The Dollar Family.

Pennies five a Half-Dime make.
For a Dime two Half-Dimes take.
Five Half-Dimes—'tis surely so—
To a Quarter quickly grow.
Two of these—I tell you true—
One Half-Dollar give to you.
You shall tell me, little scholar,
How many Halves will make a Dollar!
And to show, my little rhymes
You've not forgot, how many times
One Half-Dollar counts in Dimes!
Yet again, if Quarters two
Make a Half, I'll ask of you,
If I owe a Dollar, yet
How many Quarters pay the debt?
Or if Dimes are needed, tell
Just how many do as well.
Back to Half-Dimes now we come
If you tell me what's the sum
Needed for a Dollar, dear,
My short lesson's ended here!

—Agnes Lewis Mitchell.

How the Lynx Whipped Mr. Dog.

The coon had been out after a chicken for his Sunday dinner, and was almost home again when he met the 'possum, who said:

"I've been waiting for you and want to have a little talk. You know the dog over there at the red farmhouse?"

"Of course I do, and a bad dog he is," replied the coon. "He chased me out of the cornfield at least a dozen times last fall."

"And now he's after me," continued the 'possum, "and I've got so scared of him that I hardly dare move from my home. Can't we fix it to teach him a lesson? If we had the woodchuck to help us the three of us might lick him out of his hide."

"My dear 'possum, neither you nor the woodchuck are fighters, and the dog is too much for me alone. You just hold on for a while, however. A lynx who is a friend of mine, and who once helped me out of a fix, will soon be here to winter in the swamp. When he comes we'll make that dog wish he had never been born."

"Can a lynx whip a dog?" asked the 'possum.

"Can he? Well, I should say so! Why, a lynx can fight like a house afire, and gets in taree bites to a dog's one. Let me tell you a little story. Two years ago this same lynx and I were living over in the big cranberry marsh and having a good time of it. Game was plenty and we were getting fat when a farmer's dog took it into his head to make trouble for me. Every time I went out he got after me, and sometimes I had a close shave of being caught. It was no use to talk or argue with him, and so one day I went to the lynx and told him all about it."

"And what did the lynx say?"

"Why, he was ready to help me at once. He was a big fellow with sharp teeth and claws like carpet tacks, and he was pleased with the idea of having a fight. He told me just what to do, and I did it, and we had lots of fun over it. One night we started out together and reached an old potato field near the house. Then I left the lynx and went on by myself. I had to go quite to the barn before the dog scented me and came after me like a young whirlwind. I ran for the spot where the lynx was hiding, and when we got there the dog wasn't ten feet behind me."

"And the lynx jumped out on the dog, did he?" asked the 'possum.

"You guess he did! Yes, sir, he jumped out with his mouth wide open and caught the dog by the throat, and there was a fight worth seeing. The dog was no coward, but, bless you, the lynx rolled him around as if he was nothing but a rag doll. Pretty soon the dog tried to run away, but I grabbed him by the tail and hung on, and the lynx bit him till his hide was full of holes. That dog would not have got away alive, but the farmer heard the row and came down with a lantern and a club. He drove us away and carried his dog to the house in his arms, and though the dog didn't die, he took good care not to meddle with me again that winter. I used to walk about almost under his nose, but he wouldn't even make faces at me. One night I called him a coward and dared him to come out behind the pigpen and fight me, but he began barking at a polecat and never answered me."

"And you'll get the lynx to do something in my case?" asked the 'possum.

"I certainly will. You just hold on for about two weeks and we'll give that dog such a surprise party that he won't know his ears from his hind feet. I'm sleepy now and want to go to bed, but I sha'n't forget your case. Keep quiet and say nothing, and when the lynx arrives we'll fix up our plan and Mr. Dog will wish he was a last year's lamb."

Hunting for Pearls.

Pearl-diving may be classed among the most perilous occupations known to breadwinners. The simplest accidents bring fatal consequences. The life-line and the air-pipe are the means of fouling, and carelessness on the part of the diver or boatman is always possible. It must be remembered that the boat is not stationary, but drifts with the tide, for an anchor would catch in the heavy coral growths. The diver must keep up with the boat, but is obliged to run from side to side on the rough bottom so that no pearl-bearing shell may escape him. My first accident, says H. Phelps Whitmarsh, who at one time dived for his living off the Australian coast, happened before I had been diving three weeks. I had been working in about ten fathoms of water all the morning, and as my bag was full, I gave the signal to ascend. The life-line tautened. I was lifted from my feet, and drawn upward. When within ten feet of the boat's bottom, I suddenly felt a tightening under my left arm, and my upward progress stopped. Before I realized that anything was wrong, the check, which held the air-pipe under my arm, parted, and I was pulled back head downward. Instantly all the air in the dress went into the legs, which swelled like two immense sausages and held me suspended, heels up. For the first few moments of my surprise and terror, I kicked, struggled and yelled like a madman. The boys pulled with might and main at the life-line round my waist, but my helmet seemed to be anchored to the bottom. After I had kicked myself into a state of exhaustion, I reasoned out the cause of my dilemma. It was evident that the air-pipe was fast below. I began at once to try to make the boys understand that I wanted them to lower me. All my signal shakes and jerks were ineffecual. They held the line taut, and every few moments made a violent effort to pull me in halves. At last, however, they had sense enough to signal for help, and after I had hung betwixt top and bottom for about half an hour, my air-pipe was released and I was pulled up half-dead to the surface.—Youth's Companion.

His Tender Heart.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against the same window and beating against it with his might again and again as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He went at once to the room and opened the window to see. The window open, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest. The poor bird looked at it, took in the situation at a glance and fluttered to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead. Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four little tiny ones—mother and young—all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died and the great man mourned for many a day. At the same time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this little family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of the death.

A Baby Lark's Lesson.

A pretty fancy put into charming words is that of a young lark's flight, told by J. M. Barrie, in Scribner's Magazine:

A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways, a fall of a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby.

"You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap, it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground, on which it was to practice hopping, and it got along beautifully so long as the mother was there every moment, to say, "How wonderful you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly; and the mother tried to do it in vain. She could soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not explain how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after the rain," she said, half-remembering.

"What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly, teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after rain," the mother replied, "then you will know how to sing."

The rain came, and glued the little bird's wings together.

"I shall never be able to fly or sing!" it wailed.

Then, of a sudden, it had to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears, putting a smile into every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; it fluttered from the ground, it did not know why.

"The sun has come out after the rain!" it trilled. "Thank you, sun! Thank you! thank you! O mother! Did you hear me? I can sing!"

Then it floated up, up, calling, "Thank you! thank you! thank you!" to the sun. "O mother, do you see me? I am flying!"

In one of Dean Swift's letters he alludes to the fact that, in his day, the shops of the perfumers in London were lounging places for young noblemen and other fashionable idlers.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

Subject: Christian Heroism—Those Who Bear Scars Won in the Service of Jesus Christ Shall Be Richly Recompensed—God Will Honor Them.

[Copyright 1901.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians vi, 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted, and to their dying day they will have a sacrification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt, but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubesence is emaciation, than balm is vitriol, than noonday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars, ignoble scars.

But Paul in my text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study, and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and maltreatment by mobs. In my text he shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have departed, and right circulation must have been restored, and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh—a cicatrix. Paul did well to show these scars. They were positive and indisputable proofs that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he said; they were his diploma, showing that he had graduated from the school of hardship for Christ; they were credentials proving his right to lead in the world's evangelization.

Men are not ashamed of scars got in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him, "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer, "That was from a sabre cut at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say, "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian, "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer, "I suffered that in the last battle under our glorious Garibaldi." But I remind you of the fact that there are scars not got in war which are just as illustrious. We had in this country years ago an eminent advocate who was called into the Presidential Cabinet as Attorney-General. In midlife he was in a Philadelphia courtroom engaged in an important trial. The attorney on the opposite side of the case got irritated and angry, and in most brutal manner referred to the distinguished attorney's disfigured face, a face more deeply scarred than any face I ever saw. The legal hero of whom I am speaking in his closing argument said: "Gentlemen of the jury, when I was a little child I was playing with my sister in the nursery, and her clothes caught fire, and I ran to her to put out the fire. I succeeded, but I myself took fire, and before it was extinguished my face was awfully burned and as black as the heart of the scoundrelly counsel on the other side of the case who has referred to my misfortune." The eminent attorney of whom I speak carried all his life the honorable scar of his sister's rescue.

A young college student in England found all the artistic world in derisive pursuit of William Turner, the painter. The young graduate took up his pen—in some respects the most brilliant pen that was ever put to paper—and wrote those five great volumes on modern painting, the chief thought of which was his defense of the abused painter.

The heroic author by some was supposed in his old days to be cynical and fault finding, and when I saw him a little while before his death he was in decadence, but I know that over his face and all over his manner were the scars of heroic defense.

In the seventies of his lifetime he was suffering from the wounds and fatigues of the twenties. Long after he had quit the battle with author's pen and painter's pencil he bore the scars of literary martyrdom.

But why do we go so far for illustration when I could take right out of the memories of some whom I address instances just as appropriate? To rear aright for God and heaven a large family of children in that country home was a mighty undertaking. Far away from the village doctor, the garret must contain the herbs for the cure of all kinds of disorders. Through all infantile complaints the children of that family went. They missed nothing in the way of childish disorders. Busy all day was that mother in every form of housework, and twenty times a night called up by the children, all down at the same time with the same contagion. Her hair is white a long while before it is time for snow; her shoulders are bent long before the appropriate time for stooping.

Spectacles are adjusted, some for close by and some for far off, years before you would have supposed her eyes would need re-enforcement. Here and there is a short grave in her pathway, this headstone bearing the name of this child and another headstone bearing the name of another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one.

After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the path turns toward the setting sun. She cannot walk as far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through maternal fidelity, and others are out in this world doing honor to a Christian ancestry.

When her life closes and the neighbors gather for her obsequies, the officiating clergyman may find appropriate words in the last chapter of Proverbs: "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; she is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gate, when he sitteth among the elders in the land; her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Then after the Scripture lesson is read let all come up, and before the casket is closed look for the last time at the scars of her earthly endurance.

She never heard the roll of a gun carriage or saw a banner hoisted upon a parapet, but she has in all the features of that dear old face the marks of many a conflict—scars of toil, scars of maternity, scars of self-sacrifice, scars of bereavement.

She is a heroine whose name has never been heard of ten miles from the old homestead, but her name is inscribed high up among the enthroned immortals.

People think they must look for martyrs on battlefields or go through a history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service.

In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In almost every village of the country you find some broken down State or National official.

There is a woman who has suffered domestic injustice of which there is no cognizance. She says nothing about it. An inquisitor's machine of torture could not wring from her the story of domestic woe. Ever since the day of orange blossoms and long white veil she has done her full duty and received for it harshness and blame and neglect. The marriage ring, that was supposed to be a sign of unending affection, has turned out to be one link of a chain of horrible servitude. A wreath of nettle and nightshade of brightest form would have been a more accurate prophecy. There are those who find it hard to believe that there is such a place as hell, but you could go right out in any community and find more than one hell of domestic torment. There is no escape for that woman but the grave, and that, compared with the life she now lives, will be an arbor of jasmine and of the humming bird's song poured into the ear of the honeysuckle. Scars! If there be none on the brow showing where he struck her arriving home from midnight carousal, nevertheless there are scars all up and down her injured and immortal soul which will be remembered on the day when there shall leap forth for her avengement the live thunderbolts of an incensed God.

When we see a veteran in any land who has lost a limb in battle, our sympathies are stirred; but, oh, how many have in the domestic realm lost their life and yet are denied a pillow of dust on which to slumber! Better enlarge your roll of martyrs; better adopt a new mode of counting human sacrifications. A broken bone is not half as bad as a broken heart.

There are many who can in the same sense that Paul uttered it say, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"—that is, for the sake of Christ and His cause they carry scars which keep their indenture through all time and all eternity. Do you think that Paul was accurate when he said that? If you have studied his career you have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cilician goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the President of which was Gamaliel, an institution which scholars say could not have been very thorough because of what they call Paul's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unhorsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse may have left a mark upon him, I know not, but the mob soon took after him and flogged and imprisoned and maltreated him until he had scars more than long war, been in twenty battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon and swept by musketry, and yet came home without having been once hit and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in heaven do with nothing to show that he had ever been struck by human or diabolic weaponry? How embarrassed and eccentric such a one in such a place! Surely he would want to be excused awhile from the heavenly ranks and be permitted to descend to earth, crying, "Give me another chance to do something worthy of an immortal! Show me some post of danger to be manned, some fortress to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae, like Miltiades at Marathon, like Marlborough at Blenheim, like Godfrey at Jerusalem, like Winkelried at Sempach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others; show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I cannot go back to heaven until somewhere I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eternity thank God for scars.

Some one in heaven will say to Martyr John Rogers, "Where did you get that scar on your foot?" and the answer will come, "Oh, that was a burn I suffered when the flames of martyrdom were kindled beneath me." "Ignatius, what is that mark on your cheek?" "Oh, that was made by the paw of the lion to which I was thrown by the order of Trajan."

Some one will say to Paul, "Great apostle, that must have been a deep cut once—the mark which I see on your neck." And Paul says, "That was made by the sword which struck me at my beheadment on the road to Ostia." But we all have scars of some kind, and those are some of the things we will talk over in the heavenly world while we celebrate the grace that made us triumphant over all antagonism.

Now, what is the practical use of this subject? It is the cultivation of Christian heroics. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be undertaken for God and righteousness. And if we are to get hit what an ado we make about it! We all need more of the stuff that martyrs are made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy recklessness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life. Be right and do right, and all earth and hell combined cannot put you down.

The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battleaxes on splitting helmets: "In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us, for I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work, and if so much as a splinter pierce your flesh cry out louder than many a one torn in auto-da-fe. Many a soldier has gone through a long war, been in twenty battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon and swept by musketry, and yet came home without having been once hit and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in heaven do with nothing to show that he had ever been struck by human or diabolic weaponry? How embarrassed and eccentric such a one in such a place! Surely he would want to be excused awhile from the heavenly ranks and be permitted to descend to earth, crying, "Give me another chance to do something worthy of an immortal! Show me some post of danger to be manned, some fortress to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae, like Miltiades at Marathon, like Marlborough at Blenheim, like Godfrey at Jerusalem, like Winkelried at Sempach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others; show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I cannot go back to heaven until somewhere I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eternity thank God for scars.

THANKFUL TO Mrs. PINKHAM

Letters Proving Positively that there is No Medicine for Woman's Ills Equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

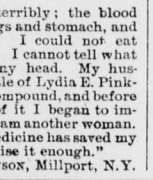
(ALL LETTERS ARE PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.)

"I cannot say enough in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has done me more good than all the doctors. I have been troubled with female weakness in its worst form for about ten years. I had leucorrhoea and was so weak that I could not do my housework.

I also had falling of the womb and inflammation of the womb and ovaries, and at menstrual periods I suffered terribly. At times my back would ache very hard. I could not lift anything or do any heavy work; was not able to stand on my feet long at a time. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for doctors but they did me no good. My husband's sister wrote what the Vegetable Compound had done for her, and wanted me to try it, but I did not then think it would do me any good. After a time, I concluded to try it, and I can truly say it does all that is claimed for it. Ten bottles of the Vegetable Compound and seven packages of Sanative Wash have made a new woman of me, I have had no womb trouble since taking the fifth bottle. I weigh more than I have in years; can do all my own housework, sleep well, have a good appetite, and now feel that life is worth living. I owe all to **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I feel that it has saved my life and would not be without it for anything. I am always glad to recommend it to all my sex, for I know if they will follow Mrs. Pinkham's directions, they will be cured."

Gratefully yours, MRS. ANNIE THOMPSON, South Hot Springs, Ark.

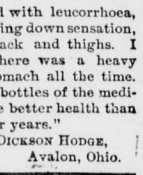
CHANGE OF LIFE.



"I was taken sick five years ago with 'The Grippe,' and had a relapse and was given up by the doctor and my friends. Change of Life began to work on me. I flowed very badly until a year ago, then my stomach and lungs got so bad, I suffered terribly; the blood went up in my lungs and stomach, and I vomited it up. I could not eat scarcely anything. I cannot tell what I suffered with my head. My husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken half of it I began to improve, and to-day I am another woman. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine has saved my life. I cannot praise it enough."

M. A. DENSON, Millport, N.Y.

PROFUSE PERIODS.



"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound about 3 months ago, and cannot express the wonderful good it has done me. Menstruations were so profuse as to leave me very weak for some time after. Was also troubled with leucorrhoea, tired feeling, bearing down sensation, pain across the back and thighs. I felt as though there was a heavy weight in my stomach all the time. I have taken two bottles of the medicine, and now have better health than I have had for four years."

MRS. LIZZIE DICKSON HODGE, Avalon, Ohio.

$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, $5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Safest surest cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

LIBBY'S EXTRACT of BEEF

Made without regard to economy. We use the best beef, get all the essence from it, and concentrate it to the uttermost.

In an ounce of our extract there is all the nutrition of many pounds of beef. To get more nutriment to the ounce is impossible. Few extracts have as much.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells many ways to use beef extract. It gives recipes for lunches and the chafing dish. Send your address for it.

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FREY'S VERMIFUGE

The children's tonic, cures of WORMS. Removes them effectually and without pain. 60 years' record of success. It is *the* remedy for all worm troubles. Entirely vegetable. 25 cts. at druggists, country stores or by mail.

E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15 and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50 cents.

The Best Cure For Headaches.

Headaches are quickly cured by the Garfield Headache Powders. These powders are guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs or narcotics; they are made from simple herbs

The Life Saver of Children

is Hoxsie's Croup Cure in attacks of Croup, Whooping Cough, Diphtheria and Pneumonia. No opium to stupefy. 50 cts.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

The lowest human habitation is said to be that of the coal miners in Bohemia, some of whom make their dwellings at a point over 2,000 feet below the level of the sea.

There are about eight thousand libraries scattered over the United States, including one at Tampa, with books in the Spanish language endowed by Queen Christina of Spain.

A Nerve Tonic.

When tired and weak from over-work or loss of sleep, take Garfield Headache Powders. They are made from herbs and are wonderfully effective in restoring the nerves.

The notes of the Bank of England cost exactly one halfpenny each.

A member of the Indiana Legislature has introduced a bill to deny policemen the privilege of practicing law in the courts of that State. At present anyone of good moral character can practice law in the State if he knows enough, but one member of the Legislature seemingly thinks the line ought to be drawn at policemen.

In excavating a tumulus at the farm of Aarnes, in Norway, a short time ago, a skeleton and weapons were disinterred. Or examination the skeleton was found to be that of a woman entombed with her arms and warlike equipment. This is the first barrow of a valkyria (Scandinavian Amazon or battle-nymph) ever discovered in Norway.

Altogether, about 50,000 American animals have been purchased for the British army in Africa.

Exports of cottonseed oil from the United States in the year ending on June 30 amounted to 46,902,390 gallons, valued at $14,127,538.

In New Jersey it is claimed that the hoboes use churches for resting places. Occupy them at night and vacate them during the day.