DISTANT THINGS.

O, white is the sail in the far away,
And dirty the sail at the dock;
And fair are the cliffs across the bay
And black is the near-by rock.
Though glitters the snow on the peaks afar
At our feet it is only white;
And bright is the gleam of the distant star,
Though a lamp were twice as bright.

The rose that nods beyond our reach
Is redder than rose of ours;
Of thought that turns our tongues to speech
Our fellows leave greater dowers.
The waters that flow from the hidden springs
Are sweeter than those by our side—
So we strive through life for the distant things
And never are satisfied!

So we strive through life for these distant things
But ever they hold their place;
Till beats life's drum and death doth come
And we look in his mocking face.
And the distant things crowd near and close
And faith! They are dingy and gray!
For the charm is lost when the line is crossed
'Twixt here and far away.
For the charm is lost when the line is crossed
And we see things as they are;
And know that as clean is the sail at the dock
As the sail on the sea afar;
As bright the rays of the near-by lamp
As the gleam of the distant star.

—Elwyn I. Hoffman, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE ORGANIST'S RIVAL.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

SUSIE BARCLAY sat in her room stitching busily, and at the same time building air castles, the innocent air-castles of a girl of eighteen, who is just wakening to the consciousness of a heart to be won and given. She would have blushed with indignation and wounded feeling, had any one told her she was actually in love, and there would have been no falsehood in her denial. Yet, since the Rev. James Castleton had come to Rosedale, and taken the church under his care, life had seemed brighter to Susie.

The Rev. James Castleton was a quiet, rather reserved man of thirty-five, not handsome, not especially gifted with eloquence. But in his soft gray eyes, in the curves of his gravely set mouth lay an expression of goodness, of unostentatious, true piety, that made his simple language more effective than the most elaborate oratory. Old women brought their sorrows to Mr. Castleton, and went away comforted, blessing him for an unaffected sympathy that doubled the value of his counsels. Children clustered about him wherever he called, and loooked eagerly for his coming into the Sunday-school. The young people liked him and trusted him, wondering a little sometimes that one so grave and quiet could so thoroughly understand the troubles and temptations of youth.

He had shown an interest in Susie Barclay for many reasons. She was an orphan and had lost both parents and a sister within a fortnight, victims of a malignant fever raging in Rosedale, four years before. She was poor, having taken a position as household teacher in a seminary, and been household drudge as well, to earn an education. At the time Mr. Castleton came to Rosedale, Susie was teaching music, was organist at St. Mark's, and in leisure time at home earned many an odd dollar by embroidery.

And it was upon embroidery she was busy on the week preceding Easter—Mr. Castleton's first Easter in Rosedale. As organist, Susie was compelled to take part in all the services at St. Mark's, but beside this regular attendance, she was a devout, sincere member of the church, and gave her time, little as she could spare it, to the work in the missionary society, sewing circles and festivals of the year.

And the work upon which she was sewing so steadily Susie called, in her own heart, her Easter offering. Mrs. Stacey, the richest woman in Rosedale, often employed Susie's busy fingers, and it only made the gentle girl smile scornfully when she heard Bessie Stacey praised for the exquisite embroidery her own active fingers wrought.

Mrs. Stacey intended to make an Easter offering, at St. Mark's, of a new set of church linen, and she had engaged Susie to hemstitch and embroider it, promising her ten dollars for work she well knew would cost her three times that sum in any city store.

And Susie had already appropriated that sum, in her mind. She would buy a large cross of white flowers, such as she had seen in her visits to the city, and present it to St. Mark's. Not one penny of those ten dollars would she use for her own expenses; and if Bessie Stacey let it be understood that she had embroidered the linen her mother presented, why, Susie could give her cross, and so balance matters.

For, somewhere in the depths of her heart, so far down she had never called it to the surface, Susie knew that there was rivalry between Bessie Stacey and herself. She knew that Mr. Castleton was frequently at Mrs. Stacey's, to luncheon, to dinner, to arrange various church matters in which Mrs. Stacey suddenly wakened to an interest she had never felt when good old Mr. Murray presided in the pulpit.

And Bessie wore the most becoming dresses right under the minister's eyes, while Susie's modest dresses were hidden behind the curtains of the organ-loft.

As she worked in the passion-flowers encircling her cross, Susie thought of the order she would send to her Aunt Mary in the city for the cross she meant to buy. She had steadily put away the temptation to buy a new spring hat or one new dress, resolving to make over her gray poplin once more and have her old hat cleaned and pressed. And, really, one must be eighteen, with a very limited, hard-earned wardrobe and a strong desire to appear attractive in the eyes of one person, to appreciate the sacrifice Susie was making. Ten dollars, with her economical habits, her skill in sewing, would go so far toward girlish adornment!

But it was to be her Easter offering; and if there lurked a thought of Mr. Castleton's words of praise or his grave eyes looking approvingly upon her tasteful gift, was she so very much to blame?

She had finished her work before sunset, and took it home. Mrs. Stacey was in the sitting room, where Bessie was opening the parcel containing a new silk suit for Easter Sunday, and Susie was called upon to admire the color, the style, the general effect.

"It is dark for spring," Bessie said fretfully.

"You know very well you cannot bear light colors," said her mother. "Your eyes and hair are all you can desire; your teeth are good, your features regular and your figure is simply perfect; but your complexion is thick and sallow, and always will be until you stop eating such rich food. Now here is Susie without one really good feature in her face, with an insignificant figure, eyes of no color in particular, a sort of bluish-gray, but with a complexion like a miniature painting. She can wear blue and softly tinted fabrics, but you cannot"

She might have added that Susie's hair was the color of corn-silk and one mass of golden waves and soft ringlets; that Susie's mouth was like a baby's in its tender curves and sweet expression; that Susie's eyes were full of intelligence and gentle, womanly sweetness; but she forgot to mention these points, and Susie was crushed, as she intended her to be, in spite of her complexion.

But Mrs. Stacey took out her pocket book and from it a ten-dollar gold piece.

"You can buy a new hat," she said, in a patronizing way indescribably irritating.

"No," Susie said, quietly; "this is to be my Easter offering."

"Oh! And speaking of Easter, would you mind, on your way home, taking this linen to Mrs. Byrne's to wash and iron. Tell her I must have it on Friday at the very latest!"

It was growing dark, and Susie remembered that so far from being "on her way home," Mrs. Byrne lived at the other end of Rosedale, but she was to shy too refuse, and rolled the linen up again.

Mrs. Byrne was a hard-working woman with seven children, whose husband, after subjecting her to all the miseries of a drunkard's wife, had released her by pitching head-first off the bridge below Rosedale, into the river. Womanlike, she grieved for him, as if he had made her life a bed of roses, and turned to her wash-tubs for a living, patiently and industriously. A very sunbeam of a woman she was, in spite of her troubles, and Sueie was amazed to find her sitting on the d door-steps sobbing like a child. She rose to receive Mrs. Stacey's message, and promised to do the work, and then, in answer to Susie's gentle, "You are in trouble, I am afraid," her grief broke out in words.

"I've no right to complain, miss," she said, "for the Lord 's been very good to us since poor Tim was drowned, but indeed it's a chance lost I'm fretting for."

"A chance lost?" said Susie, her voice still full of gentle sympathy.

"It's Nora, miss. She's been delicate, miss, iver since she was born, and the air here is bad for her intirely. The docther saye her lungs is wake, and it's a bad cough she's got, and we're too near the say here in Rosedale. And me sister, who lives at B—, she's wrote she'll take Nora for her own, an' give her schooling and not let her work till she's stronger. She's not much of her own, hasn't sister Mary; but she's no childer since she put four in the church-yard, and she'll be good to Nora, an' the child just dying here by inches, for she will help me, an' sloppin' in the washing's bad for her. She coughs that bad at night, miss, and the doctor says the air in B— would be the makin' of her."

"But, surely, you will send her," said Susie.

"There it is, miss! Mary, she can find money out an' out, and it costs six dollars to go to B—. I was up to Mrs. Stacey's, to ax the loan of it, and work it out a little at a time on the washin'; but she told me she could not spare it. An' she rich! I'm thinkin', miss, perhaps she'd be servin' the Lord as well as savin' a girl's life, you may say, instead of buyin' all this embroidered linen to show off at St. Mark's."

The words struck Susie like a stab. Was it to serve the Lord or for her own vanity she wanted to give the white cross to St. Mark's? Saving a human life! The thought almost took her breath.

"You can send Nora if you have ten dollars?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; but it might as well be a hundred. I can't get it."

"Yes, for I will give it to you; and you can ask the Lord to bless my Easter offering."

And before the astonished woman could reply, the shining gold piece lay in her hand and Susie was speeding homeward.

"The Lord be good to her! The saints bless her bed!" cried Mrs. Byrne. "An' she t'aching for her own bread and butter an' trudging about in all weathers to earn a dollar!"

"You seem surprised at something, Mrs. Byrne," said a quiet, deep voice at her elbow, and she looked up to see Mr. Castleton standing beside her. "I came over to see if you could come up to the parsonage and help Mrs. Willis to-morrow. She has some extra work on hand."

"Yes, sir! I'll come, and be thankful to you, An' I am surprised—just dazed like." And out came the whole story from the grateful woman's lips, ending with:

"And it's workin' she is as hard as meself in her own way, while Mrs. Stacey, that's rollin' in money couldn't spare jest the loan of it, for it's not begging I'd be!"

Easter services were over, and Mrs. Stacey had invited Mr. Castleton to dinner. She had told no direct lie, but certainly had given the impression that the lovely embroidery upon the new linen was the work of Bessie's fingers. As they drove home, she asked Mr. Castleton sweetly.

"Don't think me impertinent, but which of the offerings was Miss Barclay's?"

"None that I know of!"

"Was there one offering of ten dollars in the collection?"

"No—a five-dollar bill was the largest."

"Such hypocrisy!" sneered Bessie. "It was not necessary for Miss Barclay to tell you, mamma, she was going to give ten dollars for an Easter offering, but she need not have told a falsehood about it!"

"Nor did she," said Mr. Castleton "Her Easter offering was ten dollars."

But he made no further explanation; nor did Susie, when summer time brought her a letter, asking her to share his life and labors, know that Mrs. Byrne had told him the story of her charity.—New York Ledger.

Not as Bad as Was Feared.

Good Man—My boy, I saw you come out of a saloon. I hope you are not so depraved as to drink beer.

Boy—Oh, no, sir; you do me wrong. I went in to buy some cigaroots an' pass a counterfeit dollar on de new bartender.—Judge.

Last year the sheep in this country grew 307,100,000 pounds of wool.

MINERAL WOOL.

How Produced from Matter that Was Formerly Wasted.

Since the discovery, some years ago, that asbestos could be felted together into a sort of paper and used wherever a nonconducting, non-combustible packing was needed, the demand for it has steadily increased. New forms and new uses are continually appearing, while the supply is constantly diminishing. This has led to the search for a substitute.

By melting together the various minerals of which asbestos is composed a material of the same composition is easily obtained, but the stringy, fibrous quality which makes the asbestos so valuable is wanting. An accidental blast of steam against a stream of melted slag from an iron furnace gave the first and most important step in the solution of the problem, and from this it has been worked out almost to perfection. At first "glass," or "mineral" wool was made largely from slag, which contains many of the minerals needed—sand, lime and iron. But this product was too glassy, was not tough enough and melted too easily.

A careful analysis of asbestos was made, and the minerals, limestone, sand, fire-clay or kaolin and iron slag, containing the proper elements, were mixed.

As made now, by the improved methods, waste products from other factories are used principally. Broken glass from windows and from bottle houses furnishes the sand and a part of the lime; pieces of fire-clay bricks, broken glass-pots and dishware that has warped or cracked in the kilns furnish the clay, and iron slag from the puddling ovens supplies the iron and part of the sand and lime. A little extra limestone is also added. These waste products, besides being cheaper, are better than simple sand, lime and clay would be, as they are in a hard, chunky form, and "stand up" in the furnace, allowing a better circulation of air and gas while heating. Loose sand and clay would pack.

The materials are crushed and mixed according to a rough formula, which is worked out by experiment. It is very necessary that the amount of each should be just right. If too much glass is used the wool is brittle and harsh; if too much clay, the fibers are coarse and heavy, and if too much iron, the product is dark and does not sell well.

The mixed material is placed in tall fire-brick furnaces, with alternate layers of coke, each layer being about one foot deep. Natural gas, where obtainable, is led into the bottom of the furnace, the fire is lighted and a blast of air from a blower is turned on, getting up an intense heat. The glass melts, acting as a flux and melting the other materials. The part nearest the bottom of the furnace melts first and the whole mass settles down.

When the bottom is sufficiently liquid a small hole is opened at the side of the furnace and the fluid mass is allowed to flow out in a stream one inch in diameter. As this falls a jet of steam from two flat, fan-shaped nozzles is directed against it, blowing it into a fine spray, which, on cooling, is a white, fibrous mass resembling fine, well-washed wool, hence its name.

The spray is blown through a small window into a large collecting room. While the blast is on this room is filled with a white cloud looking like cotton down. Two furnaces and two rooms are used, alternating with each other. When the blast is finished in one furnace the downy wool is allowed to settle and is then scraped from the sides, the floor and the ceiling; it is weighed, packed in bales and then is ready for the market.

The heaviest part, which settles nearest the windows, contains little, beadlike bodies, called in the trade "shot" and due to imperfect blowing. This wool is remelted or sold for rough packing.

The uses of the mineral wool are very numerous and are multiplying all the time. The chief ones are the adulteration of asbestos; packings to retain heat, as on steam pipes, steam cylinders and boilers; packings to keep out heat in ice machines, refrigerators, cold-rooms and cold-storage warehouses. Of late large amounts are used for deadening of walls and floors in fireproof buildings.

The mineral wool is used either loose or in the form of paper, felting or thick wadding.

No Chance of Being Caught.

Judge Andrews of Georgia used to tell an amusing story of the way in which he was once "taken down" by one of his audience during a political address. He was a candidate for Governor of his State and was explaining to the crowd of people that had assembled to hear him how his friends had pressed him to be a candidate and that the office was seeking him; he was not seeking the office. "In fact," he exclaimed, "the office of Governor has been following me for the last ten years!" At this point a tall countryman at the rear of the audience rose "But here's yer consolation, Judge!" he shouted. "You're gainin' on it all the time! It'll never catch you!" This cheering prophecy proved to be quite correct, in spite of the mirth it provoked at the time of its utterance.

Bacteria and Not Thunder.

Scientists long since "went on record" as believing the ozone produced by electrical discharges during thunderstorms to be the cause of milk coagulation and souring during the prevalence of such phenomena. Recent experiments by Prof. Treadwell prove that the souring of milk is not due to oxidation caused by ozone or other products of the electric discharge, but that it is produced by the growth of bacteria fluid, the growth of which is exceptionally rapid in sultry, hot weather, such as usually precedes thunderstorms.

The World Growing Better.

It may sound a little slangy, but the popular expression, "we're getting there," seems to fit the times exactly. The world is growing better because the people are better than they ever were before. The sun may not shine any brighter, but we appreciate the light more highly. There may be as dark places as ever there were, but we are able to avoid them.

Certainly there never was a time when gentleness and purity, human love and human sympathy were more respected or more generally appreciated. Coarseness and vulgarity, rudeness and riot will melt away before these mild influences, until finally this old world will be so bright and so lovable that even the good will regret having to leave it.

We are becoming more human, which means that the savage in our nature is being eliminated.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Nearly one-half of the farms in the United States are mortgaged.

CHEESE MAKING.

HOW THIS FOOD PRODUCT IS MADE ABROAD.

Processes by Which the Foreign Article Gets the Quality Gourmets Relish so Much — Roquefort Cheese Ripened in Caves.

IN England the Cheddar, the Cheshire and the celebrated Stilton cheese, says the New York World, are made by processes which are comparatively well known. In a great measure their quality depends upon the care with which they are aged. Among American cheeses, which within a couple of decades in this country have superseded those of England in popularity, there is a certain mystery in the processes by which they are manufactured. In the soft cheeses the product of the New Jersey farm may really be said to fairly compete with those of Europe. But these imitations have their restrictions. For instance, these worthy imitators of a delicacy so popular have either vainly or not at all attempted to reproduce the famous Roquefort.

This cheese is probably one of the oldest known. It is certainly one of the oldest mentioned in any written book. Pliny mentions it in one of his works, and Rabelais when he wrote the phrase that has since become so commonplace, "that the moon is made of green cheese," is more likely to have had in mind the green-streaked Roquefort than the green sage cheese of England of the time of Shakespeare.

The making of Roquefort cheese is something of a romance. The village from which it takes its name is situated in a deep, narrow gorge, with high, precipitous walls of limestone rock. This cheese is made from the milk of the black goat, which has a fertile pasturage of ten or twelve leagues in the valley below.

This milk is heated almost to boiling and set aside. In the morning it is skimmed, heated to ninety-eight degrees and mingled with the morning's milk for coagulation. When the curd has been divided with a clean wooden paddle and the whey drawn off it is well kneeded by the hands of the pretty mountain maidens and pressed in layers into moulds with perforated bottoms. Usually a thin layer of mouldy bread is placed between the layers of curd, the object being to hasten the ripening by supplying the green mould peculiar to this cheese.

This bread is always made the week before Christmas, of equal parts of summer and winter barley, with considerable sour dough and a little vinegar. The mouldiness which this produces is not sufficiently apparent for the taste of the high-classed connoisseur, unless the cheese is kept for three months and its action hastened by warmth. When it strikes the peasant that it is mouldy enough the cheese is ground, sifted, moistened with water and kept from contact with the air.

In the caves and fissures in the wall of the town, and in vaults rudely constructed in these fissures, the ripening of the Roquefort cheese is carried on by the cold currents of air which whistle through them all the year round. Those vaults which have currents flowing from south to north are believed to yield the best cheese.

The proprietor of these caves keeps the cheeses sometimes for several years. The cheeses when brought in are classified according to their merit. Salt is sprinkled over them, and they are piled one on another for two or three days. Then they are taken down, the accumulated salt carefully rubbed in and then they are piled up again and left for a week. They are scraped and pared, pricked through and through with needles driven by machinery in order to accelerate the gathering of the green mould in the interior, and after this are left in piles again for fifteen days, till they become dry and firm in texture and their interiors begin to be covered with mould.

Another foreign cheese which is a favorite here is the small, round Dutch cheese known as the Edam. It is called after a small and flourishing town of that name, located not far from Amsterdam. It looks very much like a small red cannon ball, and there is a story that when, during the siege of one of the cities of Holland, the real cannon balls gave out, these cheeses were used to supply the guns.

Another favorite, which is found in every French restaurant in this city, but is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be in American restaurants, is the Gruyere. This takes its name from Switzerland, where it is supposed to have originated, but as a matter of fact it is now made largely in Germany, in France and in New Jersey. What is called the real Gruyere is mostly made in little huts—sometimes called chalets—high up in the Alps at the time of the year when the pastures on the mountain sides are accessible and these little huts inhabitable.

The milk is put into a great kettle and swung over a gentle fire, where it obtains a temperature of seventy-seven degrees. Then the rennet is added; when the coagulation has advanced far enough the curd is cut into very fine pieces. Then it is rubbed and sifted through the fingers into the kettle again, and submitted to a temperature of ninety degrees. It is then strained from the whey and collected in a cloth. Salt is rubbed in carefully from time to time on the outside.

One of the stories told of the common Swiss cheeses of this kind is that of a tourist not well supplied with cash, who was walking through the Alps. He called at an inn and demanded a cheese sandwich and a glass of milk. What he obtained in response to his order was two slices of buttered bread and a glass of milk.

"But where is the cheese?" he said to the waiter.

"Well, I don't know," replied the Swiss, shrugging his shoulders, "but, you see, sir, our cheese was remarkably fine this year and full of large holes; perhaps you got one of the holes."

Jerome Up to Date.

There were three in the boat, not to mention the dog.

The boat upset and the dog was the only one that could swim.

Then the dog was the only one that was in it.—New York World.

A Technicality.

He—We won't see any of the first act now! I thought you said you would be ready in a moment!

She—Well, I did—but, I didn't say what moment!—Exchange.

Read This.

A girl who can't sing and who doesn't want to sing shouldn't be made to sing.—Boston Courier.

It is said that a cordage on a first class man of war costs about $15,000

The Foundation of Good Health
Pure, Rich Blood
And the surest, best way to purify your blood is to take
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

Satisfied the Paying Teller.

A well dressed man went into a Main street bank and walked up to the window presided over by the paying teller, says a writer in the Buffalo Express. He handed a check to that individual and said: "I have a check for $50 which I wish you would cash."

The paying teller looked at the check and then at the man. "You will have to be identified," he said.

The well dressed man was prepared for this. "I don't know a soul in Buffalo," he said, "but I have a lot of letters addressed to myself." He pulled out a package of letters and shoved them through the window.

The paying teller examined the addresses, looked at the check again, and said: "That is not sufficient. You will have to be personally identified."

"But there isn't a man, woman or child in Buffalo who knows me from a trolley car," persisted the well dressed man. "Here, here is my key ring. Look at the name on that tag."

The paying teller saw that the name on the check and the name on the tag were the same. "I am sorry," he said, "but our rules are very strict. I can't pay this check on such an identification. Excuse me, but you may have stolen both letters and key chain and check."

The well dressed man was worried. "I've got to have that money," he said, "to get out of town with, and I have to get out of town this afternoon." Then he desperately tore open his vest and showed his initials on his shirt. "There," he said, "do you think I stole the shirt, too."

"May have," answered the paying teller, laconically.

The well dressed man was very angry. He walked around the bank for a while and then was struck by a sudden thought. He took off his coat and vest and rolled up his left shirt sleeve and the sleeve of his undershirt. Then he stuck his bared arm through the window and shouted: "There, you dod-gasted chump! Do you see those initials tattooed there in blue ink? Do you think I stole them, too?"

The paying teller paid the money without another word.

A Deadwood Lynching.

Leander Richardson gives, in the New York Sun, the following vivid description of the lynching of a murderer at Deadwood in the seventies:

When the preparations were complete the prisoner's hands were manacled behind him, and he was led outside. The crowd cheered and then hooted as they saw him. The yellow of his skin had changed to an ashen hue, and his one active little eye swept the horizon with a venomous glitter. But he did not wince. He clutched his half-smoked weed convulsively with his teeth, pulled himself together and stood firmly on his feet, with his chin elevated defiantly. He was lifted to the back of the horse, and sitting there, bolt upright, was led away across the gulch to where a long rope dangled from a limb of a gaunt dead tree. In one end of this rope there was a running noose. The other end, after passing over the limb, was held by several men further up the side of the gulch. The horse was led under the tree, two guards, with rifles ready, walking on either side. The crowd, which surged onward like an angry river, panted with excitement that broke out in curses and vile exclamations.

The noose was adjusted, the horse was led out from under the murderer's form, and at the same moment the men holding the opposite end of the rope ran up the hill with it for a few paces. The body of the tall Missourian, writhing horribly in agony, flew upward. A dozen shots from pistols and rifles rang sharply out. The malefactor's ungainly feet, which had been drawn up in the first contortion of suffering, fell back. The bony hands, which had clutched desparately at the back of his shirt, relaxed and hung down, limp and pulseless. The teeth, which had been clinched in the final and supreme effort of self-control, parted, and the remnant of the last black cigar came floating to the ground. The artificial eye, now not more sightless than its fortive companion, cast a coldly sinister stare out over the throng below, a throng hushed with the spending of its fury. The body, twisting with the strain upon the rope, swayed to and fro in the freshening breeze. The people, who were sobered and reflective, turned slowly away and dispersed.

Kathi (in the museum, viewing the Venus de Milo)—Sepp, see here; they have knocked both arms off this woman. Sepp—Come, let's get out, or they'll suspect us of having done it.—Fliegende Blatter.

In the Rosin Bible the word rosin was substituted for balm.

Saving Money.

Wabash—I was sorry to hear of your divorce, old man. Couldn't you live happily together?

Van Buren—Oh, yes, happily enough, but matrimony was too expensive. You see, I am trying to save enough money to buy a bicycle.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Religious Broker.

Jinks—Smithson strikes me as being a sort of religious broker, but I'm blamed if I can tell whether he's a bull or a bear.

Filkins—Why not?

Jinks—Because he's long on countenance and short on works.—Harlem Life.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The total weight of the latest electric locomotive constructed is 134,000 pounds. It is intended to use it experimentally in switching and handling heavy freight.

Out of Sorts.

That is the way you feel as a result of the headache you had when you awoke this morning. Get in your usual frame of mind and body by using Ripans Tabules the standard remedy for all stomach and liver complaints.

According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of close physical exertion.

Scrofula, salt rheum, and all disease of the blood, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, and catarrh, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all liver ills.

Aluminum ferrules in bicycles are regarded by some makers as an improvement on wood.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Washington, March 8, 1894.

The Bon Marche, the great dry goods store of Paris, employes 4,000 attendants. They are fed on the premises. The kitchen in which their food is prepared is the largest in the world, and gives employment to 60 cooks and 100 assistants.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Fifty years ago a horse power cost six or seven pounds of coal per hour To-day a good compound engine will produce a horse-power at one and one-half pounds of coal per hour. Water-power costs nearly as much now as then.

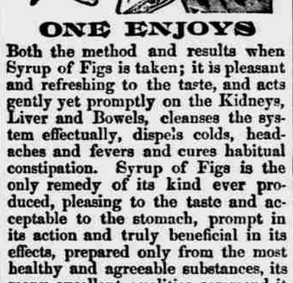
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

A Cincinnati physician declares that the American people bathe too much.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 20c a bottle.

Brussels, following the example of Manchester and Paris, proposes to become a seaport. This can be done for a comparative small sum by deepening the present Vilebroek canal.

SYRUP of FIGS



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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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SAPOLIO

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

DOUGHNUTS IN RHYME.

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk;
Two eggs beaten fine as silk;
Salt and nutmeg (lemon'll do);
Of baking powder, teaspoons two.
Lightly stir the flour in;
Roll on pie board, not too thin;
Cut in diamonds, twists or rings.
Drop with care the doughy things
Into fat that briskly swells
Evenly the spongy cells.
Watch with care the time for turning;
Fry them brown, just short of burning.
Roll in sugar; serve when cool.
Price—a quarter for this rule.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

CHICKEN PIE.

After the chickens are nicely singed and washed then put to soak in cold salt and water for a while to remove the blood that may not have drained out. Then stew till tender in a stone kettle. Just before taking off mix with ice water your pastry. Pour into an earthen dish the chicken and as much of the liquor as possible without danger of its boiling over. Put a rim of the pastry around the top of the sides of the dish but do not put any at the bottom to become soaked and heavy. After thickening and seasoning the gravy to your taste, just before putting on the upper crust place in the centre of the pie an earthen cup to keep the crust from sagging down in the centre and getting soggy. When the pie is to be served, the entire upper crust may be removed and the cup taken out. At this time more of the hot gravy may be added.—American Farmer.

HOW TO MAKE HOMEMADE CAKES.

In large cities the making of cake is almost a lost art. There are many reasons for this, first and foremost of which is the bakery. Then there are the women's exchanges, where people fancy they can buy just such cakes as dear grandma used to make, but oh, what a delusion and a snare they prove! "The test of the pudding is in the eating," but the test of bought cakes, either at bakeries or exchanges should be left entirely to their appearance, for there alone is their merit. I have a friend who makes the most delicious cake I ever tasted. One of the best and easiest made of her almost endless variety of cakes is what she calls a luncheon cake. This is how it is made:

One cupful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, worked to a fine cream; one egg: one cupful of sweet milk; two cupfuls of flour; three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with grated nutmeg. Bake in a shallow pan well lined with buttered paper.

Sometimes she frosts the top of this cake and decorates it with English walnut meats. Then she calls it reception cake. Another of her cakes is what all children love. She calls it sponge cake.

One large cup of sugar, four eggs beaten to a foam, three tablespoonfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one large cup of flour, flavor with lemon.

This makes a small cake. It should be baked in a shallow, square pan, and eaten fresh.

Another of her cakes is rich and delicious; she calls it wedding cake.

Two pounds of sugar, two pounds of granulated sugar, twelve eggs. Beat whites and yolks separately. One cup of New Orleans molasses, three tablespoonfuls of cloves, one tablespoonful of mace, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, one nutmeg grated, a quarter of a pound of citron cut in little pieces, four pounds of dried currants, two pounds of flour and one heaping teaspoonful of baking soda.

This must be thoroughly beaten and mixed and baked four hours in a slow oven. To frost it beat up the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add powdered sugar as long as you can blend it nicely, also add the juice of one lemon. Spread this over the top of the cake nearly an inch thick and around the sides half that thickness.

Here you have a cake fit to set before a king. It will keep for months—St. Louis Republic.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Flatirons should be kept as far removed from the steam of cooking as possible, as this is what causes them to rust.

Sandwiches can be made some hours before needed if kept in a cool place snugly covered with a damp cloth. They should be piled closely upon a dish.

A towel rack made with several arms fastened to a half circular centre, which in turn fastens to the wall, is a convenient place for drying dish towels.

When drawn butter separates or decomposes from standing too long, add a tablespoonful of cold water or a small lump of ice and beat until it becomes smooth.

In making lemonade strain the juice, and to improve the taste allow a half dozen oranges to every dozen lemons. If desired a few thin rounds of banana may be added.

Rapid boiling is the general rule for vegetables and all scum that rises should be removed. When done drain at once, or the vegetables will lose much of their flavor.

The water in which green peas has been boiled should not be thrown away. It has a fine flavor—the very essence of the peas. A little stock added, seasoned to taste, makes an economical, delicious, wholesome and appetizing soup.

In boiling chickens for salad put them to cook in cold water and let them come slowly to the boiling point. This process makes them more tender and blanches the dark meat—usually rejected—so it may be mixed with the white. The dressing should not be added to the salad until serving time. If mixed long before serving it becomes watery.—New York World.

Cannibalism in India.

The fact that there are cannibals by race, tradition and profession at the present day in India is established beyond doubt. It seems incredible that in a large community like that of Nassick or Benares the presence would be tolerated of abandoned creatures, who haunt the burning grounds with the avowed purpose of snatching and eating the half consumed flesh of the dead if they be refused the alms they impudently demand with threats of vengeance.

Even more extraordinary is it to know that one of them having seized one of three boys at play near one of the temples of Nassick, ripped him open and proceeded to eat him still living, was sentenced by the District Court to only transportation for life.

The Aghoris are undoubtedly cannibals, and although they prefer carrion, and as a rule wait for putrefaction before attacking a dead body with their teeth, they unquestionably when opportunity offers, slay the young or the weak to make a horrible feast.—Bombay Gazette.

Chinese "Letter Shops."

According to the United States consul at Fu Chau, the Chinese Government has not yet established any post-office or postal system for the masses of the people; yet communication is easy between the people in all parts of the empire through private enterprise, which has established what are called "letter shops." Official dispatches are carried by couriers, at a rate so rapid, in cases of emergency, as from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles a day. These official couriers are not allowed to convey private dispatches. At the treaty ports "letter shops" are used by the natives only; but in the interior, or at places not reached by the foreign postal arrangements, they are employed by foreigners as well, chiefly by missionaries. All letters and parcels to be sent may be registered and insured. When given in at a "letter shop," the contents of the envelope are displayed before it is sealed up, and stamped with the "chop" of the shop. Charges for the transmission of valuables are made on a percentage of declared value, and, as with letters, differ according to the distance to which the package is to be carried. A receipt is given, and the shopkeeper then becomes responsible either for its safe delivery, with unbroken "chop" or seal, at its destination, or for its return to the sender. In some parts of the empire about two-thirds of the expenses of transmission are paid by the sender, while the remainder is collected from the receiver; thus the shop is secured against entire loss from transient customers, and the sender has some guarantee that his letter will be carried with dispatch. There are said to be nearly two hundred letter shops in Shanghai, but in many remote villages there are none.—Popular Science Monthly.

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When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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