DON'T LEAN OUT OF PLUMB.

Did you ever observe in your rambles about
The political scenes of the day
How often reformers engender a doubt
By their overpunctilious way?
Their censorship always reminds me of those
Who beneath my inspection have come
Attempting to strike a magnificent pose,
Have o'erdone it to lean out of plumb.

They lean too far back and, in fact, be come bent,
Most foolish the posture they take;
And instead of expressing their upright intent
They lead you to fear they may break.
They wish you to feel that they're honest and wise
And not at all crooked or dumb,
Yet there they will stand with their eyes to the skies
And unconsciously lean out of plumb.

In trade or religion, in politics, too,
If our rectitude we would disclose,
Stand modestly forth to the popular view
And don't try to strut or to pose.
For ofttimes our eagerness may be too great,
At least it has happened to some,
And our efforts to tower in matters of state
Dwarf all chance as we lean out of plumb.

—New York Sun.

TROOPER BAPTISTE.

Jean Baptiste was a Canadian Frenchman, and his proper place in life would have been the woods of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia; but, through drink and the devil and women, or a woman, he was a trooper in troop B of the Seventh United States Cavalry Regiment, which company was stationed at Fort Conejos, in Colorado. Now, the meaning of conejos is plainly "coneys," which are not, again, to be Biblically rendered as rabbits, but as prairie dogs; and Trooper Baptiste was, when sober, just as mild, and even milder, than any prairie marmoset in the whole sage brush country. For prairie dogs will "bark," or rather whistle, at one, and Baptiste only looked at a man with great round, foolish black eyes, which could be very fond of a friend and show it most pathetically. But, in spite of this gentleness, there was a terror hanging about him, for he was superhumanly strong. His very hand, nay, his forefinger, was something to beware of; he could break clay-pipe bowls between two fingers; he could smash a cocoanut with his fist; he could shoulder a great brass howitzer that commonly took five men to handle without being "fazed." He was a very devil of muscle, and when he was drunk his mind went wrong—he got mad. The whole troop was scared of him. Yet, not all of them literally, for one, Jack Robertson, the Englishman, could even handle him like a child—for Jack didn't drink, himself.

But how it was that the whole troop didn't take to liquor, and having got drunk, didn't cut its universal throat, was a puzzle. For the flat plain was sage brush and alkali, and when it didn't rain it froze, and when the freezing was over a norther blew fit to perish a whole squadron, man and horse, and when the northers "petered" the southerly winds came up from the lowlands, and across Texas it was like a recreation ground in hell, with dirt and heat and flies. Some of the men got ophthalmia and went blind or saw double or blinked vaguely through a ruined life hereafter, and some deserted and died of alkali like the bullocks of a team on the White desert or the great Mohave, and others got into difficulties and were killed by Mexicans, or some border ruffian, even worse to handle or reckon on; and some, like Judas, went out and hanged themselves, for they had sold their own souls for an American eagle which struck its claws of iron through their hearts. Oh, it's not good to be a soldier in peace time anywhere, but to be one at a United States outpost in a sage brush desert, where the devil reigns in the officers' hearts at being in such a hole, is worse than all. For there is no chance of glory or of fighting. At the very best a man rarely gets the chance of reddening his hands if he spares his own carotid and is delicate about his own jugular. So they drink and gamole and die—and the fools don't desert.

About three-quarters of a mile from Conejos on the road to Chama there was a Mexican shebang—a log shanty, a grog shanty—and in it most people got rid of their cash very promptly—some got rid of their lives, too. It was a favorite haunt of Baptiste's, though they did not much like him there. For, being a soldier, they had a natural tenderness about finishing him in the usual way. They were afraid of his comrades. But one day word came to the camp that trouble was brewing at Mexican Joe's. Baptiste was drinking, and his rage was rising like a cyclone that comes quickly and bursts all at once.

"Where's Robertson?" said the Corporal of the guard, and they roused the young fellow out. They knew he was the only one who could handle the Frenchman. They ran down the road, five of them, and the dirt rose in clouds. They choked in ten yards and each strove to be first. Then they spread out like skirmishers and left dirt behind each, instead of smoke.

"What's this?" said the Corporal as they came within fifty yards of the shanty.

For out of the door there came a man's body. It rolled over and over, and then it appeared to be alive. Just as the owner of that apparent corpse disproved the inference of his eternal limpness, another body dropped on him, and then a third came, and the three rolled dustily, and rose up white and voluble when they got their breath. Then Baptiste came outside, roaring in French and Spanish and good round United States a polyglot mass of oaths; and he rolled them until they were almost insensible and dropped their drawn knives. Then Robertson ran in and took Baptiste by the arm.

Jean's face was purple and the veins in his forehead distended. His teeth were set in a kind of trismus; he could not speak. But out of his mouth came foam and out of his eyes fire. He caught Robertson by the body and lifted him up. The Englishman stared him full in the face.

"You are hurting me, you damned fool!" he said in a quick, sharp voice. And Jean's face cleared up. He put Jack down quite gravely and began to dust the alkali off him. Then he smiled and looked foolish. Jack put his arm in Jean's arm and marched him off to the guardroom. The others came behind without a word. They locked the two friends up together, but in half an hour Jack knocked at the heavy door of his adobe prison.

"He's all right now, and fast asleep," said Jack as he went off.

In the morning Jean's penitence was heartbreaking to see; a child could have whipped him. He almost cried when the young lieutenant bullied him, and he swore to be a good boy for ever after. This he kept for quite a long time—almost a month.

"Jean," said Robertson one day, as they sat outside when the sun had gone down, "you are a thundering thick-headed, goodhearted idiot, and one of these days you will make me mad, and I shall just talk to you as you deserve."

"Yes," said Jean with a smile, "I ought to be kicked."

"But who's to kick you? We shall have to hire Mexican Joe's mule. He's a kicker, and will knock the stuffing out of you too quick."

And the youngster laughed. It pleased him curiously to be the only one who could speak to Baptiste, or handle the man when he was drunk. For he had good grit, and it gave him a certain responsibility and duty that helped to steady him.

"How did you ever come to enlist in this cursed army?" said Jack. "You are about as fit for a cavalryman as I am to be general."

"I came into Santa Fe dead broke," said Jean, "and they asked me, and I said 'Yes,' because it was so difficult to get work, and I was hungry. And people down here are so hard."

"They are so," said Jack. "I know it."

"And why did you join?" asked Baptiste.

"Because I was busted and a fool and hungry and disheartened," said Jack, angrily; "and I've a good mind to get up and get right now."

"No, no," said Jean. "I would be very lonely here. You are my only friend."

And he put his enormous fist on Jack's shoulder. The boy turned round on him with a smile.

"You're a bully good chap, Baptiste, and I'll stick it out with you till our time's up. And then, Baptiste, will you go home?"

Jean got up and leant against the wall of the store. They were sitting at the back of the building on a log. He turned his face away.

"No," he said, "not yet. I am afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Yes. I should kill them."

He meant the woman he had loved and her lover. Long ago he had told Jack the story, with the tears running down his face. For this man had cheated him out of his father's inheritance, and thereby of a girl, too, who had been bought, so Jean said, with his own money.

"I should go back to do it," said Jack somberly. For he had a vindictive mind.

"I cannot," said Jean, "for I love her still."

"Then I would kill him," was Jack's suggestion.

"But she loves him."

"Likely she has got over that by now," said the youthful cynic of 23. "Anyhow, it would be a good thing to do."

"You don't understand," said Jean. "If I hurt anyone I loved I could not live."

"You're a bully good sort, Jean," said Jack, and they relapsed into silence. For these two in that hideous, unnatural hole really loved each other.

When that long, dry, somber month of August was over, and the alkali dust was thicker than ever, Baptiste started in again at the drink, and Jack couldn't keep him away from it. But he escorted him to the guardroom three times in the month, and thereby saved some lives, and then Baptiste got a letter from Montreal that drove him wild.

Jack found him out on the plain rolling in the dust and tearing up the sagebrush with his hands. The man looked terrible and ludicrous, for he had been crying bitterly, and the dust marked his red face in patches till he looked like a circus clown who had not touched his paint for a week. And when he saw Jack he shouted to him: "Keep away, Jack. I shall kill you, I shall kill you."

So Robertson sat down thirty yards off and watched him. Baptiste kept his face turned away, and Jack heard him groan. Presently he rose and began hunting for little bits of paper. He called Jack to help him, and then, with the tears running down his face, Baptiste cleared a space on the ground and tried to piece them together. As he did so he swore in French, and then he groaned. Presently he began to read what he could.

"My sister wrote to me, Jack. And she says—yes, she writes that Madeline had a baby—oh, it kills me! And then the beast was cruel to her—and yes, it is true, he struck her until she cried out and the neighbors came in. And she is miserable, and he makes her miserable. And I would have given her my soul, and let her beat me if she wanted! And now I am going home—I will kill him! To-morrow I must go. You must help me."

And the poor devil burst into a passion of tears until he shook, and Jack went half blind himself, and the hot prairie danced and blazed in his eyes. He took Baptiste back to the camp. And that night Baptiste went up to Mexican Joe's. They gave him drink out of sheer terror, for he scared their white souls with his eyes. And he talked and muttered and the tears ran down his face. Then one of the Mexicans, known as Pete, thought he had softened and was chicken-hearted, and he began to fool with him. Just then the round moon got up on the white plateau and stared at the plain, which was so lonely save for the military post and the place where they sold drink. And as the lights began to blink against the moonlight Pete began to laugh at Jean. Then Mexican Joe sent off to the fort, and the guard came out at the double, with Jack among them. They were just in time to see murder done; for Jean caught Pete and broke his black neck with his hands. And back-handed he struck Mexican Joe in the mouth; he fell choking with teeth, and his own knife cut him, and Jack came in running. But Jean was insane and blazing, and when poor Jack took him by the arm he looked red to Jean and the Frenchman caught him by the waist and dashed the boy's brains out on the log wall. Then the Corporal, who was white as a dried alkali lake, struck Jean on the neck with the butt of a gun and felled him. But Jack and Pete were dead. They had to carry Jean to the guardhouse and it was dawn before he came to.

He knew nothing, and he asked for Jack Robertson, and he was so down and so sorrowful that it made the men pity him.

"Who shall tell him?" they asked each other, and no one would.

But as Jack wouldn't come Jean began to think, and a dull, stupefying terror came crawling into his mind. Was it true, or a bloody imagination of a dream? he asked himself, dry-tongued. And presently he wept out aloud and hung at the heavy door and shook it. He asked them whether it was true—oh, was it true?

"Are you there, Winter?" he asked of one of the men.

"Yes, yes, Jean," said Winter, choking.

"Is it true that—that I killed Jack, Winter? If it is true, don't answer."

And Winter sat on one of the guards' beds with his face down. He never spoke, and Jean groaned like a man in his great agony.

He neither ate nor drank, nor spoke again that day, and then the night drew on, and the moon got up again, and she looked down on two new mounds—one was out at the back of Mexican Joe's and the other was in the little, white-railed military cemetery where men were buried who died of hanging and bullets and cut-throats when they were tired of Uncle Sam's outpost duty. But Jean was locked up close in hell.

But at Mexican Joe's there was a great gathering, and they drank to Jean's hanging and told of Black Pete's exploits at thieving and the knife—for the news had gone abroad, and Joe corralled the half dollars that night until it was close on 12. Then there was a change in their entertainment. The devil entered in.

About 11:50 there were only two men in the guardroom, and they were lying on the benches dressed and asleep. Jean was walking up and down his cell. Once or twice he came to the door and felt it. Then he went back and measured the distance from the wall. It was only nine feet. It was enough.

That long day had torn him in bits. His eyes were ringed with black circles; his cheeks were sunken; he had a gnawing pain at the back of his head. He could stand it no longer. He rushed at the door with his shoulders and carried it into the middle of the guardroom. As the men started to their feet Jean seized a carbine and a belt of cartridges and disappeared through the open door leading to the main fort, and ran down the road to Mexican Joe's. He hadn't got time to go to Montreal.

The light in the shanty shone through the windows and the door—the one door. The Mexicans stood up against the bar. He saw Mexican Joe standing there toothless. He shot him dead through the door as they turned. He killed six as they stood or wavered, two more as they dropped for shelter or ran. Two more he struck down with his rifle clubbed. And then, with two bullets in him and a bowie-knife in his breast, he went slowly to the cemetery.

When the guard hunted him up there he was lying dead upon Jack's grave.—London Graphic.

Kept His Promise.

Much is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by the rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is narrated by a prominent Western lawyer.

His 12-year-old son, a boy of great spirit but with no overabundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting instructions, placed one restriction upon the boy's amusements during his visit.

"I don't want you to go out in your cousin's canoe," he said, firmly. "They are used to the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere, as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have, and the horses and dogs, you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time, and keep your mother from worrying all the while you're away."

The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthusiastic over the pleasures he had enjoyed.

"And I didn't mind canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was the last day to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise, and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across!"

Knew Little of It.

At the last meeting of the British Medical Association but one, the discussion on neurasthenia and its treatment was introduced by Dr. Savage in the following words: "What is neurasthenia? There was once a professor who, being asked what he knew upon a certain subject, replied, 'Nothing; I have not even lectured on it.'"

The greater your secret is, the more liable your confidant is to tell it.

We may not know why we are afflicted, but we may know that God is dealing with us in love.

No matter what business the Christian is engaged in, he has no business in it unless Christ is in it.

If all good people would stop wearing long faces our churches would not contain so many empty benches.

Nothing is safe for the Christian to do that would not be safe for him to be found doing on the judgment day.

The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be **put** in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." . . . Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you **get Ayer's.**

Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook."
It kills doubts but cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Topics of the Times

The interest on New York's debt this year is $5,566,000—an increase of more than $500,000 last year.

The new coal deposit at Blackwater, Mo., twelve miles south of Marshall, begins four feet from the surface and is from thirty to forty feet thick.

Scientists who have made a study of the eye say that a flash of light lasting 40-1,000,000ths of a second is quite sufficient for distinct vision.

Baltimore, as well as Brooklyn, is a city of churches, each having a greater number in proportion to the population than any other city in the United States.

There were 130 inches of snow on the ground along the main line of the Northern Pacific railroad in the Cascade mountains, Washington, the first week of this year.

A mess of eels weighing 300 pounds clogged the water wheel which runs the electric plant of Riverhead, L. I., the other night, and the town was in darkness for several hours.

Indian criminal statistics show that there is one criminal to every 274 Europeans, 509 Eurasians, 709 Hindoo Christians and 1,361 Brahmins, while the proportion of Buddhist criminals is only one in 3,787.

Lewis Gorsline, of Ithaca, can justly wear the belt as the champion sparrow hunter of Michigan. Since June last he has shot 15,000 of the little pests. Gorsline has lost his right arm, but that makes no difference.

Search is being made in the subterranean rooms of the great Kremlin of Moscow for the famous library of Ivan IV., surnamed "the Terrible." Eight hundred famous, but lost, manuscripts are supposed to be hidden there.

In the office of a New York wholesale dealer in horns and tips there is a pair of South American cattle horns that measure, following the horns, nine feet from tip to tip. It is believed to be the biggest pair of horns in the country.

Providence, R. I., holds the man who says that the propulsion of vessels over the ocean will be revolutionized when he gets his pneumatic propulsion machine to working. A part of the vessel's cargo is to be used as a pendulum to pump air when the vessel pitches.

A society of men of art is being formed in Paris, after the model of the Societe de Gens de Lettres, to watch over the interests of artists. At the head of the movement are Tony Robert Fleury, Dubufe, Puvis de Chavannes, Bouguereau, Detaille, and Roll. Foreigners will be admitted.

Some years ago the Austrian government issued a decree by which every engineer who has driven his engine for an entire year without accident shall receive a reward of 100 florins ($50), and that those who have done so for ten consecutive years shall receive 1,000 florins ($500) and a gold medal.

In New York Yvette Guilbert, the French chanteuse eccentrique, was permitted to sing her questionable songs at the Metropolitan opera-house, but the police raided a Chinese theater, where a performance of a Chinese tragedy was in progress, because the play was "not of a religious nature."

The British lords of the admiralty have decided to proceed with the work of building new naval barracks at Chatham, England, without further delay. The scheme provides not only for utilizing the old convict prison building as far as possible, but also for erecting additional barracks on an extensive scale.

A bridegroom of 90 was married to a bride of 68 in Meriden, Conn. Each had been married twice before. A good deal of interest was evinced in the match, and the contracting parties made public announcement of a time for the ceremony. They were married a few hours earlier, and got safely and quietly away.

Evaporated potatoes, prepared in the same manner as evaporated apples, are to be put on the market from Minnesota next fall. Last season's potato crop was so large that many millions of bushels were wasted, and experiments were made in evaporating potatoes. The experiments were successful, and two big factories for preparing potatoes in this manner are building.

Only recently it was announced that Hungary will have a millennium exposition in 1896, and already some great schemes are ventilated for that occasion. Albert Huss, an engineer at Buda Pesth, has started a company which will build an immense tower 1,625 feet high, which will consist of five sections, each section being a steel tube 325 feet long.

In Vienna, Austria, all bicycle riders before obtaining permission to ride on the public streets are required to pass an examination. They are required to ride between boards laid on the floor without touching the sides or edges of them. At the word of command they must be able to dismount either right, left, or backward; until the rider passes this examination satisfactorily a license to ride on the public highway is refused him.

Something seemingly new in politics has developed at Elizabethtown, Ky. The Mayor announced on assuming office this year that he would give his salary to the city. The city councilmen determined not to be outdone in patriotism, and voted to allow the city to draw their pay, too. While doubtless pure, their patriotism is not particularly costly. The mayor's salary is $75 a year, and the councilmen are paid at the rate of $2 apiece for each meeting.

A nest of mixed metaphors has been discovered by the London Chronicle in the columns of an "influential contemporary": "France might have been in the throes of another presidential crisis had not M. Felix Faure taken the wind out of the sails of his cowardly foes by courageously seizing the skeleton which was stowed away in his cupboard and flinging it at their feet." A family skeleton is quite worth having when it can be turned to such effective use as this.

The Gallery of Modena was for twenty years unhung. At last it has been admirably arranged, and Signor Anderson has photographed its many interesting works. There, better than anywhere else, the Ferrara-Bolognese school can be studied; but the glory of Modena is its many masterpieces by Dosso Dossi, a most fascinating artist, hitherto almost undiscovered. Symonds is the only writer of note who has made so much as a passing mention of Dosso, whose "Jester" he greatly admired. This "Jester," even in a photograph, reveals its quality of Shakspearean humor.

The voting census of Rhode Island shows that that State has probably the largest percentage of stay-at-home voters of any State in the North. There are 112,860 adult males in the State, of whom 86,709 are qualified voters. But the highest vote ever polled was in 1892, when 54,661 ballots were cast. The next highest was last year, when 54,071 were polled. This would leave over 32,000 votes unpolled, or about 37 per cent. of the vote in the State. In other words, out of every 100 voters in the State sixty-three go to the polls and thirty-seven stay at home.

Maine folk are almost in despair because of the continued lack of snow. Such a condition of affairs has not been known in very many years. There are 50,000,000 feet of logs in the Penobscot lumbering district which cannot be moved because of the absence of snow, and fully as much more in other districts, as well as 50,000 cords of hemlock bark for tanning, and all the lumber and milling industries are suffering severely. The unique experience of putting wheels on sleds has been tried in some districts. Every previous winter when ice has been cut it has been hauled to the houses on sleds. This year there is no snow, and the ice has been cut and wheeled away. The farmers say now that the absence of the warm blanket of snow means short crops next year.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family, and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

Georgia farmers are fearful for the peach crop. The recent warm weather swelled the buds on the trees, and some are almost about to bloom. A frost would destroy the buds and ruin the prospects of a good crop.

The World's Earliest Potato.

That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 28 days. Salzer's new late potato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at $1 a bushel—$4000. That pays. A word to the wise, etc.

NOW IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, 10 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our mammoth seed catalogue. (A.)

Mrs. Hiram Kelly and S. B. Cobb, Thomas Murdoch and A. C. Bartlett, of Chicago, have together contributed the sum of $150,000 for the erection of a Home for the Friendless in that city.

BRONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather cause bronchial Troubles. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will give effective relief.

Count Magre, the dwarf husband of Mrs. Tom Thumb, has ordered a bicycle. His height is 30 inches, and the bicycle, which is to be made to order, will weigh less than 10 pounds.

Floatine-Borax contains all the good properties of Dobbins Electric combined with those of the best floating soap. No chapped hands where this soap is used. Dobbins Soap Mfg Co., Phila on each wrapper and cake.

"Yes," said one theatrical manager, "that artist's salary is $500 a week." "Indeed!" replied the other. "Do you mind telling me how much she gets?"

Ninety Per Cent. of all the people need to take a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season to prevent that run-down condition of the system which invites disease

Hood's Pills are pure vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

A French biologist, M. Nocard, has proven that, while but few microbes exist in the blood after an ordinary meal, they are abundant after a meal containing much fat. He supposes the microbe carriers to be the small fat globules taken up by the lacteals.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There are believed to be stars in existence beyond the reach of any telescope yet constructed.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

New South Wales is sweltering under the heat. In the Bourke district they have had an average temperature of 113 degrees in the shade for a fortnight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A bore-hole near Port Jackson, New South Wales, has reached a depth of nearly 3000 feet. It shows an increase in the earth's temperature of one degree F. in eighty feet, while the average in the Northern Hemisphere is one degree in sixty feet.

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.

Among recent inventions is the combination fishing line and landing net. It has the advantage of doing away with the fish hook, while with net it is possible to catch the greater amount of fish.

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

The Missouri river has not been closed this year, and it is not likely to be. Forty years ago such a thing as the river remaining open all winter was unknown, and even 15 or 20 years ago it invariably closed in December. During the last four years the river has been closed but once.

Inflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

Dowagiac, Mich., with a population of 4,000 has twenty-four secret societies and twenty social clubs.

Come West For Your Seed.

That's what we say, because it's the best. Salzer's Wisconsin grown seeds are bred to earliness and produce the earliest vegetables in the world. Right alongside of other seedmen's earliest, his are twenty days ahead! Just try his earliest peas, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, etc. He is the largest grower of farm and vegetable seeds, potatoes, grasses, clovers, etc.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c. postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (A.)

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this:

"In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards,

A Sore

two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. H. BLAKE, So. Berwick, Me.

This and other similar cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

TO PROTECT NEW YORK.

Four Steel Turrets to Be Erected on Romer Shoal.

Naval men are wondering which would fare the worse, in event of hostilities between John Bull and Uncle Sam, the great cities on the big lakes or the seaport towns. There is a unanimous belief, and it has been freely expressed of late, that not one of the large cities on the Atlantic coast is even moderately well protected from assault by Great Britain, and the same can be said of the lake cities. Not only are the defenses weak, but there is a lack of modern guns at all of the cities.

The new defenses for New York spoken of comprise four steel turrets to stand upon the Romer shoal. The site is peculiarly suitable for defensive purposes. It lies on a line between Sandy Hook and Coney Island light, a little nearer the former than the latter. The shallower parts of the shoal extend about a mile and a half on a northwest and southeast line, with a varying width of from one-quarter to one-half a mile, within which limits the average depth of water at low tide is about nine feet, although in spots it shallows to three or four feet.

On a line running about east-northeast and west-southwest, across Romer shoal, according to this design, four steel turrets are to be set up. The old method of building a foundation in shallow water by throwing down loose rock and then placing concrete blocks on top of this rip-rap work will probably not now be adopted. It is expected that steel piling will be sunk to take the weight of the forts, and these piles will then be connected by steel plates until the water can be pumped out. Ample space below the lowest tide level will thus be secured for machinery, magazines and quarters.

PROPOSED STEEL TURRET.

Upon solid foundations will then be erected sloping barbettes, above which will be revolving turrets. The backing of both barbettes and turrets will be much more solid than that which can be given to similar defenses on board ship, and there is every probability that the forts will be absolutely invulnerable to the heaviest ordnance mounted on any ship of war. As the barbettes must extend several feet below the lowest low water mark, and also several feet above the highest high water mark, it is proposed to face them with cement so applied as to protect the metal from the corrosive action of the salt water.

Each turret will have its own revolving machinery. The thickness of the armor plate will be determined by the relative status of armor and the gun at the time when the forts are ready for their steel protection, and, to a certain extent, the caliber and length of gun will be dependent upon that relative status. It is to be expected, however, that the four forts will contain eight of the most powerful pieces that can be made.

New Shoplifters' Skirt.

This is a picture of the newest thing in skirts for professional shoplifters. It was found on Mrs. Passo, from France, who was arrested in a New York dry-goods store. The dotted lines indicate slits in the skirt, which are dexterously concealed by folds in the material. These slits open into capacious pockets extending from waistband to hem.

Miss Alcott's View.

In a book of reminiscences of Concord thirty years ago, by Frank Stearns, just published, the author relates how Miss Alcott came to him one day, and asked him to take her out rowing. He complied, but he found it more of a job than he had anticipated.

"This is the darndest boat I ever pulled," he remarked.

"Frank," said Miss Alcott, "never say darn. Much better to be profane than vulgar."

Form good habits, and you will find them as hard to break as bad habits.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THERE is no more dangerous deception than self-deception.

The cheerful giver is very apt to be a systematic one.

Whoever follows Christ will be sure to lead somebody else.

The prayer of faith holds out both hands for the answer.

It is easier to be happy without riches than with them.

To lift up the fallen, we must take a stand beside them.

It is much easier to give God all than it is to give him a part.

No good can be lost on earth that will not be found in heaven.

The days are never long enough for the man who loves his work.

The man who wants to do good finds the world full of opportunity.

When a Christian gets in a wrong place his right place is empty.

The shadow of a trouble is generally blacker than the trouble itself.

There are pleasures in sin, but they are only pleasures for a season.

Do business for the Lord, and there will be no danger of bankruptcy.

The love of God is so great that none can be lost who will believe in it.

If you want a man to do something, find a man who believes something.

Whoever will take one step to please God, will soon want to take another.

In seeking Christ, go as far as you know the way, and he will meet you.

Whatever God does for man to look at, he does with a humble instrument.

Some people never learn how to pray, because they will not learn how to give.

The day which begins the darkest may turn out to be one of our brightest.

Fattening Hogs Costs One Cent.

The editor recently heard of a farmer fattening hogs at less than one cent a pound. This was made possible through the sowing of Salzer's King Barley, yielding over 100 bu. per acre, Golden Triumph Corn, yielding 200 bu. per acre, and the feeding on Sand Vetch, Teosinte, Hundredfold Peas, etc. Now, with such yields, the growing of hogs is more profitable than a silver mine.

Salzer's catalogue is full of rare things for the farmer, gardener and citizen, and the editor believes that it would pay everybody a hundred-fold to get Salzer's catalogue before purchasing seeds.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10 cents postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., they will mail you their mammoth seed catalogue and 10 samples of grasses and grains, including above corn and barley. Catalogue alone, 5c postage. (A.)

An Old Bell's Inscription.

The old bell of St. John's Episcopal Church, Ellicottville, N. Y., has an interesting history. It hung originally in a monastery in Malaga, Spain. The monastery was sacked in 1832, and this bell, with others, was shipped to New York. Nicholas Devereaux, agent of the Holland Land Company at Ellicottville, bought it and sold it to St. John's Church. The inscription on it is as follows: "Abe sol labos del angel qve en alto svena Maria Gracio plena Barras Mefeci 1708." The meaning of this was a mystery for a long time, until Bishop Coxe studied it, and said it was in corrupt Spanish, in which b was often used for v, and which changed many other letters. "Thus," he said, "'abe' should be 'ave' and 'labos' should be 'la vos.'" The inscription put in pure Spanish follows: "Ave (sol la vos del angel qve en alto svena) Maria, plena gracia." The English translation he made thus: "Hail (I am the voice of the angel who on high stands forth) Mary! full of grace." The last words, of course, mean: "Bargus made me, Malaga, 1708."—New York Tribune.

An Aged Horse.

A horse which General John Morgan rode in his famous raid in 1862 died near Versailles, Ky., a few days ago. Morgan rode the horse into Versailles and left it there, taking in its place a fine mare. The horse was, when it died, more than thirty-seven years old.

Two Famous Men.

The Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, long resident in Chelsea, and well known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day, in the King's Road, he saw Carlyle coming in his direction, and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying: "Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was: "Tom Alexander, I know." They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him five pounds he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The five pounds were at once forthcoming.

When a mother tells you funny stories about her baby, be patient, or she will hate you.

To the average eye not more than five thousand stars are visible.

Some persons having extraordinarily strong eyes can see about eight thousand stars.

He Wouldn't Do.

Baron Alderson once released from his duties a juror who stated that he was deaf in one ear. "You may leave the box," said his lordship, "since it is necessary you should hear both sides."

10 983

BEWARE IN TIME.

The first acute twinge of

Sciatica

is the warning to use

ST. JACOBS OIL.

Delay, and those twinges may twist your leg out of shape.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous) toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

TAKEN INWARDLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water for stomach troubles, Colic, Wind in the bowels, Cold Chills, Fever and Ague, Diarrhœa, Sick Headache, and all internal pains.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists

CRIPPLE CREEK

Offers great opportunities for the safe and profitable investment of capital in developing gold mines. The gold is there, but needs capital to get it out. We are the official brokers of one of the most promising gold Stocks in the District, which will for a short time be sold at the ground floor price of 2c. Per Share. Go in before the rise; write for prospectus and full information. We do not handle "Wild Cat" schemes, but only the most promising and conservative investments that have been carefully examined. Highest references given.

C. W. HOYT & CO., Bankers & Brokers, Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

$50 A WEEK AGENTS Local or traveling, ladies or gents, selling National Patent Dish Washer, best made, simple, durable, low price, well and honestly made, washes and dries dishes in two minutes, no mess, slop, scalded fingers or broken dishes, a child can operate, every one warranted, one in a locality means a sale to all the neighbors, sells on merit, every family buys, permanent situation, write for account. World Mfg. Co., 327 Columbus, Ohio.

WELL Drilling Machines for any depth.

Late Improvements. All Money Makers. LOOMIS & HYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Band Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tan