NATURE'S INSTRUMENT.

The brook which gurgles on its way
And whirls beneath the old brush fence
Makes music in my ear today:
'Tis one of nature's instruments.

I seem to hear it dash along,
Impatient at the hind'ring stones,
Yet leaping gayly in its song
Of mingled joy and monotones.

E'en when a boy if e'er I had
A softened sense of worldly pain
The cadence of that brook song glad
Restored my happy self again.

And now above the irksome round
To which this noisy world gives vent
I hear a sweet, relieving sound,
The strain of nature's instrument.
—Joe Cone in Boston Traveller.

WHEN WOMAN IS NOT GRACEFUL.

Conditions Under Which She Manages to Look Absurd.

Why is it that, notwithstanding the worship accorded to woman in the abstract, she generally manages to look absurd under conditions wherein men try to keep their dignity? Is it stereotyped convention which hampers our judgments, or are these things really facts? For instance, there is nothing remarkable in an old gentleman crossing a street or even walking in a gale of wind, but place an elderly woman, somewhat portly, in the same situation, and the result is a caricature. Her petticoats outline her shape absurdly, a vast expanse of stocking fills a doubtful gap, and her feet seem to struggle helplessly.

Few women can enter a carriage, mount the steps of a coach or hurry into a hansom gracefully, while the spectacle of a woman getting into a boat is far from pleasing. A stout lady on a bicycle gives fair cause for ridicule, and yet fat people dance far more lightly and buoyantly than thin people. The slimmest girl cannot run prettily, and as for football, we have seen the results.

But, to leave the sphere of athletics, a dowager in a low dress is far from pleasing, while the multiplicity of objects carried by a woman when out shopping seems to hamper and render her movements awkward. She has none of the convenient pockets affected by men, she is always seeking for her pocket handkerchief or struggling to extract her purse from the black folds of her gown, or burdened with an umbrella, a parcel, a satchel or with her dress itself. On a journey she is hot and flustered and in a hurry and cumbered with many cares, while a man drops easily into his seat, unfolds his paper and smokes or thinks, impervious to fate. A woman is only really graceful when she is at rest, lolling in a carriage or sitting in a drawing room or else dancing, when she has the genius for it.—London Graphic.

The Tourainers.

The Tourainers themselves are comforting to behold—a stalwart, brown faced people, with contentment deep set in them. The women in their blue cotton gowns, white mutches and unwieldy wooden shoes, are picturesque enough for anything, if their dark, sloeblike eyes and ready smiles be also taken into account. One sees fair faces among the younger girls—Madonnalike faces. It were easy to fancy that Agnes Sorel, "the fairest of the fair," resembled the best of them when she, too, was young and had not yet caught the eye of a king. As for the men, they are what one would expect them to be in such a natural garden—a hardworking class, prone to rejoice in all the festive leisure they can obtain.

They love their native province passionately; it is difficult to realize what they must have felt when, a quarter of a century ago, the Prussian soldiers trod their fields and vineyards under foot and burned their homesteads. "I do not believe," said one of them to me the other day, "there can be any other country in the world better to live in than Touraine. We have so much sun even in winter. The climate is so mild and all things grow in it."—All the Year Round.

PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

General Ryan's Conundrum Didn't Bother the Irishman For a Moment.

One of General Ryan's peculiarities is that he never tells the same story to the same man a second time. Not long ago he was talking about his travels in the United Kingdom. "I had always thought," said he, "that the famous Irish wit and repartee were only to be found on the stage or in Lover's novels, but I came away from Ireland with a very different idea.

"I was stopping at a little country inn, and a game of cards was in progress. I was invited to take a hand, and as an Americanized Irishman I thought I ought to keep up the reputation of the country for sociability. I asked what they were playing, and they replied 'Forty-five,' an old time Irish game. I told them that I barely knew the rules, but that I could play seven up, euchre or nearly any other American card game. But they insisted on my taking a hand, and I did so. One of the pages, who was standing at the back of my chair, watched my hand pretty closely, and the first time I made a bad play he said, sotto voce: 'Holy Moses, I niver see such a play in me loife. I wonder phwere the divil the man cum from.' I paid no attention to him, of course, and went on with the game. The next time I made a bad play, and it wasn't very long, he again said, talking to himself, 'Bodad, niver did I see a man play the lolkes of that.' I began to be annoyed, but still I said nothing, although a man never likes to hear it said that he plays a game badly, but the man was talking to himself and meant no harm. However, when he broke out the third time I could contain myself no longer. I turned around and said, "Look here, my friend, are you playing these cards, or am I?' The Irishman looked at me for a moment, and then said, 'Nayther uv us, your honor, savin your prisince, sor.'

"I joined the rest of them in the laugh, and said, 'Well, boys, order up; that puts 'em on me.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Got Their Money's Worth.

American naval officers who were in China during the late war tell of a day they spent ashore looking for sport. For a few yen, amounting to about 4 cents, they secured the services of two Chinese to fight for their entertainment. The first fight went on bravely, and as fights go in China, not being up to the American hippodrome style, one of the Chinese was whipped. But he was angry. As he moved away from the scene of combat he found a stone, and, turning upon his late antagonist, struck him a blow that killed him. The murderer was speedily beheaded, but the authorities decided that it was no concern of the American officers if a murder resulted from their plan of amusement. One of the younger officers remarked: "We not only got a fight, but a killing and an execution, all for 4 cents. You couldn't beat those rates."

Sentenced to Siberia.

A nobleman once entered into a conspiracy against the Russian emperor and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes were bandaged, and he was put into a dark carriage, and for seven days and nights they traveled on and on, only stopping to take food. At last he felt they must have reached Siberia, and in the utmost anguish he perceived that the carriage had stopped, and the bandage was taken off his eyes, and—he was in his own home! He had been driven round and round St. Petersburg the whole time, but the fright cured him.—Young Ladies' Journal.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression.—Gay.

The Kentucky river had its name from an Indian expression, Kain-tuk-ee, "at the head of the river."

A MAN OF RESOURCES.

This Dentist Was Willing to Accommodate His Patron.

The dentist didn't want to talk shop, he said, but he thought the story worth telling, so he told it. "Not long ago," he said, "a western railroad president came to New York, and one evening was invited to dine with some of his friends here. The dinner was a particularly jolly affair, and when the western man reached his hotel he was in a merry mood. It was his custom to place his set of false teeth under the pillow every night just before going to bed, and he was certain he had done so on this particular evening. Nevertheless in the morning he was unable to find them. Searching high and low in the room was of no avail, and finally he came to me for a new set.

"'How long will it take you to make them?' he asked. I told him four or five days. 'Can't listen to anything like that,' he replied. 'I'll give you triple money to make them in 24 hours.' You see people from Chicago think that money laughs at everything, even time.

"All my arguing with the old fellow did no good, so I set to work on his teeth. In the meantime, however, I told my assistant to hasten around to the old man's hotel and make a scientific search of his room. The westerner insisted that he had drunk no more wine than usual at the dinner, but I was satisfied that he was deceiving himself. I had not been long at the preliminary measurements when my assistant called me out and handed me the teeth. He had found them in the pillowcase, where the owner had put them instead of under the pillow.

"I returned the teeth and the railroad man was so overjoyed that he did not cancel the order, but told me to go ahead with the teeth. They might come in handy some time, he said. He even unbent so far as to admit that perhaps, after all, he had drunk a glass of wine too much the night before, and when I sent him my bill I received a check for double the amount from him."—New York Tribune.

THE BARBER'S REVENGE.

A Tale of a Talkative Tonsorial Artist and His Gruff Customer.

As he threw himself back into the embrace of the cushioned chair of a Union square barber shop he scowled fiercely at the barber and buried his face in the newspaper. But the barber didn't mind the ugly opening. He leaned over, garroted the tonsorial patient with a towel and painted his face with lather. When he had flipflapped a razor once or twice along the strop he began mildly:

"Nice day, sir."

"Oh, is it?" answered the other.

The barber looked startled, but he tried again.

"Paper says we're going to have nice weather now."

"Thanks," was the answer, "I know how to read myself."

At this rebuff the barber kept silence. But he shaved against the grain, tweaked the other's nose and daubed soap into the corner of his mouth. The gruff man swore softly, the barber smiled, and as a final act of violence grabbed the other by the top of the scalp and twisted his head until the cervical vertebræ creaked again.

"Say," cried the gruff man, "my head ain't no roulette wheel."

But still the barber shaved on in silence. He shaved and shaved, scraping the skin so close that it showed ragged under the blade. Then, leaning over, he grabbed a handful of raw and tender skin and rolled it between his fingers until the other groaned aloud. As the tear drops stole down the scarified face the barber administered the final taunt:

"Do you shave yourself, sir?"

"No," roared the gruff man, leaping up in the chair, "I shave my grandmother and sister's nieces."

Then he buried his face in the paper and the barber smiled and smiled and smiled, while he rubbed alum into the sore spots on the victim's chin.—New York World.

Water Wheels.

The point is made by a writer in one of the mechanical journals that the greatest obstacle now encountered in the successful operation of water wheels is, from an economical aspect, the too often entire absence of engineering skill in utilizing the power, and that many a water power would develop greater efficiency were it properly controlled and had the turbine been selected because of its adaptability to the conditions and been properly set. On their introduction, he remarks, turbines were used singly, but now they are used either singly or in sets of two or three or more, as expedient, and in batteries of sets by the use, too, of iron or steel penstocks and feed pipes the expense of installing has been largely reduced and far greater economy in the use of water secured; the growing demand for large units of power has also been satisfied, so that whereas a few years back a 500 horsepower turbine was almost unheard of, turbines of 5,000 horsepower are now employed.

Rather Mean.

"Speaking of dinners," said Hawkins, "reminds me of something I overheard in these very rooms not two nights ago. I always knew Smooks was of a saving nature, but I never believed that the fellow was downright mean."

"How's that?" asked Bluffkins indifferently.

"Well, it was like this. Tuesday night Smooks came in and began talking with Webb. 'I hear you're going away on Saturday,' said Smooks.

"'Yes,' answered Webb. 'For three months.'

"'And what are you doing tomorrow night?'

"'Wednesday,' said Webb. 'I have no engagement for Wednesday.'

"'And the next night?'

"'That's Thursday. 'I dine with the Blakes on that day.'

"'Dear, dear! That's a pity,' said Smooks, with a good bluff at disappointment. 'I wanted you to take dinner with us on Thursday.'"—Boston Budget.

Directions For Sterilizing Milk.

Provide six or eight half pint bottles, according to the number of times the child is fed during the 24 hours. Put the proper amount of food for one feeding in each bottle and use a tuft of cotton batting as a stopper. Have a saucepan that the bottles can stand in conveniently. Invert a perforated tin pie plate in the bottom and put in enough water to come above the milk in the bottles. Stand the bottles on it; when the water boils draw the saucepan to a cooler part of the stove, where the water will remain near the boiling point but not actually boiling. Cover the saucepan and let the bottles remain in it one hour. Put them in the icebox or a cool place in winter.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Appearances.

"My dear baron, what are you doing? Smoking two cigars at one and the same time?"

"Well, you see, my dear fellow, in this beastly hole you can't get any sixpenny cigars such as I am in the habit of smoking, and so I have to make shift with a couple of threepenny ones."—Deutsche Warte.

School Methods Abroad.

As a rule natural history and geography are more delightfully taught in Prussia than here. We gladly use its maps, colored pictures and natural collections. School hygiene in Switzerland is enforced in wonderful ways. Skating vacations on well prepared icefields are prescribed, and there are vacation colonies and "milk cures" for the sickly. From Vienna comes the demand for more playgrounds under the care of experienced teachers maintained by the city and regularly attended.—Last Report of United States Commissioner of Education W. Harris.

Abraham Lincoln.

No man ever lived who was more of a self-made man than Abraham Lincoln.

Not a circumstance of his life favored the developement which he had reached.

He had few teachers, few books and no intellectual companions. His father could neither read nor write. His mother died when he was a child.

He had none of those personal attractions which would naturally enlist the sympathies and assistance of refined men and women with whom he must have come in contact.

He was miserably poor and was compelled to work among poor people in order to earn his daily bread.

There was not an influence around him that did not tend to drag him down, rather than lift him up.

He was altogether an humble man, humble in conditions and humble in spirit.

Yet, by the love of that which was good and great and true, and by hunger and thirst of a noble nature, he was led to the acquisition of a practical education, and to the development of all those peculiar powers that were latent within him. He was a marked and peculiar man. People talked about him.

His studious habits, his greed for information, his mastery of the difficulties of every new position in which he was placed, his intelligence touching all matters of public concern, his unwearying good nature, his skill in telling a story, his great athletic power, his quaint, odd ways, his uncouth appearance, all tended to bring him into notice.

In every circle in which he found himself, refined or coarse, he was always the center of attraction. He was a religious man. He believed in God and his personal supervision of the affairs of men. He believed himself to be under God's control and guidance. This unwearying faith in a Divine Providence began at his mother's knee and ran like a thread of gold through the inner experience of his life.

He was one of the most even tempered men, yet was the subject of great varieties of mood and extremes of feeling. Oppressed with a deep melancholy at times, weighed down by the great problems of his own life, he was simple as a boy. He took delight in most trivial things and had a quick sense of the ludicrous.

As a lawyer he was a close reasoner—reasoned by analogy and enforced his views by apt illustrations. His manner of speaking was plain and unimpassioned, and yet he was the author of the most beautiful and eloquent passages in our language.

The clearness of his statements, the unanswerable style of his reasoning and his illustrations, were remarkable.

He was born in Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809, and was fifty-two years old when he became President. He had spent half his years in what was literally a wilderness. Born in the humblest and remotest obscurity, gathering his acquisitions from the scantiest sources, achieving the development of his powers by means of his own intuition, with none of the aids of wealth and social influence, he raised himself by force of manly excellence of heart and brain into national recognition.

Where Proclamations are Necessary.

The Governor of Texas has deemed it worth while to issue a grave proclamation, forbidding certain persons from indulging in a prize fight within the limits of that state, and directing the duly appointed authoritities to enforce the laws and prevent the widely advertised meeting between two professional mutilators of human flesh and bone. Now, of course, the goveror's intention was a most proper and laudable one, and the action he suggests is such as the local officers most certainly should take, but it is difficult to believe that Texans of the better sort—the great majority of Texans, that is—will be quite pleased with this proclamation. It proves too clearly that the Lone Star is rising, and not clearly enough that it has already risen high in the sky. Other communities do not find it necessary to declare so formally the purpose of enforcing the ordinary laws by which peace and property are protected. This matter, however, is one for the Texans to settle for themselves. The really important thing is that the fight will not take place.

How to Dispose of Surplus Babies.

The inexhaustible energy of Editor Stead, of the London *Review and Reviews*, appears to have found a new outlet. He has discovered that one of the wants of the modern world is a convenient baby exchange. There are families of too many children, and there are couples who have none. There are homes desolated by bereavement, and others that are rendered almost as unbearable by the influx of a superabundance of little ones. There are infants that have been deprived of their parents by death, and there are families of young ones that have succumbed to the grim destroyer. At present no medium of exchange exists that would tend to equalize the supply and demand, or to establish the balance between those who have too many babies and those who have none. Mr. Stead is convinced that an exchange of this kind, and the extension of the practice of adoption, would have the effect of alleviating much misery.

To plant more acres than can be taken care of.

It is shiftless to keep poor stock. A poor cow eats as much as a good one.

To raise frogs and musquitos in the front yard. To have a pig wallow in the road near the gate.

It is a shiftless trick to employ the teacher who will work for the least wages. It is as bad to leave a family of boys and girls to grow up without good books and papers.

It is a heartless thing for a farmer to allow his wife to work sixteen or eighteen hours, when his own work is completed in ten hours. On the farm, as elsewhere husband and wife should be equal partners.

To wade through mud to the barn and out buildings when good dry paths can easily be made. To pay heavy doctor bills for wife and children because their feet had become wet through lack of good paths.

Oh! G. M. D. Oh! G. M. D.
Thou wondrous healer, 'tis to thee
Our vows we pay, our tributes bring;
Of thee we tell, of thee we sing.
Who drends dyspepsia's dire attack,
With constipation at its back,
Assured should be; relief is nigh
If but to G. M. D. they fly.
By nervousness so sore oppressed
With life a burden, robbed of rest,
There hundreds are who fain would know
Where they to get relief can go.
We point to G. M. D. and say
Be cured, be happy, light and gay.
Follow the path that thousands tread,
Be cured in heart, be cured in head.
What else this mystic G. M. D.
But Golden Medical Discovery.

That's just it, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Sold everywhere

Buffalo Bill's Brave Dead.

"That's right," said Gen. B. R. Cowen to a Cincinnati *Times-Star* man, "let the long-haired scouts have it. I was at Columbus several days ago and fell in with a party of army officers all of whom had seen service on the plains. The lowest rank represented was a captain and the highest general. I purposely turned the talk to scouts, and all of those present, but one officer—a captain, stood up for Buffalo Bill, and he could name but one incident in his favor. Whatever he would say of Cody the others would offset with some joking remark, and the captain was finally pinned down to his one adventure. "That was a great thing, anyhow,' he insisted, 'he had a close call.' 'Yes,' replied the others, 'but here were a dozen scouts present who wanted to make the trip, and nobody had any idea it was going to be attended with any danger. Yes, he had a close call. Give him full credit for that.'

"So it went and the general opinion was against Cody's claims of being a daring scout. It was also charged that his wonderful shooting is done with a cartridge composed of fine shot, which scattered to a foot in diameter the moment it gets well away from the gun. He could not miss the glass balls with such ammunition, and he could not hit them with bullets such as Carver uses. I give this as a verdict of regular army officers who ought to know what they are talking about."

Facts Tersely Told.

The flying mouse is a recent discovery in the Cameroon county in Africa. It is a link between the bat and the true mouse, has a tail like a mouse and heavy gray fur, while its wings are not so well developed as those of the bat.

It is now thought by some physicians that death in cases of electric shock is due to a contraction of the arteries under the influence of the current so great that the heart is not strong enough to overcome it and keep up the circulation.

Dr. Bertram Windle has found that hens' eggs hatched between the poles of a magnet "produced an unusual number of abnormal chicks." It also appeared that the development of the eggs of trout was arrested by passing an electrical current through the water.

The French artificial pearl is produced by boring a hole in the shell of the oyster and introducing a small bit of glass, which the animal covers with "nacre," or mother of pearl, to stop the irritation. Such pearls are flat on one side and of less value than those produced naturally.

G. W. Johnson, a well known authority on chemistry, writes that the taste of the cucumber is due to a poisonous substance called "fungin" that is found in all mushrooms and fungoid growth as well as in cucumbers. This poison accounts for the effect of cucumbers on some stomachs.

London nets about $140,000 a year on the gleanings from its dust-chutes, and it is estimated that under a proper system the waste of New York would give the city a gross revenue of about $7,000,000 a year. The estimate may be high, but it is undoubtedly true that the waste ought to bring in a large revenue.

The fine hazard in electricity has led to the formation of an electrical bureau by the national board of fire underwriters. The headquarters are in Chicago, where an efficient system of inspection and testing has been developed. The bureau issues to insurance agencies frequent reports of new electrical appliances and quarterly reports of fires caused by electricity, with details of the exact cause when known. The practical value of the dissemination of such information is found to be very great.

Professor John A. Simpson, of Raleight, N. C., blind from birth, has mastered mathematics "from addition to quaternions" mentally, has learned ancient and modern languages, and like many other blind people is a great musician. His blindness is without doubt the cause of his extraordinary mental development. It is thought that the too great use of the pen and paper or of slate and pencil to relieve of memory has a marked effect in checking mental growth. The industrious blind, relieved of this check, often accomplish what the seeing regard as miracles.

Sweet Peas.

Whether sweet peas can be successfully planted in autumn depends largely on the latitude, says *Garden and Forest*. In the Southern States fall planting is a necessity, for this is the only way to give the plants a cool soil in which to make a strong, early root growth. Coming farther north, fall planting is safe up to perhaps the latitude of Washington, where the chances are about equal between planting in late autumn and in February. In Southern California peas must be brought into bloom as early as February, although the nights are so cool there that they may be planted during any month in the year. The rule observed by the large seed growers is to plant just ahead of the rainy season. Indeed they have acres of volunteer sweet peas—that is, from seeds which were scattered on the ground during the harvest—and 45 miles south of San Francisco these volunteer plants are in bloom by the 1st of May and often early in April.

Words to the Wise.

She who would preserve a comfortable temperature during the summer should remember that the warmth following the consumption of ice cream soda is intense by comparison with the moment's coolness while it is being consumed, and that even dog-day heat seems refreshing after drinking hot tea.

She who wishes to present an attractive appearance to the community should impress upon her mind that a dozen 12-cent ginghams make a woman daintier and cooler to look upon than one silk mulle at a dollar and a half a yard.

She who wishes to go through life easily, without any blighted hopes or dispelled illusions, will not listen too attentive to summer vows of admiration. She will remember that heat and moonlight combined effect even strong minds, and that irresponsibility begins with June.

She who desires to be pleasing to the eye and comfortable will avoid athletice as she would the plague. Tennis and golf, oars and whips are for those who do not mind being blowsy and disheveled.

She who plans to take open car rides and ferry-boat sails for coolness this summer should remember that several hundred thousand of her fellow-citizens are planning the same thing.—*New York World.*

Have you ever noticed how your system seems to crave special assistance in the spring? Just the help required is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Thirteen Years Experience.

MILLER'S FALLS, MASS.—"During the past thirteen years," said Mr. W. A. Johnson of this place, "my wife has been sick from kidney and liver complaint and ulceration of the stomach. At each time she has taken Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it cured her. It is a family medicine with us and many of our neighbors."

He Still Lives.

Gen. Forrest, during the late war, was once approached by an Arkansas man, who asked:

"General, when do you reckin we are going to get something to eat?"

"Eat," exclaimed the General, "did you join the army merely to get something to eat?"

"Wall, that's about the size of it."

"Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat and then have him shot."

The officer understood the joke and replied:

"All right, General."

The Arkansas man exhibiting no alarm said:

"Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple o' chickens, bake two or three hoe cakes, fetch a gallon o' so o' butter milk, and load yer guns. With such inducement, the man what wouldn't be willing to die is a blame fool."

A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier, but he still lives.

Mr. C. G. Strong, principal of the public schools at Anderson, Cal., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and have found it an excellent remedy for lameness and slight wounds."

Lameness usually results from a sprain, or other injury, or from rheumatism, for which Chamberlain's Pain Balm is especully intended and unequalled. It affords almost immediate relief and in a short time effects a permanent cure. For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

A business man came down to his office on a winter morning when it was bitterly cold.

"Whew!" how cold it is!" he said to one of the clerks. "Just shut that safe, if you please."

The clerk obeyed with a puzzled look. Then, when he could restrain his curiosity no longer, he asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but why did you tell me to shut the safe?"

"Why," replied his employer, with a sly chuckle, "there are a good many drafts in that safe."

"It is the best patent medicine in the world" is what Mr. E. M. Hartman, of Marquam, Oregon, says of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. "What leads me to make this assertion is from the fact that dysentery in its worst form was prevalent around here last summer and it never took over two or three doses of that remedy to effect a complete cure." For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

"Maw, what is a horrible example?" asked the youngest boy, looking up from his newspaper.

The eldest boy stops his figuring long enough to say, "Wait till you get into algebry, and you'll find any amount of 'em."

One night when Mr. Isaac Reese was stopping with me, says M. F. Hatch, a prominent merchant of Quartermaster, Washington, I heard him groaning. On going to his room I found him suffering from cramp colic. He was in such agony I feared he would die. I hastily gave him a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He was soon relieved and the first words he uttered were, "what was that stuff you gave me?" I informed him. A few days ago we were talking about his attack and he said he was never without that remedy now. I have used it in my family for several years. I know its worth and do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends and customers. For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

Why are pen-makers incited to wrong doing? Because they make you steel pens and say they do write.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My son was afflicted with catarrh, I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents.

"Are these colors fast?" she asked the new clerk.

"Yes, indeed. You ought to see them when they once start to run."

Oh in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sharp pains dart through my head,
And chills come creeping 'round me.
I feel so sick, I sure shall die!
All hope of cure seems broken,
But there's a "Pellet" all may try,
A sure, unfailing token.

Yes, a token of recovery in every case, as effective, and almost as magical as the famous "talisman" of fairy-lore. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a positive cure for all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

"I was run over by a lumber wagon. Did not expect to live. Was terribly bloated. My friends bathed me with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and I was cured. We have great faith in Thomas' Eclectric Oil." Mrs. Wm. F. Babcock, Forvell, Jackson Co., Mich.

To allow the barnyard to drain into the public road, or into a stream. Many farmers are guilty of this.

Hay Fever, Catarrh and Deafness.

Hay Fever has not the same cause in all cases. It is positively certain, that, in many cases it is from over sensitive branches of nerve in the nose. Dr. Sadler, 804 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, has found some cases where a touch on a certain portion of the inside of the nose caused a cough instantaneously, with watery discharge from the nose and eyes. Last season several cases suffering from severe hay fever were relieved immediately, and remained free from all the symptoms upon application of electricity to the sensitive parts. Catarrh of the nose and throat predisposes to an attack, and Deafness is caused in three out of four cases by Catarrhal inflammation of the nose and throat. It is very rarely necessary to remove the bones from the nose, as being practiced by a few specialists of the radical class. Obstruction of the nose and mouth in breathing is most frequently caused by thickening of the soft tissues and not deformity of the bones. Consult Dr. Sadler before submitting to such unnecessarily severe and expensive operations. Dr. Sadler is conservative and thorough in his work, and his 20 years experience make his methods reliable and safe.

Housekeepers Should Know.

That one cup of yeast is equal to one compressed yeast-cake.

That very hot water is now preferred to cold to stop bleeding.

That 16 tablespoonfuls of liquid are equal to one cupful.

That a choice orange, both peel and pulp, sliced and covered with fragrant hot tea, makes a beverage fit for the gods.

That a too-rapid boiling ruins the flavor of any sauce; it must boil once, but should never do more than simmer afterwards.

That a loaf of stale bread can be made quite fresh by being dipped quickly into hot milk, and then baked until dry in a quick oven.

That to preserve the fresh green color of vegetables like peas and beans the lid should never be put on the pot while they are boiling.

That sawdust and a chamois as polishers, after the cut glass has been thoroughly washed in soap-suds, will make it glisten and sparkle.

That rubbing silver or plated egg-spoons with a little liquid ammonia and salt will remove the discoloration caused by the sulphur in the egg.

That mould can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

That a paste made of powdered ipecacuanna and water will quickly remove the pain caused by the sting of a wasp or bee; it should be applied at once.—*New York World.*

Lots of Odd Things in Japan.

In one of his Toyko letters to the Chicago *Record*, W. E. Curtis writes: One sees lots of odd things in Japan, and Mr. Kaneko, the Assistant Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, tells me that he is writing a book on the peculiarities of his people.

The Japanese address letters the reverse from what we do, writing the country first, the State or Province next, then the city, the street and number, and the name last of all, which, when you come to think of it is a very sensible method, and would be encouraged by our postmen and the distributing clerks in our post offices.

The Japanese carpenter has the blade of his plane fastened edge upward in the top of his bench, and shoves the board or the plank across it. He pulls his saw toward him, instead of shoving it away from him with his weight upon it.

The needlewoman sews from her body instead of toward it. The eye of the needle is at the point, and the thread is not cut from the spool until the seam is finished, but is drawn along through every stitch. She uses a paper thimble, oiled and waxed, instead of a metal one.

When you buy a few yards of cloth the merchant always unrolls the whole piece and cuts it off the inside end, in order that you may not have to take the part that is faded and shopworn.

Whitest City in the World.

There cannot possibly be a whiter city than Cadiz, unless it be built of snow. The best way to approach the port is to take a trip on one of the small steamers which ply between the ports of Morocco and Spain. As you near the coast you see in front of you a white mass which appears to be floating upon the water, just as you are. The first thought of a foreigner is that he is in sight of an iceberg. The white mass, glittering in the sun and rendered more dazzling by the blue sea and sky, looks exactly like a monster ice mountain partly melted, so that outline of castles and hills appears upon it; but only for a second does the illusion last, for you know there are no icebergs in that part and you are quickly informed that you are looking at Cadiz. No other other town in the world presents such a magic appearance.

A Gentleman once asked a lawyer what he would do provided he had loaned a man $500, and the man had left the country without sending any acknowledgments.

"Why, that's simple; just write him to send an acknowledgment for the $5,000 you lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating it was only $500. That will suffice for a receipt, and you can proceed against him if necessarry."

SAVED!!

From Untold Misery--The Experience of Mrs. J. C. Bonholtzer, of Cambria City.

Mrs. J. C. Bonholtzer resides at 103 McConaughy street, Cambria City. The experience she has had has ended happily for her, and in relating it, 'tis with the wish and hope that others may profit by the telling. Perhaps you know what it is to have a bad back, a lame, weak or aching one, and can appreciate the relief that has been accorded Mrs. Bonholtzer. 'Tis a great public benefit indeed to tell your townsmen and fellow creatures how suffering can be lightened and life's burdens removed. This Cambria lady tells what she has to say in a plain, straightforward way that carries conviction with it. She says: "About five years ago I was completely prostrated by an attack of kidney disease, but I was gradually pulled around, and felt no more of the symptoms I had at the time until last spring, when I commenced to suffer with the old pain in my back. It grew more constant and severe as the winter came and passed; I would feel it greatest in the morning when I would first waken up, and before getting out of bed. Oh, how my sides and back would ache. I began to be afraid that I would get as bad as I was the first time. I was so troubled when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, found them highly recommended at Griffith's drug store and began to use them. The result of taking them is a complete cure; I have no more pain in my back whatever. I often think of how many hours spent in pain I would have been saved had I but known of Doan's Kidney Pills sooner." No need of people going around with a bad back when a remedy so simple and inexpensive as Doan's Kidney Pills can be had; a medicine endorsed by home testimony, by people in your State, your county, your town. From everywhere comes the same report, and there are no exceptions; wherever Doan's Kidney Pills are used backache is banished.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 9:40 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoyestown 4:32, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:15, Stoyestown 11:43, Hooversville 11:54, Johnstown 12:45 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:55 p. m., Somerset 6:29 Stoyestown 6:48, Hooversville 6:56, Johnstown 7:40.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 6:30 a. m., Hooversville 7:11, Stoyestown 7:25, Somerset 7:55, Rockwood 8:20.

Express.—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 3:11, Stoyestown 3:25, Somerset 3:55, Rockwood 4:25.

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:30, Somerset 10:01 Rockwood 10:25.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1895.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD

Western Express	4:53	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:37	"
" Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	3:32	"
Mail	5:16	"
Fast Line	8:08	p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:04	a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:21	"
Day Express	9:40	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:05	p. m.
Mail Express	4:11	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:55	"
Philadelphia Express	7:16	"
Fast Line	10:50	"

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