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.

[illegible] extraordinary haste to discharge an [illegible]gation is a sort of ingratitude.—Rochefoucauld.

I Have No Stomach

Said a jolly man of 40, of almost aldermanic rotundity, "since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." What he meant was that this grand digestive tonic had so completely cured all distress and disagreeable dyspeptic symptoms that he lived, ate and slept in comfort. You may be put into this delightful condition if you will take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

HE LOVED HIS DOGS.

One of the Most Charming Traits of Sir Walter Scott's Character.

"He was a gentleman, even to his dogs," said a visitor to Abbotsford in 1830. "When too roughly frolicsome, he rebuked them gently so as not to mortify them or spoil the natural buoyancy of their character.

Dear old Scott! How he loved to stroll with his dogs through the woods of his beautiful home, there amid the rural scenes which he loved so dearly he would take long, enjoyable, satisfying walks with his pet companions who added not a little to the happiness of his life. They were elevated by him to the position of steady and sensible friends; they possessed rights to be respected and feelings which it would be scandalous to outrage. Scott always kept one window of his study open that his dogs might leap in and out as the fancy moved them.

One of the most charming periods of Scott's life was that which he spent with his family at Ashestiel, a country mansion on the bank of the Tweed in a solitary mountain district. At this time he was engaged in writing "Marmion." Many of his literary friends visited him here. On Sundays they would all, accompanied by the several dogs, go picknicking to some favorite spot, frequently the ruined tower of Elibank and there dine in the open air.

When his dear old dog, Camp, died, Scott had been invited to dine out that day, but declined on account of "the death of a [illegible] old friend." His most fa[illegible] as the greyhound, [illegible] who came upon the scene when [illegible] were beginning to set the [illegible]king. It is Maida [illegible]o figures [illegible]his feet in the well[illegible] sculpture by Steel. Washing[illegible], during a visit to Abbots[illegible]17, enjoyed the pleasure with [illegible] and his dogs. "As we sallied [illegible]th, every dog in the establishment [illegible]d out to attend us; Maida de[illegible]himself with a gravity becom[illegible] age and size, while the others [illegible] him gambolling, frolicking [illegible]eaping at his neck. "I have no [illegible]ubt," said Scott, "that when Maida [illegible] alone with them he throws gravity aside and plays the boy as much as any of them, but he is ashamed to do so in our company."

In the autumn of 1820 when a large party, including Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston and Henry Mackenzy, were starting out with the dogs, a little black pig was discovered to be frisking about among the dogs with the evident intention of joining the party. "This pig," said Lockhart, "had formed a strong and most sentimental attachment to Scott and was constantly urging his pretensions to be admitted as a regular. I remember him suffering under the same pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen."

It is a sad task for Scott when quitting his home to seek health abroad, which he did not find, to leave his dogs; his last orders were that they should be well taken care of.

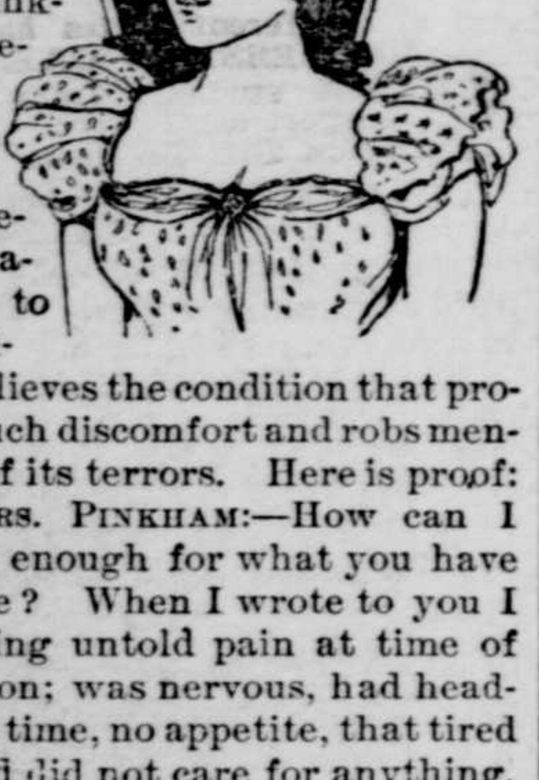
Sun Distilled Water.

M. Mouchon is said to have constructed a really practical solar machine for the purpose of distilling water in regions where a supply for drinking cannot easily be obtained. The apparatus is portable, being carried on the back of a man without trouble. It will distill two and a half quarts an hour, or two gallons a day, enough to supply six or eight men. In Egypt, India and certain other parts of the world campaigning is rendered much more difficult by lack of drinking water, and a contrivance of this sort is likely to be of the utmost value, furnishing the essential fluid in a healthful state and enabling the soldiers to cook their food rapidly. In some countries it is out of the question to get good drinking water.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here is proof:



DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice. —MISS JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.

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

WEEKLY SERMONS.

AN IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Subject: "A Glorious Rest"—This World's Wealth Can Give No Permanent Satisfaction—It is Only in Heaven That Surcease From Sorrow Comes.

TEXT: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest."—Micah 2: 10.

This was the drum-beat of a prophet who wanted to rouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition; but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone; but this rousing bell of the Gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man in this world who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully; and this world would be very different if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few years. Indeed, it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and bird, and ocean—so that God has but to lift His hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in safe-deposit vaults great rolls of Government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the walls, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights. It is eleven o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice, drowsy with mid-summer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble! But no! they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They cry out at twelve o'clock at night, "Awake, man; how can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire-bell: it is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room, and wipes the dampness from his forehead and says, "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said, "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. It that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says, "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could only gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand-clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to, sought after and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Let him rest. It is eleven o'clock at night. On pillows stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush! all disturbant voices. In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush!

"Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor! Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hearken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers, which lie upon his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan of a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims: "No rest! no rest!"

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster, "What a statement! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution! A man fit for any position!" That same world said, after awhile, "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. While Charles Matthews was performing in London, before immense audiences, one day a worn-out and gloomy man came into a doctor's shop, saying, "Doctor, what can you do for me?" The doctor examined his case and said, "My advice is that you go and see Charles Matthews." "Alas! Alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Matthews." Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt on the day when he wrote of the

"Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped flower."

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan, in the mid-day of prosperity, harangued the people of Britain; and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer, and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye and depart; for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune, and a year ago for the same purpose hundreds dared the cold of Alaska. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of God. I hold in my hand a deed from the Proprietor of the estate, in which He offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the Crusaders—how that many thousands of them went to conquer the Holy Sepulchre. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not for the purpose of conquering the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you all may join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary—weary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a score of conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased Pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in Heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle, that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and the weary side, and the weary foot, hears me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes! yes! These packed the Chinese tea-boxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on Southern plantations, and one night, after the cotton-picking, went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills; those helped build the Pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; Heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more harvest to raise; the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil! arise ye and depart, for that is your rest.

Scoville McCallum, a boy of my Sunday-school, while dying, said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing, sing:

"'There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary.'

Then putting his wasted hand over his heart, he said, "There is rest for me."

But there are some of you who want to hear about the land where they never have any heart-breaks and no graves are dug. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I look around, and where I see one man who has parents living I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where I see one family circle that is unbroken, I see three or four that have been desolated. One lamb gone out of this fold; one flower plucked from that garland; one golden link broken from that chain; here a bright light put out, and there another, and yonder another. With such griefs how are you to rest? Will there ever be a power that can attune that silent voice or kindle the lustre of that closed eye, or put spring and dance into that little foot? When we bank up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to hear no sound but the tire of the hearse wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long processions come in with their awful burdens of grief? Is the bottom of the grave gravel and the top dust? No! no! no! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swellings of Jordan will only wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers glinted with the sun that never sets.

Into that rest how many loved ones have gone! Some put down the work of mid-life, feeling they could hardly be spared from the store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Some went in old age. One came tottering on his staff, and used to sit at the foot of the pulpit, his wrinkled face radiant with the light that falls from the throne of God. Another having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindnesses for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greeted us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed! now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown. With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh! won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands, and cry out, "This is Heaven?"

By the thrones of your departed kindred, by their gentle hearts, and the tenderness and love with which they call you from the skies, I beg you start on the high road to heaven. In the everlasting rest may we all meet.

One of the old writers wished he could have seen three things: Rome in its prosperity; Paul preaching; Christ in the body. I have three wishes: First—To see Christ in glory, surrounded by His redeemed. Second—To see Christ in glory, surrounded by His redeemed. Third—To see Christ in glory, surrounded by His redeemed.

When on my new fledged wings I rise,
To tread those shores beyond the skies,
I'll run through every golden street,
And ask each blissful soul I meet—
Where is the God whose praise ye sing?
O! lead me, stranger, to your King.

The taking of a few more islands will change the Spanish estimate from pigs to hogs.

MARKETS

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $	@	6 00
High Grade Extra.....		5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red......	91¼	91¾
CORN—No. 2 White......	35½	35¾
Oats—Southern & Penn...	32	32½
RYE—No. 2..............	48	51½
HAY—Choice Timothy..	12 50	13 00
Good to Prime.........	12 00	12 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds..	6 50	7 00
Wheat Blocks..........	4 00	4 50
Oat Blocks............	6 00	6 50
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.. $	85 @	90
ONIONS................	60	65
PROVISIONS.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	6 @	6½
Clear ribsides........	6¾	7
Hams..................	9½	10¼
Mess Pork, per bar....		12 25
LARD—Crude............		4
Best refined..........		6¾
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy.... $	17 @	18
Under Fine............	16	17
Creamery Rolls........	17	18
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy... $	8 @	8¼
N. Y. Flats...........	8½	8¾
Skim Cheese...........	5½	7½
EGGS.		
EGGS—State............ $	11½ @	12
North Carolina........	10	11
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS.............. $	16 @	17
Ducks, per lb.........	8	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	3 50
Hogs..................	4 25	4 40
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT............... $	10 @	11
Raccoon...............	40	45
Red Fox...............	—	100
Skunk Black...........	—	80
Opossum...............	22	23
Mink..................	—	80
Otter.................	—	5 00

AGRICULTURAL.

To Grow Wild Flowers.

Most wild flowers may be made to grow in gardens if provided with an environment sufficiently like their natural one. Select a shady place, fertilize it with leaf mold, water freely and protect the plants from the sun for about a week. In removing them from the woods be careful to get all the roots and to leave as much soil around them as possible.

Early Thinning of Grapes.

So soon as the grape buds burst into shoots the buds for blossoms and fruit will plainly show themselves. There will usually be three buds on each shoot, and on the Delaware, which is especially liable to overbear, there are often four clusters, which if left would all be late-ripening and poorly-perfected fruit. It is easy to see, even before the buds have blossomed, which will make the largest and best clusters, and, of course, only such should be left to fruit. Two well-ripened, large clusters of grapes are enough for any shoot to bear. With the late-ripening varieties this early thinning is often the only way to secure a crop of well-ripened grapes. By practising this method grapes may be grown where without it no crop worth anything can be produced.

Late Vegetable Seed-Sowing.

There is much to be done in the way of sowing vegetable seeds in many temperate localities. Such as beans, corn, cucumbers, okra, salsify, melons, squash, pumpkins and canteloupes are best deferred until the soil is thoroughly warmed.

Many of the earlier sowings should be repeated to furnish crops in succession. Most all gardeners keep this in mind respecting peas and overlook others equally desirable. Cucumbers for pickling may be brought in as a late crop.

It may seem a consideration of little moment to those who have but small gardens, but to keep the soil up to the highest condition pay attention to the location of certain things. Put deep-rooted plants where shallow-rooted ones have been previously.—Meehan's Monthly.

Green Bone For Hens.

It should not be forgotten that though hens are now on farms running at large, the worms and insects they get do not supply the material for egg and shell in sufficient quantities to keep up the daily supply of eggs. Some green-cut bone should still be given. But more care must be taken to give only what will be greedily eaten, for if any meat adheres to the bone, it will soon become offensive. The grain fed in early spring is a richer and better feed than fowls that run at large in May usually receive. So for a few days the hens lay every day after they are turned at liberty so that they may pick up their living as best they can. Then the eggs gradually begin to decrease in number, the fowls become broody, and are good for nothing as layers until late in the summer, and if they do not receive extra feed they may not lay anything before next spring. Of course such fowls cannot pay a profit. Some time for rest between egg production is needed. But good food and good care should make this time as short as possible.—American Cultivator.

Rules For Butter-Making.

The practical part of cream-ripening is this: Keep your vessel so that it may all ripen evenly, and thus avoid loss in churning. Raise the temperature to sixty-two or sixty-eight degrees and keep it as near that temperature as possible until ripe, and then cool before churning. Well-ripened cream should be coagulated or thickened. It should run from a height in a smooth stream, like oil. When a paddle is dipped into it and held in the hand, it should stick all over in a thick, even coat, not running off in streaks and showing the surface of the paddle. When the last drops run off the paddle back into the vat they should leave little dents or depressions on the surface which do not close up for an instant. The cream should have a satin gloss or fresh surface.

Churn until the granules are the size of wheat kernels, then draw off the buttermilk and wash through two or three waters, whirling the churn a few times around. Use from a pint to a quart of water per pound of butter. Have the water at a temperature of forty to forty-five degrees in hot weather and from fifty to sixty-two degrees in winter, always depending upon season, solidity of the butter, warmth of the room and size of the granules. If you do not care about feeding the washings I would put some salt in my first wash water. It will help to float the granules better and perhaps dissolve out the casein to some extent. I would generally salt the butter in the churn.—Cornell Agricultural College Bulletin.

Farm Notes.

Turnips and beets are good for hogs, and are especially good for breeding sows, before and after farrowing. For horses, carrots are prime. Always have something to make a variety in the feed.

Most of the large western orchardists are practicing close setting and cutting out afterwards, planting the apple-trees fifteen feet apart and removing the alternate trees when they begin to get crowded.

Farming is a science, and the farmer who expects to meet with success must necessarily apply scientific principles and not think because he is the possessor of some mother earth that he knows it all.

Give changes of feed to the cows as often as you can without lessening the nutritive quality of the ration, as you thus maintain a good appetite and the better production which is sure to come from full feeding.

With a well-stocked farm there is a home market for a good supply of roots, and if any are grown for marketing by the bushel, the home market may well take the place of any other when the price is low.

Whatever your breeding stock, select good heifers for the dairy, and then bring them up to the highest state of development possible in milking qualities as they come to take their places in the working dairy.

If the farm is large enough to divide, better share it with the children as they mature than to drive them off to other fields. A man can often do better on what he has left than he could upon the whole farm after the boys are gone.

Artificial stable manure used to be a favorite compound for agricultural chemists. Here is one of the receipts: 2000 pounds muck, 200 pounds wood ashes, fifteen pounds dissolved bone. When this mixture is composted, it reduces [illegible]about a ton.

Cape C[illegible]y's diamond production during 1[illegible] [illegible]mounted to $22,388,000.

WOMAN'S WORLD

The Latest Bracelets.

Bracelets are again among the fashionable articles in feminine jewelry. Amber ones inlaid with pearl are quite the newest.

Cutting Children's Hair.

The best authorities on the hair say that a child's hair should not be cut until it is four or five years of age. It should be kept cut after this until the child is about fourteen. After this a little girl's hair should be allowed to grow long. It should be trimmed at the tips, however, or burned off monthly to keep it even and the hairs from splitting at the end. Do not wash the hair too often unless it is very oily. In that case wash it often to remove the excess of oil. Dry hair that is inclined to come out should be kept clean by daily use of the brush applied vigorously to the scalp. It should not be washed oftener than once in six weeks.

A Cheerful Sitting Room.

A bright Vassar girl has invented a simple way of making a sitting room seem cheerful. It consists in putting a thin coat of pink varnish upon the glass of the windows, or, where it is feasible, of using the lightest colored pink glass for the purpose. No matter what the weather is outside, it always looks cozy and comfortable within. In her house she has what she calls the cabinet of horrors, and the uncanny atmosphere of the place is produced by a similar use of a light bluish glass. Where a small amount of color is used the eye does not notice the fact, although the mind is affected by it, pink light causing a slight exhilaration and bluish light the feeling of depression.—New York Mail and Express.

Women Students in Germany.

"I think the hatred of the educated woman grows more savage every day," writes a young American girl studying in Germany. "The women clamoring for admittance to lectures and lessons are mostly Americans and Germans, and only a great deal of pluck prevents the former from throwing up their studies and running away, so bitter are their experiences sometimes, owing to their double crime of being women and being foreigners. Some great and stirring lights of the University, such as Virchow and Leyden, have spoken up bravely in favor of the matriculation of women, but the lesser men grudge them every privilege that they seek. Thus, on the door of a certain professor at the Berlin University is, at the present moment, the following notice: 'Female Hearers Not Admitted.' Not that the subjects treated within might wound feminine delicacy—oh, no! The professor—Grimm by name, and grim by nature—lectures upon 'Art and Culture in the Nineteenth Century.' It is a beautiful satire."—New York Post.

To Be Short or Tall?

It is a curious fact that the majority of men do not seem to be attracted by tall girls. We wonder why? asks an English critic. Perhaps, remarks the Chicago News, it is men are so accustomed to be looked up to—at all events by the fair sex—that it is only natural for them to prefer the girl who, in her little caressings and fascinating loverlike ways, has, on account of her shortness, to look up at him for the purpose of peering into his lovelit eyes. But very short women can only sound the note of a forlorn condition, unfortunately, for fussy, modern man, taking him in the abstract, passes her over and lets his choice fall upon her comparatively taller sister. The superlatively tall woman and the positively short woman the average man leaves severely alone.

Tall women are usually dignified and would appear to scorn kittenish ways, and although they manage to draw admiration, it is rather of the awe inspiring kind. No doubt, owing to their smallness of stature and pretty, playful ways, men give to little women more petting than the tall, dignified woman demands. The lover's oft repeated expression, "You little darling," could hardly be applied to the very tall girl without tickling the risibilities of those who overheard it. This is certainly very hard, and looks like a punishment for being tall, but who can help her stature? And it is a fact, too, that men are rather shy about approaching tall women, because of restraint which they feel but cannot explain. They are under the impression—why it's hard to tell—that tall women are built to be commanders, and that they are in their natural element when left alone in their reserved dignity and musings in their lonely wanderings.

Fashion Notes.

White lawns with forget-me-nots and small figures are among the pretty summer dress patterns.

Large bunches of violets tied with bow knots form one of the pretty designs seen in wash goods.

The Empire tortoise-shell comb, set in below the knot of hair at the back, is a useful as well as ornamental adjunct.

A French gown of blue is enlivened with a touch of burnt orange, and the hat to be worn with it is of gray, trimmed with orange velvet.

A pretty bit of dainty underwear is a short chemise of the finest crepe de chine, finished around the neck with a lace-trimmed frill of finest white lawn.

Several dresses have been finished with yokes of solid embroidery and braid. If these are at all of open design they are lined with bright satin or silk.

For out-door wear tan shoes with the short tan socks are worn by little children; while for indoors, either black or colored shoes with stockings to match. Shoes are used much more than slippers, as they are supposed to be better for the ankles.

Needlework is far more satisfactory than painted material for gowns, especially the pretty ribbon embroidery which Marie Antoinette so greatly favored. We can find nothing better than the patterns which she wore on her dresses and introduced into her dainty surroundings.

Painted materials for evening wear are becoming more and more fashionable. The front breadths and side panels display luscious roses and sweet peas, while her demi-toilet pretty zouaves in white satin show buttercups and daisies, violets being introduced in a similar fashion on large collars trimmed with lace, which are, in fact, rather tippets than collars.

There are many pretty flannels this year of the nature of outing flannels, though of better quality than the ordinary flannel of that name, which are excellent for shirtwaists for cycling. They go by different names, and are of different prices, according to the quality. They are not so warm as a regular flannel, will not shrink in washing, they keep their colors, which are pretty and delicate, and are more satisfactory for many purposes than a thin, starched waist.

A Guardsman's Trouble.

From the Detroit (Mich.) Journal.

The promptness with which the National Guard of the different states responded to President McKinley's call for troops at the beginning of the war with Spain made the whole country proud of its citizen soldiers. In Detroit there are few guardsmen more popular and efficient than Max R. Davies, first sergeant of Co. B. He has been a resident of Detroit for the past six years, and his home is at 416 Third Avenue. For four years he was connected with the well known wholesale drug house of Farrand, Williams & Clark, in the capacity of bookkeeper.



The First Sergeant.

"I have charged up many thousand orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Mr. Davies, "but never knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for that aggravating trouble but could only be helped temporarily.

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office man but what is more or less a victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressed pains would force me to quit work.

"I tried the hot-water treatment thoroughly, but it did not affect my case. I have tried many advertised remedies but they would help only for a time. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but I did not think much of them.

"I finally was induced to try the pills and commenced using them. After taking a few doses I found much relief. I do not remember how many boxes of the pills I used, but I used them until the old trouble stopped. I know they will cure dyspepsia of the worst form and I am pleased to recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

How Pullman Was Named.

The town of Pullman was not ostensibly named after the late Mr. Pullman himself. The story is that W. W. Beman, the architect of the town, being justly proud of his work, went to the proprietor and asked that it be named "Beman."

"Um'm," said the magnate. "Fact is, I had thought of calling the place 'Pullman,' from the man who built it and paid for it. However," Mr. Pullman added, as he observed a look of disappointment on the architect's face, "I am not particular. Now, what do you say to a compromise? Suppose we take the first syllable of my name, 'Pull,' and the second syllable of your name, 'man.' There you have it, 'Pull,' 'man'—Pullman. You see that combines your idea with mine."

Mr. Pullman's suggestion prevailed, and the name, it seems, was a compromise, though it is not reported that Architect Beman was greatly pleased thereby.

A Fortune From a Scare.

An inventive genius who suffered from attacks by stray dogs when riding his wheel, set his wits to work to devise something which would be an efficacious, and yet comparatively harmless, means of defense. As a result he has brought out and patented a pocket pistol which will shoot ammonia, water or other liquid. The most vicious dog cannot withstand a few drops of ammonia in his mouth or eyes, and yet there is no danger of actually injuring a valuable animal which might playfully annoy a rider. The weapon has proved so much of a success as a means of defense as well as fun-making, that the lucky inventor is realizing much money from his device.

Cure for Fresh Colds.

Nine cases out of ten of ordinary colds can be cured in their early stage by a hot bath and drinking a glass of hot lemonade immediately before going to bed.

Good deeds always speak for themselves when they call for improved real estate.

When the pot calls the kettle black it is time for the kettle to demand an investigation as to the color of the pot.

Of course you can't hit anything with a 13-inch gun, but think of the noise they make!

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.

A drop hammer just erected in some iron works, at Hartford, Conn., is said to be the largest in the world. The drop weighs three thousand pounds, and the anvil ninety thousand pounds.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

It is said that in the sandy deserts of Arabia, whirling winds sometimes excavate pits 200 feet in depth and extending down to the harder stratum on which the great bed of sand rests.

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Land is valued at $10,000,000 an acre in London.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Every man is valued in this world as he shows by his conduct he wishes to be valued.—Bruyere.

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.

A Montana Herd of Buffalo.

A. B. Hammond, of the Astoria railroad, has presented the Oregonian with a photograph of a band of buffalo which are the property of a couple of half-breed Indians on the Flathead reservation, near Missoula, Mont. The original herd eleven years ago consisted of a couple of buffalo calves. It now consists of 125 head and is about all that are left of the vast numbers which a few years ago swarmed over the Western plains. These men have gone into the buffalo raising business as a source of profit and are making money.

HABITS OF THE FUR SEAL.

Sea Animal That Has Many of the Traits of Sheep.

The fur seal is a land animal, of perverted tastes, who, living at sea, has had his paws changed into flippers very like the long black kid gloves of a woman. His heart, liver, and kidneys are exactly the same as those of a sheep, and just as good to eat, but his flesh, although just like fat mutton to look at, is rank and distasteful from his habit of eating fish. The whole package is put up in a parcel of thick white fat to keep the body warm, while from the skin grows a heavy crop of beautiful brown fur, protected with large flat oil-bearing hairs, making a glossy surface which slides through the water without friction. Perfectly fearless, overflowing with fun, a perfect little athlete, marvelously strong, the fur seal is the most delightful of all wild creatures. But although they live at sea the seals, being heavily clothed in fat, skin, fur, and hair, find the temperate latitudes much too warm for comfort during the summer months. Since they cannot shed their garments like ourselves, they migrate to a subarctic climate, gathering in immense multitudes where there are fisheries to support them. Their ration is fifty pounds of cod every day, which for a creature the size of a sheep is considerable.

When the little pups appear their mothers go a-fishing to feed them, and likewise teach them to swim. The pups howl with fright when first thrown into the water. Now, outside the seal city, with its regular streets and harems, assemble the young bachelors not yet grown enough for love or war. Here man steps in, driving the poor bachelors away inland to be clubbed for their precious fur.

Bow and Arrow in China.

Among the backwoodsmen of China, so to speak, the bow and arrow still do duty in removing objectionable persons from the earth. The Chinese bow and arrow are not trifling little affairs meant for pretty archery contests, either. The bow is an enormous thing, much higher than the man who uses it, and the arrows are proportionately big.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

In some parts of Africa slaves are still the basis of all financial reckoning.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1894.

The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains forty-six quarts of water.

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

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.—Lady Mary Montague.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.—Swift.



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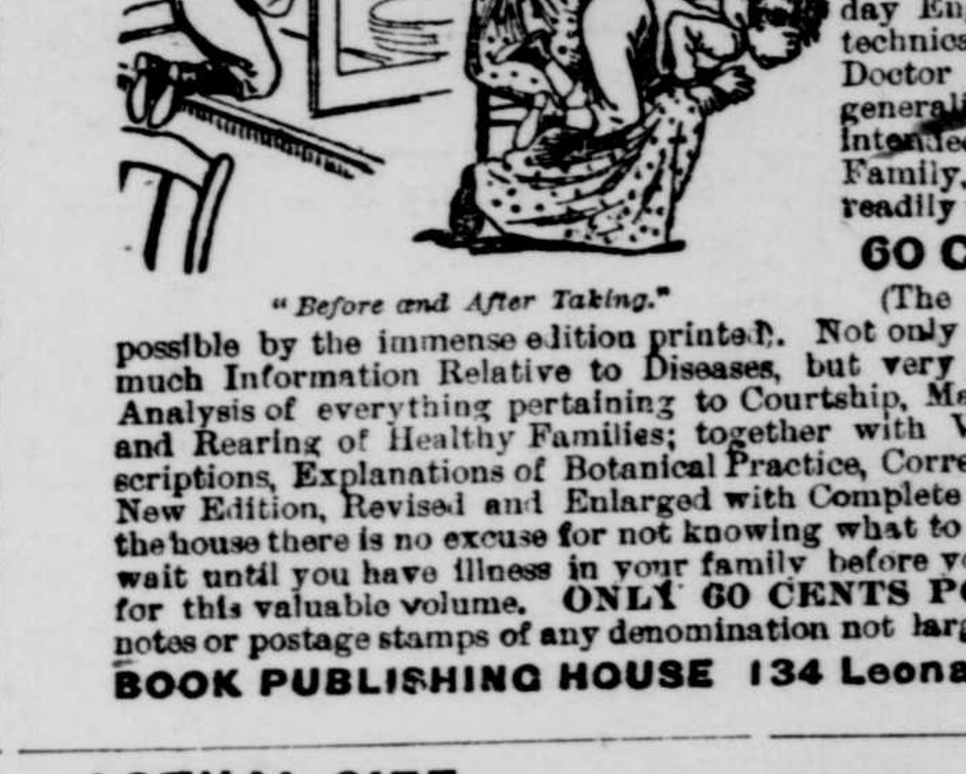
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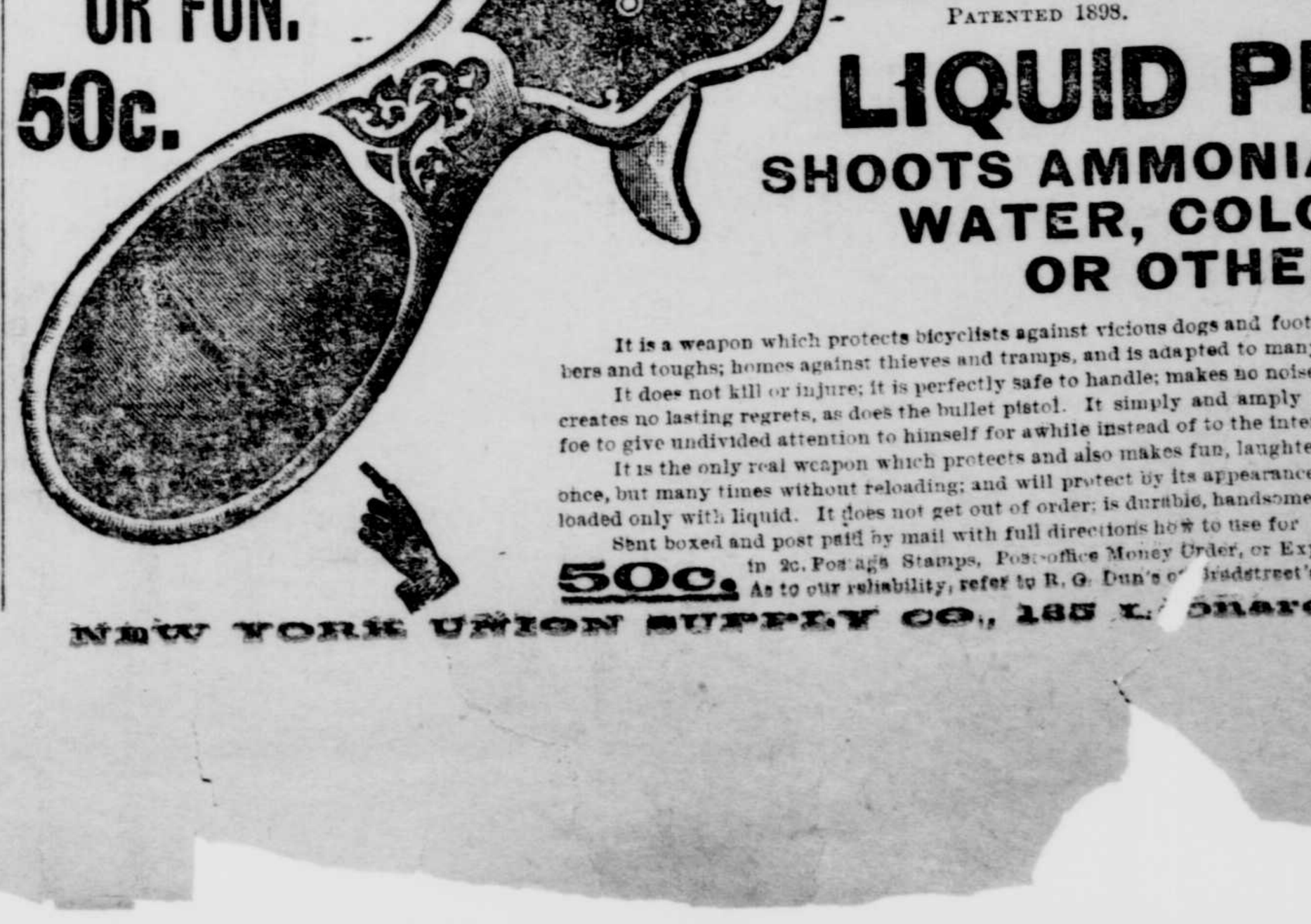
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