THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

She's little and modest and purty,
As trush as a rose add as sweet;
Her children don't ever look dirty,
Her kitchen ain't no way but neat
She's the kind of a woman to cherl:
A help to a feller through life,
Yet every old hen in the parish
Is down on the minister's wife.

'Twas Mrs. 'Lige Hawkins begun it;
She allers hez had the idee
That the church was built so's she could run it,
'Cause Hawkins is deacon, you see.
She thought that the hull congregation
Jest marched to the tune of her fife,
But she found 'twas a wrong calkerlation
Applied to the minister's wife.

Then Mrs. Jedge Jenks got excited,
She thinks she's the hull upper crust—
When she heerd the Smiths was invited
To meetin', she quit in disgust.
"You may have all the papers you choose to,"
Sez she, jest as sharp as a knife,
"But if they go to church, I refuse to,"
"Good-bye!" sez the minister's wife.

And then Mrs. Jackson got stuffy
At her not comin' sooner to call;
And old Miss MacGregor is huffy
'Cause she went up to Jackson's at all
Each one of the crowd hates the other,
The church hez bin full of their strife,
But now they're all hatin' another,
And that one's the minister's wife.

But still, all the cackle unheedin
She goes in her ladylike way,
A-givin' the poor what they're needin',
And helpin' the church every day.
Our numbers each Sunday is swellin',
And real, true religion is rife.
And sometimes I feel like a-yellin'
"Three cheers for the minister's wife!"
—Puck.

HIS WOOING.

IN the top story of a pretentious dwelling in one of the chief streets in Manchester, immediately under the roof, dwelt a young man by the name of Foote. He had just passed through one of the chief engineering schools in England with great credit.

Unfortunately he had been thinking of inventing an "automatic brake" to keep railway engines from running through each other when meeting on a single track. Full of this idea, he had declined some rather advantageous proposals in order to give himself entirely day and night to the perfection of plans and models for this invention.

One day on the staircase, or rather on the first floor landing, he came face to face with a beautiful young girl, a blonde.

She came and she disappeared.

The next day Foote chanced to find himself on that same landing at that same hour, and—more fortuitous still—the girl referred to passed him again. This time—at least it seemed so—she blushed as she passed.

After which, with due precaution, he made inquiry as to the name of the pretty girl that lived on the first floor, and was more than charmed to find that it was "Miss Flora Valentine."

Foote, who was as reckless personally as he was devoted to his fellow beings, made a careful examination of his poor wardrobe, dressed himself in the best of the lot and descended to Flora's father, no other, in fact, than Mr. Valentine, proprietor of this pretentious dwelling, and bluntly addressed to him the following request:

"I have the honor, sir, of asking you for your daughter's hand."

"Eh? What? My daughter's hand?" cried the old man. "For whom, if you please?"

"For myself."

"For yourself—but are you not my lodger of the top floor—right up there, under the eaves?"

"The same, sir."

"Then what is amiss with your head, young man? Don't you know that my daughter has £4,000? And you, what have you?"

And the poor young man retired disconsolate.

That visit, however, which had such disastrous results for the inventor, made but a passing impression upon the mind of Flora's father. That which made his face so anxious some twenty-four hours later was the fact that his drawing-room fire had suddenly begun to smoke like a trooper.

In hot haste he sent for his builder and surveyor; in hot haste, puffing with importance and running, the builder came.

"But your chimney, sir, was built by my plan," said the builder; "that is to say, it cannot smoke!"

"All the same, sir, the chimney smokes."

"Because you burn coal in it. Burn coke, and coke entirely. You'll get a good, clear fire."

But the substitution of coke for coal did not make the chimney draw a whiff the better. The fumes from the coke were something dreadful. Mr. Valentine went himself to the best architect in the town and begged him to come and look into the matter.

The architect consented, and, the examination made, was exceedingly frank in the expression of his opinion.

"Who is the blockhead that built the thing?" said he.

"Hodgkinson, my builder."

"So I thought. Extend the chimney five feet higher to increase the draft and it will go all right.

The chimney was raised, but still it smoked, and the architect's bill was higher than the stack.

Disgusted with architects, Mr. Valentine, then addressed himself to sweeps.

The drawing-room was now bluer than a country tap room. At this juncture the cook interposed.

"One of the top lodgers, sir, says as how he can stop the chimbly smoking."

"Bring him here, then, immediately."

And quick as lightning Foote—for Foote it was—was down from his lofty height at Mr. Valentine's bidding.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said he, "that made a hole in my chimney in five minutes an incurable chimney. No matter. Go on; have a try. I want to see you do it."

"Five minutes is rather brief. I want an hour."

"Then an hour you shall have. Name your price."

"Sir," answered Foote, with dignity, "you will give me the hand of Miss Valentine! That is my price, to be paid only after success."

"For a chimney? You are crazy, man."

"For a chimney, sir, no; for that chimney, yes. Call in, if you like, all the builders in Manchester, and if the whole of them can do in three months' time what I am going to do in one hour, namely, keep this and all other chimneys in the condition of this one from smoking, I consent that you call me knave and fool both."

"So be it; have your way. I'm off. Do as you please in peace and quiet."

"No peeps through the keyhole?"

"I agree to it."

"And if I succeed I've your promise—Miss Flora's hand?"

"Come, come, sir, begin your work I'm a man of justice."

But once alone, Mr. Foote, instead of obeying and beginning his work, began losing his time in idle trifling, highly inappropriate to the gravity of the situation. An attentive observer might have heard him murmuring as he listed about:

"It is here that my adored one breathes!"

This, with other frivolous manners of procedure, having exhausted the allotted sixty minutes, Mr. Valentine threw open the door and called them all in.

"The fire, sir, the fire; start it immediately!" His command obeyed, the chimney was found to draw with such force and energy that it very nearly drew up the coals themselves—and no smoke!

"It is splendid!" cried Mr. Valentine, overjoyed; "sublime, splendid, and you shall be my son-in-law if Flora says so."

"Oh, yes, papa!" said Flora, "yes, yes; your son-in-law."

One year after this marvelous event Foote was married to the fair Flora. The old gentleman was as genial as possible.

"This reminds me, my boy," said he some hours after the event, "that there is one thing that I want you to explain to me a little more fully. It is true that your automatic brake was not a success, but your other inventions are bringing you in pots of money. I am worrying about that other great invention, which you leave entirely idle."

"My other invention," cried Foote, bewildered, "what do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. What could I mean but that secret of yours to keep chimneys from smoking?"

"Please don't let us talk of that."

"Why not, pray?"

"But you will make me tell things that I don't want to tell, things that I want to keep to myself."

"Go on, go on; tell me, I say!"

"Well, then, you know that I never stopped your chimney from smoking—I only stopped making it smoke! I was living under the roof then, and had only to stretch up my arms and cover the chimney flue with anything handy, a plate, for instance. It was your fault entirely; like other fathers, you obliged the lover to resort to strategy to win the girl he loved."

What the Law Decides.

A debt for the purchase of an electric light plant for a municipal corporation is held, in Mayo vs. Washington (N. C.) 40 L. R. A. 163, not to be one of the "necessary expenses" of the town which can be incurred without a vote of the majority of the qualified voters and legislative authority.

The intoxication of a passenger standing on the running board of a street-car is held, in Kingston vs. Fort Wayne & Erie Railway company (Mich.), 40 L. R. A. 131, not to absolve the company from exercising care toward him, or to prevent his recovering damages if injured by the carrier's negligence. With this case is an extensive note on intoxication as affecting negligence.

The application of the proceeds of a sale under a deed of trust to the first of two notes secured is held, in Owings vs. McKenzie (Mo.), 40 L. R. A. 154, to be valid as against objections by mesne conveyancers who by purchase and sale of the property have become sureties, although their liability has been released by extension of time.

The fact that fireworks were on exhibition in a store when a policy of insurance was issued on the stock, or that one of the firm of agents which issued the policy soon after purchased fireworks at the store, is held, in Phoenix Insurance company vs. Flemming (Ark.), 39 L. R. A. 789, to be sufficient to show knowledge of the agent when issuing the policy that the fireworks were kept in stock.

Champagne from Apple Parings.

The practice of the economics in the fruit-raising sections of the west has developed a new article of export. Until recently the orchard owners and the evaporator managers did not think of utilizing the cores and parings of apples. They occasionally sold them to the jelly-makers or fed them to the hogs, but more generally allowed them to accumulate as refuse in great heaps, which slowly fermented and decayed. This year in many places the parings and cores are being saved. They are spread out in the hot sun and dried, after which they are packed in large sacks and held for buyers, who gather them up and send them away in car lots. The destination of the dried parings and cores in these large quantities is France. It is no secret that the refuse of the orchards of the Missouri valley and the Ozark country is now largely employed in the manufacture of champagne by the thrifty winemakers of the vineclad slopes of France.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Door Locked.

"Bridget, did you fix that sugar bucket so the ants could not get in?"

"Yis, mum. Oi tuk th' handle off th' cover."—Up to Date.

New Electrical Iron.

A new type of electrically heated iron derives its heat not from the expenditure of the current in passing through a wire of high resistance, but from an electric arc formed inside of the iron.

Mistress—I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen with you last night, Bridget. Bridget—Well, ma'am, yez wouldn't hov an unmarried lady be sittin' alone with only wan policeman, would yez? The other wan wus a chaperon.—Puck.

Why Red Maddens Oxen.

Red irritates oxen because it's the complementary color to green, and the eyes of the cattle being fixed so much on herbage, anything red impresses their sight with increased intensity.

"Ah!" joyfully cried the young man who had got employment at painting the Union Station, "the prophecies of my family are now being fulfilled. They often said that I would adorn some great station before I died."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The umpire who renders a decision against the home team knows what it is to be without friends.

Love fills unoccupied hearts and rattles unoccupied heads.

THE GIANT CACTUS.

Mexicans and Indians Make Many Uses of the Ugly Plant.

Southern New Mexico and Arizona and southwestern Texas embrace a region totally unlike any other section of the United States. This portion of our country bears evidence of its Mexican origin in its swarthy population and its low-built "adobe" houses, while its bleak mountains hiding treasures of precious metal and its sandy deserts, among whose greasewood and mesquite bushes live the poisonous tarantula, the venomous rattlesnake and the stinging scorpion, seem but part and parcel of our sister republic on the south.

That which strikes the traveler most forcibly, however, in journeying through the sandy wastes, is the wonderful luxuriance of the cactus family which appears to grow everywhere—the lowly cholla (chey'yah), the reed-like ocotillo (o-kah-lee'-yah) and that unsightly giant, the great sahuara (sah-gwah'-rah). The dryer the sand and the hotter the sun the better the cactus seems to flourish. On some mountainsides the chollas grow so thick one cannot pass through them, so fierce are the sharp spines of the cholla "balls." Curved at their ends like fish-hooks, these little spines pierce leather and fasten upon the skin of the foot, causing the most intense pain.

Rough and repulsive as these various kinds of cactus are, however, yet a use has been found for most of them. After treating the stems of some of the smaller varieties, furniture is manufactured from them—chairs, tables and other small articles; the tall, graceful stems of the ocotillo are gathered and woven into fences, while the weird, uncouth sahuara is put to a number of uses which will require a more detailed description.

The sahurara, easily the king of the cactus family, is peculiar to Arizona, its fluted columns with its gaunt, upward-growing arms, covering the deserts, in some places, like a veritable forest. It is often twenty feet in height and its heart is a watery pulp protected by long parallel strips of tough, fibrous wood reaching from base to top, the whole covered with a thick, green skin which successfully turns the sun's rays and prevents the evaporation of the water within. Where the sahuara gets this water is a mystery since it grows in the dryest of places where rains come, if they come at all, at almost yearly intervals. This water, however, is of no use to man as many a poor prospector has found to his sorrow. It is estringent and bitter, serving only to increase thirst.

The Indians of the country—Apaches, Pimas, Papagoes, Maripocas—use the straight, flexible poles which form the skeleton of the sahuara in the construction of their huts. Like the "prickly pear," the giant cactus also bears a fruit which grows on the very tips of the parent stalk and its branches. This fruit is nearly the size and shape of a hen's egg. When ripe it is of a scarlet hue and splits open into four lobes, disclosing a pulpy mass about the consistency of a fig and filled with minute black seeds. The Mexicans and Indians are passionately fond of this fruit—and so are the birds. The former, if so fortunate as to get ahead of their feathered rivals, take long poles and knock the fruit from the top of the stalk. The Indian squaws dry it and prepare it into a dish resembling fig-paste.

But there is a use to which the squaws put the fruit which is not so commendable. It is pressed in wide, shallow baskets and the juice collected in pottery ollas (o'-yahs), vessels of native manufacture. The ollas are then stored in a small room where a fire is kept burning until the appearance of a white froth on the surface of the liquid. It is then a strong drink called "tizwin," for which the Indians show a deplorable fondness. In former years the government always expected trouble from its red proteges in "tizwin-time," and extraordinary precautions were taken to hold the savages in check during those particular periods.

A Royal Martyr to Etiquette.

In Spain the etiquette to be observed in the royal palaces was carried to such length as to make martyrs of their kings. There is an historic instance. Philip III. was gravely seated by the fire; the firemaker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis do Totat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duc d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the fire burned fiercer, and the king endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree that he was seriously ill the next day. A violent fever succeeded which carried him off in the twenty-fourth year of his age.—London Star.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhœa. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,

I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—Mrs. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

The Hill of Cellar Door.

I know a hill not far away
Where children always love to play;
The hill is straight, and smooth, and low—
For little folks 'tis better so.

The coasting there is very nice,
Without the cold of snow and ice
You slide in summer, fall or spring,
But need not bother sleds to bring.

It is the safest hill I've found;
Sometimes you tumble to the ground,

But 'tis not far you have to fall,
And would not hurt a child at all.

It's very near your home, and so
Your mother'll always let you go,
For then she knows you're right near by
And she can hear you if you cry.

So up you scramble, down you slide,
And oh, you have a jolly ride;
You always want to play some more
Upon the Hill of Cellar Door.
—Montreal Herald.

A Dishonest Dog.

A true story of a farmer's dog which has been found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretenses, has recently been told. The animal is extremely fond of biscuits and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the chandler's shop, bringing his master's order, and by-and-by the shopman became careless about reading the document.

Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more biscuits than he ordered. The chandler was surprised, and the next time the dog came in with a slip of paper between his teeth he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for a biscuit, he looked around for a piece of paper and trotted off to the shop.

Golden Rule Arithmetic.

"Phil," whispered Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer; "nice for me."

"Oh!" said Phil, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the school house after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols and all that. Ever seen him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, it's first rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir-ee; new tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it; it certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few minutes' struggle, "Phil!" he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy little smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth, and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "'cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat to the great man, "one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir, we use Bernard Smith's," answered the boys. And they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule.—Union Signal.

Juvenile Sayings.

Little 5-year-old Tommy had been looking at the new moon for some time, and finally asked: "Mamma, did God make that moon?" "Certainly, my boy," replied the mother. "I suppose," continued the little fellow, "he cut the old one up into stars, didn't he?"

"Papa," said little 4-year-old Margie, "I think you are just the nicest man in the whole world." "And I think you are the nicest little girl in the world," replied her father. "Course I am," said Margie. "Ain't it queer how such nice people happened to get into the same family?"

Clara had been told that babies were from the dust of the earth. One day when the rain was falling in torrents she stood gazing sadly out of the window. "Why, Clara, what makes you look so sad?" asked her mother. "'Cause," she replied, "I've been wanting for a little brother to play with, and now there won't be any dust left to make one."

Mamie, aged 3, was present at dinner the other evening when a number of guests were being entertained by her parents, and during a lull in the conversation she began to talk very earnestly. "Why do you talk so much, Mamie?" asker her father. "Cause I's dot somefin' to say," was the innocent reply.

A little 5-year-old miss slipped and fell at a muddy street crossing the other day and a gentleman passing by hastened to her assistance. After brushing her clothing as well as he could he offered to escort her home. "No, thank you," replied the little lady with dignity; "we haven't been introduced, and it would be quite improper."

Some children are naturally inclined to take a practical view of things. A little fellow, aged 4, was repeating a prayer after his mamma, ending with "God bless papa, mamma, grandma, brother and sister, and everybody." "Mamma," said he, "if we had said 'everybody' at the start it wouldn't have taken up so much of God's time."

THE WICKED KNORT.

He Makes More Trouble in Lapland than the Mosquito.

The sun was shining brightly through the window of the little wooden hut as I tumbled out of bed on August 10, last year. Three days' tramp from the Norwegian coast across rough fields and spongy bogs, one long day of rowing and shooting rapids, varied with spells of walking round the dangerous falls, has brought us late the night before to this little settlement in Lapland. The dozen inhabitants, part Swedes, part Lapps, were already hard at work on their scanty harvest, and beyond the small field I caught a glimpse of the river, here widening out into a glittering lake, shining like a sheet of silver, scarcely ruffled by a breath of wind. What a morning for a bath! How gloriously refreshing to travel-tired limbs!

"Look out!" cried Jack, "the room's full of them! Light up, quick!" H'sh; the air was suddenly shrill with the high-pitched, hungry whistle of the mosquito. The window I had observed before was tightly closed—indeed, would not open; the wide platform fireplace was stuffed up with green boughs. Perhaps my brother had opened the door too boldly, and had been lost in admiration of the snow line mountains in the distance, or the creatures had worked a way down the chimney. At any rate, to the cover of the bedclothes I flew, and for five minutes nothing was heard from us but the steady puff-puff of our lips as we filled the room with clouds of stupefying tobacco smoke.

One sometimes hears people who have only met the mosquito in its milder form, perhaps in Norway, or central Sweden, or in southern countries, or possibly in Lapland in favorable years, or late in the season, maintain that its terrors are much exaggerated. I have not found it so. The worst accounts that I had heard of it before I visited the country did not come anywhere near the reality. And even if the mosquito crop be a comparative failure in any season, there is a far more deadly insect waiting for you, a harmless-looking little sandfly, which the natives call a knort. The mosquito is a gentleman by comparison. He fights under the rules of civilized warfare; hostilities are openly declared, a shrill blare of trumpets heralds his approach. True, he descends upon you in overpowering hosts, but from the fierce blast when he first sights his foe to the savage thrust of his lance through your skin there is nothing secret or underhand about him. Not so the little knort. In ones and twos he creeps stealthily upon you; there is no whistling of wings, no parade of skirmishing round the victim. Quietly he works his way into your clothing, where he seems as much at home as any of the wingless vermin, which, fortunately, are comparatively rare in Lapland. His bite is practically painless; you rarely notice it at the time, but on the second day it swells into a big burning wound, to rub or chafe which is intolerable agony.—Badminton Magazine.

Schley and Sampson.

It is said that when Schley and Sampson were young officers on board the same ship a number of years ago the latter ordered severe punishment inflicted on a marine for an offense of which the man was guiltless. Schley protested, a quarrel ensued and the man who is now commodore slapped Sampson's face. Since then they have never been friends.

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.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Good sense is like truth—the same now that it was when the first man walked on the face of the earth.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c., 25c., 50c.

Those people who think there is no honesty in the world have been studying themselves too closely.

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

He is an unphilosophical man who permits his dinner to cool while he meditates where he shall obtain his supper.

Woman's Heroism.

From the Register-Gazette, Rockford, Ill.

During the civil war nearly as much heroism was shown by the women of our nation as by the brave soldiers. Many a woman, weeping for her dead son, bound up the wounds of her suffering comrades, rejoicing in their renewed strength, even while sorrowing for the one who was gone. At that time was laid the foundation for the world-famed organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps, whose aid to the soldier of to-day, fighting against the world for a living, is no less notable than the heroism of the early '60's.

On the Battlefield.

One of the most earnest members of the corps at Byron, Ill., is Mrs. James Housewert, but illness once put a stop to her active work. A year or so ago, when she was nearing fifty years of age, the time when women must be most careful of their strength, Mrs. Housewert was taken seriously ill. The family physician told her that she had reached a critical period of her life, and must be very careful. His prescriptions and treatment did not benefit her, and other treatment proved unavailing.

At last Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to her notice, with indisputable evidence that they were helpful in cases such as hers, and with renewed hope she tried the remedy. Last March she took the first box of the pills, which gave much relief. She was determined to be cured, and kept on with the medicine, until now eight boxes have been consumed, and she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Housewert said: "I have taken only eight boxes, but I have been improving since I took the first dose. I do not believe I could have lived without the pills. They certainly have done me more good than any physician or any medicine I have ever tried."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

EFFECT OF GOOD DISCIPLINE.

Three Hundred Ship Passengers Saved Within Less than Thirty Minutes.

A correspondent sends us the following account of a shipwreck apropos of the recent sinking of La Bourgogne. She says that a number of years ago, when quite a child, she was a passenger on a steamer of the Hamburg-American line, from New York to Europe, which in a dense fog struck on a ledge near Cape Race, Newfoundland. It was 5 o'clock in the morning when the steamer struck, and her 300 passengers were asleep. They were instantly aroused and told to dress as quickly as they could. When the first-cabin passengers came from their state-rooms they found that the stewards had hot coffee on the dining-saloon tables, that at one and the same time to allay their fears and to give their physical systems the immediate sustenance they required. They were then sent on deck, and were quickly but quietly assigned to the different boats, which were lowered as rapidly, but as orderly, as possible, the ship's officers throwing down blankets taken from the cabins into the boats after they were launched, as a means of giving protection to some of the younger children, who had been hurried out with hardly any clothing upon them.

From the time that the ship struck to the time that she sank in the ocean was less than half an hour, yet when she sank every one had left her, and, although there was the discomfort of staying in the crowded open boats for nearly twenty-four hours before landing, not one life was lost out of the nearly 500 passengers and crew on board. This result, in our correspondent's opinion, was due to the discipline that prevailed, the entire coolness of the ship's officers, who gave their orders as to what should be done without even raising their voices. The steerage passengers, she says, were much excited and alarmed, but even these were quieted and kept under complete control by the obvious coolness and confidence of the ship's officers, who seemed to know precisely what to do as well as how to do it.

According to the more recent report La Bourgogne was afloat for forty minutes after the collision; that is, quite ten minutes longer than the time during which the vessel was afloat in our correspondent's experience.—Boston Herald.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Our safety is not chiefly in strength of will, but in cleaving to a holier companionship which shall arouse the better elements of the soul.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

Power, unless managed with gentleness and discretion, does but make a man the more hated. No intervals of good humor, no starts of bounty, will atone fro tyranny and oppression.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

There are two freedoms—the false, where the man is free to do what he likes, the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. R. MAYER, 1015 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and the beginning of his life.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

To be happy is of far less consequence to the worshippers of fashion than to appear so.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLEE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

If you would have the daily bread taste sweet, by your own efforts earn that which you eat.

No To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

A good man finds good wherever he goes, because the good in him brings out good in others.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

As much bitterness and hate can be expressed in a word, as can be fired out of a gun.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

On honest labor look not thou with scorn; without it wealth of all its power is shorn.

37 1114

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

PORTO RICO.

General Information About the Island in Paragraphic Form.

Porto Rico lies seventy miles east of Hayti, separated from it by the Mona Passage. It is about 100 miles long and thirty-seven broad, and has a coast line of about 300 miles.

The island was discovered in 1493 by Columbus and in 1511 the town of San Juan was founded and settled by Ponce de Leon.

Commercially considered the island is a valuable acquisition. It is exceptionally well watered and its general appearance is beautiful. The lowlands consists of extensive savannas upon which large herds of cattle are pastured.

The staples of the island are sugar, molasses and coffee, also cotton, maize and rice are extensively cultivated.

The Encyclopedia Britannica declares the exports of Porto Rico more than double in value those of Jamaica.

San Juan, the principal town of Porto Rico, is well laid out and is one of the healthiest cities in the West Indies. The population in peace time is about 20,000.

The city of Ponce, second in size to San Juan, has a population of about 17,000. It is lighted by gas and has other modern conveniences. It is connected by cable with Jamaica and by telegraph with the other large cities of Porto Rico.

Porto Rico has a salubrious climate. Being almost wholly agricultural, the island is capable of splendid development.

The island is governed by a captain general with headquarters at San Juan. He is assisted by a junta of military officers.

Strategetically, Porto Rico is admirably situated. It commands the Mona and Virgin passes, the highways of trade to and from the coast of Northern South America and Central America. It would hold a commanding place should the Nicaraguan Canal be constructed, for it is the doorway to the Caribbean Sea.

The population of Porto Rico is about 950,000, of whom not more than 70,000 are native Spaniards.

The foreign trade of the island in 1896 amounted to $36,500,000.

The foreign trade is chiefly with Spain. The United States, Germany, Great Britain, Cuba and France combined hold about 28 per cent. of the trade.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

TIME whets the sword of justice.

Truth wins her battles in the open.

Fancy makes a poor pillow for a dying head.

A whining religion is not a shining religion.

It scares some people to see brains and piety get married.

God accepts no bribes.

Pluck can outrun luck.

Policy sits on the fence.

Error fights from ambush.

Grit and grace win the race.

Principle flies no flag of truce.

Troubles strengthen true faith.

Some big men are very small in God's sight.

Christ towers above all the great men of history, like an Alpine peak.

What better is a sinning man or woman in the church than a sinning sinner outside of the church?

Do you suppose that God thinks any more of a baptized sinning sinner than of an unbaptized one?

The question is not what number of blessings you have experienced, but are you that "blessed" man of Ps. 1:1?

You might have a multitude of theories about a plurality of blessings, but do you live without committing known sins?

Don't wait for God to chase you into the home of the saved with a fire brand, but study faithfully Heb. 1:9 and do likewise.

This world will soon pass away, or, if it does not we will, and nothing but God's righteousness will avail at the judgment seat of Christ.

A sectarian preacher is prismatic—he splits the light of truth into parts—and thus presents the blue of uncharitableness, the yellow of brazen bigotry, and the green of envy.

Comments of the Cheerful Man.

The cheerful man came into breakfast late the other morning. The stout lady opposite, who always comes down to breakfast in a wrapper, was complaining that the table was too crowded.

"I must have another leaf put in," she said.

"Ah, an autumn leaf—very appropriate," said the cheerful man.

"No, just a plain, hard board," said the stout lady.

"Plain, hard board," said the cheerful man. "More appropriate still."

Then he suddenly remembered that the stout lady was the landlady's sister, and put salt on his buckwheat cake.—Washington Post.

Refuting a Slander.

Little Flossie—For shame! Always tied to your mamma's apron strings.

Proud Gertie—I'll have you to know my mamma doesn't wear aprons. We have a hired girl.—Philadelphia American.

Discovery of Tea.

Tea, according to Chinese writers, was discovered in the eighth century. The Dutch introduced it into Europe in 1591.

A Ban-quit.

More than one hundred collisions occurred on Japanese railroads in 1897.

GERMAN ENGAGEMENT NOTICE.

How a Bavarian Count Announced the Wedding of His Daughter.

The following engagement notice appeared the other day in the Frankfurter Zeitung: "Herbert Willisen, count of the empire Von Drommelsheim, knight commander (capitular-comthur) of the Royal Bavarian Order of the House Knights of St. George, royal Bavarian chamberlain, gives notice that he herewith in his own and in the name of his wife, the high-born Countess Ursula Von Drommelsheim, of the approaching marriage of his and of his late wife, now resting in God, the high-born Countess Friedemike, Countess Von Drommelsheim, nee Countess of Letzenbaung-Alsheim's daughter, the high-born Countess Elsbeth Von Drommelsheim, with the high-well-born Baron Von und-zu Neuenburg, royal Bavarian lieutenant of the reserve in the Tenth Regiment, royal Bavarian gentleman of the chamber and knight of the royal Bavarian Order of the House of Knights of St. George, son of the high-well-born baron of the empire, Friedrich Von und zu Neuenburg, royal Wurtemburg chamberlain, commander (comthur) of the royal Bavarian Order of House Knights of St. George, and of his late wife, resting in God, the high-and-well-born Baron Hildegard Von und zu Neuenburg, nee Baroness of Hohen-Kapenberg."

Finds a Relic of Napoleon.

A relic of Napoleon in the shape of a portion of the cockade worn by him at the battle of Rivoli has been found in Brooklyn among the effects of Mlle. Marie Poncy, who perished in La Bourgogne disaster. Miss Poncy was a governess in New York and had made arrangements to spend the summer in Paris. She left her books and other effects in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jacquard, of 126 Cleveland street, Brooklyn.

The Napoleon memento was discovered by Mr. Jacquard while he was preparing to send Miss Poncy's effects to her sister in Geneva. It is framed in a medallion and bears this label:

"Fragment du penache de Bonaparte a la bataille de