



PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The man who pardons easily courts injury.

To see what is right and not to do it, is want of courage.

Affliction teaches a wicked man to pray; prosperity never.

The superior man has dignified ease without pride; the mean man has pride without dignified ease.

See what a man does, mark his motive, examine in what he rests; how can a man conceal his character?

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it, and when you do not know it—this is knowledge.

What is the good of being ready with the tongue? They who meet men with smartness of speech for the most part procure themselves hatred.

Teach more self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

A moral young man's characteristics are honesty of speech, respectability of carriage, industry of mind and consideration for others. With these a young man is as "model" as it is given for an earthly being to be.

The most vindictive people are those who have brought upon themselves the injury of which they complain. A drunkard who has exhausted the patience of his relatives during long years of indulgence, instead of remembering their innumerable kindnesses, turns upon them when they put him under restraint.

CATS IN COLD STORAGE.

Six Months in a Low Temperature Made a Change in Their Appearance.

The effect of cold upon the capillary properties of certain animals was strikingly illustrated in New York some time ago. A warehouse man on Jane street was annoyed by the ravages of hordes of mice. He had little trouble in the main part of his building where a couple of well-trained cats kept the place tolerably free from the pests, but in the cold-storage portion the mice held full sway.

They nibbled into packages and boxes, and destroyed such quantities of fruits that heroic measures were necessary. It seemed rather a cruel experiment, but the nuisance became so unbearable that he decided at last to install a cat in the cold-storage warehouse. Provision to a certain extent was made for her comfort, and she was left to her own devices and the mice.

Pussy seemed to flourish, notwithstanding the cold, and in the course of about a week became the mother of a fine litter of six kittens. After a time three of the latter were removed, but the old cat and her remaining progeny were left in their arctic quarters. When allowed out it was noticed that she grew weak and listless. She tottered about in an aimless way, as though all energy and interest in life were lost. As soon, however, as she was returned to her cold quarters, she recovered her vigor and became as bright and active as usual.

A curious feature was soon observed in the kittens. They grew to an immense size, their coats became long and shaggy, and the fur much coarser than that of an ordinary cat; it had also a peculiar tendency to curl. The feelers, or whiskers, too, grew to nearly double length, so that when they were placed beside the members of their own immediate family the difference was so marked that they might have easily passed for an entirely different breed.

The change took place within three months, giving a curious example of how suddenly and completely nature will adapt itself to the exigencies of climate with the young.—Washington Star.

A Four-footed Policeman.

Joe belonged to a firm in Leith; but he resolved to be a policeman. He was sent back several times to his owners, but returned so persistently to the force that finally he was allowed to join them. He had no ambition to rise in his profession. The sergeants treated him well, but he took little notice of them. He ordained to go on duty with constables only, and his particular beat was the east end of Princes street, with an occasional inspection of Rose street. He walked at a measured dignified pace, or ensconced himself at the base of an island lamp-post opposite the Register House, watching and observant. Like Spot at Waverley, bustle and noise pleased him. His tail was run over by a lorry once, and when any of his bluecoated friends inquired about it he rose to show them the injured point. People in civilian dress he did not encourage to speak to him. Tramway inspectors or postmen he permitted to commend him, but the constables alone were allowed to pat him. He never shirked his self-imposed work; for it was not only when the sun shone he acted as official watchdog.

In foul or fair weather Joe was on duty superintending the regulation of traffic or parading his beat. He fared sumptuously, for the neighboring hotels kept their scraps for him. He was given a collar and a coat, and for six years he was in the force; but walking along Princes streets in August, 1897, he fell dead at the heels of his biped comrade-guardian of the peace. He is buried near to the scene of his constant though unpaid labor in St. Andrew Square Gardens. Joe, having placed himself under the eye of the law, could afford to wink at the tax collector.—Chambers's Journal.

HER PRECIOUS LITTLE PURSE.

Not much gold did she disburse. Yet well she spent each golden minute. She had a precious little purse. And there was precious little in it. That was before she started out. She meant to shop; her means were ample. When she got back that purse was stout. For it was stuffed with many a sample. —Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS.

"Pa, why do they call it 'cold cash'?" "Because people have a habit of freezing to it, I guess."

"My wife," boasted the happy young Benedict, "is an open book to me." "Mine, too," declared the old married man. "I can't shut her up."

Ameicus—So you have another baby at your house. What is he like? Eminent Critic—Well, he is not very interesting, but he is mighty convincing.

"Didn't the quiet in the country become monotonous to you?" "Quiet? We had to turn out about seven times every night and chase cows off the porch."

"I wonder why they don't name one of the new ships the Mayflower?" "What for?" "Why, so that future generations can say their ancestors came over on it."

"Little Jim, how can you rush around and play so hard in hot weather?" "Aw, ma, 'tain't hot at all; me an' Tommy Tibbs has bin a-playin' camp-out in a blizzard."

The meanest man you to date is Snitkins. He sold Jones a half interest in a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that Jones owned the front end.

Nodd—Are you going to take your servants with you camping out? Todd —If I can get them to. I want to get even with them for all the discomforts they have caused me.

She—Of course, you have heard of the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's play? Cholly—Aw—yes—aw—the idea is that Shakespeare was Bacon's nom de plume, is it not?

"Now," said the new reporter, handing in his copy, "what shall I write about?" "I think," said the editor, after glancing at the stuff, you had better right about face, march!"

Miss Johnson—Did he take it hard when you refused him? Miss Jackson—You bet he took it hard! He started a row an' I hit him with a flat-iron, a stove-lifter an' a rollin'-pin.

"You've given up swimming, haven't you?" "Yes, I don't mean to cultivate a talent that put me in a position some time where the drowning fellow who can't swim will be sure to drag me under."

"Pa, why do they formally notify a man that he is nominated for president?" "Well, mainly, I think, so that he can't get up after he fails to be elected in November and vow he wasn't in politics at all."

She (after discharging the new servant)—I wonder why they call the place where these girls come from an "intelligence office?" There doesn't seem to be any there. He—There must be some there, for none ever comes out of it.

Stox—Do you believe in women having the same rights as men? Sluggs—Yes, I do. There was one stood in front of where I sat in a car today and tramped all over my feet, and if she'd been a man I would have hit her one, sure.

"You told me to come and begin work today," said the new boy. "Oh, yes," replied the druggist, "you may begin by catching flies and putting them on these sheets of 'Sure Catch Flypaper,' we're displaying in the window."

"Well that's great." "What's great?" "Our Chinese laundryman has put his prices up on account of the war in China." "How's that?" "Why, he says he has to be paid for the time he waits telling people what he thinks of it."

"The hostess is a lovely woman and she gave us a fine dinner. But why did she seem in such a nervous hurry? Really, it was the swiftest feed I ever sat down to." "Then you didn't know her before she married Bixby?" "No." "She used to be a waitress in a quick service dairy lunch."

Observing the manager of the drug department, the woman accosted him. In a spirit of badinage, "I have kleptomaniac," she said. "What would you advise me to take?" "The elevator, by all means," said the manager wittily. "And not something just as good?" exclaimed the woman affecting great surprise.

Where Women Are Never Imprisoned.

Austria is the one country in the world which never puts a woman in prison. Instead of giving a female criminal so many months in jail she is sent, no matter how terrible is her record, to one or other of the convents devoted for the purpose and kept there during the time for which she is sentenced in disguise, for its courtyard stands open all day long, the only bar to egress being a nun who acts as portress, just as in other convents.

France's Fortresses.

France has on the German frontier three first-class fortresses—Belfort, Verdun and Briancon; on the Belgian frontier, Lille, Dunkirk, Arras and Donau; on the Italian, Lyon, Grenoble and Besancon; and on the Atlantic coast, Rochefort, Lorient and Brest.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The mean density of the sun is only about one-fourth that of the earth. This low density is one of the several reasons for believing that the sun's mass is gaseous throughout.

As destroyers of many of our most pestiferous night-flying insects, like mosquitoes, the bat is almost our sole dependence, and, as he is known to hunt insects aloft as well as on the wing, he is also of some value for larvae that do not fly. So says one of the scientists, who also credits the bat with destroying cockling moths.

According to M. Sigriste, of the French Academy of Sciences, the only thoroughly scientific shutter for instantaneous photography consists of a slit moving rapidly across the sensitive plate. But to obtain good results, the space between the plate and the shutter should not exceed one-tenth of a millimetre, and the edges of the slit must be sharp and carefully beveled to exclude reflection.

A remarkable effect of the great hurricane of 1898 in the West India Islands was the complete disappearance from the island of St. Vincent of a species of humming-bird, which, previous to the storm, had been one of the commonest and tamest birds that inhabited the island. Other species of humming-birds, of a larger size, survived the tempest, and are yet to be seen in St. Vincent, but the little bronze-green birds with erected crests, which formerly attracted much admiration, are all gone.

The brilliant "photosphere" of the sun is now held to be a shell of clouds, within the sun's gaseous mass, but at an altitude—or distance from the centre—such that the temperature is low enough for the partial condensation of those substances which are the most intractable to heat. This theory is well illustrated by steam issuing from the nozzle of a tea kettle. Steam is an invisible gas; but as soon as it becomes cooled below a certain point from contact with the outer air it condenses into a visible vapor, forming clouds. The droplets which form the solar clouds are probably mainly of carbon, although condensed to the liquid, or possibly the solid form, they are still hot enough to be intensely incandescent.

Within a few years scientists have paid particular attention to the collection of skulls which bear wounds, and especially the weapon, and in our museums and those of Europe many remarkable and interesting examples are known. In the French cave of the Sorde, which may date back 50,000 years, more or less, a woman's skeleton was found, the skull of which had been beaten in with a flint weapon, a gap and terrible wound showing in the right side. Some attempts have been made at surgery, as pieces of the broken bone had been removed and the wound had begun to heal when death ensued. In the Stone Age caves of France many interesting specimens have been found, pointing to the method of death by these crude but telling weapons.

SOUARI NUTS IN CHICAGO.

Old Products of British Guiana Finding Favor in Our Fruit Markets.

Souria or Su-war-row-nuts from British Guiana made their first appearance in the Chicago market during the last week and promise henceforth to become a regular contribution from South America to the commerce of the North American continent. The Souari nut is very plentiful in parts of British Guiana, but so far as known is not found in any other country on the face of the earth. It is quite palatable, but the shell is of unusual thickness and strength, and for this reason the nuts have never been highly prized by the not over-industrious natives. In Chicago, however, the nut is finding considerable favor and the importations in this direction promise to reach fully as large proportions as those of any other tropical or semi-tropical nut. Its shape and appearance is quite odd. The color is about the same as that of a coconut, but the exterior, instead of being hairy, is hard and warty and the nut is about treble the size of an ordinary Brazil nut after it has been extracted from the "pod" or covering in which it is grown. Imagine a dark colored lady's purse, well filled and cut off squarely with a pair of scissors just above the contents, the upper sides remaining pressed together just as they were when the scissors began cutting them, and you have the nearest approach to the Souari nut. Fully two-thirds of its bulk is shell and considerable power must be exerted to release the kernel. The latter, however, is well worth the extra trouble.

The Souari is classed by botanists as of the Caryocarp nuciferum, or tea family, and is also presumed by them to be indigenous to British Guiana. According to the botanists also it is related to the butternut family, though it resembles its North American relative in nothing except perhaps the color which the latter's covering assumes after it has been darkened by frost and exposure. The name Su-war-row is that by which it is commonly known in South America and is a corruption of the proper name. Coast traders and others familiar with it have known it for years as the South American butternut. This, too, is presumed to have been because of its scientific classification.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"I could not Sew another Stitch to Save my Life."



A gorgeous costume flashed beneath the brilliant lights of a ball room. The queen of society is radiant to-night. The nervous hands of a weak woman have toiled day and night, the weary form and aching head have known no rest, for the dress must be finished in time.

To that queen of society and her dressmaker we would say a word. One through hothouse culture, luxury and social excitement, and the other through the toil of necessity, may some day find their ailments a common cause.

Nervous prostration, excitability, fainting spells, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and strength, all indicate serious trouble, which has been promoted by an over-taxed system.

For the society queen and the dressmaker alike, there is nothing so reliable as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore strength, vigor, and happiness.

Mrs. Lizzie Anderson, 49 Union St., Salem, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you how grateful I am to you for what your medicine has done for me. As each time I suffered everything a woman could. I had inflammation of the ovaries, falling of the womb, and leucorrhoea. At times could not hold a needle to sew. The first dose of your Vegetable Compound helped me so much that I kept on using it. I have now taken six bottles and am well and able to do my work. I also ride a wheel and feel no bad effects from it. I am thankful to the Giver of all good for giving you the wisdom of curing suffering women. I recommend your medicine to every woman troubled with any of these diseases."



Mrs. Sarah Swoder, 103 West St., La Porte, Ind., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It gives me great pleasure to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had been a sufferer for years with female trouble. I could not sew but a few minutes at a time without suffering terribly with my head. My back and kidneys also troubled me all the time. I was advised by a friend to take your medicine. I had no faith in it, but decided to try it. After taking one bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and by the time I had taken six bottles I was cured. There is no other medicine for me. I recommend it to all my friends."

\$5000 REWARD. Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Biblical Customs in Abyssinia.

I have alluded to the survival in Abyssinia of the manners and customs of Bible times, says a correspondent of a London newspaper. You have only to stop at a well to realize the kind of scene at which Rebecca figured. In our conception of the world, it is not a well at all. Sometimes it is a pit in the sand, about 15 feet deep. At the bottom of this is a hole as big as a wash-hand basin, full of water, which has to be ladled out with a mug or coconut shell. The basin keeps on replenishing itself from the springs except in time of drought.

Best For the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has U.G.G. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

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One can will make you a convert. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Write a postal for our free book. "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

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