Comfort Costs 50 Cents.

Irritating, aggravating, agonizing Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm and all other itching skin diseases are quickly cured by the use of Tetterine. It is soothing, cooling, healing. Costs 50 cents a box, post paid—brings comfort at once. Address J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Our only greatness is that we aspire.—Jean Ingelow.

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.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves.—J. G. Holland.

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.

Self-respect is the corner stone of all virtue.—John Herschel.

Sent free, Klondike Map

From Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

What has been done can be done again.—Disraeli.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Truth is the weapon of honesty.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Iniquity builds its own jail.

Wonderful Effect

Disagreeable Eruptions Permanently Cured.

"My skin was covered with a mass of scaly eruptions. At one time I had nine sores on one of my limbs. They caused me great inconvenience and suffering. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it had a wonderful effect in pu[ri]fying my blood. After I had taken nine bottles the sores had disappeared, the scabs were all gone and my skin was as smooth as I could wish. I gained in weight about 40 pounds while taking Hood's. My cure has proved to be permanent and my general health is now good." H. R. Cole, 316 South 4th Street, Millville, New Jersey.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

The Brains of the Sensitive Plant.

The Sensitive Plant, which is such a delicate house ornament with us, fairly enamels the earth in Ceylon, growing wild from Adam's Peak to Point de Galle, multiplying its dainty, bell-like pink blossoms, mingled with the delicate feathery Acacia. Growing so exposed and in weed-like abundance, it is n[...]d to suppose that it w[...]ld be- har[d]ened, as it were, [...]rough usag[e], [...]ot so, as it [...]ains all its native [...]rties in e[xa]ggerated form if pos[...]e. Our puny little hothouse specimens are not more delicate nor sensitive to the human touch than is this Ceylon Mimosa. It is the most [i]mpressible of all known plants, and is [ap]propriately named. Curious experi[me]nts prove this. If a person will fix [hi]s eyes upon a special branch and [...] approach it, the plant is seen [...]ally to wilt and shrink within it[self a]s it were, before it is touched by [...]rver's hand. It is endowed with an inexplicable intelligence or instinct, and what appears to be a dread as regards rude contact with human beings. A few years since the author was at Cereto, in the Island of Cuba, where he was the guest of an English physician who was also a coffee-planter. While sitting with the family on the broad piazza which formed the front of the bungalow, a thrifty Sensitive Plant was recognized and made the subject of remark. The doctor called his daughter of eleven years from the house.

"Lena," said he, "go and kiss the Mimosa."

The child did so, laughing gleefully, and came away. The plant gave no token of shrinking from contact with the pretty child!

"Now," said my host, "will you touch the plant?"

Rising to do so, I approached it with one hand extended, and before it had come fairly in contact the nearest spray and leaves wilted visibly.

"The plant knows the child," said the doctor, "but you are a stranger." It was a puzzling experience, which seemed to endow the Mimosa with intelligence.—Saturday Evening Post.

An Extraordinary Stone.

One of the most extraordinary stones in the world is found in England. It is a natural barometer, and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It turns black shortly before an approaching shower of rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white.

The Uncle—Are you entirely satisfied with your lot? The Niece (still angry at her grandfather's will)—No, I'm not. It ought to have a house on it.—Harlem Life.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. Rank, No. 2,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of relief from utter discouragement. She says:

"I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.

"Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me, I knew not what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left alone.

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured.

"I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'"

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

The Choice of a Wife—From a Rustic Bible Scene Is Drawn a Practical and Inspiring Lesson For All Classes of People—The Calling For Special Work.

TEXT: "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian."—Exodus iii., 1.

In the southeastern part of Arabia a man is sitting by a well. It is the arid country and water is scarce, so that a well is of great value, and flocks and herds are driven vast distances to have their thirst slacked. Jethro, a Midianite sheik and priest, was so fortunate as to have seven daughters, and they are practical girls, and yonder they come, driving the sheep and cattle and camels of their father to the watering. They lower the buckets and then pull them up, the water plashing on the stones and chilling their feet, and the troughs are filled. Who is that man out there, sitting unconcerned and looking on? Why does he not come and help the women in this hard work of drawing water? But no sooner have the dry lips and panting nostrils of the flocks begun to cool a little in the brimming trough of the well than some rough Bedouin shepherds break in upon the scene, and with clubs and shouts drive back the animals that were drinking and affright these girls until they fly in retreat, and the flocks of these ill-mannered shepherds are driven to the troughs, taking the places of the other flocks.

Now that man sitting by the well begins to color up, and his eye flashes with indignation, and all the gallantry of his nature is aroused. It is Moses who naturally had a quick temper, anyhow, as he demonstrated on one occasion when he saw an Egyptian oppressing an Israelite and gave the Egyptian a sudden clip and buried him in the sand, and as he showed afterward when he broke all the Ten Commandments at once by shattering the two granite slabs on which the law was written. But the injustice of this treatment of the seven girls sets him on fire with wrath, and he takes this shepherd by the throat, and pushes back another shepherd till he falls over the trough, and aims a stunning blow between the eyes of another, as he cries, "Begone, you villains!" and he hoots and roars at the sheep and cattle and camels of these invaders and drives them back; and having cleared the place of the desperadoes, he told the seven girls of this Midianite sheik to gather their flocks together and bring them again to the watering.

The fact that it took the seven daughters to drive the flocks to the well implies that they were immense flocks, and that her father was a man of wealth. What was the use of Zipporah's bemeaning herself with work when she might have reclined on the hillside near her father's tent, and plucked buttercups, and dreamed out romances, and sighed idly to the winds, and wept over imaginary songs to the brooks. No, she knew that work was honorable, and that every girl ought to have something to do, and so she starts with the bleating and lowing and bellowing and neighing droves to the well for the watering.

Around every home there are flocks and droves of cares and anxieties, and every daughter of the family, though there be seven, ought to be doing her part to take care of the flocks. In many households, not only is Zipporah, but all her sisters, without practical and useful employments. Many of them are waiting for fortunate and prosperous matrimonial alliance, but some lounger like themselves will come along, and after counting the large number of father Jethro's sheep and camels will make proposal that will be accepted; and neither of them having done anything more practical than to chew chocolate caramels, the two nothings will start on the road of life together, every step more and more a failure. That daughter of the Midianitish sheik will never find her Moses.

Girls of America! imitate Zipporah. Do something practical. Do something helpful. Do something well. Many have fathers with great flocks of absorbing duties, and such a father needs help in home, or office, or field. Go out and help him with the flocks. The reason that so many men now condemn themselves to unaffianced and solitary life is because they cannot support the modern young woman, who rises at 10.30 in the morning and retires after midnight, one of the trashiest of novels in her hands most of the time between the late rising and the late retiring—a thousand of them not worth one Zipporah.

There is a question that every father and mother ought to ask the daughter at breakfast or tea table, and that all the daughters of the wealthy sheik ought to ask each other: "What would you do if the family fortune should fail, if sickness should prostrate the breadwinner, if the flocks of Jethro should be destroyed by a sudden excursion of wolves and bears and hyenas from the mountain? What would you do for a living? Could you support yourself? Can you take care of an invalid mother or brother or sister as well as yourself?" Yea, bring it down to what any day might come to a prosperous family. "Can you cook a dinner if the servants should make a strike for higher wages and leave that morning?"

There needs to be peaceful, yet radical revolution among most of the prosperous homes of America, by which the elegant do-nothings may be transformed into practical do-somethings. Let useless women go to work and gather the flocks. Come, Zipporah, let me introduce you to Moses.

See in this call of Moses that God has a great memory. Four hundred years before He had promised the deliverance of the oppressed Israelites of Egypt. The clock of time has struck the hour, and now Moses is called to the work of rescue. Four hundred years is a very long time, but you see God can remember a promise four hundred years as well as you can remember four hundred minutes.

No one realizes how great he is for good or for evil. There are branchings out and rebounds, and reverberations, and elaborations of influence that can not be estimated. The fifty or one hundred years of our earthly stay is only a small part of our sphere. The flap of the wing of the destroying angel that smote the Egyptian oppressors, the wash of the Red Sea over the heads of the drowned Egyptians, were all fulfillments of promises four centuries old. And things occur in your life and in mine that we can not account for. They may be the echoes of what was promised in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Oh, the prolongation of the divine memory!

Notice, also that Moses was eighty years of age when he got this call to become the Israelitish deliverer. Forty years he had lived in palaces as a prince, another forty years he had lived in the wilderness of Arabia. Nevertheless, he undertook the work, and if we want to know whether he succeeded, ask the abandoned brick-kilns of Egyptian taskmasters, and the splintered chariot wheels strewn on the beach of the Red Sea, and the timbrels which Miriam clapped for the Israelites passed over and the Egyptians gone under.

Still further, watch this spectacle of genuine courage. No wonder when Moses scattered the rude shepherds, he won Zipporah's heart. What mattered it to Moses whether the cattle of the seven daughters of Jethro were driven from the troughs by the rude herdsmen? Sense of justice fired his courage; and the world wants more of the spirit that will dare almost anything to see others righted. All the time at wells of comfort, at wells of joy, at wells of religion, and at wells of literature there are outrages practiced, the wrong herds getting the first water. Those who have the previous right come in last, if they come in at all. Thank God, we have here and there a strong man to set things right! I am so glad that when God has an especial work to do, He has some one ready to accomplish it.

Still another, see in this call of Moses that if God has any especial work for you to do He will help you. There were Egypt and Arabia and the Palestine with their crowded population, but the man the Lord wanted was at the southern point of the triangle of Arabia, and He picks him right out, the shepherd who kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest and sheik. So God will not find it hard to take you out from the sixteen hundred millions of the human race if He wants you for anything especial.

O what a fascinating and inspiring character this Moses! How tame all other stories compared with the biography of Moses!

Reservoirs upon the Nile, for the storage and control of the waters of that river, upon which the prosperity of Egypt largely depends, are to be secured by the construction of great dams at Assuan and Assiut. The Khedive has made a contract with engineers, who agree to have the entire work done within five years, at a cost of about $24,000,000. The principal dam will be 6,000 feet long, and the reservoir which it creates will hold more than 1,400,000,000 cubic yards of water. This system of storage is expected to provide against seasons of low Nile floods, to mitigate the violence of exceptional floods, and to extend greatly the area of cultivable land.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

The Beauty of Working Road Taxes.

At the Farmers' Institute which recently met in Marshalltown, Iowa, a paper was read by J. H. Jayne, on Good Roads. Touching on the results of working out road taxes, he said:

"I believe the most important funds in the county are the school and road funds, because the schools and roads are the most extensive and cost the most money. But what a vast difference in the management of these two affairs.

"Your schools are second to none in the country, while your roads are below the average. Suppose you levied a three-mill school fund in every township, one mill to be paid in cash and two mills to be worked out, and you compelled every taxpayer in the district to teach the school in his turn until his school tax was worked out, and supply no other teachers. After a lapse of fifteen years you find your schoolhouses dilapidated, plastering off, stoves down, seats and windows broken, etc. Do you think your schools would be up to the standard and your children properly educated? Your roads are in a like condition today, being worked by men who do not follow it as a business, and furthermore have no time outside of other duties to attend to it.

"Now, the principal point [I] wish to bring before you is money for road purposes. I do not mean by this that we need more money, that the county should be bonded, or a heavy county road-fund levy made, but that the money now raised every year for road purposes should be raised and handled differently. The bulk of that money can be derived from that mirror, as it were—that shadow which skips here and there over the county roads every summer and cuts off the grass and makes the roads look level and smooth (in places)—the district road supervisor and his grader.

"Now, do you think it pays for John Smith to be a road supervisor this year and grade up the road—fill up the hollows and round them up nicely in the centre—and next year put in William Jones, and allow him to plow the roads clear across for miles and harrow them down flat, and the next year put in another man who will round them up again; one undoing the other's work year after year?

"Do you think it pays for the road supervisor in No. 1 to go over in No. 4 and spend a day dragging a grader over to his district? Do you think it pays to have him put on John Smith's team to-day, Bill Brown's team to-morrow, Tom Clark's team the next day, and have them go gehawing here and there, and make your road look like a worm fence when finished? Who is to blame? The horses? No; they were never on a grader before, and are not accustomed to climbing up banks and going down into ditches. The drivers to blame? No; they did the best they could with a green horse. The supervisor to blame? No; he held the blade when the machine was driven. Where, then, is the blame? It is in your system.

"Do you think it pays to compel the poor road supervisor to try to fill up a hole, or round up a road, or cut down a hill with a slip scraper when he could carry it almost in a dishpan? Do you think it pays him to work without tools? Does it pay him to buy six or eight pieces of tile, and pay four prices for them, when Marshall County could buy a car load at the lowest rates and give him the benefit? Does it pay for him to buy lumber for culverts under the same circumstances? Who is to blame? The road supervisor? No; it is your system. I regard this road system a huge cancer, continually eating, and the money you have applied, as prescribed by some physician, and according to directions, has apparently been of very little benefit to the patient."

Better Roads Easy to Secure.

In a recent paper Professor W. C. Latta sets forth the results of investigations which he has made in Indiana. He sent out a large number of letters to farmers in different counties, and from the replies received he gathers the following facts:

First. The average estimated increase in the selling price of land due to existing improved highways is $6.48 per acre. The estimates from which the average is made refer in most cases to lands near the improved roads; but in a few instances they apply to all lands of the county. The average increase, therefore, of $6.48 per acre is lower than was intended for lands in the vicinity of the improved roads.

Second. The estimated average increase per acre that would result from improving all the public roads is $9.

Third. The estimated average cost of converting the common public roads into improved highways is $1146 per mile.

Fourth. The estimated average annual loss, per 100 acres, from poor roads is $76.28.

He says that if these statements are even approximately correct that they furnish a key to the satisfactory solution of the question of highway improvement from the money standpoint. On the basis of the last mentioned estimate the average annual loss per acre from poor roads is over seventy-six cents. In five years the losses would aggregate $2432 for every section of land, and this sum would construct two miles at a cost of $1216 per mile, which is seventy dollars per mile above the estimated cost given by the farmers themselves. The present road tax which, under existing laws, is largely thrown away, would, under a proper system of road maintenance, doubtless keep improved highways in perfect repair.

The advantages to be gained he concisely says are that good roads (2) Economize time and force in transportation between farm and market; (2) Enable the farmer to take advantage of market fluctuations in buying and selling; (3) Permit transportation of farm products and purchased commodities during times of comparative leisure; (4) Reduce the wear and tear on horses, harness and vehicles; (5) Enhance the market value of real estate.

How Some Roads Are Built.

The notion that "anybody can build a road" is responsible for many failures. Commissioner MacDonald, of Connecticut, tells a story of such people. He says that a Quaker went into a hardware store to buy an axe.

"How much does thee ask for a Bradley axe?" he asked.

"One dollar and thirty-five cents," was the answer of the shopman.

"Thee asks too much; I will make an axe myself."

He bought a chunk of steel, took it home, put it in the fire, hammered it and belabored it until it had assumed the general outlines of an axe head. But it was dull.

"Huh," said he, "thee cannot make an axe. But thee can make a wedge." He put the steel back into the forge and knocked it into the shape of a wedge. But it had lost its temper.

"Huh," again quoth the Quaker, "thee cannot make an axe, and thee cannot make a wedge, but thee can make a sizzle," and he thrust the hot iron into the rain barrel. That's what a big majority of road-makers used to do in this State—make a sizzle.—Good Roads Bulletin.

Is a Good Roads Woman.

Miss Rella C. Harber, of Trenton, N. J., State organizer for the Good Roads and Public Improvement Association, has had such great success with her work that the association is more than pleased with her.

Miss Harber is a remarkable woman. President Cleveland appointed Miss Harber's father, the late Judge T. B. Harber, Postmaster of Trenton. Miss Harber was commissioned deputy and succeeded to the postmastership when the Judge died in 1896. Miss Harber resigned in 1897 and went to St. Louis, where she was employed in the Good Roads office. Since then she has been promoted to her present position, and has organized fifteen societies, all of which are steadily increasing in membership.

A Long Crusade.

The New York State League for Good Roads, which has been working for seven years to develop a healthy sentiment regarding road improvement, has changed its name to the New York State Road Improvement Association, in order to better distinguish it from the State division of the League of American Wheelmen.

Items.

Roads dependent on the weather,
Worthless are for months together;
Roads made hard by science's art
Always firmly do their part.

If water stands on a road it soon ruins it; ruts collect and retain water; the narrow tire is the father of ruts.

Hard roads make access to the farms easy at all seasons; produce can be shipped in any weather if the highways are passable.

In a south Jersey town all the freight wagons were changed to wide tires over a year ago, and since that time their roads have kept in much better condition.

Lack of social life and restricted means of communication drive the young men from the farms into the cities. Good roads will gradually change all that.

Colonel Pope, in speaking of the wide tire agitation in Massachusetts, said: "Carts and other heavy vehicles should act as road-rollers rather than road-destroyers."

Wet weather roads are what are needed. It is easy to make roads that are good in dry weather, but to make them good in the wet season requires knowledge and skill.

The applications from the counties in New Jersey for money to be used under the provisions of the State-aid law are so numerous that a bill has been introduced in the legislature for an increased State appropriation.

Farmers have been used to staying cooped up on their farms in bad weather for so long a time that it is hard for them to realize the advantages that would accrue to them from having hard and clean highways at all seasons of the year.

He Turned the Wheel.

A certain eminent professor who had spent nearly the whole of his life in the classic shades of learning, and was about a century behind the times in everyday matters, came up to London last summer to attend some royal society or other, and put up at a well-known hotel not far from Charing Cross.

In the night he was taken with a violent thirst. He would have made a raid upon the water supplied in his bedroom decanter, but his knowledge on such matters warned him it was dangerous to touch water that had been standing in a room.

Therefore he slipped on his trousers and started out on a memorable expedition to find some water in a filter.

In the hall, opposite the top of the stairs, he found a filter, a new-fashioned filter, though, such as he had never seen before. Instead of a glass or cup there was a neat little rubber hose with a nicely polished nozzle.

"There," said the professor to himself, "now that's what I call a really sensible idea. I had no notion that anything so delightfully simple existed. I'll have one of these fixed at home. Get the water direct without disarranging one's mustache, too. I wonder how the thing works."

Presidently his eye fell upon the printed direction, which told him to turn the wheel on the top as far as it would go.

"Ah, that's it," said the professor, and he placed the nozzle in his mouth and turned the wheel.

When the professor came to he found himself one stage lower on the stairs. At least his head was there and his feet were one or two steps higher. The professor sat up.

"Did that on my back," he muttered, rubbing vigorously in several places.

Through the balustrading he saw a crowd of boys, porters, housemaids and half-dressed visitors standing around the filter." The professor heard the manager call from his room:

"What's the matter there?"

"Oh, some idiot has turned on the fire hydrant."

Then the professor scrambled to his feet and crept up to his room, without participating in the general inquiry as to who that idiot might be.—Answers.

Bicycling Makes the Feet Larger.

"Bicycles interfere with the shoe business in more ways than one," explained a well-known rider of the silent steed to a Washington Star reporter. "It is proved beyond doubt that riding a wheel will in one season cause the foot to grow one to one and a half inches larger. Hundreds of bicycle riders have ascertained this. With men it does not make any difference; for, except in very rare cases, men do not care as much for the size of their feet as they do for comfort. With the ladies, however, it is quite another thing. They wear bicycle shoes for riding, but find to their sorrow that in a season or so they cannot wear the size shoe they wore before they developed their feet. Cycling not only tends to lengthen the foot, but also to widen it. The shoe manufacturers, as a result, turn out many shoes for ladies of larger sizes than formerly. It is the old story coming true in another way; those who dance must pay the fiddler. I don't know that it does a nice-looking girl any harm to widen or lengthen her boot a little, but they think it does. Still, there is no getting away from it, and they have to grin and stand the consequences, or at least stand on the consequences."

A BATTLESHIP'S LIGHTS.

SWITCHBOARDS THAT CONTROL MASTHEAD AND MAGAZINE.

The System in Modern Navies is Almost the Perfection of Economy and Efficiency — Provisions For Accident or Injury — The Case of the Texas.

The best electrical installation to be found anywhere is aboard the modern battleship. There the work is constantly under the severest tests; the specifications prepared by the Navy Department, under which the work is done, cover every possible detail; the highest grade of material and workmanship is required throughout, and the work is done under rigid inspection. On older vessels the electrical equipment was practically confined to lighting circuits, but one after another various details of work performed by auxiliary engines have been transferred to electric motors, until now little but the dynamos remain for the steam engines. The Kearsarge and Kentucky, recently launched at Newport News, mark the latest advance. In these ships the turrets and ammunition hoists, for the first time in our navy, will be worked by electric motors.

The main business of electricity on board a warship is still the lighting. The American Electrician contains an exhaustive article by E. W. Countiss on "Naval Marine Electric Lighting," with fifty illustrations, from which the present account is largely derived. Every ingenuity is exerted to secure the largest amount of illumination from the least number of lamps and so make the weight as little as possible. The plant of the Texas, which operates 583 lights, weighs about forty tons, a large item where every hundred-weight and almost every pound is figured out. Formerly it was the practice to enclose the wires in iron tubes, thereby adding much to the weight of the equipment; but now the wires are run in wooden mouldings, much the same as those in use in buildings on land.

The generators are wonderfully efficient. Some of them have carried overloads of 100 to 150 per cent. without sparking or heating. They are so designed that the magnetic field is inappreciable at a distance of fifteen feet. Usually there are three generators connected into the switchboard, so arranged that they can be run either singly or together, to operate either one part or all of the light equipment.

Although in itself complex the switch-board of a man-of-war is simple compared with other switchboards. An attempt has been made to secure uniformity throughout the navy so that a man may go from one vessel to another and yet know how to work each board. There are two main divisions known respectively as the "lighting" and "motor" circuits. The lighting circuit is again divided into six divisions, according to the use required of them, called "continual," "battle," "general," "sea," "day" and "special."

Wherever possible the wires are carried under the protective deck and are so connected with feeders and covered and interlaced that even if most of the system should be shot away, what remains would still be effective. In the most important places, as the bridge and the magazines, the system is double; in other places, as the side-lights, masthead and towing lights, two lamps are provided, so that if one fails the other may be used. In the magazines the lanterns are enclosed in light boxes, provided with heavy bull's-eye lenses. The lanterns also have candles, so that in case the plant is totally disabled the men in the magazines can still serve out ammunition. On some ships, as on the Texas, large, narrow spaces built between the magazines supply the place of the boxes, and lanterns placed in these illuminate several magazines at one time.

One of the most important items in the equipment of a battleship is the search-light. The standard sizes are 18, 24 and 30 inches, the sizes given being the diameter of the reflecting mirror at the back of the arc. The movement of the light can be controlled either by hand or by motors. The tendency recently has been to the use of motors, because by this system the light can be placed high up in a commanding position, while the operator remains on deck or below. The controller is a small box with a projecting handle, so connected by wires with the motors in the drum containing the light that by raising or lowering the handle the beam of light is raised or lowered or turned to the right or left as the handle is turned in the same direction. The lights will burn six hours with one trimming, and an 18-inch light will render clearly visible a light-colored object ten by twenty feet at a distance of two and one quarter miles. The 30-inch light will show the same object at three and one-half miles.

The Ardois signal hoist, with which most of the modern warships are equipped, is composed of four double lanterns, similar to the truck lights. Each half of each lantern has a separate wire leading to the key board, with a general return wire forming the heart of the cable. As the two halves of the lanterns are of different colors, thirty combinations can be made, each one shown on the key-board.

Remedy For a Long Palate.

"If you have too long a palate," writes a Northern woman who has been spending the winter in Athens, Ga., to a friend in New York, "let me give you a popular remedy that the children's old mammy gave me and wanted it tried on the baby:

"Take hold of a little bunch of hair on the top of the head," she said, "and tie it tight with a string. Then take a tablespoon and put in it some pepper and salt, and hold it in the mouth. Get hold of the bunch of hair and pull it up; at the same time touch the tongue to the salt and pepper in the spoon, and the palate will go up and never come down again."

This remarkable performance has been tried on the woman, and "worked," so she said, but the Northern woman added: "I cannot vouch for it, but give it to you for what it is worth."

Scotch Sentiment.

There is much sentiment in the Scotch mind. A numerous minority of that nationality preserves zealously the knowledge of the old clan tartans which were once a distinguishing feature of the Caledonian costume. These tartans, usually called plaids, are of considerable antiquity and have been traced back several centuries by the Duke of Argyll. In the past century they were increased in number by canny Scotch weavers and cloth merchants, and in the present century another and perhaps larger addition has been made to their number. Most Scotchmen and Scotchwomen have one or more garments made of their own clan tartan, and some patriotic sons of the Highlands always use it for their scarfs and cravats.

HAD SWEET REVENGE.

Her Friend Stole the Design of Her Dress, but Was Punished.

No one but a woman could have conceived so cruel a vengeance. Yet she tells of it with positive glee. They all lived in one of those very exclusive little squares—hotbeds of gossip—where the houses are every one built on the same plan and where each man, woman and child knows the finest details of the next door neighbor's existence, says a Chicago writer.

"However she dared do such a thing I cannot imagine," said the modern Borgia. "It was when I was ill that she called upon me, and in my weakness I was foolish enough to have my maid get out my new gown and show it to her. Would you believe it, she had the audacity to go directly and have the gown duplicated, down to the very buttons, and was wearing it on the street before I had ever been well enough even to try mine on! But I am not the kind of a woman to tolerate such treachery. I saw that she was speedily and hideously punished.

"What did I do?" continued the exasperated speaker. "Why, I made a present of my gown to Lucinda, my colored cook, and the first time that I saw 'that woman' go out I hired Lucinda to put on the gown and walk up and down the square, in full sight of the entire neighborhood. Then, when 'that woman' returned home our mutual friend met her in front of her house and said to her:

"Why, my dear Mrs. Dolliver, what a charming gown you have on! But let me think now—where have I seen a gown similar to yours? Oh, yes. I remember—Mrs. Hillis' cook has just gone around the corner with one just exactly like it. How strange! Here she comes now.' Up sauntered Lucinda, swirling a red umbrella. Mrs. Dolliver is having t[o] use color restorative on her hair; they say it turned white in a minute.

"You see, I have a drop of Italian blood in my veins. I believe in the vendetta. Vengeance is mine!"

Longevity Among Contemporaries.

The following are among the world's eminent men and women born early in the century who are still living: Gen. George Sears Greene, late U. S. A., aged 95; Dr. James Martineau, theologian (brother of Harriet Martineau), and Hon. David Wark, "Father of the Canadian Senate," 93; ex-Senator Bradbury, of Maine, 95; Ernest Legouve (French Academician), 91; W. E. Gladstone, Cassius M. Clay, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, R. N., R. W. Trompson, ex-Secretary of the Navy (1877), 89; Pope Leo XIII., Lord Armstrong, inventor, and Senator J. S. Morrill, of Vermont, 88; Samuel Smiles, author, Charles L. Tiffany, New York jeweler, 86; Baroness Burdett Coutts and Guiseppe Verdi, composer, 84; Prince Bismarck, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Adolph Menzel, German painter, 83; ex-Senator H. L. Dawes (Mass.), ex-Justice S. J. Field (late Supreme Court), Rev. Newman Hall, Philip James Bailey, poet, Park Godwin, and Russell Sage, 82; King Christian of Denmark, Theodore Mommsen, German historian, Sir Joseph Hooker, botanist, ex-Senator J. M. Palmer (Ill.), and Bishop Williams (Ct.), 81; ex-Senator W. M. Evarts (N. Y.), Baron Reuter, ex-Senator George S. Boutwell, ex-Senator Wade Hampton (S. C.), 80; Queen Victoria, ex-Premier Crispi, John Ruskin, Lord Playfair, Duke of Cambridge, Julia Ward Howe, Bishop Huntington (N. Y.), and ex-Senator Reagan (Tex.), 79; Herbert Spencer, Florence Nightingale, Susan B. Anthony, John Tenniel, "Punch" cartoonist, Prof. Virchow, Rev. Dr. Storrs, Ristori, the actress, Duc de Broglie, Sims Reeves and Sir W. H. Russell, 77.—Self-Culture.

A Fancy for Old Hats.

The inhabitants of the Nicobar Islands, a group in the Indian Ocean, have an extraordinary fancy for old hats, and a regular trade in such cast-off headgear is carried on between Calcutta and Nicobar, the much desired headpieces being paid for in cocoanuts. A tall chimney-pot is the favorite among the Nicobarians, and the acme of fashion is considered to be a high white hat with a black hat-band. This is worth from 50 to 60 cocoanuts and is worn by the Nicobarian dandy when he goes out fishing, the rest of his attire consisting solely of a waistcoat.

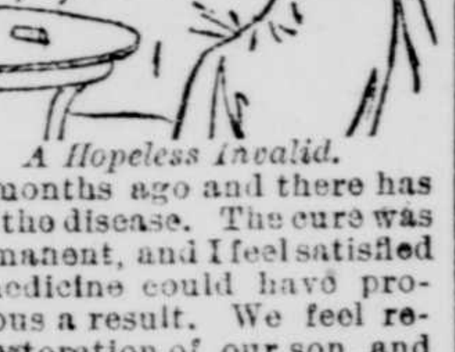
An Ancient Custom.

From Republican Traveler, Arkansas City, Kan.

Pilgrimages to some shrine of St. Vitus to cure the disease known as St. Vitus' dance are no longer made. The modern way of treating this affliction is within reach of every household, as is shown by the experience of Karl A. Wagner, the eleven-year-old son of George Wagner, of 515 9th St., Arkansas City, Kan. The father tells the story as follows:

"Over a year ago," he says, "Karl was taken with St. Vitus' dance and continued to grow worse during five months he was under a physician's care. His tongue became paralyzed and we could not understand a word he said. He became very thin, lost the use of his right leg and seemed doomed to become a hopeless invalid. We had about given up hope when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were recommended to my wife by a lady whose daughter had been cured of a similar affliction by the pills.

"I bought a box of them at once and soon noticed a change for the better in Karl's condition. I was so well pleased that I bought more of them, and when he had taken five boxes the disease disappeared.



A Hopeless Invalid.

"That was six months ago and there has been no return of the disease. The cure was effectual and permanent, and I feel satisfied that no other medicine could have produced so marvelous a result. We feel rejoiced over the restoration of our son, and cannot help but feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the most remarkable medicine on the market."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to mankind as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health in the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

These pills are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail.—Bulwer.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

I find nothing so singular in life as this, that everything opposing appears to lose its substance the moment one actually grapples with it.—Hawthorne.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

Character is power; it makes friends, creates friends, draws patronage and support, and opens a sure and easy way to wealth, honor and happiness.—J. Hawes.

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

When money is king, misery is queen.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

History of the Wedding Ring.

A long time ago the wedding ring was worn on the forefinger, and was thickly studded with precious stones. People who have seen the old pictures of the Madonna in Rome will remember that in one or two of them there is a glistening ring on the forefinger of her right hand, but with Christianity came the wearing of the wedding ring on the third finger rather than the first. The old story of there being a vein that runs from that finger to the heart is nonsense. Its use originated in this way: The priest first put it on the thumb, saying: "In the name of the Father;" on the forefinger, adding, "In the name of the Son;" on the second finger, repeating, "In the name of the Holy Ghost," and on the third finger, ending with "Amen," and there it stayed.—Saturday Evening Post.

Every noble work is at first impossible.—Carlyle.

Conduct is three-fourths of life.—Matthew Arnold.

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.

Loss of first love is the first mark of apostasy.

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 greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

Success in most things is in knowing how long it takes to succeed.—Montesquieu.



No amount of argument can convince the experienced, honest grocer that any other soap will give his customers such general satisfaction as Ivory Soap. He knows that they prefer Ivory Soap to new kinds, of unknown quality.

Ivory Soap will sell because the people want it, the other soaps may look like Ivory, but his customers want the real thing—they may buy a new soap once to try it, but they come back again and again for Ivory Soap, and they insist on having it.

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INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
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Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 316

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