Wrens, Ga.

"Having obtained a box of Tetterine of Hunter & Wright, of Louisville, Ga., which I used on a case of itching piles of five years' standing. I spent $50 for different kinds of remedies and the skill of doctors, all for no good, until I got the Tetterine. I am now well. Accept thanks." Yours, W. R. King.

By mail for 50c. in stamps by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

More than one of God's thoughts are written in every good life.

A Good Dictionary For Two Cents.

A dictionary containing 10,000 of the most useful words in the English language, is published by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. While it contains some advertising, it is a complete dictionary, concise and correct. In compiling this book care has been taken to omit none of those common words whose spelling or exact use occasions at times a momentary difficulty, even to well educated people. The main aim has been to give as much useful information as possible in a limited space. To those who already have a dictionary, this book will commend itself because it is compact, light and convenient; to those who have no dictionary whatever, it will be invaluable. One may be secured by writing to the above concern, mentioning this paper, and enclosing a two-cent stamp.

Duty inquires, "What must I do?" Love asks, "What may I do?"

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There is much of both the lion and the donkey in everybody.

How Are You This Spring?

Tired, nervous?

Can't get rested?

Tortured with boils, humors?

That is not strange. Impurities have been accumulating in your blood during winter and it has become impoverished. This is the experience of most people. Therefore they take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify their blood in spring.

"My daughter was run down and tired while in school, and I have been giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has purified her blood and built her up, and she is now getting well and strong. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla myself with excellent results, and whenever we have any little ailment we resort to this medicine. It keeps me in good health and good spirits, and makes me feel younger. My husband has been taking Hood's Pills, and says he never found any he liked as well." Mrs. Jennie Pfabzgraf, 424 Warren Street, New York, N. Y. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

...atest Medicine. Sold by ...ix for $5. Get only Hood's.

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

I Kissed the Cook.

I kissed the cook—ah me, she was divine!
...heeks peachy, dark brown eyes, lips red
as wine;
...ong apron with a bow,
...cap as white as snow—
...ar too tempting; so, I kissed the cook.

...kissed the cook, this angel from the
skies,
And yet, I did not take her by surprise.
'Twas mean, I will allow,
But if you'll take the vow
To keep it, I'll tell you how I kissed the
cook.

I kissed the cook—poor, helpless little lass,
The chance so good I could not let it pass.
Her hands were in the dough;
She dare not spoil, you know,
My Sunday suit, and so I kissed the cook.

...kissed the cook. I might have been
more strong,
But then I guess it wasn't very wrong.
For, just 'tween you and me,
The cook's my wife, is she,
So I'd a right, you see, to kiss the cook.
—What to Eat.

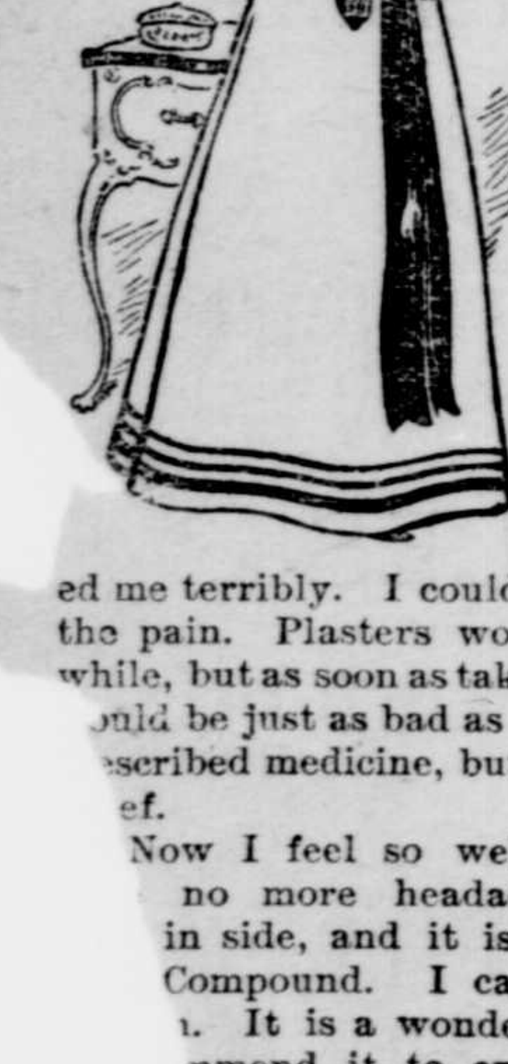
Two Acres Enough in Belgium.

What many an American farmer fails to do on 100 acres, the thrifty Hollander in Belgium easily does on two acres, namely, support a large family and lay by something for a rainy day. He does it by making the most of every inch, by heavy manuring, allowing no waste places. His two acres are surrounded by a ditch of running water. The typical two-acre Belgium farm contains a patch of w... or rye and another of barley; anoth... fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all around on the sloping sides of the ditches with a row of onions just inside, leaving bare walking room between them and the grain. The shade trees round the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce. He keeps pigs and chickens. We refer to this as illustrating the possibilities of land production. In Belgium 6,000,000 people, chiefly farmers, live on a piece of land the size of the State of Maryland. They furnish an object lesson on successful farming.—Colman's Rural World.

TO MRS. PINKHAM

From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Patchogue, New York.

Mrs. Budd, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief:



"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I had such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain ...ould be just as bad as ever. Doctors ...scribed medicine, but it gave me no ...ef.

Now I feel so well and strong, ... no more headaches, and no ... in side, and it is all owing to ... Compound. I cannot praise it ... It is a wonderful medicine. ...mmend it to every woman I

...ND WOMEN WANTED

...VEL for old established house. Per...sition. $40 per month and all ex...GLER & CO., 238 Locust St., Phila.

...S CURE FOR ... WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. ...yrup. Tastes Good. Use ... Sold by druggists. ...TION 25 CTS

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Herding the Sheep"—Prays That His Flock May Listen to the Piping of the Good Shepherd, Bidding Them to Renounce Sin and Ask Pardon.

Text: "The Lord is my shepherd."—Psalms xxiii., 1.

What with post and rail fences and our pride in Southdown, Astrakhan and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is no use now of the old-time shepherd. Such a one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a poet, being out of doors twelve hours a day, and ofttimes waking up in the night on the hills. If the stars or the torrents or the sun or the flowers had anything to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who afterward took his seat in the brilliant circle of Wilson and Lockhart, got his wonderful p...e inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks of Mr. Laidlaw. There is often a sweet poetry in the rugged prose of the Scotch shepherd. One of these Scotch shepherds lost his only son, and he knelt down in prayer and was overheard to say, "O Lord, it has seemed good in Thy providence to take from me the staff of my right hand at the time when to us sand blind mortals I seemed to be most in need of it, and how I shall climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it Thou mayst ken, but I dinna!"

David, the shepherd boy, is watching his father's sheep. They are pasturing on the very hills where afterward a Lamb was born of which you have heard much, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." David, the shepherd boy, was beautiful, brave, musical and poetic. I think he often forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp string that is thrilling through all ages. David the boy was gathering the material for David the poet and David the man. Like other boys, David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree, and when he became a man he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds' nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her, and when he became a man he said, "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunderstorm that frightened the red deer into premature sickness, and when he became a man he said, "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David the boy had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars, and he became a man and wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text, "The Lord is my shepherd."

If God will help me, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds and the shepherd's flocks.

And first the shepherd's plaid. It would be preposterous for a man going out to rough and besoiling work to put on splendid apparel. The potter does not work in velvet; the serving maid does not put on satin while toiling at her duties; the shepherd does not wear a splendid robe in which to go out amid the storms and the rocks and the nettles; he puts on the rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it. I know the old painters represent a halo around the babe Jesus, but I do not suppose that there was any more halo about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas eve in Judæa. Becoming a man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it—one for the neck and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two ragpickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel. No, in the wardrobe of heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power and put on the besoiled and tattered raiment of our humanity. Sometimes he did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a royal coat of arms? No, it is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long way and are not fit to be put upon the sofas on which they are to recline at the meal, and so Jesus washes their feet and gathers them up in the towel to dry them. The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged work, hard work, and Jesus put on the raiment, the plain raiment, of our flesh.

Next I mention the shepherd's crook. This was a rod with a curve at the end, which, when a sheep was going astray, was thrown over its neck, and in that way it was pulled back. When the sheep were not going astray the shepherd would often use it as a sort of crutch, leaning on it, but when the sheep were out of the way the crook was always busy pulling them back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and had it not been for the Shepherd's crook we would have fallen long ago over the precipices.

Here is a man who is making too much money. He is getting very vain. He says: "After awhile I shall be independent of all the world. Oh, my soul, eat, drink and be merry!" Business disaster comes to him. What is God going to do with him? Has God any grudge against him? Oh, no. God is throwing over him the shepherd's crook and pulling him back into better pastures. Here is a man who has always been well. He has never had any sympathy for invalids. He calls them coughing, wheezing nuisances. After awhile sickness comes to him. He does not understand what God is going to do with him. He says, "Is the Lord angry with me?" Oh, no. With the shepherd's crook he has been pulled back into better pastures. Here is a happy household circle. The parent does not realize the truth that these children are only loaned to him, and he forgets from what source came his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon those children and death swoops upon a little one. He says, "Is God angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been for the shepherd's crook. Oh, the mercies of our troubles! You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruits of Christian character we find in the deep shade of trouble.

When I was on the steamer coming across the ocean, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases. I went to him. He put his large, sooty hand on me, took a knife and wrapped the lid of the eye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain and instantly he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life when our spiritual vision is being spoiled and all gentle appliances fail. Then there comes some giant trouble and, black handed, lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys together in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Colonel Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrows together in one regiment of ten companies and put them under Colonel Breakheart. Then I will ask which of these regiments has gained for you the greater spiritual victories. Certainly that under Colonel Breakheart.

There is no animal that struggles more violently than a sheep when you corner it and catch hold of it. Down in the glen I see a group of men around a lost sheep. A plowman comes along and seizes the sheep and tries to pacify it, but it is more frightened than ever. A miller comes along, puts down his grist and caresses the sheep, and it seems as if it would die of fright. After awhile some one breaks through the thicket. He says, "Let me have the poor thing." He comes up and lays his arms around the sheep, and it is immediately quiet. Who is the last man that comes? It is the shepherd. Ah, my friends, be not afraid of the shepherd's crook. It is never used on you save in mercy to pull you back. The hard, cold iceberg of trouble will melt in the warm gulf stream of divine sympathy.

There is one passage I think you misinterpret, "The bruised reed He will not break." Do you know that the shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds? They were very easily bruised, but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one, he would snap the old one and throw it away and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music is gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores. "The bruised reed He will not break."

Next I speak of the shepherds' dogs. They watch the straying sheep and drive them back again. Every shepherd has his dog, from the nomads of the Bible times down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian hills. Our shepherd employs the criticisms and persecutions of the world as his dogs. There are those, you know, whose whole work it is to watch the inconsistencies of Christians and bark at them. If one of God's sheep gets astray, the world howls. With more avidity than a shepherd's dog ever caught a stray sheep by the flanks or lugged it by the ears worldlings seize the Christian astray. It ought to do us good to know that we are thus watched. It ought to put us on our guard. They cannot bite us if we stay near the Shepherd. The sharp knife of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and rosemary the sweeter they smell. The more dogs take after you the quicker you will get to the gate.

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them—sometimes a red mark, sometimes a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark and sometimes a crooked mark. The Lord our Shepherd has a mark for his sheep. It is a red mark, the mark of the cross. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Furthermore, consider the shepherds' pasture grounds. The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep being out of doors perpetually, their wool was better than if they had been kept in the hot atmosphere of the sheep cot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock wherever he would. Nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come, and we stand on sun gilt Sabbaths and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want and bereavement, and we say, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a tuft of succulent promises, green pastures beside still waters, long sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth? It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover top from the very narrowest spot. And so God's sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

Lastly, consider the shepherd's fold. The time of sheep shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered together, and they poured wine and danced for joy. The sheep were put in a place inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The inclosure was called the sheepfold. Good news I have to tell you, in that our Lord the Shepherd has a sheepfold, and those who are gathered in it shall never be struck by the storm, shall never be touched by the jackals of temptation and trouble. It has a high wall—so high that no troubles can get in—so high that the joys cannot get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years ago. Millions of children in heaven. Oh, what a merry heaven it will make! Not many long meter psalms there. They will be in the majority and will run away with our song, carrying it up to a still higher point of ecstasy. Oh, there will be shouting. If children on earth clapped their hands and danced for joy, what will they do when to the gladness of childhood on earth is added the gladness of childhood in heaven?

It is time we got over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planing coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the varnish of a funeral casket. Rather let your religion to-day come out and show you the sheepfold that God has provided for you. Ah, you say, there is a river between this and that. I know it, but that Jordan is only for the sheep washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow white. They follow the great Shepherd. They heard his voice long ago. They are safe now—one fold and one Shepherd.

Alas for those who are finally found outside the inclosure! The night of their sin howls with jackals; they are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills a bear may be looking at it from the thicket.

In June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James' square, London. The prince regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music and banqueting and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned, the party dispersed, lords, ladies and musicians rushed into the street, and in fifteen minutes from the first announcement of the good news the house was emptied of all its guests. Oh, ye who are seated at the banquet of this world or whirling in its gayeties and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the gospel trumpet announcing Christ's victory over sin and death and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance. The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our Commander-in-Chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation! I do not care what metaphor, what comparison you have, bring it to me, that I may use it. Amos shall bring one simile, Isaiah another, John another. Beautiful with pardon. Beautiful with peace. Beautiful with anticipations. Or to return to the pastoral figure of my text, come out of the poor pasturage of this world into the rich fortunes of the Good Shepherd.

The shepherd of old used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To-day my heavenly Shepherd calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept His pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd.

MARKETS

BALTIMORE. 15

GRAIN ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	5 50
High Grade Extra.....			5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red......	95½		99½
CORN—No. 2 White......	35		36
Oats—Southern & Penn...	29¼		33½
RYE—No. 2.........	55½		56
HAY—Choice Timothy..	12 50		13 00
Good to Prime......	12 00		12 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds..	7 50		8 00
Wheat Blocks..........	5 50		6 00
Oat Blocks...........	6 50		7 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3. $		@	95
No. 2..............			65
PEAS—Standards........	1 25		2 00
Seconds..............			70
CORN—Dry Pack........			80
Moist..............			65
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS..........$	9½	@	10
City Cows..............	8¾		9
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks.. $	70	@	75
Sweets..............	2 00		2 50
ONIONS.............	60		65
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	6	@	6¼
Clear ribsides..........	7		7¼
Hams...............	9¾		10
Mess Pork, per bar.....			11 25
LARD—Crude..........			4
Best refined..........			6
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy....$	23	@	24
Under Fine...........	22		23
Creamery Rolls........	23		24
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy...$	9¼	@	9½
N. Y. Flats............	9½		9¾
Skim Cheese..........	5¼		7¼
EGGS.			
EGGS—State..........$	10	@	10½
North Carolina.........	9		9½
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens.......$	8½	@	9
Ducks, per lb..........	10		11
Turkeys...............	10		11
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's..$	1 50	@	2 50
Sound common.........	3 00		4 00
Middling..............	6 00		7 00
Fancy...............	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves......$	4 10	@	4 40
SHEEP..............	3 00		4 75
Hogs...............	4 00		4 15
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT.............$	10	@	11
Raccoon............	40		45
Red Fox............	—		1 00
Skunk Black..........	—		80
Opossum............	22		23
Mink...............	—		80
Otter..............	—		6 00

NEW YORK

FLOUR—Southern.......$	3 60	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red......	103¼		103¾
RYE—Western..........	59½		60
CORN—No. 2...........	35		35⅝
OATS—No. 3...........	30¼		32½
BUTTER—State.........	15		20
EGGS—State...........	10		10½
CHEESE—State.........	7½		7¾

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

The Problem Solved.

"We want good roads," the cyclist cried.
Said the farmer, "So do we;
With you of the wheel and saddle
Do we ruralites agree.
Now, what shall we do to get them?
Here's a plan that's simple, quite—
We men of four wheels, you of two,
Each one claims an equal right
To half the track; that is level,
And each ought to have his share—
A road-bed should be wide enough
For us both, with room to spare;
It should be both hard and solid,
With a gently rounded top;
In short, it should be perfect,
And we'll build it so—but stop!
Such fine highways cost money—
You are asking half the road—
When it comes to paying for them,
Will you carry half the load?
There's a growing army of you,
Some say half a million strong,
Will you each chip in a dollar,
For to help Good Roads along?
If you will, and do it yearly,
We'll have solved the problem quite,
Ev'ry time you pay your 'mighty'
We will also pay our mite,
Which we'll pay instead of working,
As our habit is to do,
And when your side is finished up,
You'll find ours finished too."
—Will Templer, in American Agriculturist.

Recommended in Rhode Island.

Governor Dyer, of Rhode Island, is a thorough believer in good roads, and has done much to aid the good work for them in his State. He comes out in favor of a Highway Commission and continuous work, in his message to the legislature, as follows:

"The question of improved highways has ceased to be one that can be disregarded. Every educational and material interest of the State requires it. Better rural schools, increased value of farm products, increased value of property, possible rural postal delivery, cheaper transportation—all enter as important factors into this question. In short, the welfare of our people demands that good roads should be made and maintained throughout the State. The presence here of Mr. E. G. Harrison, Government Road Engineer, and his work of road-building at the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, has been most helpful to the cause. During the fall and early winter months meetings to consider the subject have been held in a great many of the towns and the greatest interest has been manifested.

"Under the provisions of Chapter 73 of the General Laws, three sample half-miles of macadamized road have been completed during the past year, making a total of twelve, which have been built at a cost of $89,154.00, and applications for seven more have been made to the Highway Commissioner. The agitation of the subject of good roads has brought out the fact that the present law for the improvement of highways is defective and expensive. The State wishes no more sample half-miles. It cannot afford to appropriate any more money simply for object-lessons.

"Under a commission proceeding upon carefully considered lines, the work of improving the principal highways of the State should be made continuous. It seems to be the feeling throughout the State that, in the improvement of these principal highways, the State should assume three-quarters, and the towns through which the highways run one-quarter, of the expense.

"By making the work upon the highways continuous the State will be in a position to secure more favorable bids, and from large contractors, well equipped with the latest road machinery and appliances. In the general improvement of our highways the rough labor, the manual work, should be given to our own citizens and at fair and honest wages."

Rural Mail Delivery and Good Roads.

There is prospect that the National Government may get behind the good roads movement in a peculiarly effective way. If the price of free mail delivery to the farmers is to be the construction and maintenance of macadamized country highways it is believed that the thrifty agriculturists will not hesitate to pay it.

The indifference of Congress to appeals for interstate highways and the disinclination of farmers to construct roads "for the benefit of the city wheelmen" have operated as serious handicaps to the good roads movement in this country. In spite of these obstacles, however, substantial progress has been made in road building in States where the farmers have awakened to the fact that while smooth highways may add to the pleasures of wheeling the greatest benefit is reaped by agriculturists in being brought closer to profitable markets.

But the strongest stimulus to road building is yet to come. If the experiments in free rural mail delivery inaugurated by the postal department are a success, they will establish a basis of co-operation and reciprocity between the Government and the farmers that will lead to a general movement in the building of inter-urban highways all over the country.

With the view of testing the efficiency of different styles of roadbed Postmaster General Gary has authorized the opening of routes for free rural mail delivery through portions of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which embrace macadamized, gravel, clay and common dirt roads. The routes are intended to be experimental, and will show relatively upon what character of roads the best results can be obtained in the way of prompt and efficient service.

There is little doubt that free mail delivery is just as practicable in many of our more thickly populated rural communities as it is in England. The continuance of the service, if successful, should be dependent upon the proper maintenance of the roads. If the farmer wants his mail delivered at his door he must contribute his share to the building of passable highways. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Decay Follows Neglect.

A Columbus (Ohio) engineer states that his city has spent $5,000,000 on improving 114 miles of streets, but that they have been allowed to get into such shape that an expenditure of $250,000 for repairs would hardly put them in decent condition.

Unless the roads are constantly watched and repaired, just as regularly and carefully as the great railway companies watch their road-beds, they will deteriorate very rapidly and practically have to be rebuilt every few years. There is no use in building expensive roads, and leaving them to go to ruin from neglect.

In a recent address, E. H. Thayer stated on this subject that "a man with one horse and cart, working eight months of the year, can keep seventy miles of good road in constant, effective and complete repair at the outside expense of $350, which is $5 per mile, while the cost of even attempting to make passable the ordinary country road exceeds $35 per mile. . . . A dirt cart is loaded with crushed rock or gravel. With a hoe, a shovel and a rammer, the repairer, as frequently as the task is assigned him will permit, starts out on the road. Every washout he repairs, every rut he fills up, loose stones he throws out, rough places he levels, obstructions in water courses he removes, and his tireless efforts day after day result in keeping the good road in good repair and making happy every man and woman who drives over the highway."

It is only by following the example set by railway companies in the care of their road-beds, and acting upon such suggestions as those above given, that the highways can be efficiently maintained and properly preserved.

Why Broad-Tired Wheels Pay.

A wagon going up hill requires more force to draw it than when it is moved on a level. When a wheel sinks in soft soil there is an elevation of the ground in front of it equal to the depth of the sinking. When a narrow wheel sinks three or four inches in the ground the effect is precisely the same as if the wagon was going up the same incline when the broad wheel is used, but if it does not sink in the ground this obstacle does not exist. The surface of the wheel does not interfere in the least with the draft of a wagon even on solid, hard ground, and it must be evident that the broad wheel will not cut into a road as a narrow one will, and thus on soft roads must be easier draft. By the use of a broad-tired wagon when a new road is being laid out, it will soon be rolled hard and solid, so that even a narrow-tired wagon will not cut in, but attempt to make a road during the average harvest, winter or spring season with narrow-tired wagons and the job will usually prove a failure.—Roy Stone.

Bad Roads a Continuous Tax.

Favorable results are reported from all the States that have systematically taken up the work of road improvement. The subject is one that will make its way if earnestly considered. No one can say exactly what a good road is worth, but all who use roads know that a bad one is a heavy continuous tax.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Millions For Roads.

Senator Hoar recently introduced by request in the United States Senate a bill appropriating $10,000,000 to be expended by the Secretary of War in constructing military and post roads, the purpose being to relieve the exigency of the times by giving employment to labor.

The Growth of City Populations.

The sudden growth of great cities is the first result of the phenomenon of immigration which we have to note. We think of this as essentially an American problem. We comfort ourselves in our failures of municipal administration with that thought. This is a grievous deception. Most of the European cities have increased in population more rapidly than in America. Shaw has emphasized the same fact in his brilliant work on "Municipal Government in Europe." This is particularly true of great German urban centers. Berlin has outgrown our own metropolis, New York, in less than a generation, having in twenty-five years added as many actual residents as Chicago and twice as many as Philadelphia. Hamburg has gained twice as many in population since 1875 as Boston. Leipsic has distanced St. Louis.

The same demographic outburst has occurred in the smaller German cities as well. Cologne has gained the lead over Cleveland, Buffalo and Pittsburg, although in 1880 it was the smallest of the four. Madgeburg has grown faster than Providence in the last ten years. Dusseldorf has likewise outgrown St. Paul. Beyond the confines of the German empire, from Norway to Italy, the same is true. Stockholm has doubled its population; Copenhagen has increased two and one-half times; Christiania has trebled its numbers in a generation; Rome has increased from 184,000 in 1860 to 450,000 in 1894; Vienna, including its suburbs, has grown three times over within the same period. Paris from 1881 to 1891 absorbed four-fifths of the total increase of population for all of France within the same period.—Professor Ripley, in Popular Science Monthly.

Idle Quirks.

A timely plant—the four o'clock.

Bright, pretty dairy maids are stars in the milky way.

Grammatically speaking, the sun sets and the daughter sits.

The argument of an opera is not always worth discussing.

The fisherman may not be at all expert in scaling a mountain.

The treating candidate hopes that he is dispensing winning smiles.

The traveling man needn't lose his grasp just because he loses his grip.

In playing his organ, the street musician always knows which way to turn.

The owner of the merry-go-round makes money in a round-about way.

There may not be any ghosts in the Park, but there are lots of animal spirits.

In a barber shop the workmen never think of cutting the door's bangs.

Shin plasters are no longer made, but the molders of cheap images still make plaster shins.—San Francisco Examiner.

Wild Interior of Patagonia.

Professor J. B. Hatcher, of Princeton university, has lately returned from a remarkable trip of exploration in a hitherto unknown region of South America—namely, the wild interior of Patagonia. He visited Washington for the purpose of depositing with the bureau of ethnology a rich collection of objects illustrating the mode of life of the various tribes of aborigines in that part of the world. Their country, too, is more than ordinarily interesting, being associated since the earliest times with rumors of gigantic human inhabitants and an astonishing fauna. Quite recently some skeletons of birds that had heads as big as those of horses have actually been dug up. They stood at least nine feet high, and had short wings, claws like an eagle's and a beak like a condor's. It is likely that they attacked with success the largest mammals contemporary with them, being the biggest fowls of prey that ever lived.—Public Opinion.

Food and Drink For an Average Man.

An average man requires fifty-nine ounces of food per diem. He needs thirty-seven ounces of water for drinking, and in breathing he absorbs thirty ounces of oxygen. He eats as much water as he drinks, so much of that fluid being contained in various foods. In order to supply fuel for running the body machine and to make up for waste tissue he ought to swallow daily the equivalent of twenty ounces of bread, three ounces of potatoes, one ounce of butter and one quart of water. The body is mostly water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains ninety-six pounds or forty-six quarts of water.

The Cause of Dyspepsia.

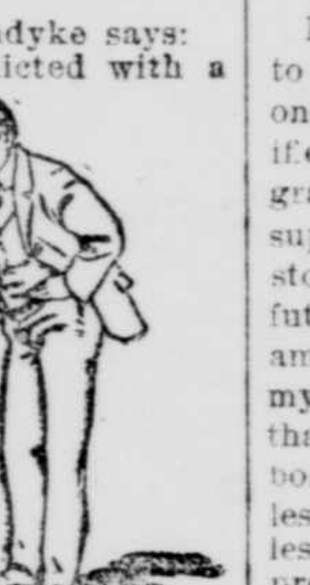
From the Republican, Scranton, Penna.

The primary cause of dyspepsia is lack of vitality; the absence of nerve force; the loss of the life-sustaining elements of the blood.

No organ can properly perform its function when the source of nutriment fails. When the stomach is robbed of the nourishment demanded by nature, assimilation ceases, unnatural gases are generated; the entire system responds to the discord.

A practical illustration of the symptoms and torture of dyspepsia is furnished by the case of Joseph T. Vandyke, 440 Hickory St., Scranton, Pa.

In telling his story, Mr. Vandyke says:



In Misery.

"Five years ago I was afflicted with a trouble of the stomach, which was very aggravating. I had no appetite, could not enjoy myself at any time, and especially was the trouble severe when I awoke in the morning. I did not know what the ailment was, but it became steadily worse and I was in constant misery.

"I called in my family physician, and he diagnosed the case as catarrh of the stomach. He prescribed for me and I had his prescription filled. I took nearly all of the medicine, but still the trouble became worse, and I felt that my condition was hopeless. I tried several remedies recommended by my friends but without benefit. After I had been suffering several months, Thomas Campbell, also a resident of this city, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"He finally persuaded me to buy a box and I began to use the pills according to directions. Before I had taken the second box I began to feel relieved, and after taking a few more boxes, I considered myself restored to health. The pills gave me new life, strength, ambition and happiness."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure dyspepsia by restoring to the blood the requisite constituents of life, by renewing the nerve force and enabling the stomach to promptly and properly assimilate the food. These pills are a specific for all diseases having their origination in impoverished blood or disordered nerves. They contain every element requisite to general nutrition, to restore strength to the weak, good health to the ailing.

The Sense of Smell.

The sense of smell is apparently universal, but stronger in animals than in man. The lowest orders smell with their mouths, insects smell by their hairs, fishes smell in water, and the acuteness of the power of smell in dogs and in savages is well known. Humboldt says that the Peruvian Indians could tell in the darkest night whether a person approaching was a European, a negro or an American Indian.

In those who are deprived of the other senses, the power of analyzing odors is sometimes abnormally developed. The Scotch boy, James Mitchell, a blind deaf-mute, could distinguish the individuals in a room into which he was led. John Mossman, a deaf-mute of Parkersburg, W. Va., was able to locate oil wells with the certainty of a setter finding partridges. His nose brought him a fortune of $500,000 as fees for professional smelling.

Very possibly a dog might be taught to "stand" a nugget of gold in the frozen soil of Alaska, as pigs find truffles in Perigord, for metals have a characteristic smell. It is probable that everything gives off a characteristic effluvium, though our sense is not delicate enough to detect the most subtle ones. Some gases, like hydrogen, have no odor, others like chlorine, a very perceptible one.

There is a general idea that a body must possess a molecular weight fifteen times as great as that of hydrogen before it can affect the olfactory nerves of human beings, but even that needs confirmation. We frequently confound taste and smell, and it is said that no one can distinguish an onion from apple by taste alone.—Hartford Courant.

Peanut Butter.

A new use for peanuts is developing as the peanut industry becomes better understood. This product of the peanut answers in the place of ordinary butter for table use, and is said to be excellent for shortening purposes, and for gravies, saucers, et cetera. In point of purity it is superior to the best dairy butter. It is well designed for the use of vegetarians, who strenuously object to anything animal.

There is already a considerable demand for this butter substitute, and it is very probable there will be an enlarged market for the nuts. At present the product of the United States is about five hundred thousand bags annually, and that of the world is six hundred million pounds.

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.

Probably the largest nugget of silver ever mined was a piece weighing 1840 pounds, which was taken from the Smuggler Mine at Aspen, Col., in 1894.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

Well-preserved flowers discovered at Dahsourh, in Egypt, in tombs of the times of the Pharaohs, have just been placed in the Cairo Museum.

Don't waste today's strength fighting tomorrow's battles.

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.

It is doubtful if ever any man is so good or so bad as others take him to be.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

New circumstances often show us what strangers we are to ourselves.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

Our names are given to us, but our lives give them their meaning.

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

There is no pathway through life that does not have some roses in it.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

A New York iron molders' union is charged with meeting in a hall in which non-union cigars are sold.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The small merchants of Chicago propose to combine and start a department store of their own.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

The more heart we put into a hard task, the lighter our toil becomes.

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.

Suspicion is a robber who conceals a drawn dagger under his cloak.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Those who lean upon their dignity are in need of a better support.

HORRORS OF OPI...

CAN BE CURED.

"I Feel in Fancy As if Awakened From an Uneasy Dream in My Relief From the Superhuman Power of Morphine."

Dr. B. M. Woolley,
Atlanta, Ga.:

Dear Sir—I feel myself wholly inadequate to the task I am undertaking, and yet, in one respect, I may perhaps claim to be qualified. To express my appreciation and gratitude to God and yourself as His almost superhuman agents, for my complete restoration to real life, and I fondly hope a future useful manhood, is a task of which I am totally incompetent. But to speak of my emotions, when I recognize of a truth that I have been emancipated from the bondage of a tyrant, more cruel and relentless than ever swayed scepter over a helpless people, I may find words to feebly express. I do not wish to indicate that I have a mind of commanding powers, yet I hope it may exhibit at least a heart of deepest gratitude.

Fifteen years ago I was the victim of severe acute rheumatism; my suffering was intense and almost unbearable. Three noted physicians in succession failed in their honest endeavors to give me relief. The fourth, my favorite, who was indisposed himself, when I was first attacked, finally came to my bedside. He, in his anxiety and sympathy to lull the pain and induce sleep, thought best to give me at intervals a small quantity of morphine. Ignorant of its wonderful power, I continued its use for several days, and then it was that I awoke to the sad realization that I was bound in chains which no human power or will could break asunder. Since the fatal hour I became an involuntary and unconscious victim of that fascinating and yet most potent drug, as the greatest enemy and destroyer of human hope and ambition, mine has been a weary pilgrimage in the dark, ever dying, yet could not die. Many times during the passing of those fifteen long and dreary years, and especially since the death of one of the best women that ever wore the sacred crown of wife, I was tempted to snap asunder the silver cord of life and leap to meet the nameless terrors of the great unknown. And if perchance I had committed the awful deed the world would have cried out "insane," whereas nothing else could have been less true. One day, about nine months ago, while suffering the horrors of Dante's mimic hell, there came to me in my delirium the thought to go and tell my tale of suffering and despair to Dr. Woolley. Perhaps he can and will cause the very darkness of night to show the approach of morning. I wandered to your office, as you know, in a condition suggestive of being ready to cross the dark and troubled wa... told you of my slavery ... deserves the pity of every intelligent ... charitable person on earth, and cried to you for help. After a careful diagnosis of my case, and learning how long I had used Opiates or Morphine, and the quantity necessary to sustain me at the time, you prepared for me a bottle of your invaluable Antidote, and from that glad hour I have neither wanted, needed nor used a grain of Morphine, Opium or other Opiate. After commencing the use of your Antidote my general health began to improve, wretchedness and despair that had been my constant companions, by degrees deserted me, and one month ago I realized that my system no longer required the use of your Antidote, and that I was indeed a free man. I am pleased to report that my health is constantly improving. I weigh today thirty pounds more than I did. I have some of the last bottle of your Antidote, and will preserve and keep it as a sacred relic of my restoration from midnight darkness into the bright light of day and happiness.

In looking back upon my unhappy, unreal past, I feel in fancy as if awakened from an uneasy dream, to look upon life with wide-open eyes, and active mind that understood its realities. A few short months ago I was bound and in a barren desert whose level waste stretched back to the tomb where Ambition was left to starve, and sweet Content lay festering in her shroud. ... with my release from the almost superhuman power of Morphine, my bonds are broken asunder, my chains are rent in twain, and at last after all my longing, all my hoping, all my despairing, I can walk forth into the beautiful sunlight of heaven, into "Eden's sweetest greening" free as a bird on its wing, and in stature a man. The God I called upon was not deaf. God has heard. God has answered, through you, his most favored instrument. Yours truly,

J. C. Ford.

Atlanta, Ga., March 6, 1898.

Wall Paper Oddity.

Zinc wall paper is the latest oddity. The zinc is attached to the wall by a cement invented for the purpose, and is made to imitate marble. The surface is enameled so as to render it permanent or washable. It is claimed for this new departure in decorative material that, while it is as permanent as tiles or marble, it is much cheaper, and can be as easily put on as ordinary wall paper.

History spends half its time in repeating itself and the other half in getting itself revised.

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"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
C. H. Keitz, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

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