Three Good Things.

Three good things about Tetterine, besides the one great, good fact that it cures, are that it is painless, harmless and has no bad odor. It is the only sure cure for Tetter, Ringworm, Eczema. Cures them so they stay cured. No matter how long you have had them, 50 cents gets a box at druggists, or by mail for 50 cents in cash or stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Occupation is the scythe of time.—Napoleon.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quac[illegible]ine. It was prescribed b[illegible] physicians in [illegible] a is a regular pre[illegible] of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Sorrow's best antidote is employment.—Young.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Every man is his own ancester, and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future and he inherits his own past.—H. F. Hedge.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

The softer the road the harder it is to travel.

The harder times are the easier it is to collect a crowd.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The way to be nothing is to do nothing.—Howe.

Blood
is Life
Pure Blood
is Health

Without blood circulating through your veins you could not live. Without pure blood you cannot be well. The healthy action of every organ depends upon the purity and richness of the blood by which it is nourished and sustained. If you have salt rheum, scrofula sores, pimples, boils or any kind of [illegible]mor, your blood is not pure. [illegible] Hood's Sarsaparilla it [illegible]ood pure and promptly [illegible] troubles. In the spring [illegible]oaded with impurities. [illegible] all those unsightly eruptions, that languor and depression, and the danger of serious illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is needed to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood and protect and fortify the system.

[H]ood's Sarsaparilla

[A]merica's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all [dr]uggists. $1; six for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Virtue's Busy Inning.

Albert Rockingham and John Dawson had been boys together. Albert had always gone to Sunday school and obeyed his parents, but John had been a bad boy. He had loved to torture kittens, to destroy birds' nests, and to make little girls cry.

In time they grew to manhood and loved the same woman.

Julia Birdsall worshiped Albert Rockingham, until he was arrested for highway robbery and sentenced for twenty-seven years to the penitentiary. Then her heart turned to stone.

"Julia," he cried, as they were leading him away, "Julia, Julia, I am innocent."

But she gave him the Chilkoot Pass and fainted in the arms of John Dawson, who smiled sardonically and muttered:

"So much, Albert Rockingham, for being a good boy and going to Sunday school!"

Twelve years passed—twelve weary, sorrow-laden years, during which time John Dawson made love to the woman who had promised to be Albert Rockingham's wife, and collected the rents that the falsely accused man ought to have had.

But Nemesis had all along been biding her time, and one day, when John Dawson wasn't looking, she stole up and hit him on the solar plexus.

Two days later Albert Rockingham emerged from prison, weighing seventeen pounds more than he did when he was sentenced.

"Julia!" he cried, when she stepped forward at the depot.

"Albert!" screamed the beautiful girl and their lips met.

Then John Dawson was led away, gritting his teeth and swearing that he was not through yet.

Vain threat! He rotted in a dungeon while Albert and Julia raised a large family and were truly happy.

Thus virtue had triumphed, but, unfortunately, this didn't happen in real life.

It was just a 30c-for-the-best-seat melodrama.—Cleveland Leader.

AIDED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

Mrs. W. E. PAXTON, Youngtown, North Dakota, writes about her struggle to regain health after the birth of her little girl:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of your valuable medicine.

"After the birth of my little girl, three years ago, my health was very poor. I had leucorrhœa badly, and a terrible bearing-down pain which gradually grew worse, until I could do no work. Also had headache nearly all the time, and dizzy feelings. Menstruations were very profuse, appearing every two weeks.

"I took medicine from a good doctor, but it seemed to do no good. I was becoming alarmed over my condition, when I read your advertisement in a paper. I sent at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two-thirds of the bottle I felt so much better that I send for two more. After using three bottles I felt as strong and well as any one.

"I think it is the best medicine for female weakness ever advertised, and recommend it to every lady I meet suffering from this trouble."

Maternity is a wonderful experience and many women approach it wholly unprepared. Childbirth under right conditions need not terrify women.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham is freely offered to all expectant mothers, and her advice is beyond question the most valuable to be obtained. If Mrs. Paxton had written to Mrs. Pinkham before confinement she would have been saved much suffering. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

WEEKLY SERMONS.

AN IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Rev. George H. Hepworth's Sunday Discourse in the New York Herald is Entitled "Heresy"—Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage Preaches on the Evil of Gambling

TEXT: "My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live."—Job, xxvii., 6.

It is very important that your heart or conscience shall not accuse you. Your happiness does not depend on anybody else's conscience or heart, but on your own. God gave you a conscience, with the command that you should follow its behests, and when you get into the other world that conscience will be your judge. In other words, God will not judge you, but you will judge yourself.

It is your conscience that makes you an individual, which spiritually isolates you; and its approval is worth more than the approval of all the world beside. You cannot go far wrong if you always do what you think is right. You may ask advice, but you should decide for yourself what it is best to do, and then do it, whether people blame or praise. If every one were to follow this rule we should have a large difference of opinion among men, but above it all a divine harmony of purpose. When the millennium comes we shall not all think alike, neither shall we allow any one to do our thinking for us, but we shall think for ourselves until thinking changes to conviction. Then we shall follow our convictions as we follow the flag of our country, and hold to them and be true to them, and so win the smile of God.

What you need most of all is to be your best, truest and noblest self. For that end you came into the world, and unless you accomplish that end your life will be essentially a failure and the requirements of the Almighty will stand neglected.

Men may call you heretical, but what men say of you is of no importance in comparison with what God will say. Your business is to be on His side, and to be sure in your heart that He is on your side. If, after that, people agree with you, you may well rejoice, but if they do not, that is their affair and not yours. Your duty is what you think your duty is after the enlightenment or illumination which always comes to him who is in accord with the Holy Spirit of the universe, and thus breathes the atmosphere of the spiritual life. To that duty you should never be false, for it is what makes you a living soul, what forges nobility of character, what opens the door of communication with the other world, what gives you a claim to the assistance of the angels and assures you of the helping hand of the Most High. Not he is religious, in any wide sense, who is merely the shadow of some one else's mind, but he who casts his own shadow, because he is a solid substance on which the sun shines.

This is a very queer world in one respect. We like to be sheep and follow a bell-wether. Even in matters of dress we must needs be told what to wear, and whether it is comely or uncomely we wear it. In the matter of religion there is as much fashion as there is in dress. What the majority believe we try to believe, because it is so easy to go with the majority. If it does not commend itself to our judgment we secretly dissent, but openly approve. This introduces an element of hypocrisy into the Holy of Holies, demoralizes mind and heart, forces from us our self-respect, and deprives us of heavenly recognition and approval. Our vital energy is sapped, our manliness and womanliness are injured, unless we can say of an opinion, I made it myself, and it is therefore mine.

In this matter of belief, of religious belief, you are to search for the truth—God's truth, Christ's truth, eternal truth. You are to dive into the depths of your soul, and what you bring therefrom is to be the foundation on which to build your life and character. The world may say nay or it may say yea, it makes no difference; you are to be governed solely by God's yea and nay as the words are whispered in your ear by Him who reveals Himself to every man, during every day and hour of his life. You may not get at the whole truth—eternity must unfold itself before you can know that; but you will get at that much of truth as will serve your purpose, be it great or small.

Men may tell you to believe this or that—it is nothing. You may believe as others do, or you may not; but if you believe what God shall teach you when you and He are together in the sad and glad experiences which will fall to your lot, then your days will be radiant and you will be at peace.

The only real heresy is the heresy of an evil life. Honest belief is never heresy, but dishonest living is always heresy. To be false to a high ideal, to grovel when you ought to soar, to be entangled in the delusive ambitions of this world when you ought to keep your soul bright and clear and pure, to unmake yourself by immoralities when you should be building for eternity, to be mean when you should be great—these constitute a heresy which is abhorred in heaven. He who lives nobly is no heretic, whether his creed be long or short. He who lives on a low moral level is the true heretic, though his creed be a furlong in length.

I say, therefore, be yourself, and make yourself all you are capable of becoming. High living alone is orthodox, and high living is the result of pure feeling and lofty thinking. If your conscience tells you you are right you have nothing to fear, either here or hereafter.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

DR TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Downward Path of the Gamester Serves as a Subject.

TEXT—"Aceldama, that is to say, the field of blood."—Acts i., 19.

The money that Judas gave for surrendering Christ was used to purchase a graveyard. As the money was blood money, the ground bought by it was called in the Syriac tongue, "Aceldama," meaning "the field of blood." Well, there is one word I want to write to-day over every race course where wagers are staked, and every pool room and every gambling saloon and every table, public or private, where men and women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incardined with the life of innumerable victims—Aceldama.

The gambling spirit, which is at all times a stupendous evil, ever and anon sweeps over the country like an epidemic, prostrating uncounted thousands. There has never been a worse attack than that from which all the villages and towns and cities are now suffering.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said: "No; I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by the evil." At that very time his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in a famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first bookkeeper was losing from $50 to $100 a night. Directly or indirectly this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gambling may differ, but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing of cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling unless stakes are put up; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards, or dice, or billiards, or a tenpin alley. The man who bets on horses, or elections, on battles, the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler.

Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money, or time, or skill, is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Bazars for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you pay for a glass of wine or one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuals," or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest; for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster-cellar or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack, and winks in the unsuspecting traveler—providing free drinks all around—but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings. This sin works ruin, first, by providing an unhealthy stimulant. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right; it is healthful; it is inspiring; it is a desire God-given.

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property, sits at the hazard tables, and takes up in a dice-box the estate won by a father's lifetime sweat, and shakes it and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim, kicking him out, a slavering fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street, where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat, and his embarrassed business.

The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within; and though you bind him with cables, they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times around with chains, they would snap like rusted wire; and though you piled up in his path heaven-high Bibles, tracts and sermons, and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap like a roe over the rocks, on his way to perdition. "Aceldama, the field of blood!"

Notice, also, the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless ploughshares through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices, or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. Home has lost all charms for the gambler. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How drearily the [fire] burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster, fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gamester. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and all endearments are consumed in the fire of his passion. The family Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hands he would cry: "Here goes; one more game, my boys. On this one throw I stake my crown of heaven."

The Church of God has not seemed willing to allow the world to have all the advantage of these games of chance. A church bazaar opens, and toward the close it is found that some of the more valuable articles are unsalable. Forthwith the conductors of the enterprise conclude that they will raffle for some of the valuable articles, and, under pretense of anxiety to make their minister a present or please some popular member of the church, fascinating persons are dispatched through the room, pencil in hand, to "solicit shares," or perhaps each draws for his own advantage, and scores of people go home with their trophies, thinking that it is all right, for Christian women did the embroidery and Christian men did the raffling, and the proceeds went toward a new communion set. But you may depend on it that as far as morality is concerned, you might as well have won by the crack of the billiard ball or the turn of the dice box. Do you wonder that churches are built, lighted, or upholstered by such processes as that come to great financial and spiritual decrepitude? All this I style ecclesiastical gambling. More than one man who is destroyed can say that his first step on the wrong road was when he won something at a church fair.

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company, he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up, just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower, and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clenched fists, and eyes like fireballs that seem starting from their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red-hot upon the heart—or winning—with hysteric laugh—"Ha! ha! I have it!"

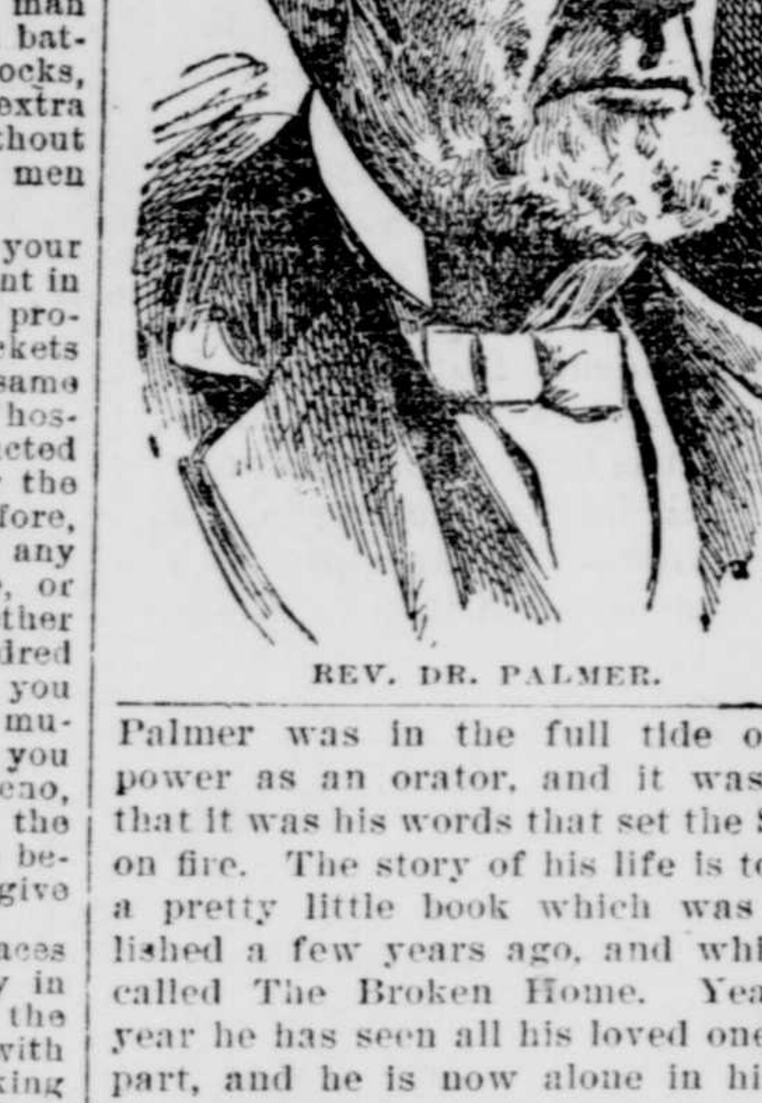
A few years have passed, and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game, ere he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife—the marriage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and, staggering back in exhaustion, he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams fiends with eyes of fire and tongues of flames circle about him with joined hands, to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting: "Hail, brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks, flowing with serpents, crawled into his bosom, and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life's blood, and, coiling around his head, pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous set. Split hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary craft into the Hell-gate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. To a gambler's death-bed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes, his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out for a moment and say: "There goes the old carcass—dead at last;" but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there, for the long, deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or eglantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night, when no stars were out, and the spirit of darkness comes down, horsed on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler.

WIDELY KNOWN PREACHER.

Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, Recently Celebrated His 80th Birthday.

Rev. Dr. Benjamin Morgan Palmer, of New Orleans, who recently celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth, is one of the most widely known and deeply beloved clergymen in the South. He is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, one of the most beautiful of the churches in the Crescent City. For years he has stood at the head of Presbyterianism in the South. Dr. Palmer in his prime was one of the most gifted of the pulpit orators of this country. He won international fame as a preacher, and by many was considered the superior of even Beecher. Just before the war Dr.



REV. DR. PALMER.

Palmer was in the full tide of his power as an orator, and it was said that it was his words that set the South on fire. The story of his life is told in a pretty little book which was published a few years ago, and which is called The Broken Home. Year by year he has seen all his loved ones depart, and he is now alone in his old age.

Dr. Palmer is considered as part of New Orleans. The celebration of his birthday anniversary recently was an affair in which the whole city was interested.

"Say, what's your business?"
"I'm a burglar; what's yours?"
"[illegible] [ma]ke; I'm in the same line."
"Well, come on—let's take something."

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Economical Road Improvement.

A tribute to the superior cheapness of good roads, even when made of dirt, was paid by Captain Browne, one of the delegates to the Virginia Good Roads convention in 1894. In the course of some remarks Captain Browne said:

"The question of good roads comes home to me with great force, for I have in Northampton County good dirt roads to haul over, and in another county bad dirt roads. I put four carts, each one with a mule to it, on the scales, and the loads which were hauled over the Northampton roads average 2466 pounds; in the other county, 800 pounds is the universal load in delivering produce. In Northampton the tax for road purposes is ten cents on the $100, and in the other county, where the roads are bad, it is twenty cents on $100 worth of property. This difference is owing to the adoption of improved methods, which reduce cost and give much advantage."

Captain Browne's description of the road equipment in Northampton may be of interest to Kentucky farmers who are struggling with dirt roads. The county, he said, owned one road grader, plows, carts, hand implements, six mules, one superintendent for the whole county, who employed five laborers and had a tent in which all could shelter. The superintendent was directed to begin the worst roads first and to work in all parts of the county. He began April 16 and by September 30 had made seventeen and one-half miles of good road, though the force had been idle twenty per cent. of the time owing to the lack of teams. The highway made cost only $55.17 a mile, but this could be reduced half by the purchase of four more mules. The monthly expense was $175.75; the extra mules would add $40 a month, but then thirty-five miles could be made in a year. The whole cutfit had cost $1,011.24. The farmers had been very much pleased with the results and would not now adopt a different plan. In time Captain Browne hoped they would get to macadamized roads.

It seems hardly worth while to begin a campaign for better dirt roads when macadamized ones could be secured with a little more effort. Still every upward step counts. Communities which can not undertake expensive improvements might combine this plan of working dirt roads with the one adopted by Augusta County, Virginia. This county was not in debt, and the people there, as in a great many counties in Kentucky, were opposed to any issue of bonds. The Board of Supervisors hit upon a contractor who agreed to build the road and take a certain sum every year. It took nearly a year to build the road, and he received his first payment the next year from the proceeds of a tax levy. The third year he was paid another part and the fourth year all. The county in the meantime had got sixteen miles of badly needed macadam, and the farmers had then been convinced of the benefits of macadamizing and were anxious to continue the work. Many men who had at first refused to contribute to the building of the road then offered to come in and contribute to an extension.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Touching State Aid.

When public highways first began to receive attention their care was delegated to those who lived along them, presumably on the principle that they were chiefly interested in having passable roads. At a later period, as towns and cities grew up, and travel increased over the highways with the development of commerce and the interchange of commodities, the wear and tear became so great that the burden of keeping the main roads in repair was too much to be borne by the inhabitants of the rural districts.

Macaulay alluded to this fifty years ago when he wrote his picturesque account of the condition of England a hundred and fifty years before. Even then the inadequacy and injustice of the plan had become apparent, and it was gradually realized that a change must be made. Macaulay says of this:

"One chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. The peasantry was forced to give gratuitous labor six days in the year. If this was not sufficient, hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by a parochial rate [local tax].

"That a route connecting two great towns, which have a large and thriving trade with each other should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them, is obviously unjust; and this injustice was peculiarly glaring in the case of the great North Road which traversed very poor and thinly inhabited districts, and joined very rich and populous districts. Indeed it was not in the power of the parishes of Huntingdonshire to mend a highway worn by the constant traffic between the West Riding of Yorkshire and London."

This might be mistaken for a reference to American roads and methods of to-day. Every year the tendency to use the public highways for travel and pleasure becomes greater, while their use for business purposes is also steadily increasing. The roads are becoming more and more used for through travel, and the proportion of those who pass over them to those who live along them is becoming greater. To build and maintain suitable highways is an undertaking that involves expenses, and requires resources, such as can only be furnished by the States, and on them devolves responsibility for promoting the work.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The Highways of New Jersey.

Thirty years ago about the first macadam roads in the State were built in Essex County, N. J. The work was gradually extended, and was taken up by Union County, and these two counties laid many miles of stone roads before the system of State aid was inaugurated. At the present time, nearly every county in the State is building macadam roads. The State bears one-third of the expense, but so many applications are now made for a share of the annual appropriation that the $100,000 appropriated will need to be raised to three times that amount if the contemplated roads are to be built.

In 1891 the appropriation was $20,000. In 1893 it was increased to $75,000, but only $20,000 were spent. In 1894 four counties were building roads, and the whole appropriation was used; in 1895 six counties were at work; in 1896 there were eight counties; in 1897 eleven counties, and now nineteen out of the twenty-one counties in the State have made application for their shares.

There are now so many miles of stone roads in the State that it can be traversed in nearly all directions without leaving them. During the past year the expense of building macadam roads was considerably reduced. In order to preserve good roads and improve bad ones, it is proposed to give a rebate of a dollar-and-a-half in taxes for each wheel in habitual use on heavy wagons whose tire is four inches or more in breadth.

Under the law passed last year commissioners have determined the value of some of the toll roads, and if the policy is pursued the State will soon possess nothing but free public highways.

Economy of Broad Tires.

The Missouri Experiment Station (Columbia) recently published an illustrated bulletin describing a series of interesting experiments on the draught of broad and narrow tired wagon wheels. The tests were made with each kind on macadam, gravel and dirt roads and on farm fields in all conditions. The experiments are summarized as follows:

The broad tires pulled materially lighter on the macadam streets and the gravel roads; also on dirt roads in all conditions, except when soft or sloppy on the surface, underlaid by hard roadbed, and when the mud was very deep and sticky. In both these conditions the narrow tires pulled considerably lighter. It should be borne in mind, however, that the roads are in these conditions for a comparatively short period of time, and this at seasons when their use has naturally been reduced to the minimum. The tests on meadows, pastures, stubble land, corn land and ploughed ground in every condition, from dry, hard and firm to very wet and soft, show, without a single exception, a large saving in draft by the use of the broad tires.

The bulk of the hauling done by the farmer is on the farm, in hauling feed from the fields and hauling manure from the barns, etc. The actual tonnage hauled to market is insignificant in comparison with that hauled about on the farm, inasmuch as a large proportion of the products of the average farm is sent to market in the form of live stock or its products.—Farm and Fireside.

System in Road Maintenance.

No one has ever supposed that railroad corporations spend money for the mere sake of spending it, or adopt expensive methods when cheaper ones are better. It must be, then, that there is some pretty substantial reason for dividing their roadbeds into sections, and keeping men constantly employed on each in caring for them. Precisely the same principle applies to ordinary highways; the only way that they can be efficiently maintained is by establishing a similar system, and the more expensive they are to construct, the greater the saving that will thereby be made, and increased efficiency secured.

Good Roads Build Towns.

Three years ago a little farming settlement in New Jersey was intersected by good roads. The location was charming and invited the erection of summer homes. With the advent of good highways, the residents came, and a prosperous village grew up—made possible solely by the construction of hard and durable highways.

A Costly Saddle.

The richly bespangled saddle of the Mexican ranchero has finally been eclipsed, and by an American. The remarkable saddle which has won this distinction for the United States is owned by D. W. Thompson, of Santa Barbara, Cal., and is worth $4000. The silver and gold used in its decoration are alone worth $2500.

While Mr. Thompson's home is in Santa Barbara, he has an extensive ranch in Ventura County, California, and it is here that he makes use of his notable property. The saddle is of typical Mexican patterns, with a high pommel, well-hollowed seat and the most elaborate of trappings.

The saddle is of fine embossed leather, set thick with silver buttons and rosettes; the pommel is encased with silver, the corners of the apron are tipped with it and the stirraps are faced and edged with silver half an inch thick, elaborately chased and carved. The saddle-tree is hung with silver rings to answer the vaquero's requirements.

The girth which secures the saddle in place is woven from horses' manes by native artisans, and is fully eight inches broad. The reins, martingale and whip are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The headstall is covered with fluted silver with large silver rosettes at the side, and an elaborate nose-piece with a silver chain under the jaw. The bridle, reins and accessories weigh over twelve pounds.

Every year Mr. Thompson adds something to the exquisite beauty and value of the saddle, although it has already cost a sum which represents a very comfortable yearly income.—Philadelphia Press.

Afraid of Their Photographs.

The Formosan aborigines regard photography with strong superstition. Toward the close of September last the heir of the chieftain of a certain tribe and several other young men visited the Toseikaku Pacification and Reclamation Office, and in the course of their stay they offered themselves to be photographed. Lately several of those young men appeared at the same office and requested that their portraits should be returned to them, for they heard to their surprise from the elders of the tribe that persons who are photographed are in a similar condition as if their souls had been abstracted, and hence they would be sure to suffer serious illness. The only way to provide against this calamity lay in burning all the photographs. The office people earnestly tried to undeceive the young men, but without effect, and were therefore obliged to give them their photographs.

Poor Support.

When Charles R. Thorne, Jr., was doing utility at the Boston, in the early sixties, he married the daughter of a well-known Boston detective officer named Calder. Afterward he came to California, and did not return to Boston for some years. When he was a leading man, Calder went into the apothecary store of Orlando Tompkins, one of the lessees of the Boston Theatre, and said: "I understand Charley Thorne is coming back to Boston." "Yes," was the reply of Tompkins. "Coming back to support Booth, is he not?" "Yes," was again the answer. "Well," drawled out Calder, "if he does not support Booth any better than he supported my daughter he'll be blamed poor support."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Longest Prayer.

The day of long prayers in public is supposed to have long passed away, but a forty-five minute supplication is reported from Dund[ee] [illegible] In St. John's Established Churc[h] [illegible] recent Sunday Rev. Mr. Nay[illegible] the assistant pastor, prayed fr[illegible] [illegible]0 till 12.05, in spite of the f[illegible] [re]ported, that weary worshipers [illegible] church.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.

From St. Lawrence Plaindealer, Canton, N. Y.

To suffer for years with a prevailing painful ailment, which baffled skillful medical treatment, yet which was cured by a simple household remedy, is the lot which befell Mrs. George L. Rogers, of West Main Street, Canton, N. Y.

"Thirteen years ago," said Mrs. Rogers to a reporter, "I was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism and a complication of diseases. You can judge somewhat of what I endured, when you look at these hands. They were distorted, twisted and swollen. My foot, too, is so much out of shape that the big toe lays across the others, the end touching the little toe.



Goes to Church.

"Notwithstanding I am sixty-five years old, have a pleasant home and other comforts, life to me was far from enjoyable, for all other things pale into insignificance when you are without good health. I tried different doctors and many proprietary remedies, but was not benefited.

"Last March I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and before I had finished the first box I began to feel that they were doing me good. I continued using them and steadily grew better.

"I have used thirteen boxes of the pills and to-day feel better than for the past fifteen years. My appetite is good, I feel bright, cheerful and have a desire to live and enjoy society.

"I have been a member of the Methodist church for many years, but for six years was unable to attend. I am able now to attend the church services regularly and certainly appreciate that privilege. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a wonderful medicine and am confident no other medicine could have effected the wonderful cure they have in my case." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are composed of vegetable remedies that exert a powerful influence in purifying and enriching the blood thus curing many diseases.

A Bitter Word.

A bitter word dropped from our lips against a brother is like a pistol fired amongst mountains. The shart report is caught up and intensified and echoed by rocks and caves till it is like thunder. So an unkind word, in passing from mouth to mouth, receives progressive exaggerations, and snow-ball like increases as it rolls. Scandal-mongers are the persons who tear the bandages from social wounds and prevent their healing. A whisper-word of slander is like that fox with a firebrand tied to its tail, that Sampson sent among the standing corn of the Philistines. It brings destruction into wide areas of peace and love. Evil-speaking is like a freezing wind, seals up the sparkling waters and tender juices of flowers and binds up the hearts of men in uncharitableness and bitterness of spirit, as the earth is bound in the grip of winter.—Catholic Review.

Then He Sighed Again.

Softleigh (sighing)—Ah! Would I were your muff, that I might hold both your fairy-like hands.

Miss Gyett—Oh, wouldn't that be just too lovely for anything. And I've always wanted a monkey muff so much.

Beauty kills time and time kills beauty.

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.

Everyone can master a grief but he who hath it.—Shakespeare.

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

When a man is wrong and won't admit it he always gets angry.—Haliburton.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

There is as much greatness of mind in acknowledging a good turn as in doing it.—Seneca.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The joys we expect are not so bright, nor the troubles so dark as we fancy they will be.—Charles Reade.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to each other.—George Eliot.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

To choose time is to save time, and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

There is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed.—Magoon.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

As riches and favor forsake a man we discovered him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.—Bruyere.

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Ignorance of the Bible.

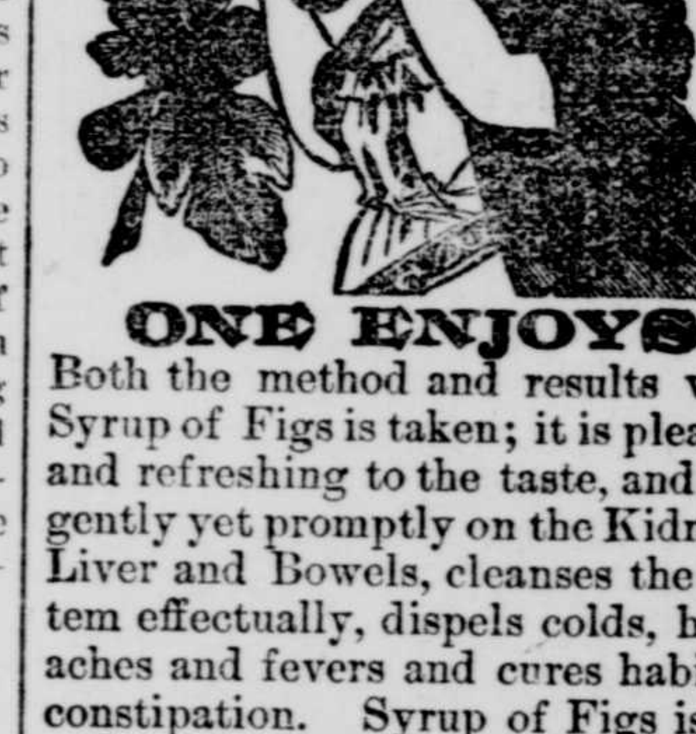
Popular ignorance of the Bible seems to be on the increase. The Watchman, a Baptist paper, published in Boston, says: "A generation is growing up in our Sunday schools which is practically unacquainted with the Bible. Literary men of high standing deplore the popular ignorance of the Scriptures; ministers say they can no longer take it for granted that the simplest Biblical allusions will be understood by some of the members of their congregations, who have spent ten years or more in the Sunday school; the religious press teems with complaints that Christian people do not know their Bibles; the daily papers, during the last two or three years, have repeatedly emphasized the unfamiliarity of the people with the Scriptures; and educational institutions have found it necessary to make special provision for acquainting their pupils with the Bible, deeming it at least a reproach to an educated person to be unfamiliar with the Bible. If any one doubts the extent of popular ignorance of the Bible among the young people, even of Christian families, let him test an average class of boys or girls, and a few questions will convince the most skeptical."

Precocity in Hindoo Children.

A traveler who recently visited India states that he was astonished by the precocity of Hindoo children. Many of them are skillful workmen at an age when other children are learning the alphabet. One of the most expert carvers in wood he saw was a boy of 10, and many of the handsomest and most costly rugs are woven by children not yet in their teens.

Probably the good dye young because early piety makes them prematu[rely] gray.

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