religious denomination is known as the United Brethren. The old lady is in excellent health and declares that she expects to live to the end of this century.

# How's Your Liver If sluggish and painful, invig-

orate it to healthy action by taking

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment. THINE OF IT! ALKOST A CENTURY