RESOLUTIONS.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend to you,
Do it!

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it!

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it!

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Through the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it!

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it!

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it!

If you've any joy to hold
Next to your heart lest it grow cold,
Hold it!

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Savior's feet,
Meet it!

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it!

Whether life be bright or drear,
There is a passage sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear,
Hear it!

—Wood's Household Advocate.

The Plot That Failed.

THESE things befe at the Hotel de la Grande Concorde at Nice. They tend to show on what a slender thread of chance is sometime suspended the mysterious barrie which, to poor humanity, makes "all the difference"—even the difference between life and death.

The table d'hote breakfast in the great salle was nearly over. The guests had mostly risen; some to saunter in the pleasant grounds, others to go to their rooms to make preparations for expeditions further afield, all alike beat or draining to the dregs the cup of pleasure which in Nice is always bubbling to the brim. But at the end of the long table two groups, sitting near each other and similarly composed, yet having no connection, still lingered over the grapes and peaches. The tall, dark man, deep in conversation with Mrs. Vanhuysen, the pretty American widow, was Prince Demetrius Spandoff, a Russian official high in favor with the Czar, who, having worked hard for eleven months of the year at swelling the chain-gangs to Siberia, was spending the twelfth as a holiday in the sunny South. At home in St. Petersburg the Prince was a silent enigma, carrying dread in his frown and his smile alike. Here in the Riviera he was as a chattering schoolboy, dividing his time pretty equally between the Casino at Monte Carlo and the offering of the perfectly harmless homage to the fair American.

It was the last day of his holiday, and the chance acquaintance which had been so pleasant for the last few weeks was to come to an end that afternoon with the Prince's departure northward by the rapide. The lady must have been persuading him to prolong his stay despite the call of duty, for as she rose and swept gracefully toward one of the open French windows she said, in a voice loud enough to reach the other group:

"Only a week; it is such a short time. You have been so kind and good I am sure you could spare me that."

The Prince rose also, and following with his hand on his heart, made answer:

"Madame, you ask what is impossible, and what gives me pain of the most exquisite nature to refuse. Would that I could remain; but my time is up, and His Majesty has need of me."

"I want you a good deal more than the Czar does," said Mrs. Vanhuysen. "Come into the garden, Prince, I must see if I can't upset your determination."

The moment she had stepped through the window, with Spandoff in close attendance, the other pair of lingerers raised their eyes to each other. Of this couple the man was also tall and distinguished; but he was very fair and his accent suggested a German origin. The lady's ancestry may have been Austro-Polish, but she lived in the present, and for the present she was entirely cosmopolitan. She was of singularly pale complexion, and had large, quietly contemplative eyes. When Mrs. Vanhuysen was not present, the men staying in the hotel voted her attractive, but the women shrugged their shoulders. The man was known as Baron Kolnitz, the lady as Mme. Mosenthal, and they were supposed to be brother and sister. As a matter of fact, they were not related, and their names were quite different, but that has nothing to do with the story.

They gazed long and earnestly. The man was the first to break silence.

"It will upset all our plans if she does prevail on him to stay," he said in the gutteral accents of his race. "Who can say what a woman will do? She may put her soul into the job now at the last moment, and disorganize everything. Our mission would then have to be attempted in this crowded hotel, if we are to give him his quietus by the 15th.

"The date matters little, I fancy, so long as he never sees St. Petersburg again," said Mme. Mosenthal.

The Baron shrugged his shoulders.

"You make no allowance for my feelings," he replied. "I have planned everything to a nicety; I have spent 500 francs in squaring the guard of the rapide, Francois Petre, to do our bidding; our own escape is arranged with certainty, and yet you ask me to view the overthrow of all this with complacency."

"It will be time enough to grumble when cause arises," returned the lady. "For myself, I do not anticipate any change in the programme. Would it not be well to recapitulate the chief points in it, now that we have an opportunity?" she added, glancing round the room, which was deserted save for the presence of the head waiter, busy at a distant buffet, and well out of earshot.

Kolnitz satisfied himself with a stealthy glance in the same direction, and proceeded to enumerate his points with the gusto of an artist well pleased with his own design.

"The train by which the Prince is to travel," he whispered, "leaves here at 4:30 this afternoon. We also travel by that train, but at first not together. We arrive early at the station and take our tickets for Paris, but we do not know each other, you and I. When the train comes in I proceed to any compartment may select, full or empty, all the same; it does not matter which. But on you at this stage everything depends. Till the moment of departure you remain in the waiting-room. Then, as if disturbed at the thought of losing the train, you rush on to the platform. Francois Petre, the guard, already squared with my 500 francs, is on the lookout. He bundles you, with many apologies, into the coupe reserved for our good friend, the Prince. Spandoff will recognize you as a fellow guest at this hotel, and as you are pretty when—pardon me—Mme. Vanhuysen is not by for comparison, he will be civil. You also are civil, though very sad at first at the absence of your brother, who, you suppose, has through his foolishness lost the train. The Prince consoles you; you are consoled; and by the time Marseilles is reached you are sufficiently friendly to ask a favor. The train is just about to start again; I present myself at the door of the coupe, and a grev scene of happiness ensues. I have been in the train all the while, but missed you somehow at Nice station. There is no time for explanation—may I jump in? You appeal to the Prince—he cannot refuse—and I jump. The train goes on. It is dark now; and presently a something which was once a too zealous Russian official is flung out on to the line at a desolate place. As Lyons two wearied travelers, not a bit like you and I, leave the train and cut across country to Geneva. By the time that thing in the desolate place is discovered, we are lost in the crowd and gone on our several ways."

Kolnitz checked himself at a muttered "Hush!" from his companion, and Mrs. Vanhuysen entered the salle—this time by the door, presumably to go to her own apartments.

The effect upon the two conspirators was simultaneous and decided. Kolnitz muttered a guttural German oath, and stared blankly at Madame, in whose wide, open eyes, a look of trouble was gathering.

"Did you hear that?" hissed the Baron. "It is as I feared; the whole pretty fabric falls. The Prince is to stay for a week."

"Control yourself," whispered the woman; "yes, I heard plainly enough. She told the waiter to inform the maitre d'hotel that the apartments of M. le Prince are retained for a week certain. That walk in the grounds has done it evidently."

They sat quite still, pondering deeply for some moments. At length the Baron rose.

"I feel," he said, "like a playwright who, on the eve of a production of his masterpiece, is told to change his plot, his scenery and some of his characters, retaining only the 'stars' of the piece, and yet to be ready at the appointed hour. No matter; we shall kill somehow before the 15th. But for myself I feel no longer like work for to-day. I shall seek distraction at the tables at Monte Carlo, and not return till midnight. Will you accompany me?"

"I will join you later in the day," she replied. "I cannot dismiss our purpose from my mind so easily. I shall go to my room now and think. I must study Mme. Vanhuysen and the Prince, and perhaps I shall be able to hit upon some new idea. I will meet you at the Casino in time for dinner, and we can return together."

It was not till 4 o'clock that Mme. Mosenthal emerged from her room, ready dressed for her trip to join the Baron at Monte Carlo. She had some little time to spare before the train to the gambling resort was due to start, and she decided to employ the interim in prospecting the movements of the intended victim. To this end, however, it was necessary that she should scrape acquaintance with Mrs. Vanhuysen, and study her relations with Spandoff more closely.

Madame proceeded to the garden at the rear of the hotel. Here there was a fountain, and chairs were set out under the trees for the use of the visitors. The Russian was nowhere to be seen, but there was Mrs. Vanhuysen, seated quite alone, and pensively watching the play of the spiral jets.

It was an opportunity too good to be lost. The adventuress approached, and, seating herself in the chair near by, remarked on the beauty of the scene. Mrs. Vanhuysen's reply was as brief as was consistent with politeness.

"I hear that the Prince is to stay here for a week. That will be very charming for you," proceeded madame, nothing daunted. "Pardon me, but we have noticed that he seem greatly smitten."

Mrs. Vanhuysen stared at her with refrigerated astonishment. "You—you must have been real smart to do that," she blurted out at length, ironically.

She who called herself Mosenthal nodded and smiled. "It is too plain for error, madame," she simpered. "Will he spend much of his time at the tables, think you?"

"I cannot say," replied Mrs. Vanhuysen; "neither can I see that it concerns you. But," she added, and then she rose joyfully from her chair, "here he comes himself. You had better ask him."

The adventuress rose also, and looked round. A well-dressed, dapper-looking man, with a traveling bag is his hand and a railroad rug over his shoulder, was advancing from the hotel.

"That!" said Madam Mosenthal, "that is not Prince Spandoff."

"Who said it was," snapped Mrs. Vanhuysen. "But it is the Prince I am mostly concerned in, and the one you have been talking about, I guess, seeing you knew he was to be here for a week—my affianced husband, John C. Prince, of Denver, U. S. A., very much at your service. Spandoff left by the rapide an hour ago. He is well on his way to Russia by this. How are you Johnny?"

And while a pale-faced woman with red eyes and twitching fingers walked slowly away, the pretty widow was telling her lover how chummy she had been with a real live prince, and how she had tried and failed to make him stay for their wedding.

At which John C. Prince, of Denver, mile I content.—The Million.

To Ward Off Cholera.

It seems that we can successfully fight cholera with oranges and lemons. The Imperial health office of Berlin has issued an announcement to the effect that oranges and lemons are both fatal to the cholera bacillus. Placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruit, the bacteria survive but a few hours. They remain active for some time longer on the uninjured rind of the fruit, but even then they die within twenty-four hours. The destructive property as regards the cholera bacteria is supposed to be due to the large amount of acid contained in those fruits. In consequence of this quality, the health officer considers it unnecessary to place any restrictions on the transit and sale of these fruits, even if it should be ascertained that they come from places where cholera is prevalent at the time. Not a single instance was noted in which cholera was disseminated by either oranges or lemons.

THERE are over a hundred different kinds of Christians and you may hunt a long time before you find an equal quantity of good in any other hundred societies.

There are now fifteen oil wells flowing in Los Angeles, Cal., and many new wells are being bored. The yield is increasing and the oil finds a ready sale at $1.50 and $2 a barrel.

ARE NEGROES VENOMOUS?

A Texas Doctor Experimenting with the Saliva of a Blue-Gum Negress.

It has long been a belief among the negroes that the bite of one of their race who has blue gums is about as deadly as the bite of a mad dog or rattlesnake, says a Brenham (Texas) correspondent of the Galveston News. Few white people think this is anything more than mere superstition and, while instances are recorded in the newspapers every once in awhile of deaths resulting from bites inflicted by blue-gum negroes, the general opinion is that the death was not caused by the bite or else that the blood of the person bitten was in such condition that a wound of almost any character equally severe would have produced death. It is not questioned, however, that the bite of a human being—whether the blue-gum variety or not—may in some instances prove a severe injury.

A case is reported from the Lottstore neighborhood. A negro woman, Ellen Toney, about 50 years of age, was bitten about a week ago by her daughter-in-law. The wound was on the little finger, and was not at all dangerous in appearance, but in a day or two the hand began to swell and the swelling was accompanied by great pain. It soon spread to the entire arm, which puffed up to twice its normal size. A physician was called in and he prescribed such remedies as the case seemed to demand, but lockjaw set in and lasted about twenty hours. Finally the swelling began to abate, and the old woman is now considered on a fair road to recovery.

The Doctor learned that the daughter-in-law was of the blue-gum variety, and examined her mouth to see if it differed from that of anybody else. He says the gums are of a purplish blue mottled appearance, unlike those of the ordinary negro. He is skeptical on the subject of the bite of such a person being more poisonous than that of anyone else, but says he is experimenting with the virus or saliva from this woman's mouth to see if there is any truth in the belief of the negroes. The subject of his experiment is a small dog, which he inoculated with the virus, and he says he is waiting for developments with some degree of interest.

A Prodigy in Short Frocks.

Sir John Millais was one of those prodigies who, having real genius, fulfil the promise of their youth. When he was a boy, so little that his friends used to pile books on a chair to make a seat high enough for him to sit on while he worked, he was always sketching, hoping some day to be a painter. His mother was an acquaintance of Sir Martin Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, and she told him that her little boy had a great gift in the line of drawing.

"Don't encourage it!" said Sir Martin. "Many children show this sort of proclivity, and the end of it all is a failure. It is not once in a thousand times that success is achieved. Bring them up to any profession but mine."

She then asked him at least to gratify a mother's pride by looking at some of her darling's sketches. He glanced at them, and exclaimed delightedly:

"It is your duty, Mrs. Millais, to encourage this boy. He is a marvel."

The result of this advice was that the child was sent to the finest schools of art, and when the prize for the best historical drawing in pencil was awarded, at one of the Royal Academy assemblies, the name of Mr. Millais was called. A child in short dresses was presented, and the Duke of Sussex, who was in the chair, called out in amazement:

"Is this Mr. Millais? Put him on the table!"

And standing there, he received his prize.

Sleep a Habit.

This is what a physician, who believes more in heredity than in almost anything else, said the other day:

"I see Edison, in an interview published in one of the papers, said that to do away with the necessity of sleep is among the possibilities. Now, I believe that the wizard was a trifle joking when he said that. But when he said sleep was a habit that came into fashion before artificial light was discovered, I believe he was in earnest. As the night is turned more and more into day by the perfection of lights, the habit and necessity for sleep will be obviated. The hours given over to sleep will be gradually lessened from generation to generation, until the time will come when we will have what I might call the 'open-eyed generation.' I believe that every one will agree that this generation is a bit faster than the last one. Well, it is simply the logical movement toward the end I predict. We are handing down fewer hours' sleep to our children, who will leave a smaller legacy to their offspring."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Remarkable Frogs.

A gentleman residing in Horton, N. Y., has after ten years drilling, succeeded, according to report, in training a company of frogs to perform the most remarkable feats. To see one of these animals sitting on a log in the sunshine, with his wide mouth and goggle eyes, we would hardly be impressed with the intellectuality of his expression, and just why Mr. Hoag should have conceived the idea of the remarkable brain existing behind an extremely stupid countenance, is not known to the writer but that he has produced most surprising, those who have visited his place will testify. He quoted as saying that he has derived enough amusement from this diversion to make life enjoyable even to a man with but one leg living in a locality where congenial companions are few.

It would take too long to enter into those details, but a mention of a few of their feats will be interesting. At the word "Attention!" all are on the alert, after which, at the word of command, they go through the most astonishing evolutions, each leg kicking in perfect time with its neighbor. Among the performances is a race, the winner being rewarded by a specially nice tid bit. At dusk they give a concert, again under their owner's command, and those who imagine that the voice of the frog as he is known in the swamps, is nothing but a hoarse unmeaning croak, should hear these trained animals "singing" together. Mr. Hoag says that their voices grow hoarser with advancing old weather. Each member of the band has his own especial seashell at the bottom of the lake which is their home, to which he retires at night as long as he is a member of society and whither he withdraws when he hibernates.

The first British translation of the Bible was in the Irish tongue.

WHAT IS EATEN.

Exhibit of Queer Foods Used by Out-of-the-Way People.

At the Department of Agriculture in Washington, hidden away in an obscure corner, is an odd sort of exhibit of queer foods eaten by out-of-the-way people. There is a loaf of bread made from the roasted leaves of a plant allied to the century plant. Another kind of bread is a dough of juniper berries. These are relished by some tribes of Indians, while others manufacture cakes out of different kinds of bulbs. The prairie Indians relish a dish of wild turnips, which civilized people would not be likely to enjoy at all. In the great American desert the "screw beans," which grow on mesquite-bushes, are utilized for food. Soap berries furnish an agreeable diet for some savages in this country, while in California the copper-colored aborigines do not disdain the seeds of salt grass. Also in California the Digger Indians collect pinenuts, which are seeds of a certain species of pine (sometimes called "pinons"), by kindling fires against the trees, thus causing the nuts to fall out of the cones. At the same time a sweet gum exudes from the bark, serving the purpose of sugar. The seeds of gourds are consumed in the shape of mush by Indians in Arizona.

In addition to all these things the exhibit referred to includes a jar of pulverized crickets, which are eaten in that form by the Indians of Oregon. They are roasted, as are likewise grasshoppers and even slugs. These delicacies are cooked in a pit, being arranged in alternate layers with hot stones. After being thus prepared they are dried and ground to powder. They are mixed with pounded acorns or berries, the flour being kneeded into cakes and dried in the sun. The Assiniboines used a kind of seed to stop bleeding at the nose. Among other curious things used for food are acorns, sunflower seeds, grape seeds, flowers of cat-tails, moss from the spruce fir tree, and the blossoms of wild clover. The exhibit embraces a number of models representing grape seeds enormously enlarged. It is actually possible to tell the species of a grape by the shape of the seed. There is a jar of red willow bark, which Indians mix with tobacco for the sake of economy. This, however, is only one of a thousand plants that are utilized in a similar fashion.

The Instinct of Locality in Animals.

A cat carried a hundred miles in a basket, a dog taken, perhaps, five hundred miles by rail, in a few days may have found their way back to the starting point, writes A. J. Mackintosh. So we have often been told, and, no doubt, the thing has happened. We have been astonished at the wonderful intelligence displayed. Magic, I should call it. Last week I heard of a captain who sailed from Aberdeen to Arbroath. He left behind him a dog which, according to the story had never been in Arbroath, but when he arrived there, the dog was waiting on the quay. I was expected to believe that the dog had known his master's destination, and been able to inquire the way overland to Arbroath. Truly marvelous! But really, it is time to inquire more carefully as to what these stories do mean; we must cease to ascribe our intelligence to animals, and learn that it is we that often possess their instinct.

A cat on a farm will wander many miles in search of prey, and will therefore be well acquainted with the country for miles round. It is taken fifty miles away. Again it wanders and comes across a bit of country it knew before. What more natural than that it should go to its old home? Carrier pigeons are taught "homing" by taking them gradually longer flights from home so that they may learn the look of the country. We cannot always discover that a dog actually was acquainted with the route by which it wanders home; but it is quite absurd to imagine, as most people at once do, that it was a perfect stranger to the lay of the land. To find our way a second time over ground we have once trod is scarcely intelligence; we can only call it instinct, though the word does not in the least explain the process. Two years ago I first visited Douglas in the Isle of Man. I reached the station at 11 p. m. I was guided to a house a mile through the town. I scarcely paid any attention to the route; yet next morning I found my way by the same route to the station, walking with my head bent, deeply thinking all the time about other things than the way. I have the instinct of locality.

Most people going into a dark room that they know are by muscular sense guided exactly to the very spot they wish; so people who have the instinct of locality may wander over a moor exactly to the place they wish to reach, without thinking of where they go. There may be no mental exercise connected with this. I have known a lady of great intelligence who would lose her way within half a mile of the house she had lived in forty years. This feeling about place belongs to that part of us that we have in common with the lower creatures. We need not postulate that the animals ever show signs of possessing our intelligence; they possess in common with us what is not intelligence, but instinct.—London Spectator.

A Great Secret Society Man.

A greatest secret society man in America is Abner Markoe, of Chicago—at least that is what Mr. Markoe says himself, and he would like some person to dispute his claim. "I am 52 years of age," said Mr. Markoe, "and I am a member of 42 societies. I have taken the highest degrees in Masonry, Odd Fellowship and the Knights of Pythias, and hold chairs in several of the fraternal insurance orders. I don't think there is another man in the United States who has such a record. A man in Philpdelphia comes the nearest. He belongs to 36 secret societies."

"Don't you get your grips confused sometimes?"

"No," said Mr. Markoe, "because I use the signs and grips of only three orders. It would take a man with two heads to remember 42 of them."—New York Mail and Express.

Degrees of Goodness.

Grant Allen relates that he was sitting one day under the shade of the Sphinx, turning for some petty point of detail to his Baedeker. A sheik looked at him sadly, and shook his head. "Murray good," he said, in a solemn voice of warning: "Baedeker no good. What for you use Baedeker?" "No, no; Baedeker is best," answered Mr. Allen; "why do you object to Baedeker?" The sheik crossed his hands, and look down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam. "Baedeker bad book," he repeated; "Murray very good. Murray say, 'Give the sheik half a crown'; Baedeker say, 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"

Benevolence without love has no more heart in it than a grindstone.

SALT RHEUM

"I had salt rheum. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and my hands began to heal. By the time I had finished the second bottle the flesh had all healed and the skin had become smooth and my hands have been perfectly well ever since." E. NISKERN, Delavan, Wisconsin.

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Hood's Cures

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CONSUMPTION

Work in High Altitudes.

Some practical facts are furnished by the experience of the workmen engaged in the construction of the new Central Railway over the main range of mountains in Peru. The line starts from Lima, in latitude twelve degrees. The summit tunnel of this line, at Galeria, is at the height of 15,645 feet, or a little under the height of Mont Blanc, but it must be remembered that the climatic conditions are very different and more unfavorable in Peru than in Europe. Mr. E. Lane, the engineer-in-chief, finds that the workmen, up to an altitude of 8000 to 10,000 feet, do about the same relative quantity of work as at the sea level, provided they have been inured to the height or brought up in the country. At 12,000 feet, the amount of work deteriorates, and at 14,000 to 16,000 a full third has to be deducted from the amount that the same men could perform at sea level.

Owing to the absence of malaria, the percentage of efficient labor at the greatest elevation is a very high one. Men coming from the coast are not found capable of doing efficient work for about two weeks, on an average, when taken to high elevations. The capacity gradually increases and reaches its maximum in a few weeks or months, according to the constitution of the individual. The majority of the laborers are "Cholos," or Indians born in the Sierra. They are found to be incapable of doing efficient work on the coasts or in the warmer altitudes without a long course of acclimatization. If gangs of these "Cholos" have for special purposes been taken suddenly down from the Sierra to work at altitudes of from 2000 to 5000 feet, sickness and fever have resulted from the change.

Mules and horses are found to do about the same efficient work proportionately as human beings up to about 17,000 feet in this district. Mules stand the climate best, but, again, require some weeks for acclimatization, and urged to undue exertion at great altitudes they are liable to drop dead suddenly. It may be remarked the region of perpetual snow in the district begins at 18,000 feet.—Nineteenth Century.

No Sentiment About Her.

He (after being accepted)—And what kind of a ring am I to buy for you, my darling? She—Well, I like one I wore last year ever so much. I will give you Charlie's address. Perhaps you will be able to buy the ticket from him at a bargain.—Texas Siftings.

On the Chicago Express.

Passenger—Look here, porter, there's something suspicious about that man over there; I'm sure he's disguised with a wig and a false beard. Porter—Yes, sah; but don't say nothin' 'bout it, sah! It's Mr. Ward McAllister, goin' out to see the World's Fair.—Puck.

Hard on Rats.

Stranger—Why don't you clear the rats out of your chicken house. Farmer Easie—They don't do no harm. Stranger—Don't they eat eggs? Farmer Easie—They used to but not now. I think those new fashioned china nest-eggs has sort o' discouraged them.—New York Weekly.

Pretty Big.

Brooklyn Boy—Are the World's Fair buildings very big? Chicago Boy—Big? They're so big you have to look through the wrong end of an opera-glass to see 'em.—Good News.

It's a mighty weak principle that won't survive a thousand apostates.

A NEPHEW OF HENRY CLAY.

He Is Peddling Notions on the Streets of San Diego, Cal.

In one of the humblest cottages in San Diego, Cal., lives an old man whose tall form and distinguished appearance have made him a familiar figure on the streets of that city. He may be seen any day going from door to door with a basket strapped around him, peddling notions. This venerable old man, who was one day in fairly comfortable circumstances, is named Cyprian Clay, and his father was a brother of that brilliant political leader of bygone days, Henry Clay. He is now 81 years old, and his career of over four score years has been an eventful one. He can recall many of the most stirring incidents in the early history of this country as if they happened but yesterday,

CYPRIAN CLAY, AND HIS PEDDLING OUTFIT.

and prides himself on his acquaintance with many of those intellectual giants who flourished during the days of his illustrious uncle. Reverses overtook him and now, with a daughter, the last of his seven children, he is passing his last days in poverty, eking out a scanty living for the two from the sale of his wares.

The Rich Mendicants of France.

Mendicancy would appear to be almost as profitable in the outlying suburbs of Paris as in the city itself, where beggars sometimes die leaving substantial legacies behind them for their next of kin. Victor Hayet, aged 49, was supposed to be one of the most destitute and almsworthy inhabitants of Joinville-le-Pont, where he dwelt in a hovel by night and begged on the roads by day. For the last week he had disappeared from sight, and the police having been communicated with went to the hut, burst open the door, as there was no answer to their knocks, and found Hayet dead on the floor inside. His body showed no marks of foul play, and it was clear that the man had died suddenly from heart disease. In a dirty cupboard of his miserable room was found a parcel of bank notes amounting in value to £720. The mendicant's dog was heard howling in the cellar. The animal was half mad with hunger, and it choked itself eating a lump of bread thrown to it by the policemen.—London Telegraph.

Wall Paper and Candle Light.

Every one knows that when the walls of a room are papered with a light paper it looks much more cheerful, but we hardly realize the great difference between dark and light papering. A scientist has now measured it in a systematic way, and has come to the following results: Suppose the room is convered with black cloth, and requires 100 candles to give it a certain degree of light. If you take away the black cloth, and paper, the room with dark brown paper, 87 candles give the same amount of light. With blue paper 72 candles will do; with fresh yellow paint 60 candles give as much light, and with clean deal-board walls, 50 candles are sufficient. But if the room be painted in white, 15 candles make it as light as 87 candles with the dark drown surroundings. The conclusion is evident. Not only is it bad for the eyes to have a sudden contrast of dark and light, but it is also much more expensive to light 12 candles where two or three would be sufficient.

New Theory of the Exodus.

A negro preacher once elaborated a new story of the Exodus, to wit—that the Red Sea was frozen over, and so afforded the Israelites a safe passage, but when Pharaoh with his heavy iron chariots attempted to cross, he broke through and was drowned. A brother arose and asked an explanation of that "p'nt." Said he: "I'se been a studyin' g'ography, and g'ography say dat am de place whar de tropics am, and de tropics am too hot for freezin'; de pint to be 'splained is 'bout breakin' through de ice." The preacher straightened himself up and said: "Brudder, glad you axed dat question, for it gives me 'casion to 'splain it. You see, dat war a great while ago, befo' dey had g'ographies, and befo' dere war any tropics."—Lippincott's.

Indisputable.
Why spend $1 for a bottle of medicine for a complaint when one box of Beecham's Pills, costing only 25 cts., will cure nearly all known diseases? This is because constipation is the cause of nearly all ailments, and Beecham's Pills cure constipation. A valuable book of knowledge mailed free, on request, by B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Cherrapongee, in southwestern Africa, is the wettest place in the world, the average annual rainfall there being 610 inches.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

While engraving a matrimonial invitation, a New York artist made a curious blunder. The invitation read thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have the pleasure to request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

Don't you know to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c. of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Near Chestertown, Md., there is a small lake called Still Pond, which has never been known to be ruffled even by the most violent storms.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Christopher Grove, a ninety-two-year old resident of Bethany, Ind., is cutting a new set of teeth.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., $1

Bricks from what is believed to be the remains of the old Tower of Babel are still found in great profusion at Birs Nimrud, Babylonia.

Wouldn't Lie Down with the Lamb.

"The hardest thing to train a wild beast to do is to perform with a weak, defenceless animal," remarked A. L. Hutchins, an old circus and menagerie hand, who has deserted the arena and ring for mercantile pursuits, and was at the Laclede yesterday in his capacity as a commercial traveler. "I remember once several years ago an effort being made to persuade a very docile lion to lie down with a lamb. The idea was certainly a good one, but it took several lambs and also several weeks before the lion, which was willing to jump through a burning hoop, sham death on being shot, etc., could be persuaded to allow a lamb to enter his den with impunity. Twice he killed a lamb in the presence of his trainer, and the second, time he nearly killed the trainer who rathes recklessly tried to get away the carcass. Finally, the lion would tolerate a lamb in its den just as long as the keeper stood over it with an iron bar. But the effort was so evidently forced and the performance was so utttrly lacking in smoothness and interest that it was abandoned after two or three attempts."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THROW IT AWAY.

There's no longer any need of wearing clumsy, chafing Trusses, which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

HERNIA (Breach), or Rupture, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another Triumph in Conservative Surgery is the cure of

TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid and other varieties, without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula, and other diseases of the lower bowel, promptly cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting.

STRICTURE of urinary passage is also removed without cutting. Abundant References, and Pamphlets, on above diseases, sent sealed, in plain envelope, 10 cts. (stamps). WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
INDIGESTION,
DIZZY FEELINGS,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver to the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses of from two to four, quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c. per box. Sold by all druggists.

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A few prices: 12 pieces, Oak Suit, $19; and Mattress thrown in $25.75. Parlor Suits, $17.50 upwards. Rockers, $1.50; Chairs, 45c.; Springs, 90c. 1 Set of Pillows and Bolster, $1.00. Awnings, Shades and Parlor Suits to order.

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SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

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