

**The Whistling Tree.**  
 The Whistling tree is a tropical or subtropical tree of the West Indies, Cuba and other islands. It possesses a peculiar odor and pods with a split or edge. The wind passing through these causes the sound which gives the tree the name of "whistling tree." In Barbados there is a valley with trees of this character, and the trade winds blow across the valley, creating a constant moaning, deep-toned sound heard from it. A species of which grows very abundantly in the Sudan, is also called the whistling tree by the natives.

**Among the Pany Japs.**  
 The Japanese are getting anxious about their physique, which is deteriorating so much that time become a land of desolation. The military authorities discovered that their men cannot stand the ordinary rifle because it is too heavy for them and have been compelled to arm them with short firearms. Recent inquiries have shown that the statures among the worst developed nations of humanity on the face of the earth, the finished product of the Japanese university generally present the appearance of a puny, sickly, degenerate youth.

**The Price.**  
 The great chief granted the great chief to have come to set up their law on the land and to take possession of the hills and the valleys and the land that had been ours. But the chief had paid a price that was staggering. Then taking the contents of which he had the lands of his tribe, he led the bottom toward the planet and was satisfied.

**Donation Allowance in Canada.**  
 According to the public accounts of the Dominion of Canada for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, the sum of \$1,847,447 was paid out by the Dominion government for the purpose of superannuation allowances to civil servants and others during the years 1896-1898.

**Ladies Can Wear Shoes.**  
 Ladies smaller after using Allen's Foot-power for the feet. It makes tight shoes easy, cures swollen, hot, itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Trial package FREE by mail. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Best Prescription for Chills.**  
 There is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL CURE in every household. It is the best medicine for chills, malarial fever, and ague. No cure—no pay. Price 50c. Sold by all druggists.

**Best of all druggists.**  
 The year 1898-99, vessels of 34,000 tons entered and cleared Chinese ports. Of these vessels, 745 of 239,150 tons were American.

**What Is Now Making of India One Vast Charnel House.**  
 The famine area in India is about 250,000 square miles, and extends over the central, south and northwestern provinces, says Leslie's Weekly. No pen could describe its awful horrors. Some of the things proved by photography are too realistically horrible to be reproduced in any publication, and we print only a few of the less frightful photographs taken by the missionaries, because many have not believed that such an awful condition could exist in this century of plenty and prosperity. Emaciated beyond belief, the starving natives crawl to the house of the nearest sahib, usually a missionary, to crave food; but 60,000 mouths have to be fed fifteen dollars a year will feed a Hindu, yet even this pitiable allowance is not to be had. The cause of the famine are the failure of the crops, the refusal of the government to allow their hunting jungles to be converted into fertile agricultural regions, and the mysterious disappearance of a special famine fund of \$100,000,000, collected by the government after the famine of 1877. The Hindu is a strict vegetarian. The low-caste Hindu is a fatalist. So, when famine stalks abroad the Hindu submits uncomplainingly. Day by day he will subsist on less food, until at last, when a mere shadow, he will drag his bony self to a relief station. There he may get food—or he may not. If not, he crouches in some corner, or out in the fields, under God's trees, and awaits the coming of death. The majority of the victims are women and children.

**They Used Him.**  
 "Spare me!" cried the captive, "and I will be your slave for life. I am a cook by trade, and can make any dish you desire." "Well," replied the cannibal king, "you look as if you would make a good hash. I think we can use you." This reply, somewhat ambiguous, left the captive in doubt, but alas! not for long.—Philadelphia Press.

**Constipation.**  
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"Ayer's Pills have done me and my family great good. They are like a true friend in trouble. There is nothing else to them for sick headache and biliousness."—Mrs. JULIA BROWN, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 5, 1899.

**Has Five Knighthoods.**  
 Sir George White, who has been made a G. C. V. O., has now no fewer than five knighthoods. He is Sir George White, G. C. B., K. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E., G. C. V. O. Only two other British subjects, not of the blood royal, have five knighthoods. They are the marquis of Dufferin and Lord Roberts, and they have but four each, without their K. P.s. Among commoners, who cannot be K. P.s, Sir George White stands alone. Indeed, he is the only commoner with more than three knighthoods.

**A BRAVE BIRD.**  
 True Courage Not Incapacitate with Nervousness.  
 I suppose a bird is the bravest creature that lives, in spite of its natural timidity. From which we may learn that true courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and that heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it. Who does not remember the first time he ever ran across a hen partridge with her brood, as he was strolling through the woods in June? How splendidly the old bird fretted herself in her efforts to defend and save her young! Smaller birds are no less daring. One evening last summer I was walking up the Ristigouche from Camp Harmony to Mowett's Rock, where my canoe was waiting for me, to fish for salmon. As I stepped out from a thicket on to the shingly bank of the river a spotted sandpiper teetered along before me, followed by three young ones. Frightened at first, the mother flew out a few feet over the water. But the piperlings could not fly, having no feathers, and they crept under a crooked log. I rolled the log over very gently and took one of the cowering creatures into my hand—a tiny, palpitating scrap of life, covered with soft gray down, and peeping shrilly, like a Lilliputian chicken. And now the mother was transformed. Her fear was changed into fury. She was a bully, a fighter, an Amazon in feathers. She flew at me with loud cries, dashing herself almost into my face. I was a tyrant, a robber, a kidnaper, and she called heaven to witness that she would never give up her offspring without a struggle. Then she changed her tactics and appealed to my baser passions. She fell to the ground and fluttered around me as if her wing were broken. "Look!" she seemed to say. "I am bigger than that poor little bird. If you must eat something, eat me! My wing is lame. I can't fly. You can easily catch me. Let that little bird go!" And so I did, and the whole family disappeared in the bushes as if by magic. I wondered whether the mother was saying to herself, after the manner of her sex, that men are stupid things, after all, and no match for the cleverness of a female who stoops to deception in a righteous cause.—Dr. Henry Van Dyle.

**AWFUL FAMINE**  
 That Is Now Making of India One Vast Charnel Pen.  
 The famine area in India is about 250,000 square miles, and extends over the central, south and northwestern provinces, says Leslie's Weekly. No pen could describe its awful horrors. Some of the things proved by photography are too realistically horrible to be reproduced in any publication, and we print only a few of the less frightful photographs taken by the missionaries, because many have not believed that such an awful condition could exist in this century of plenty and prosperity. Emaciated beyond belief, the starving natives crawl to the house of the nearest sahib, usually a missionary, to crave food; but 60,000 mouths have to be fed fifteen dollars a year will feed a Hindu, yet even this pitiable allowance is not to be had. The cause of the famine are the failure of the crops, the refusal of the government to allow their hunting jungles to be converted into fertile agricultural regions, and the mysterious disappearance of a special famine fund of \$100,000,000, collected by the government after the famine of 1877. The Hindu is a strict vegetarian. The low-caste Hindu is a fatalist. So, when famine stalks abroad the Hindu submits uncomplainingly. Day by day he will subsist on less food, until at last, when a mere shadow, he will drag his bony self to a relief station. There he may get food—or he may not. If not, he crouches in some corner, or out in the fields, under God's trees, and awaits the coming of death. The majority of the victims are women and children.

**REV. DR. TALMAGE.**  
**THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.**  
 Subject: Practical Charity—The Benevolence of Dorcas Extolled—Her Work Contrasted With Present Day Methods—Woman God's Handmaiden.  
 (Copyright 1898.)  
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 27.—Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in Northern Italy, has forwarded the following report of a sermon in which he utters helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and who seek how such work will be crowned at the last. The text is, 30, "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."  
 Joppa is a most absorbing city of the Orient. Into her harbor once floated the raft of Lebanon cedar from which the temple of Jerusalem was built, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this spot by Dorcas, a widow of an Israelite, who embroidered her name ineffably into the beneficence of the world. I saw her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured article to suit the best of their need, she lifts woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one; she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingled prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street she hears the cry, "Dorcas is coming." The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them, and as she goes out the lane eyes half put out with sin they think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her path. "Dorcas is coming," say the poor, and she climbs the hill and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell her of her charity, and she goes to another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas brought the oil. In another place a family that had not been in table for many weeks are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.  
 But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day." Where is Dorcas? And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" The sickening washing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactress. Alas, for Joppa there is weeping, weeping, that voice which once brought so many cheerful words is hushed, that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had shined brightly in the night of adversity is dimmed by the blinding mist that goes up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm, wherever there is a blind man and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes, and the wailing lamentations as they cry, "Dorcas is dead!"  
 They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place stopping with a stranger of the name of Ananias. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead. What demonstration of grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people who were clothed in garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He kneels and prays, and the excited crowd, so he orders that the whole room be cleared. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a dead body! The apostle kneels on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrecter of the dead, he arises! "There is a stir in the fountain of life, the heart flutters, the nerves thrill, the cheek flushes, the eye opens, she sits up."  
 We see in this subject Dorcas, the disciple, Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the resurrected.  
 If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needlessness of this woman, I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you in the name of God and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day. O woman, that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being a good wife, a good mother, a good neighbor, a good citizen. When the trumpet shall sound there will be an uproar and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amid the rising of the dead and amid the boiling of volder sea and amid the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ—calm notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the giddings of an autumnal sunset, as though the awful voices of the sky were but group of friends hurrying through a gateway at even time with laughter and shouting. "Dorcas the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

**Leading Political Economist.**  
 Professor de Gustav Schmoller, whose declaration that Brazil must soon become a great state under German influence, has been the rector of the University of Berlin since 1897. He is one of the foremost political economists of Europe, and for years has lectured in German universities on political science, economics and history. Professor Schmoller was born at Heilbronn in 1838, and studied in the University of Wurtemberg. In 1864 he was called to a chair in Halle, and from 1865 to 1872 he was dean of the University of Strassburg. In 1882 Prof. Schmoller was transferred to Berlin as professor of history of political science. His opinions upon national matters are of great weight.  
 A Large Legacy.  
 A legacy of five million francs has been left to Paris by Mlle. Marie-Anne Genevieve Tanles. The money has to be divided between three charities—an orphanage, an architectural drawing school and the rest for the development of any private or public work at the discretion of the municipal council.

**Constipation.**  
 You cannot possibly enjoy good health unless you have at least one free movement of the bowels each day. When this is not the case, the poisonous products are absorbed into the system, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, vomiting, dyspepsia, indigestion.

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**FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.**  
**The Best Prescription is Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.**  
**The Formula Is Plainly Printed on Every Bottle, So That the People May Know Just What They Are Taking.**  
 Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called "Tasteless" chill tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

**OVARIAN TROUBLES.**  
 Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Them—Two Letters from Women.  
 "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained me and was so swollen and sore that I could not walk. The doctor told my husband I would have to undergo an operation. This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the swelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to see me so much better."—MRS. MARY SMITH, Arlington, Iowa.  
 "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was sick for two years with falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bloated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not straighten up or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. I took six bottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am a well woman."—MRS. ELISE BRYAN, Otisville, Mich.

**WILLS FILL—BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE.**  
 For only 10 Cents we will send to any P. O. address, in 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 H. B. Williams Medicine Company, 23 Williams Street, Lowell, Mass., or Branch Office, 120 Indiana Ave., Washington, D. C.  
**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY!** gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials, 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. B. GREEN'S HOME, Box 3, ANANDA, IN.

**PISO'S CURE FOR DROPSY**  
 BEST FOR ALL CASES OF DROPSY  
 Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
 Consumption  
 Afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

**CONSTIPATED OLD AGE**  
 Means misery on the eve of life. Nine out of ten old people are constipated because the muscles of their intestines have become weak, worn out and flabby. Constipation is the curse of old age, causes bile and acid poisons to remain in the blood, making the skin yellow and wrinkled, the eyes bleary and causing the "bones to ache." Keep the bowels strong, healthy and regular and old age loses all its terrors and weaknesses. No reason why grandpa and grandma shouldn't have bright eyes, and clear ruddy skin and feel lively and active, if they will only keep their bowels open and vigorous with **CASCARETS CANDY CATHARTIC**, the greatest bowel tonic ever heard of. Try them to-day—a 10c box—and find that the tortures of constipated old age are PREVENTED BY **Cascarets** CANDY CATHARTIC BEST FOR THE BOWELS ALL DRUGGISTS

**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 these 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,**  
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**JUST THE BOOK YOU WANT**  
 CONDENSED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, so it treats upon about every subject under the sun. It contains 500 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 if you will refer to the book, you will find out what you want to know. This book is a rich mine of valuable information, presented in an interesting manner, and is worth to any one many times its 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.**

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