Raising Ferns.

It is not generally known that our native ferns can be readily raised from the spores—those little dust-like products that are found in great abundance on the under surface of many fronds. A good method is to fill a pot with any ... den soil, three-fourths ... emaining one-fourth to ... brick broken to about size of peas or beans. This pot can sunk in a vessel of water to about half the depth of the pot. On the ...ken brick spores can then be sown, ...d the vessel placed in a comparatively shady spot. The brick will absorb enough water to be continually moist, while at the same time permitting the air to circulate through the vessel. This combination of moisture and damp air is all that is necessary to have the fern spores germinate freely.—Meehan's Monthly.

Bargains.

"Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the ...

...o; what was it?"

...e said: 'There! Mamma's been ...n' bargains again.'"—Collier's ...ly.

Never Content.

Some people are never content with anything. They will not find exactly what they want even in heaven, if they know some one is there ahead of them. For instance, some are great sufferers from neuralgia. Friends have told them what is best and certain to cure them. Not content with what is said, they suffer on. Pain ravages and devastates the system, and leaves it a barren waste. St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands. Just try it.

A woman's heart is a small affair, but it has upset the biggest men that ever adorned this world.

No Klondike for Me!

Thus says E. Walters, Le Raysville, Pa., who grew (sworn to) 252 bushels Salzer's corn per acre. That means 25,200 bushels on 100 acres at 30c a bushel equals $7,560. That is better than a prospective gold mine. Salzer pays $400 in gold for best name for his 17-inch corn and oats prodigy. You can win. Seed potatoes $1.50 a Bbl. SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CTS. IN STAMPS to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get free their seed catalogue, and 11 farm seed samples, including above corn and oats, surely worth $10, to get a start. A. C. 6

There are people who know what has become of every cent they ever had.

America's Greatest Medicine

Greatest, Because in cases of Dyspepsia it has a ... which just hits ... to the sufferer, ... and strength to the ... other medicine does.

... and Liver Trouble

"... any years I suffered almost con... with dyspepsia complicated with ...omplaint. I tried first one thing ... another and sometimes resorted ...gular medical treatment, but derived ...bstantial benefit. I read about Hood's ...rilla and Pills and concluded to ... a trial, and they effected a per... cure." F. CHOATES, 111 W. Boule... New York, N. Y. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5. Sold by all druggists. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co.'s



Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

..Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup..

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

BATTLE WITH A SNAKE.

A Florida Story Related by the Chicago Chronicle.

Mrs. Byron Brown, who lives over in the West End settlement, five miles from Ocala, Fla., had an exciting set-to with a huge snake the other day that has made her a great reputation as a brave woman. She has a fine lot of poultry. She never gives a chicken away, kills one or sells one, much to the disgust of her husband, who is a practical man, and wants to see some money come in for the big outlay in getting the fowls.

The other day while Mrs. Brown was in the house cooking some eggs for her husband's dinner she heard a terrible commotion in the hen yard. Running out she saw a huge snake devouring one of her pet chickens. She stood struck dumb with horror and pain—she was from Boston—and then her Yankee blood was roused and she determined that the "sarpint" should pay for his meal. Catching up a big stick, she struck at the snake, but missed, and the next moment the snake flew at her. She nimbly jumped aside and it missed her dress by an inch. Turning tail the reptile sought safety in flight. Gliding down by the fence, it sought a big knot hole and started to get out. As its folds disappeared through the hole Mrs. Brown was seized by a brilliant idea. Jumping forward she seized its tail and began pulling back. The snake thrashed vigorously, but couldn't strike back on account of the boards.

Mrs. Brown was struck by another brilliant idea. With an adroitness peculiar to women she tied the snake's tail in a double bow knot. Then slipping a big wedge of wood right behind it she drove a stake through the loops so the snake couldn't get back. Then going up to the other side she sought to kill the reptile. But his angry hiss and threatening look were too much for her. She ran into the house and came out with the eggs that had been boiling all this time, and were sizzling with heat. Getting the reptile excited she threw an egg. The snake struck at it in anger and madly swallowed it. Two or three more followed in rapid succession, the infuriated reptile swallowing every one as it came along. At the fourth one the snake seemed to think it had had enough of this red-hot kind of food and wildly thrashed about trying to get free. Soon one of the eggs came through its under side, having burned its way through the snake's body. Then another and another followed until all were on the ground and a dying snake lay there. Mrs. Brown then waxed brave, and, getting a pine wood knot, pounded the reptile's head into bits. It measured 9 feet 5¼ inches long and was 10 inches around the middle.

She saved the eggs and her husband remarked that day at dinner that she had "allowed the eggs to get pretty hard," whereat Mrs. Brown smiled.

The Attractive Woman.

That superabundant brains and surpassing beauty may but seldom be combined; yet it does not follow that all women of good sense and sharp intellect are necessarily plain.

That bright thoughts enliven the most ordinary face until the reflection of the mind shining out in all its radiance makes one forget that the features are not pure Grecian, and leads us to believe that such a woman is in reality a great beauty.

That the vivacious creature of varying moods and quaint fancies is the one to charm. A man forgets all the type of beauty she may or may not possess so interested does he become in the pleasing study of a mind that renders her face ever winning, irresistible and pleasing, because, like the surface of a lake, there comes a change with every varying emotion.

That the attractive woman should cultivate the mind, for a grace of soul and education of spirit count for more than limpid eyes, a rosebud mouth and a dimpled chin.

That she should be ever teachable, for there is not one iota of lovableness in the man or woman who thinks he or she knows it all.

Echoes.

In a cave in the Pantheon, at Rome, the guide, by striking the flap of his coat, makes a noise equal to a twelve-pound cannon's report. The singularity is noticed, in a lesser degree, in the Mammoth cave in Kentucky. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, in Finland, a cat or dog thrown in will make a screaming echo, lasting some minutes. Fingal's cave, on the isle of Staffa, has also an abnormally developed echo.

The one redeeming feature of a pawnshop is the ticket.

FOR DUTY OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

Lightship No. 69 to Constantly Patrol the Dangerous Diamond Shoals.

From the day that the pioneers from old England settled Jamestown to the present time Hatteras Inlet and Cape Hatteras have been looked upon with superstitious horror by seamen. No point on the Atlantic seaboard is or ever has been as fatal to shipping or the lives of the men who go to sea in ships. The natural dangers arising from sunken reefs and treacherous sands have been augmented by the frequency of fierce storms along that portion of the coast. It has been so customary for vessels to strike heavy weather and heavier seas while passing Hatteras that every shipmaster who must sail by it always prepares for a bad time of it. The authorities have striven for many years to provide some means by which the casualties might be reduced. It looks as if they had finally succeeded. It is the steam lightship, known as No. 69, which will go into commission off Diamond shoal.

Diamond shoal is the graveyard of the seas of the western continent. More hapless vessels have foundered and bee npounded to bits on its reefs than on any other reef in the Atlantic, on the western side. It projects out from Cape Hatteras seven miles into the ocean. Efforts to build stationary lights there have failed. Seventy-five thousand dollars was dropped into the ocean in the effort to sink a caisson there which would withstand the force of the seas. The money is there, but the caisson would not stay sunken. The attempts to build a skeleton house for this dangerous reef have never been deemed practical, and the necessity of putting in a lightship was enforced by the floating off of the caisson. Hence the genesis of this lightship.

No. 69 will be on constant duty at Diamond shoal. She will anchor in still weather and rely on her powerful screw to maintain her position during the gales which sweep her station. She is equipped with exceptionally powerful engines and screw, set up for this express purpose. She is a sister to lightship No. 68, now on duty at Fire Island, in New York harbor. No. 69 will show disappearing lights of 600-candle power from her two stout masts. A fourteen-inch chime whistle will sound in foggy weather, and she will also be provided with a large bell.

A Home-Grown Experience.

A man went into an icehouse to cool off.

An abrupt and impetuous hired man closed and locked the door and went away. The next day was Sunday and the hired man did not come back.

While the man who yearned to cool off waited for the return of the hired man his object was accomplished in a very thorough manner. He cooled off.

The muffled door gave back but echoes to his blows, and his voice could find no place to escape and sound the alarm.

When he grew tired of walking and swinging his arm to keep warm the chunks of ice that were piled around him did not offer a tempting bed. Hunger gnawed at his vitals and refused to be satisfied with diet of raw air. Darkness settled down like a six months' Arctic night, and the only sound which broke the profound stillness was the man who wanted to cool off trying to swear.

The hired man opened the door on Monday morning, and the man who wanted to cool off crawled out more dead than alive.

When his tongue had thawed out he began to abuse the hired man.

"Fool!" retorted the hired man. "Fool, you are a lucky dog and do not know it. Don't waste your time in abusing me, your benefactor, but go and write a book of impressions on Alaska."

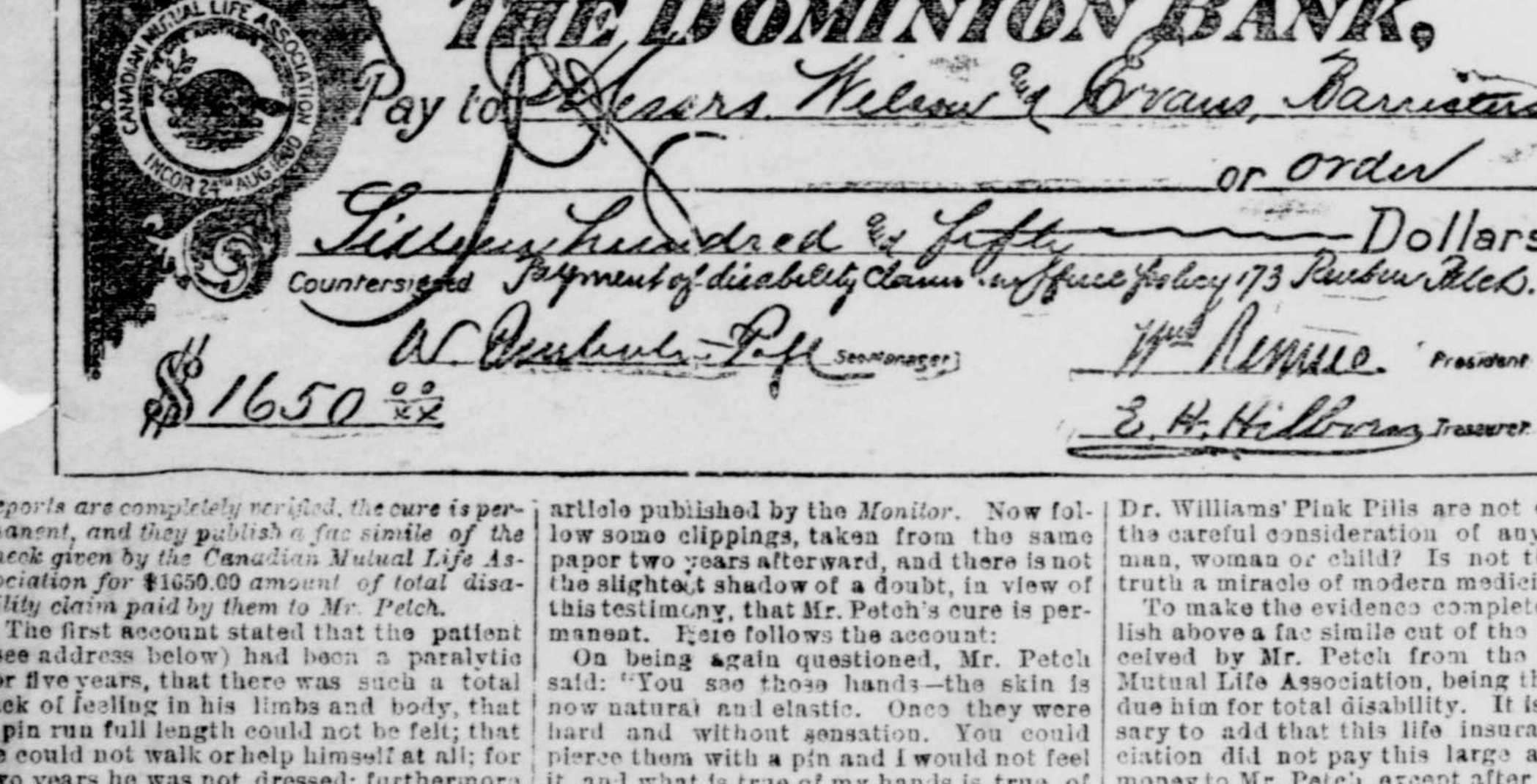
Then the man who wanted to cool off saw that his fortune was made.—Chicago Record.

Italy Jealous of Its Art.

The Italians have a great reverence of their art treasures. They love them better than we do ours, and regard with jealous eyes the secrets of their handicrafts. When the Council of Ten ruled Venice it issued a decree regarding the art of glassmaking. It runs: "If a workman carry his art beyond the limits of his country to the detriment of the republic he shall be desired to return. If he disobey his nearest relatives shall be imprisoned. If, in spite of their imprisonment, he remain obstinate in his wish to live abroad, an emissary shall be told off to kill him." The decree finishes with these considerate words: "After the workman's death his relatives shall be set at liberty."

A Total Disability Claim of $1,650 Paid to a Man who was Afterward Cured.

The *Monitor*, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ont., Canada, first discovered this case two years ago, and published it at length, which now seems, owing to the cure of it, to be a miracle. The facts were so remarkable that many people doubted the truth of them. They said: "It is too remarkable; it cannot possibly be true; the paper is mistaken, and the man, although he may think himself cured, will soon relapse into his former condition," etc., etc. The accusation ... its report called in question, the *Monitor* determined to find out definitely whether the facts were as stated and whether the man would really *stay* cured. They accordingly kept a close watch on the case for *two years* after the first article appeared, and have just now published another article about it in which *the original*



CANADIAN MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION. BRANCH OF THE DOMINION BANK

TORONTO, April 16 1892.

THE DOMINION BANK,

Pay to Messrs. Wilson & Evans, Barristers or order

Sixteen hundred & fifty Dollars

Countersigned Payment of disability claim in full ... policy 173 Reuben Petch.

W. ... Sec-Manager

Wm Rennie President

$1650 00/xx

E. H. Hilborn Treasurer

reports are completely verified, the cure is permanent, and they publish a fac simile of the check given by the Canadian Mutual Life Association for $1650.00 amount of total disability claim paid by them to Mr. Petch.

The first account stated that the patient (see address below) had been a paralytic for five years, that there was such a total lack of feeling in his limbs and body, that a pin run full length could not be felt; that he could not walk or help himself at all; for two years he was not dressed; furthermore that he was bloated, was for that reason almost unrecognizable, and could not get his clothes on. The paralysis was so complete as to affect the face and prevented him from opening his mouth sufficiently wide to take solid food. The doctors called the disease spinal sclerosis, and all said he could not live.

For three years, he lingered in this condition. Then by some friends he was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He took them and there was a slight change. The first thing noted was a tendency to sweat freely. This showed there was some life left in his helpless body. Next came a little feeling in his limbs. This extended, followed by prickling sensations, until at last the blood began to course freely, naturally and vigorously through his body, and the helplessness gave way to returning strength, the ability to walk returned, and *he was restored to his old time health.*

The above is the substance of the first article published by the *Monitor*. Now follow some clippings, taken from the same paper two years afterward, and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of this testimony, that Mr. Petch's cure is permanent. Here follows the account:

On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said: "You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say *there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. Indeed I am in even better health than when I gave you the first interview.*"

"Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the *Monitor*.

"Unquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, as had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. *To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from the living death.* I have since recommended these pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is always in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."

Such is the history of one of the most remarkable cases of modern times. Can any one say, in the face of such testimony, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not entitled to the careful consideration of any suffering man, woman or child? Is not the case in truth a miracle of modern medicine?

To make the evidence complete we publish above a fac simile cut of the check received by Mr. Petch from the Canadian Mutual Life Association, being the amount due him for total disability. It is unnecessary to add that this life insurance association did not pay this large amount of money to Mr. Petch, except after the most careful examination of his condition by their medical experts. They *must* have regarded him as forever incurable.

Mr. Petch's address is as follows, Reuben Petch, Griersville, Ont., Canada.

WEEKLY SERMONS.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's Weekly Discourse.

"The Peace That Passeth All Understanding" is the Title of the Fifteenth Sermon in the New York Herald's Competitive Series—Dr. Talmage on the Maine.

"Seek peace, and pursue it."—Psalm xxxiv., 14.

These words mean that peace is an object worthy of being vigorously sought, even indeed of being hunted after.

1. There is peace which is the opposite of worry. The future is always uncertain. We lay our plans as wisely as we may, but there are innumerable contingencies between them and their realization. We keep asking ourselves, "Have I omitted any important item from my calculations? Have I put my money in good securities, or in an enterprise that after all lacks promise? Is accident or sickness going to befall me? Have I made proper provision for my family or for my own old age?" There are lines of care upon the faces we meet. Even though some people are careless and light hearted, most men know the stern realities of life, and do not cast off cares easily. Life brings its worriments, and where there is worry there cannot be peace.

2. Peace is the opposite of conflict. War desolates a land. Weary marches, fierce battles, horrible carnage on the side of the army and desolation and sorrow in multitudes of homes mark its continuance. Peace means a reunited Nation, business prosperity, intellectual and social advancement, happy homes, rewarded industry—all these good things which we sum under the word "progress." Tumultuous passions rage in some man's breast, envy gnaws or avarice shrivels or anger lacerates or lust burns. What a contrast to such a one the real saint, with the Sabbath morning calm upon his brow and peace like a river in his heart!

3. Peace is the opposite of a disturbed conscience. It is unfortunately true that there are a great many men who are not concerned about their evil doing. It is not peace which is in such souls, but moral stagnation. The pretty uniform testimony of mankind, on the other hand, is that the human heart is not at peace. That men feel themselves to be somehow out of right relations to Diety is the thought that underlies all religions. The great question that comes to the front in heathen lands as well as in Christian is, "How shall a man be just with God?" Until that question is satisfactorily answered there is no peace.

The important, practical question now is, How shall peace be secured?

1. As contrasted with worry, the way of peace is trust. Trust does not imply carelessness or indifference. In our Lord's beautiful discourse His warning in regard to the cares of life is really not "Take no thought," but rather "Be not anxious." "Your heavenly Father," He says, "knoweth that ye have need of all these things." No one is rightly relieved of care in planning or diligence in the work of life, but proper care and reasonable diligence are very different from worry.

This lesson of trust is not always easy to learn, but it can be learned. God is on the throne of the universe. We do not understand His plans, but it is enough that He rules. When we are sure of our pilot we need not question every time He shifts the helm. We cannot see the end from the beginning, but the Father can. It is to be understood that losses and failures, greater or less, will still come into our lives. But they will not interfere with the peace which trust in God brings. It is the peace of the great ocean deeps, even though the tempest rages on the surface. Nor is such peace stolidity; it is not superficial lightness. It is full and true and it possesses the soul. It is deep, pervading, enduring.

2. As contrasted with conflict, peace is to be gained by conquest. It is the battle fought through to victory. It was thus that our nation gained peace in the War of the Revolution. How precarious just now the condition of Europe, with each nation armed to the teeth! It is not a satisfactory peace when war may flame out at any moment. Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right.

In the conflict of passions in the human breast peace can be had only by conquest. A man must be the victor over himself or the evils within him will continue in angry war. The peaceful possession of truth comes only through conflict fought to a finish. We deprecate theological controversies, and some of them indeed are foolish enough. But even theological warfare is better that a calm which is the quiet of death. When the great fundamental religious contentions have been fought through to victory permanent and productive peace will ensue.

3. As contrasted with a disturbed conscience, peace comes through atonement. There will be peace only when man is at one with God. The bringing this to pass is the atonement—through Jesus Christ. The salvation which Jesus brings is not in sin, but from sin. It is a work wrought not so much for the believer as in the believer. It is no artifical process hinging on a legal action. It is something real and vital. It is a new life in the believing heart—the life of God within the man, deep and high and wide as the divine grace and lasting as eternity. This is true peace—peace here on earth, and peace swelling in fuller tide out into the life that lies beyond this.

REV. OLIVER A. KINGSBURY,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, New Hartford, N. Y.

THE DEAD WARSHIP.

Maine Disaster Sent to Show Horrors of War. Dr. Talmage Says.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage spoke of the Maine disaster at the First Presbyterian Church in Washington. His subject was "The Dead Warship," the discourse being on the text James iii., 4—"Behold also the ships."

"The nation is stunned by the destruction of our war steamer. The heart of the world is wrung with sympathy for the wounded and dying, and for the bereft households. The steamship Maine has gone down and been buried in the great cemetery of dead ships. Woe! Woe! Woe! Let one united and universal prayer go up in behalf of the broken-hearted fathers and mothers and wives of those who perished amid the awful calamity. And do not forget the men who are on many seas in naval service.

Star of hope! beam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Star of peace! When winds are mocking
All his toils, he flies to thee.
Save him from the billows rocking
Far, far at sea.

"Just why this destruction of our warship was allowed was at first a mystery; but I think I understand it now. I believe the calamity was allowed in order to teach this nation something of the horror of war, so that we might keep out of it. Have war, and instead of 260 men slain, you will have 10,000 slain, 20,000 slain, and instead of 260 bereft American homes, 10,000, yea 20,000 homes in blackness and darkness. Is it not appropriate, under these circumstances, that I show you the debt this nation owes to our American Navy and speak of the heroism of some of those who have trod the decks, and express to those who may hear, as well as to those who may read these words, our gratitude and appreciation. 'Behold also the ships.'

"If this exclamation was appropriate about eighteen hundred and seventy years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry docks, for the purpose of peace, the Lucania, of the Cunard Line; the Majestic of the White Star Line, and the New York, of the American Line; and warships like the Idaho, Shenandoah, Brooklyn, Indiana, Columbus, Texas; and the scarred veterans of war-shipping, like the Constitution, or the Alliance, or the Constitution, that have swung into navy yards to spend their last days.

"We will not know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it has cost. I recall the unrecited fact that the men of the navy in the past and in the present have run and are running now especial risks. They have not only the human weaponary to contend with, but the tides, the fog, the storm. Not like other ships could they run into a harbor at the approach of an equinox, or a cyclone, or a hurricane, because the harbors were hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, and a fog might overthrow all the plans of wisest Commodore or Admiral, and accident might leave them, not on the land ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea. Everywhere at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as wrecked the Spanish Armada might any day sweep upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks; no digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of retreat. Mightier than all the fortresses of all the coasts is the ocean when it bombards a flotilla.

"In the cemeteries for Federal and Confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those dead are who went down in war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack Tars know that while loving arms might carry the men who fall on the land and bury them with solemn liturgy and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlins into the sea, or went down with all on board under the stroke of a gunboat, there remain the shark and the whale and the endless tossing of the sea, which cannot rest. Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. Cannon ball threatening in front, bombs threatening from the bluffs, torpedoes threatening from beneath, and the ocean with its reputation of 6000 years for shipwreck lying all around. Am I not right in saying it required a special courage for the navy, as it requires a special courage now?

"It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out to sea. Sailors in new rig singing 'A Life on the Ocean Wave, a Home on the Roaring Deep,' the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean, and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But all the poetry has gone out of that ship as it comes out of the engagement, its decks red with blood, wheel house gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors, and destroyed furniture, steering wheel broken, smokestack crushed, a 100-pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders shattered, smoke-blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love ours. O, men who once belonged to the Western squadron, or the Eastern squadron, or the South Atlantic squadron, or the North Atlantic squadron, or the Mississippi squadron, or the Pacific squadron, or the West India squadron, hear our thanks! Take the benediction of our churches. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way we would give you not only a pension, but a home, and a princely wardrobe, and an equipage, and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day.

"It is considered a gallant thing when in the naval fight the flagship, with its blue ensign, goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its Admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders; but I have to tell you, O veterans of the American Navy, if you are as loyal to Christ as you are to the Government, there is a flagship sailing ahead of you of which Christ is the Admiral, and He watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and He leads you toward the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with pain and blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven! With such anticipation, O veterans of the American Navy, I cheer you to bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war times. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nerve of strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity.

But God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock; He remembers the forecastle; He remembers the frozen ropes of January tempest; He remembers the amputation without sufficient anesthetics; He remembers the horrors of that deafening night when forts from both sides belched on you their fury and the heavens glowed with the ascending and descending missiles of death and your ship quaked under the recoil of the 100-pounder while all the gunners, according to command, stood on tiptoe, with mouth wide open, lest the concussion of the ship shatter hearing or brain. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given. God is the best of all paymasters, and for those who do their whole duty to Him the pension awarded is an everlasting heaven.

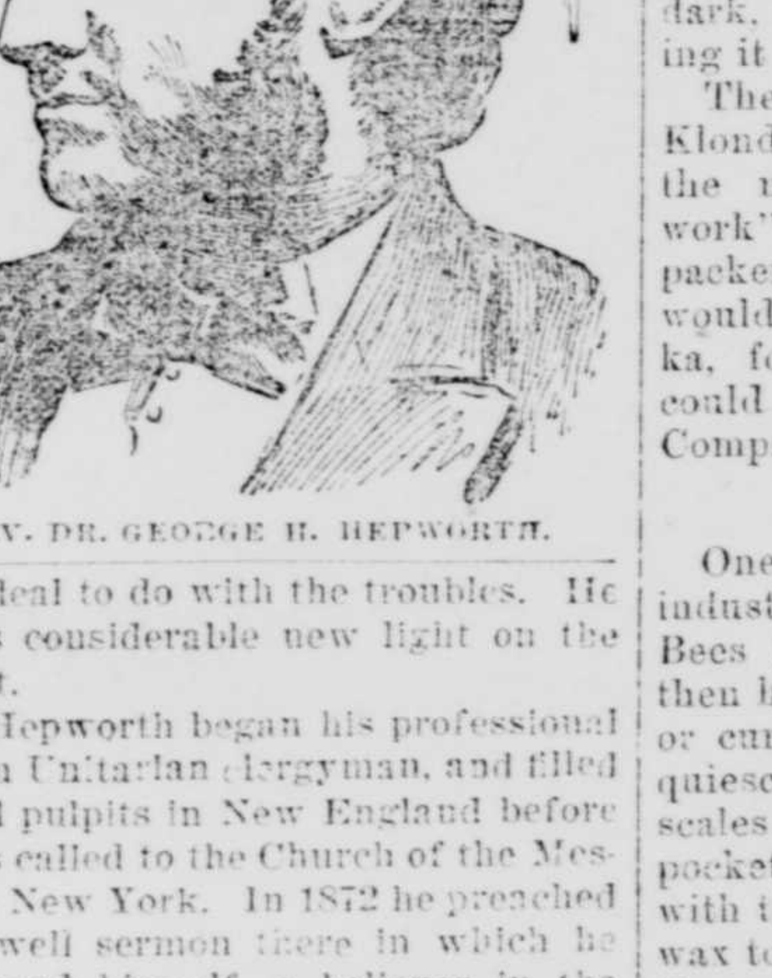
"But will it not be grand when all these scenes of earthly struggle are forever gone? I went down to the seashore very early one morning to see the sun rise over the sea. The night had not yet gathered up all its shadows. Four or five sails against the sky seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. The gloom of the hour and spot was so great I tried to break it by saying aloud: 'Thy will, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path is in the great waters.' It grew lighter. The clouds were hanging in purple clusters along the sky, and as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder fire-wave stood opposite fire-wave, and here a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the Great Jehovah. I threw myself upon the sand and uttered it again: 'Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters.' So will come the morning of the world's deliverance. The darkness will fold its tents and away. The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendors of eternal joy. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, 'turn, My beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.'

And one song employ all nations, and they sing,
Worthy is the lamb that was slain;
And the dwellers on the rock shout to dwellers on the plain,
Till earth rolls the rapturous Hosannah round.

A MINISTER JOURNALIST.

Dr. Hepworth Throws New Light on the Armenian Massacres.

Rev. Dr. George H. Hepworth, the famous New York divine who is in Armenia investigating the Turkish outrages on the Christians there by the Turks, has written several letters to a New York paper giving the results of his investigations. He says that all the blame for the massacres does not lie with the Turk, and that politics had a



REV. DR. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

great deal to do with the troubles. He throws considerable new light on the subject.

Dr. Hepworth began his professional life as a Unitarian clergyman, and filled several pulpits in New England before he was called to the Church of the Messiah in New York. In 1872 he preached a farewell sermon there in which he announced himself a believer in the divinity of Christ. He then joined the Presbyterian faith, and organized a congregation of that creed. His ministry was afterward divided among several charges in New Jersey. In 1887 he resigned from his profession, though not from the church, to devote himself to journalism.

Mr. Holiday—"So you think that you would like to take the position of superintendent of the works? Don't you think it better for you to seek a more humble place at first?" Rollo—"Why, sir, you have told me that there is always plenty of room at the top. Surely, you would not have me crowd the worthy men who are lower down."—Boston Transcript.

Charles Filey lost his way in the evening in a snow storm in a well-settled suburb of Chicago recently. He was found half buried in a snowbank in the morning in time to save his life, but his hands and feet were frozen.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A newly discovered spot on the sun, which is visible just now, is said to be 30,000 miles in diameter.

The sea round any desert island rarely visited by man, and distant from any mainland, always teems with fish.

In Arabia excavation by the wind forms pits over two hundred feet deep, down to the hard stratum on which the sand lies.

The earth derives ninety-nine per cent. of its energy from the sun. Meteoric showers give rise to the greater proportion of the remaining one per cent. The stars also feebly help.

An English medical paper queerly remarks (of one of many like fungi) that the most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffle, because it has neither roots, stem, flowers, leaves nor seeds.

The high temperature of the sun is not maintained by combustion; of this astronomers are sure. If the temperature was maintained in this way the sun would have burnt out long ago. Shrinkage in size is the now accepted theory of the source of the sun's heat and light.

Everybody has noticed the sudden gushes of rain which occur during thunder storms. Professor Cleveland Abbe, the meteorologist, has lately investigated the connection of these rain gushes with the occurrence of lightning, but the question is still left to be decided whether it is the rain which brings about the formation of lightning, or the lightning which causes the gushes of rain. Further information on the subject is desired.

The new rust preventing paint of Dr. B. Kossmann, of Charlottenburg, Germany, is composed of the peroxides of earths of the cerium group. These are incorporated with linseed oil varnish, with a mixture of boric acid and the peroxides. Graphite, lampblack, heavy spar, etc., may be used for coloring. The paint is claimed to fulfill all requirements, having sufficient oxygen to insure hardening of the linseed varnish, with freedom from any metallic base capable of causing rust by setting up an electrical action with iron.

Rumination or cud-chewing in man, according to M. Nattan-Larrier, is not known to be, as has been stated, chiefly found in males. It may be hereditary, and when involuntary is especially prevalent among nervous dyspeptics. It is not associated with special chemical change of saliva or malformation or lesion of stomach or esophagus. When voluntary, it usually occurs in the weak-minded, but in children it may be imitative. Some idiots bring their food up at will for rechewing after retaining it for hours.

Window glass and chimney manufacturers are still experimenting in Allegheny with a device for blowing window glass and lamp chimneys. The progress made has been very encouraging and the experimenters have decided to erect a large tank and keep on developing the new process. The tank will likely be built in New Kensington. Recently at the Allegheny tank a perfect cylinder nine inches in diameter and thirty-seven inches long was made. From the time the blowing of the cylinder was commenced until it was cut up into lights just forty-six minutes were consumed.

"Klondike Freight Cars."

A young man who has charge of a party of gold-seekers on the route to the Klondike sends a full account by letter to a companion in Spokane of the means by which he has been transporting his supplies northward. One of these means was a pack-dog which has been denominated, on account of his importance, a "Klondike freight-car."

"He is not a large dog, either," says the letter writer, "but he will pack seventy-five pounds through the snow after the snow-shoes have made the trail. Dogs that will pack forty or fifty pounds are common.

"The Indians at Madison Creek move everything with dogs. They handled something like a million feet of logs in that way last season. Some of the logs were forty feet long and five feet in diameter. They use no horses in this country in winter. The dogs are fed only at night, and then but half of a dried salmon. The natives live on the same food.

"The priest is the high ruler among them. It was he who caused this year's extra supply of fish to be kept; he told them to put up enough for two years. Now they eat the fish they caught the summer before last. It is not uncommon to see fish piled as high as twenty-five to thirty feet, all dried. It rests on posts set in the ground, and on the top of the posts are kettles to keep mice and squirrels from getting at the fish."

Another Klondike "freight-car" which this expedition came across was a "klootchman," or Indian woman, who did not weigh more than 125 pounds, but who would, nevertheless, carry a barrel of provisions weighing not less than 150 pounds, nailed to a board and the board strapped on her back. With this burden she marched thirty miles between daylight and dark, making camp at night, and keeping it up.

The Americans who have taken the Klondike trail need no convincing that the notion that "an Indian won't work" is a fallacy. But for Indian packers, male and female, no gold would have been brought out of Alaska, for no supplies for the miners could have been taken in.—Youth's Companion.

How Bees-Wax is Made.

One of the most taxing of the bee industries is the making of wax. Bees gorge themselves with honey, then hang themselves up in festoons or curtains to the hive, and remain quiescent for hours; after a time wax scales appear, forced out from the wax pockets. The bees remove these scales with their natural forceps, carry the wax to the mouth, and chew it for a time, thus changing it chemically. Thus it may be seen that wax-making is a great expense to the colony, for it costs not only the time of the workers, but it is estimated that twenty-one pounds of honey are required to make one pound of wax.—The Chautauquan.

The Plea of an Indian.

An educated Arapahoe Indian, speaking recently of the wholesale arraignment of the Indians by the whites, as "lazy and dirty," and that tent life was not conducive to cleanliness; that he himself had often watched white people when they were camping in the summer, and he was positive that after even two weeks of it they emerged far less immaculate than when they went in. "How were your own ancestors of Gaul, Britain or Germany?" said he, warming to his subject. "Think of them and realize that the Indian is not the only dirty, lazy one, even in the United States, and the white people are in advance of the Indian in having soap."—Trenton (N. J.) American.

WHY THE CLUB DISBANDED.

"Seven Solitary Spinsters" All Secretly Planning to Be Married.

When the President of the "Seven Solitary Spinsters" called a meeting of the club to order she announced that she had a bitter declaration to make.

"One of our number," she said, "has proved a renegade. Agnes, our Vice President, has confessed that she is about to become engaged. Now, ladies, what shall we do? Shall we expel her ignominiously, or—"

A chorus of disapproval drowned her voice.

"Make her an honorary member," said the remaining members.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked, amazed. "I believe you are all contemplating mischief of the same kind. Mme. Secretary, please hand me the list of members. Each one will please answer promptly as her name is called."

"Alice Murray," she continued, gazing searchingly at that young person, "are you engaged?"

"Perhaps," was the hesitating reply.

"Estelle Higgins," was the next call, and "yes" came boldly in response.

"No," said Alicia, but so faintly that the suspicions of the President were aroused in full force.

"Are you going to be?" the President questioned again, and "I think so," responded the tortured one.

"Malvina Emerson Stowe," the President's voice had a hard ring by this time and Malvina trembled as she admitted that she, too, was contemplating matrimony. The President made a dramatic pause. Then: "There are seven of us, or rather there were seven of us, and five have admitted their guilt. There remain only the secretary and myself. Miss Secretary, how is it with you? Are you engaged, or are you only going to be?"

"I rather think I'm going to be," said the secretary, softly.

"Then, ladies," the President began, rising with an impressive air, "the only thing to be done is to disband the club. Six of its seven members have unequivocally admitted their intention of deserting, while the seventh member, myself—" again she paused dramatically—"wishes to announce that she is ahead of you all. My wedding cards are already in the engraver's hands, and I am to be married two weeks from Saturday."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A girl never begins to think much of a man until after he has made her mad.

Baby's Sore Head

and chafed skin are quickly cured by Tetterine. Don't let the poor little thing scream itself into spasms when relief is so easy. Every skin trouble from a simple chafe or chap to the worst case of Tetter or Ringworm is cured quickly and surely by Tetterine. At druggists or by mail for 50c. in stamps by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Hope never hurts anyone; it never interferes with duty; it gives courage and clears the judgment.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

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

Some folks enjoy nothing so much as going around talking suspiciously about their neighbors.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

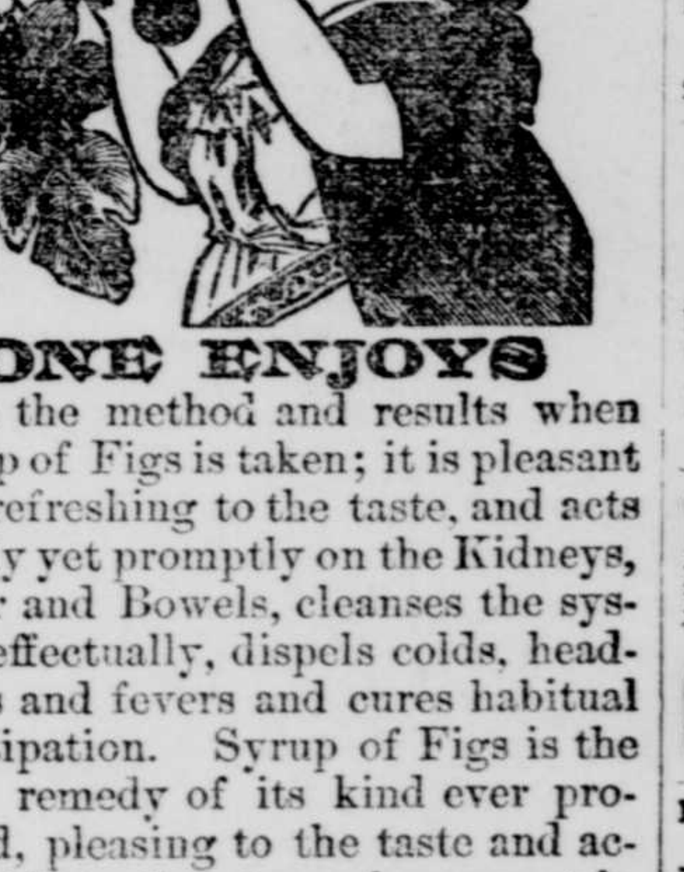
The man who does not work with his heart will accomplish very little with his hands.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

No man is too shiftless to feel a little bit romantic about his marriage.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

There is a great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability.



ONE ENJOYS

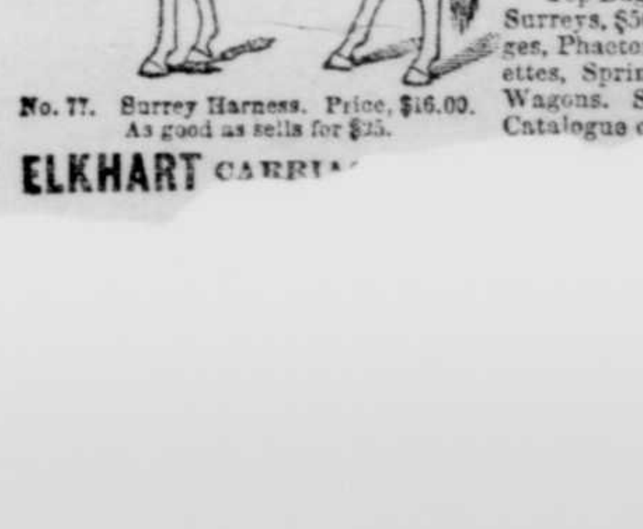
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

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Potash.

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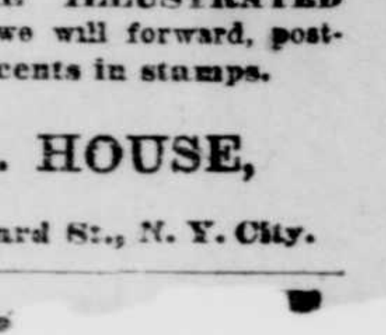
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