Reynard's Narrow Escape.

For having been pursued by a ...ed (Vt.) hunter and two hounds ...ed in a novel manner. The animal was being closely pressed by the ... when it dashed across the rail... track in front of a fast moving ... The fox barely succeeded in ...ing the other side of the track ... of the approaching locomotive ... the dogs were not so fortunate ... hounds were so eager for their ... that they did not heed the train, ... both were killed.

A Queer Caller.

... writer in Cassell's Little Folks ... a story of a runaway hippopotamus whose keeper succeeded in recapturing him in an unusual manner. In ...ays when Mr. A. D. Bartlett was ... of the Zoo the hippopotamus once ...ed to break out of his house. It ...ed its freedom very properly to ... a friendly call on Mr. Bartlett. ...as not pleased to see this huge ... out of bounds, and sent for one ... elephant keepers to come and ... it. To this man the "hippo" ... taken extreme dislike, and when ...oved to it, it turned and chased ... Away flew the keeper at the top ... speed toward the hippo's den ... beast in hot pursuit. The keeper ...ted through the gate, and bolted ... stairs to the platform over the ... tank. Here he was safe. ...while, Mr. Bartlett, who had been ...ing the runaways, had securely ... the gate, and the hippo was ... in prison.

Sacred Ground.

... ground on which a foreign legation ... stands is considered as belonging ... country whose flag floats from ...gation roof. Supposing a member ... of a foreign legation in London ...itted a murder, all we could do ... be to "suggest" (a favorite diplomatic word, always used, except in ...on to China) that the offender ...d be sent back to his native country ...ed punished there. Some time ... when a certain gentleman, whose ... was well known at the time, was ...ed into the Chinese legation, an ...tor from Scotland Yard immediately proceeded thither and released ...oner. This was a most serious ... of international law, and was ...ely discussed "in diplomatic circ... Since the Chinese legation is ... and parcel of China, an invasion ... celestial empire was thus made ... Scotland Yard official.—Chambers' ...al.

Salt in a Ton of Sea Water.

... a ton of Dead Sea water there are ...ounds of salt; Red Sea, ninety-... Mediterranean, eighty-five; At... eighty-one; English Channel, ...ty-two; Black Sea, twenty-six; ... eighteen; and Caspian Sea, ...

And Wouldn't Shake the Stove.

...—"I had to discharge the cook ..." Husband—"What for," Wife ..., she got too tender hearted to ... work properly." Husband—"... possible?" Wife—"Yes; only ... morning she refused to beat the ... whip the cream."

Daily Increase of Misery.

... estimated that 3,000 marriages ... daily performed throughout the ...

...ures Talk

...t Fame of a Great Medicine Won by Actual Merit.

...me of Hood's Sarsaparilla has been ... the good it has done to those who ...suffering from disease. Its cures have ... wonder and admiration. It has ... thousands to rejoice in the enjoyment of good health, and it will do you the ...od it has done others. It will expel ... your blood all impurities; give ... a good appetite and make you ... and vigorous. It is just the medicine ... help you now, when your system is ... of a tonic and invigorator.

...otions—"An eruption all over my ...used a burning sensation so I could ...y nights. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was completely cured." JENSIE ..., P. O. Box 36, Oaksville, N. Y.

...od's Sarsaparilla

...e America's Greatest Medicine.

...h by Investments

...estors are made so only when ... know just what to invest in—... when. Alluring statements of gold ...er mines are put out to entice ...ents to part with their money, ...nds and stocks of solvent and ...ally solid railroads, and some ...rticle, properly purchased, will ...arge returns in the near future. ...criminate is just what the ordi... investor fails to do—from lack ...essary experience and knowledge of what is going on daily in the ...cial world.

... experience of over twenty ... in buying and selling securities ... customers has given us invaluable information in regard to properties that are safe and sure for investment and those that are best to let ...

... know of several railroad stocks ... can now be safely purchased ... sold later on at a very large ... They are as sure as anything in this life, even as ... paying their interest regularly ...ring a great deal more. We ... be pleased to furnish by mail ... information, also to state how ... investment can be secured for ... loaning the balance. Correspondence solicited.

...et wire from office to New ... Stock Exchange, connecting ...delphia, Baltimore and Washington by exclusive private wire.

...ndall & Whitlock,

... Broadway, New York.
... S. Third St., Philadelphia.
... South St., Baltimore, Md.

...ed with ... } **Thompson's Eye Water**

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Lift Up the Fallen—A Plea For Welcome For the Prodigal—Kindness Would Reclaim Many Unfortunates Who Have Dropped by the Way.

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage pleads for a hearty reception to all those who have done wrong and want to get back, while the unsympathetic and self-righteous are excoriated; text, Luke xv., 28, "And he was angry and would not go in."

Many times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada saying, "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flappings of his rags in many a sermonic breeze and the crunching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I could not get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him; not a side face or a three-quarters or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side, and the other goes down over the starboard side, but they both go down.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries; not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "Thrum!" go the harps. "Click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He had just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goatskin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced and, if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottish. No. There he stands. His brow lowers; his face darkens; his lip curls with contempt; he stamps the ground with indignation; he sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite; the lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is a terrible pout; he criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in; he scolds the father; he goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he make the most uncomely scene; he says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I staid at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid. That wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf. But this scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf, to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks, wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered: "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant he said: "Myself. When I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self congratulatory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self righteous man of my text, like every other self righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he staid out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, and instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion and instead of being a pauper was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocketbook! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self-righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher-life men. The one is admirable, and the other is repulsive. The one kind of higher-life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a-wing, and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher-life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home, runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills or running up a difficult line of figures and asks him how his soul is, makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands. I tell you plainly that a roaring, roistering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious to his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves. Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property. Now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine, but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas, my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant! You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say, "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal or strike the timbrel too loud, and if you kill a calf kill the one that is on the commons and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject.

There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that returned and staid home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of 100,000 names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal.

And I could go out in all the aisles of this church to-day and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return!

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal; you do not know how to pray for him; you do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail into the warm gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it, but you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you.

Plenty of room for elegant sinners, for sinners in velvet or satin and lace, for sinners high salaried, for kid gloved and patent leathered sinners, for sinners fixed up by hairdresser, pomatumed and lavendered and cologned and frizzled and crimped and "banged" sinners—plenty of room!

Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches, and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God and put soft ottomans under their feet and put a gild edged prayer book in their hands and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls, take out the equisite portemonnaie and open it and with diamonded finger push down beyond the $10 gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord—of one cent! For such sinners plenty of room, plenty of room!

Again I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said, "I have staid at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands."

Alas, for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Orthello and Iago, Orlando and Angelina, Caligula and Torquatus, Cæsar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman, Dionysius and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters—Clesterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds, Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies.

Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other.

Religious jealousies. The Mohammedans praying for rain during a drought; no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mohammedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying, but that the Christians began to pray and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that He sent rain right away so He would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way, and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body, and it is killing to the soul.

How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block.

Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us! Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers.

The next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the streets and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Ah, the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the Father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo years after the battle put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael in one of his cartoons beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we might better understand the forgiving and radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever and forever and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches. Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found.

Eccentric Colonel Ege.

Colonel Ege was a famous character in the early days. Although living in Doniphan County he was often in Atchison, followed by a pack of hounds. He was a high toned Southern gentleman with a kind heart, and one day returning home from this city he came across a man whose wagon was stuck in the mud in Independence Creek bottom. Colonel Ege at once started in to help the man pry out his wagon with fence rails. While both were working away, Ege became angry, and yelled to the man: "Lift, you son of a gun; you are not lifting a pound." The man picked up the endgate of the wagon, and split it over Ege's head, laying him up for three weeks. Ege had his hat off when struck, and was so bald before coming to Kansas that he was known as the Bald Eagle of Maryland. Ege always carried a pistol, and was always trying to shoot through somebody's hat without hitting him. One day, at the Independence Creek ferry, he shot at a man, but aimed a little low, and creased him. But Ege was always a gentleman; he took the man to his home, and tenderly cared for him until he recovered.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 13.

Subject: Jesus at the Pharisee's House. Luke vii., 36-50—Golden Text: Luke vii., 50—Memory Verses, 44-47—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

It is now quite generally believed that the anointing referred to in this lesson and the one mentioned in John 12:1-8, were not the same, but were different events.

36. "One of the Pharisees." After Jesus had finished His sermon (see last lesson), one of the Parisees invited Him to dine with him. He seems to have received some benefit from Christ, and to have loved Him on that account, though his love was far from ardent. Verse 47. "Sat down to meat." Jesus accepted the invitation, but Simon omitted "the usual ceremonies of respect" which Jesus might well have expected. Jesus went with him to do him good.

37. "A woman....a sinner." Dr. Clarke thinks that this expression simply means that this was a heathen woman. Although she was a sinner there seems to be no evidence to prove that she was a grossly immoral woman, as is generally supposed. "When she knew." She had heard Him preach, and she knew where He had gone to dine. She was confident that His heart would beat in sympathy for her; she had faith enough in Christ to come to Him for help. She came in a respectful, humble manner. "Alabaster-box." A sort of stone of fine texture, nearly allied to marble. "Of ointment." Probably spikenard, very precious and odorous.

38. "Stood at His feet behind Him." In taking their meals the Eastern people reclined on one side, the knees being bent and the feet turned outward behind. "Began to wash His feet with tears." The sandals were put off when He entered the house. "And did wipe them." Her hair was flowing loosely about her shoulders as a sign of mourning, and with this she wiped His feet. "Kissed His feet." The kiss is an emblem of love, subjection and supplication. In Psalm 2:12, "kiss the Son," means to embrace affectionately the offers of salvation made unto you through Christ Jesus; which commandment this woman was obeying, both in the literal and spiritual sense. "And anointed them." She did not think herself worthy to anoint His head.

39. "When the Pharisee....saw it." The first feeling of Simon was that of displeasure that a heathen sinner had ventured to pollute his pure threshold. "He spake within himself." He has dissatisfaction and doubt with reference to his guest. "If he were a prophet." The idea prevailed among the Jews "that a prophet must know every thing secret. "That toucheth him." Simon, if she had touched him, would have said, Stand by thyself, come not near me, I am holier than thou; and he thought Christ said so, too.

40. "Said unto Him." It is scarcely to be doubted that Simon expressed his displeasure by looks, gestures and murmurs. "Somewhat to say." Those whom Christ hath somewhat against, He hath somewhat to say unto. "Master, say on." Although not believing Him to be a prophet, yet he recognizes Him as a teacher.

41. "A certain creditor." The creditor is God and the two debtors are Simon and the woman. Our Lord handles this subject with great skill; He causes the accuser to appear as witness against himself. He explains his deficiency in love, and gives him to feel that his sin is unforgiven; and yet He is not severe in His censure. "Five hundred pence." Or Denarii, amounting to $75. "Fifty pence." $7.50. In the application the woman owes the five hundred pence and Simon fifty.

42. "Nothing to pay." Simon, the Pharisee, was in debt and without the means of paying. He could no more pay his fifty pence than the poor woman could pay her five hundred, and if both be not freely forgiven by Divine mercy both must perish. "Forgave them both." No righteousness of ours can merit His pardoning love. Salvation is the gift of God. "Will love Him most." Neither of them would love Him before He had forgiven them. An insolvent debtor, until he is forgiven, does not love, but shuns his creditor.

43. "I suppose." With greater modesty than that with which he had just murmured in secret does he give his opinion, and Jesus proceeds to turn his answer immediately as a weapon against him. Jesus asks the privilege of speaking, puts His reproof into a parable, and thus makes Simon administer his own reproof. "Whom He forgave most." This one would be under greater obligations than the other.

44. "Seest thou this woman." Afflicted and distressed and burdened with sin, but longing to be delivered. Do you see the tenderness and affectionate regard she is manifesting toward Me? "I entered into thy house." As a guest, by your invitation. "No water for My feet." Simon was greatly deficient in not performing the common civilities to Christ. The custom of providing water to wash the guests' feet was very ancient. It was "one of the rites of hospitality." "With tears." Tears of sorrow for sin and of love for Me her Saviour.

45. "Gavest Me no kiss." A kiss on the cheek from the master of the house, with the invocation. "The Lord be with you," conveyed a formal welcome. A kiss was an expression of a hearty and affectionate welcome to a friend. "But this woman." That you consider so far beneath you. "Hath not ceased." Hath again and again in a most humble manner kissed My feet.

46. "My head with oil." Anointing the head with oil was as common among the Jews as washing the face with water is among us. See Psa. 23:5. To anoint the head of a guest was another mark of hospitality. Simon had omitted all of these. "My feet with ointment." This woman had not forgotten any of these marks of respect that were generally shown to guests.

47. "Her sins, which are many." If we come to Christ in the right spirit, confessing our sins, He is as willing to forgive many, as He is only a few. "Are forgiven." What precious words! They are all forgiven, never to return; the Lord will remember them no more, forever. "For she loved much." Or, therefore she loved much. Her great love was the effect of her being forgiven. "To whom little is forgiven." A man's love to God will be in proportion to the obligations he feels himself under to the bounty of his Maker. "Loveth little." The one who thinks his debt is small feels but little gratitude when it is forgiven.

48. "He said unto her." Jesus now tells the woman what He had already told Simon. While the Pharisee murmured the poor penitent rejoiced.

49. "Who is this that forgiveth sins." We need not credit them with unbelief; they were amazed at a claim which doubtless many of them soon came to see was fully justified.

50. "Thy faith had saved thee." Christ ascribes to faith those benefits which are due to Himself as the meritorious cause. Faith is the instrument on our part by which His benefits are supplied. "Go in peace." Literally, "into peace"—the state of mind to which she might now look forward. Peace is one of the marks of pardoning grace. Rom. 5:1.

His Sarcasm.

"Bruddern and sistahs," sternly said good old parson Woolimon, after the collection had been taken up on a recent Sabbath morning, "before the hat was done parsed I expounded the request dat the congregation contribute accawdin' to deir means, and I sho expectorated dat yo' all would chip in magnanimously. But now, upon examinin' de collection, I finds dat de concocted amount contributed by de whole entire posse ob yo' am only de significant and pusillanimous sum of sixty-free cents. And at dis junction dar ain't no 'casion for yo' all to look at Brudder Slewfoot, what done circumambulated de hat around, in no such auspicious manner; for, in de fust place, Brudder Slewfoot ain't dat kind ob a man, and, in the second place, I done watched him like a hawk all de time muhself. No; sixty-free cents was all dat was flung in; and I dess wants to say dat, in my humble opinion, instead ob contributin' accawding to yo' means, yo' all contributed accawdin' to yo' meanness. De choir will now favor us wid deir reg'lar melodiousness."—Harper's Bazar.

THE SMALLEST SHEEP.

It Lives in Brittany and Is No Bigger Than a Lap Dog.

The very smallest of all kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise, for, of course, it cannot have much wool, and, as for eating, why, a hungry man could eat almost a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. Any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep. One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but, if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way.—Stray Stories.

Keeping on the Safe Side.

Miss Passe (archly)—"How long do you think a man ought to know a girl before proposing?" Mr. Clubleigh—"All his life!"—Somerville Journal.

Serious Ills of Women

The derangements of the female organism that breed all kinds of trouble and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very things that give way promptly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Uterine and ovarian troubles, kidney troubles, ulcerations, tumors, unusual discharges, backaches and painful periods—these are the ills that hang on and wreck health and happiness and disposition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has a wonderful record of absolute cures of these troubles—a constant series of successes for thirty years. Thousands of women vouch for this. Their letters constantly appear in this paper.

...sk Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Adr's Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Westralia is the only Australasian colony that pays neither the members of the Legislative Council nor those of the Legislative Assembly.

FUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spoil the kettle. Sold by all druggists.

Portland, Ore., exported 9,503,000 bushels of wheat during the last eight months. More than half of this was raised in the State of Washington.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Paderewski gave two concerts in Mexico, and the result to him was the neat sum of $16,000.

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

Joseph Jefferson closes his New York engagement this week.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Coudersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

Mrs. Langtry is to act in a new translation of "The Queen's Necklace."

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.

Arthur Pinero is writing a play for Olga Nethersole.

Piso's cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Regina, the headquarters of Canada's Northwestern provinces' mounted police, is a typical prairie city.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The Missing Line.

Bobby was writing his regular weekly "composition," for it was in the old days when compositions and declamations formed a part of the school exercises every Friday afternoon. The subject of Bobby's essay was "True Manhood," and he wished to end it with a poetical quotation. He gnawed his penholder, scratched his head and looked at the ceiling, but the quotation would not come. Then he turned to his elder sister. "Rachel," he said, "what's the line that comes after this: 'Honor and shame from no condition rise?'" "I know," spoke up his younger sister, and she promptly quoted: "'Vinegar never catches flies.'"

WILLS PILLS—BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE.

For only **10 Cents** we will send to any P. O. address, 10 days' treatment of the best medicine on earth, and put you on the track how to make **Money** right at your home. Address all orders to **The R. B. Wills Medicine Company, 24 Elizabeth St., Hagerstown, Md. Branch Offices: 129 Indiana Ave., Washington, D. C.**

PATENT SECURED OR **Fee Refunded** Patent advertised free. Free advice as to patentability. Send for "Inventors' Primer," FREE. **MILO B. STEVENS & CO.,** Estab., 1864. **817 14th St., Washington, D. C.** Branches: Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and **10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.**

B N U 19.

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

NO crop can grow without Potash. Every blade of Grass, every grain of Corn, all Fruits and Vegetables must have it. If enough is supplied you can count on a full crop—if too little, the growth will be "scrubby."

Send for our books telling all about composition of fertilizers best adapted for all crops. They cost you nothing.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

Save the Labels and write for list of premiums we offer free for them.

HIRES Rootbeer — The favorite summer drink

Chas. E. Hires Malvern Pa.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. *The genuine* have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

WE USE FAST COLOR EYELETS

Chickens EARN Money

IF YOU GIVE THEM HELP.

You cannot do this unless you understand them and know how to cater to their requirements; and you cannot spend years and dollars learning by experience, so you must buy the knowledge acquired by others. We offer this to you for only 25 cents.

YOU WANT THEM TO PAY THEIR OWN WAY

even if you merely keep them as a diversion. In order to handle Fowls judiciously, you must know something about them. To meet this want we are selling a book giving the experience of a practical poultry raiser for twenty-five years. It was written by a man who put all his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Chicken raising—not as a pastime, but as a business—and if you will profit by his twenty-five years' work, you can save many Chicks annually, and make your Fowls earn dollars for you. The point is, that you must be able to detect trouble in the Poultry Yard as soon as it appears, and know how to remedy it. This book will teach you.

It tells how to detect and cure disease; to feed for eggs and also for fattening; which fowls to save for breeding purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable. Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents in stamps.

Book Publishing House
134 LEONARD ST., N. Y. CITY.

Spring Body Cleaning

Every spring you clean the house you live in, to get rid of the dust and dirt which collected in the winter. Your body, the house your soul lives in, also becomes filled up during the winter with all manner of filth, which should have been removed from day to day, but was not. Your body needs cleaning inside. If your bowels, your liver, your kidneys are full of putrid filth, and you don't clean them out in the spring, you'll be in bad odor with yourself and everybody else all summer.

DON'T USE A HOSE to clean your body inside, but sweet, fragrant, mild but positive and forceful *CASCARETS*, that work while you sleep, prepare all the filth collected in your body for removal, and drive it off softly, gently, but none the less surely, leaving your blood pure and nourishing, your stomach and bowels clean and lively, and your liver and kidneys healthy and active. Try a 10-cent box today, and if not satisfied get your money back—but you'll see how the cleaning of your body is

MADE EASY BY

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c.

ALL DRUGGISTS

To any needy mortal suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy *CASCARETS* we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper.

HERE IT IS!

Want to learn all about a Horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know Imperfections and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the Age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other Valuable Information can be obtained by reading our **100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK**, which we will forward, postpaid, on receipt of only **25 cents in stamps.**

BOOK PUB. HOUSE,
134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

JUST THE BOOK YOU WANT to refer to constantly, is our handy **CONDENSED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE,** as it treats upon about every subject under the sun. It contains 520 pages, profusely illustrated, and will be sent, postpaid, for 50c. in stamps, postal note or silver. When reading you doubtless run across references to many matters and things which you do not understand and which this book will clear up for you. It has a complete index, so that it may be referred to easily. This book is a rich mine of valuable information, presented in an interesting manner, and is well worth to any one many times the small sum of **FIFTY CENTS** which we ask for it. A study of this book will prove of incalculable benefit to those whose education has been neglected, while the volume will also be found of great value to those who cannot readily command the knowledge they have acquired. **BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.**

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR 50c.