Tetter and Eczema.

will you charge me for 1 Tetterine? I know it to remedy for the cure of Eczema. I would like to sale. Mrs. Emma Plum-Gainesboro, Miss." If your don't keep it, send 50c. to J. Shaw, Savannah, Ga., for a box.

Texas's New Executioner.

new executioner, Joseph the strong man of an athletic of the best known ath-the city. He is a nephew of executioner and obtained the against nineteen competitors.

Drop.

colonel's been getting the drop body, I guess."

be evident has a drop too nobody ever knew him to liquor himself!"—Detroit

Your Feet Ache and Burn?

your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a the feet. It makes tight or feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Sore, Smarting and Sweating Feet Ingrowing Nails. Sold by all druggists stores, 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

United States Long-Distance Auto-Company is the name of a million-been recently incorporated at Eliz-J.

Baxter's Soothing Syrup for children gums, reducing inflamma-pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The 103,000 inhabitants which the gave to New Mexico there were and 50,000 Mexicans.

Believe Piso's Cure for Consumption for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. Philadelphia Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

California gold output for 1899 amount-

Cure a Cold in One Day.

TAKE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All refund the money if it fails to cure. signature is on each box. 25c.

Cooper Union.

union, in New York city, had last year of $58,489.78. Its were $59,087.09.

BLOOD TROUBLE

tired feeling—blood lacks vitality and hence you feel like a lag-day and can't get rested at night. Sarsaparilla will cure you because restore to the blood the qualities it nourish, strengthen and sustain nerves and organs of the body. rest, refreshing sleep and imparts and vigor to every function.

Feeling—"I had that tired feel-headaches. Was more tired in than when I went to bed, and poised me. Hood's Sarsaparilla Pills have cured me and made years younger." B. SCHEBLEIN, Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

d's Sarsaparilla

Medicine Money Can Buy. Pre-C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Patti Songs for Soldiers.

recent war concert in London the auspices of Lady Lansdowne the enormous sum of $55,000. Patti was the principal at-and the London papers vie other in declaring that she younger than ever in a beauti-blue silk gown covered with emeralds and turquoises. Patti was accompanied during by Mr. Frank Watkis, who in constant attendance upon singer throughout all her since 1883. His touch is produc-a constant ripple of extraordi-lightness and delicacy. The piano itself, as it were, yet never the voice unaccompanied. Such as Mme. Patti's needs a most accompanist—one who can the varying emotions of the singer throughout all her moods expressive cadenzas, and Mr. Wat-succeeded wonderfully in her.

HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN

Them Helped by Mrs. Pinkham and their Letters.

MRS. PINKHAM:—I am sixteen old and am troubled with my irregularity. It is very irregular, only once in two or three and also very painful. I also with cramps and once in a while me in the heart and I have headaches. If there is anything do for me, I will gladly follow advice."—MARY Aptos, July 31,

MRS. PINKHAM:—I received letter the your remedies both E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am now every month and suffer no pain. medicine is the best that any suf-girl can take."—MISS MARY Aptos, Cal., July 6, 1899.

Nervous and Dizzy

MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to my thanks to you for the great I have received from the use of E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-I suffered constantly from ter-headache, had chills, was nervous I had tried different kinds but they all failed entirely. taking three bottles of Vegetable and three of Blood Purifier I cannot thank you enough your remedies have done for MISS MATILDA JENSEN, Box 18, Wis., June 10, 1899.

HERE IT IS!

Learn all about a How to Pick Out a How to Know Imperfections, How to Guard against How to Detect Disease and How to Cure when same is How to Tell the Age by What to call the Different Parts of the How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this Valuable Information can be obtained by our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK, which we will forward, post on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE,

134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Splendors of Heaven—However Exalted Our Ideas May Be of the Home on High, They Are Far Short of the Reality What Awaits Us.

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage lifts the curtain from eternal felicities and in an unusual way treats of the heavenly world; text, I Corinthians, ii., 9, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

The city of Corinth has been called "the Paris of antiquity." Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharfs, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery such as modern invention cannot equal lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked in her porticos and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while, standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corinthians, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns towers and temples (1000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak; these waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure; these statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite; your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. Your Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven there will be room for each soul, a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for you; it would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard" or arithmeticians calculated.

I first remark that we can get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street. You had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek and a spring in your step and an exuberance of spirits and a clearness of eye that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that now float upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health, in all the pulses, health of vision, health of spirits—immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No head aches, no side aches, no back aches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem; that old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete, forever young again. That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache nor pain nor weakness, nor fatigue! "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. John tries to describe them. He says "twelve gates are twelve pearls" and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory, and it is thrones, thrones, thrones!

John bids us look again and see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven follow on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line; ages following ages; dispensation tramping after dispensation; glory in the track of glory; Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into lines; islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder; generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves His sword in signal of victory all crowns are lifted and all ensigns swung out and all chimes rung and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high!" and some, "Hosanna to the son of David!" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted and there comes up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! and Amen!" "Eye hath not seen it; ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace; every house is a triumph; every covering of the head a coronation; every meal is a banquet; every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell; every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it: ear hath not heard it."

I remark further we can get no idea of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange land, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the Lord those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years and we come upon them we see how differently they look. Their hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and, feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!"

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't cry." And the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave and, looking down, said: "Is this heaven?" We have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here, it is darkness here, but there is merrymaking yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said: "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes, that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then said, "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand into that hand which was wounded for us on the cross, to go around amid the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with the prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now. Our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on to the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they do not seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child, is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the waters! None, none! Unbelief says, "They are dead, and they are annihilated," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it, and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated, that they were never so much alive as now, that they are only waiting for our coming and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion, we cannot grasp it now! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

What a piece of explanation it will be! I see every day profound mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind and Joseph that he was cast into the pit and Daniel that he denned with the lions and Paul that he was hump-backed and David that he was driven from Jerusalem and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow, and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching heads and exhausted hands and scourged backs and martyred agonies. But we can get no idea of that anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes, they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break.

When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting houses joined in the chorus and city church and sailor's bethel and western cabins until the whole continent lifts the Doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time in the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, do we not cheer them and shout, "Huzza, huzza?" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth shall we not have for Him one loud, ringing cheer?

All hail the power of Jesus's name!
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. All the best singers of all the ages will join it, choirs of white robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God roll on, roll on, other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep, bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices. I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in our closing hymn to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

They rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blessed. Let us rise with them, and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in heaven will mingle their chalices, and the dark apparel of our mourning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant that through the mercy of our Lord Jesus we may all get there!

Weight of Precedent.

There is a story reported as having been told by Col. Fred N. Dow of Portland, Maine, which shows well how customary usage "broadens down from precedent to precedent." And no less plainly does it show the weight of the exceptional precedent. Colonel Dow once visited friends at Quebec, and while seeing the sights of the city and its surroundings, he took a public carriage to visit the Falls of Montmorency. At a half-way house on the road the driver pulled up his horses and remarked, "The carriage always stops here." "For what purpose?" asked the colonel. "For the passengers to treat," was the reply. "But none of us drink and we do not intend to treat." The driver had dismounted, and was waiting by the roadside. Drawing himself up to his full height he said, impressively, "I have driven this carriage now more than thirty years, and this has happened but once before. Some time ago I had for a fare a crank from Portland, Maine, by the name of Neal Dow, who said he wouldn't drink; and what was more to the point, he said he wouldn't pay for anybody else to drink." The son found himself occupying the same ground as that on which his father had stood.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 20.

Subject: The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii., 1-8; 18-23—Golden Text: Luke viii., 11—Memory Verses, 22, 23—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

1. "The same day." The day the sermon was preached that is recorded in the preceding chapter. "The house." Peter's house, where he was accustomed to dwell in Capernaum. "Sat by the seaside." By the sea of Galilee. Jesus sat in the boat with the multitude standing on the shore.

2. "Great multitudes were gathered together." The Pharisees had been laboring by base calumnies to drive the people away from Jesus, but they still flocked after Him as much as ever. Christ will be glorified in spite of all opposition; He will be followed.

3. "In parables." This was the first of Christ's parabolic utterances. A parable is an allegorical relation or representation of something real in life or nature, from which a moral is drawn for instruction. Christ's parables are a comparison of spiritual things with natural in order that the spiritual things may be better understood. "A sower went forth to sow." Whoever soweth the word of God in the hearts of the people is represented by the sower in the parable. (1) Jesus Christ, who came to sow the good seed in this evil world. (2) The apostles who scattered it over the world. (3) All who go forth, in public or in private, to teach or to preach the truths of the word of God. (4) All whose holy example illustrates and impresses those truths. We must "go forth" and find the fields and not wait for the fields to come to us.

4. "When he sowed." A sower would sow in the proper season. "Fell by the wayside." There are four kinds of ground mentioned. The first is the wayside, where no plow had broken it up. "The ordinary roads or paths in the East lead often along the edge of the fields, which are unenclosed." The seed that fell on this ground was not covered, and was at once devoured by the fowls.

5. "Upon stony places." Luke says "upon a rock." The rocks of Palestine and Syria are mostly limestone, with many flat stretches, covered with an inch or so of soil. This is the second kind of ground. "Forthwith they sprang up." A thin surface of soil above a shelf of rock is like a hot-bed; the stone keeps the heat and stimulates the growth.

6. "They withered away." Luke says "it lacked moisture." The hot sun soon dried up the little moisture and scorched the grain.

7. "Among thorns." The third kind of soil was good, and there was hope of a harvest, but the ground was filled with pernicious seeds.

8. "Good ground." The fourth kind of soil was rich and well prepared. Notice the gradation in respect to these four kinds of soil. In the first, the seed perishes without even springing up; in the second, it springs up, but withers away; in the third, it springs up and bears fruit, but not to perfection; in the fourth, it yields a harvest of perfect grain. "Some an hundredfold." This represents the highest degree of fruitfulness. Other seeds only bore sixty or thirtyfold. The return of a hundred for one is not unheard of in the East, though always mentioned as something extraordinary.

18. "Hear ye therefore." This form of discourse seemed so strange to the disciples that they asked Him why He spoke in parables. He replied that it was not given to the multitudes to understand the mysteries of His spiritual kingdom, but it was given unto them. He therefore at once proceeded to unfold the parable.

19. "Heareth the word of the kingdom." The truth of the Gospel. All hear; God speaks to every person. The four kinds of soil represent four classes of individuals. The wayside hearers are those who do not understand because they do not pay proper attention. Sin has so hardened the heart, worldliness has so deadened the feelings, sinful pleasures and desires have so dulled the conscience that God's truth makes no impression, more than a passing dream, or a pleasant song to be heard and forgotten. Evil habits, profanity, unclean thoughts have tramped it solid. "The wicked one." Mark says "Satan," and Luke, "the devil." He is always around watching his chance to destroy any influences for good that may exist. "Catcheth away." Careless, trifling hearers are an easy prey to Satan. As the birds pick up the seed by the wayside so the devil will rob us of the word, unless we take care to keep it.

20. "With joy receiveth it." The stony-ground hearers go farther than the first-class; they not only hear, but believe, and receive the truth, and the seed springs up. They take upon themselves a profession of religion.

21. "Not root in himself." He did not count the cost. Luke 14:25-33. "His soul is not deeply convinced of its guilt and depravity." His emotions are touched, but the truth has not entered into his inner life. "Dureth for a while." While everything goes smoothly and he is surrounded by influences that hold him up. "When tribulation or persecution ariseth." Luke says, "In the time of temptation fall away." They have no power to resist any opposing influences. "So long as they are in the popular current and there is nothing to test their principles they appear all right; but as soon as any real test comes they fall away." "He is offended." "He is stumbled." He is not able to endure for Christ.

22. "The care of this world." The thorny-ground hearers go farther than either of those mentioned in the former instances. They had root in themselves and were able to endure the tribulations, persecutions and temptations that came upon them; but still they allowed other things to cause them to become unfruitful. First, the care of this world. Anxieties about worldly success; too great attention to the labors of daily life; the desire for worldly goods and honors; the being absorbed in things that are right in themselves to a degree that is wrong. "Deceitfulness of riches." This is the second weed that chokes the word. Riches claim to be able to bestow blessings, and honor, and happiness, but they cannot give one of these things. They harden the heart; steal away all the life of God; fill the soul with pride, anger and love of the world, and make men enemies to self-denial and the cross of Christ. Luke mentions a third weed, the "pleasures of this life," and Mark a fourth, "the lusts of other things." These four weeds, allowed to grow, are enough to choke the word and cause the heart to become unfruitful.

23. "Into the good ground." This was ground thoroughly prepared. "Heareth the word." Who are they who brought forth fruit to perfection? 1. They heard the word. They diligently attended to the ministry of the word. 2. They understood it. That is, they earnestly considered and searched out the important truths of the Gospel. 3. They kept it. Luke 8:15. They did not allow it to slip away from them. 4. They brought forth fruit out of an honest and good heart. A heart that seeks and welcomes truth. A heart cleansed from sin.

A Surprised Cat.

Several days ago, says the Philadelphia Times, five or six sparrows were pecking away in the gutter immediately in front of an engine house when a cat crept across the street and pounced upon one of them. Instantly the victim's companions sent up a war cry, which was as instantly answered. From housetop and tree, the sparrows flocked to the scene. With whirring, hissing cries of noisy rage, they fearlessly attacked the offender. For about thirty seconds the dazed cat endured the blows from perhaps a hundred beaks and twice as many beating wings. Then, still holding her prey, she struggled way from the infuriated birds and ran into the engine house. The plucky little fellows followed her inside, but soon gave up the chase, leaving her with her dearly bought dinner, a sadder but a wiser cat.

Wages in New South Wales.

In New South Wales the government has fixed the minimum wages of railway laborers at seven shillings, or about $1.75 a day.

AN ODD CASE.

It Will Linger Long in the Memory of a Surgeon.

"What was the strangest case I ever had?" said one of the surgeons in attendance at the late convention, repeating the question of a reporter with whom he was chatting, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Well, let me see. I believe the oddest incident of my career occurred in—but hold, on second thought I don't care to give any names or dates. The facts, if you like, were these: I was called by messenger to a cheap boarding house one evening to attend a man who was said to have been hurt in a fight. I found a young fellow of twenty-five or thereabouts, half dazed, with a bloody contusion on one of his cheeks and a badly broken nose. The bridge was smashed almost flat with the face, and I saw at once that the case would need very careful handling to prevet great disfigurement. Not to bother you with technical details, I confined myself that night to a superficial dressing and deferred further proceedings until next day. When I called the following morning the young man had quite recovered his senses, and although his clothes were shabby and all his surroundings poor and mean it was evident from his hands, talk and bearing that he had never done any hard work, and was a person of education and refinement. I took him for the black sheep of some good family, but made no comments, and explained briefly that I would try to restore his nose as far as possible by performing a slight operation and inserting an artificial support. To my astonishment he objected flatly, and insisted on letting it heal exactly as it was. 'But you will be frightfully disfigured,' I protested; 'I doubt if your best friends would recognize you.' Strange to say, that assurance seemed to render him only the firmer, and I was compelled to let him have his way. It was nearly three weeks before he was well, and, as I anticipated, he looked exactly like some battered bruiser of the prize ring. I never saw the man again, but six months later I was shown the photograph of a handsome young chap who was badly wanted for a big embezzlement. I put my finger over the nose and recognized my late patient. He had walked aboard ship right under the eyes of the detectives and sailed for the Argentine Republic. They had his photo, but never dreamed of connecting it with the caved-in countenance of that particular passenger." "Did he get somebody to break his nose on purpose?" asked the reporter. "I never ascertained," said the surgeon.

Kansas City Girl's Essay.

A sweet girl graduate in a Kansas town was asked to write an essay on the subject "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy." This is what she wrote:

"I do not care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps, or even in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad I have a good, very good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays about the future woman.

"It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have should he speak of 'dorgs' in my presence, or say he went somewhere. It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. I do not begrudge the time I spent in acquiring it.

"But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can 'lick' anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an eighty-acre farm, and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch.

"And I will agree to cook good dinners for him that wont send him to an early grave, and lavish upon him a whole lot of wholesome affection, and see that his razor hasn't been used to cut broom-wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this, I don't care if I do get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by."

Changing the Russian Calendar.

It is no easy matter to change a calendar. Russia is experiencing this fact. The committee of the St. Petersburg Astronomical Society is having no end of trouble in its efforts to have dropped the excess of eleven days in the Julian method of reckoning so that Russia may come in with the rest of the civilized world under the Gregorian calendar. The people do not want it. They feel as the people did in England when the change was made there a hundred and fifty years ago. They say that the Government is trying to cheat them out of eleven days of life; that to call the first of the month the twelfth is robbing them of just that much time. Then they object to the upsetting of their religious and secular festivals, and say that the days will all be wrong under the proposed change, and that they will lose their effectiveness.

But the change is to be made, and the plan is to use both dates until the people become familiar with the new style. The law will make compulsory the use of both dates on all private and public documents.

A New Thing in Picture Postcards.

One of the strangest examples of the popular craze for picture postcards in Italy has recently been patented. The inventor, Signor Volpini, of Milan, has made a picture postcard with changing colors, somewhat similar to the shot silks worn by women which at different angles reflect different colors. Not only do these colored picture postcards change under varying conditions of the atmosphere, but by their changing foreshadow a change in the weather. It must be something very new in postcards, which, illustrating a pretty scene, will foretell the weather either by a brightening of its color or a darkening over of its sky.

Long and Short Lives.

It seems that clergymen are, on the whole, the longest and medical men the shortest livers. A well-known authority gives the following conclusions on the subject: The average age of clergymen is sixty-five; of merchants, sixty-two; clerks and farmers, sixty-one; military men, fifty-nine; lawyers, fifty-eight; artists, fifty-seven; medical men, fifty-six.

LANGUID

How are the children this spring? Complaining a good deal of headache, can't study as well as usual, easily fall asleep, and are tired all the time? And how is it with yourself? Is your strength slipping away? Do you tremble easily, are your nerves all unstrung, do you feel dull and sleepy, and have you lost all ambition?

That's Spring Poisoning

Nearly every one needs a good spring medicine; a medicine that will remove impurities from the system, strengthen the digestion, and bring back the old force and vigor to the nerves. A perfect Sarsaparilla is just such a medicine: a Sarsaparilla that contains the choicest and most valuable ingredients: a Sarsaparilla accurately and carefully made, and one that experience has shown is perfect in every way.

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"I am perfectly confident that Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Pills have saved my life by taking them every fall and spring. I have kept them in the house for the past twenty years."—EVA N. HART, Buffalo, N. Y., March 29, 1900.

Lavishness of a Young King.

The young king of Spain always insists on having his pockets filled with coppers before going for a drive, and scatters the coins among the many beggars who crowd around his carriage.

Breslau has a paper chimney fifty feet high and perfectly fireproof.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

The native dress of the better class of Japanese of both sexes is a loose wrapper, open at the chest and at the waist confined by a girdle.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The Bank of Netherlands holds $5,000,000 more gold than it held a year ago.

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.

Thirty-six Mormon missionaries are at work in Georgia.

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Warsaw is the center of the watch trade for Russia.

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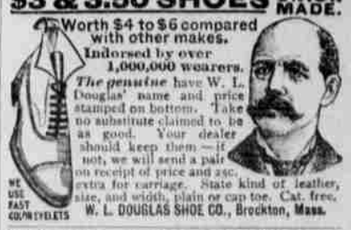

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