A Fortune From a Scare.

An inventive genius who suffered from attacks by stray dogs when riding a wheel, set his wits to work to devise [so]mething which would be an effica[cious], 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.

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

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.

The steam power of Great Britain represents the combined strength of 1,000,000,000 men.

"I'm So Tired!"

As tired in the morning as when I go to bed! Why is it? Simply because your blood is in such a poor, thin, sluggish condition it does not keep up your strength and you do not get the benefit of your sleep. To feel strong and keep strong just try the tonic and purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Our word for it, 't will do you good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



CHRISTIAN homes are the happiest.

Two nothings should never marry.

Starving the soul to feed the body, makes lean Christians.

The hard places in life are never made any better by growling.

Only a ... man can see good things in others.

A little tombstone may cast a very long shadow.

The ball room is a poor place to learn self-denial.

If a sermon pricks your conscience it must have good points.

Most flowers require attention to be made to grow. So does gossip.

God never gave any man authority to say, "Join our church and be saved."

Tribulations and sorrow are the only bleaching agents that will whiten the robes of God's people.

Have you learned the sweet lesson that you can get much out of every little you receive with a thankful heart?

Unless we have our spiritual possessions recorded by our Father, the devil will get a mortgage on them.

The Coming of Pay Day.

Bills! Bills!
Won't they give us the chills?
Bills from the valleys, the plains, and the hills;
Bills for the moonshine that dreams on the "still's"—
Nothing but bills,
Bills!

Bills! Bills!
Like the rush of the rills!
Bills in plain homespun, and others in frills;
Bills from the lowlands, and bills from the hills—
Nothing but bills
Bills!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LIZZIE BEVERLY, 258 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes:

"It affords me great pleasure to tell all suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examination he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."

Mrs. AMOS TROMBLEAY, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes:

"I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I would die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."

PILES

"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 N...ll, 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.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 312

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

25 CTS. 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.

Subject: "Woman Wronged"—Lessons Drawn From the Conduct of Vashti, the Veiled—The Glory of Those Who Staunch the Battle Wounds, As Florence Nightingale Did.

TEXT: "Bring Vashti, the queen, before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty: for she was fair to look upon. But the Queen Vashti refused to come."—Esther i., 11, 12.

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed; the wealth of empires flashing from the groves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Those for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling into crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranunculi. Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulæus filling the urns and dropping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the Princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to obey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus was infuriate; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is in ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet it is not necessary to have place and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of Heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she comes up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout, "All hail, Queen Vashti!"

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory? or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put her all into the Lord's treasury? or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism? or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband? or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, homeless Naomi? or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to staunch the battle wounds of the Crimea? or Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah? or Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell at the dying day? and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane and in government hospital, and in almshouse corridor, and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospitals and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti!"

Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when the women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on."

But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman struggling for political preferment—trying to force her way on up to conspicuity, amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath, to guard the polls—wanting to go through the loaferism and defilement of popular sovereigns, who crawl up from the saloons greasy and foul and vermin-covered, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible scum to get to public place and power, I say: "Ah, what a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!"

When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all the schools can do for her, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homœopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Vashti has lost her veil."

Again, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh! what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago, approved and sought for; now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice!

Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Lapithæ. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes in all parts of this land that are in danger of such breaking up. Oh, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street, and say, "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness! God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine-cup or the brandy-glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children.

One night during our Civil War I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood on a hill-top and looked down upon them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those camp-fires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes, and of the long march they had taken, and of the battles they were to fight; but after awhile I saw these camp-fires begin to lower and they continued to lower, until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the camp-fires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of the great host asleep. Well, God looks down from Heaven, and He sees the firesides of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these firesides. There are the camp-fires where we warm ourselves at the close of day, and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out, and continue to lower until finally they are extinguished, and the ashes of consumed hope strew the hearth of the old homestead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep that last sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we shall be an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave.

Once more: I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most important thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning rod and cotton-gin and steamboat and telegraph—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical school, in grand and magnificent silence.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks, and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of Heaven. Affliction enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up His dear children in a Heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, and bearing the Cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

Angels thronged His chariot wheel,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
"The glorious work is done!"

She Concurs.

He—I have just been reading a curious book. It shows that very few men of genius live happy with their wives. I wonder if that's the reason we don't seem to get along any better?

She—It must be. You have a positive genius for making a fool of yourself.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	5 50
High Grade Extra			5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	77½		82½
CORN—No. 2 White	36		36½
Oats—Southern & Penn	27½		28
RYE—No. 2	46		46½
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	5 00		6 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 $	85	@	90
ONIONS	60		65
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	6	@	6¾
Clear ribsides	6¾		7
Hams	9½		10¼
Mess Pork, per bar			12 25
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			6½
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	5¼		7¼
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	10½	@	11
North Carolina	9½		10
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS $	16	@	17
Ducks, per lb	7		8
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		4[illegible]
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		5 00

WOMAN'S WORLD

Five-Inch Belts.

The latest thing in belts to wear with shirt waists is a soft taffeta ribbon, five inches wide, made tight enough to wrinkle into half that width, and fastened with a pretty silver gilt buckle.

Dainty Petticoats.

Petticoats for wear under thin silk or lawn gowns are of all sorts and descriptions, and quite as varied in style and adornment as the dress skirts which will hide them. Dimity petticoats are a novelty; they are made of the same striped and flowered stuff as the dainty little morning frocks that so many women are having made up just now. Three frills at the bottom or a deep flounce, headed with lace insertion or comet ribbon beading, is the usual way these pretty skirts are trimmed. Petticoats or colored linen—buff color is the most popular—are very serviceable for country wear, the colored linen keeping presentable longer than white—and is there anything so awful as a soiled white skirt?—and washing beautifully.

Khaki is the Thing.

Khaki is about the sturdiest, most wear-resisting fabric among the season's novelties. As khaki plain and simple or as khaki serge it is utilized both for boys and girls. Though it is far enough from having nautical associations, it is handy stuff for the making of sailor dresses. These have blue linen, hemstitched collars or plain ones of white pique. More elaborate samples are of white serge with collars and sashes of Roman striped silk. Khaki is almost the best material for bicycle dresses during the warm season. Coat and skirt suits for girls of ten and over are made of it. The reefer coats are trimmed with red braid. Bicycle skirts for girls are usually plain, but rows of braid may be used for ornament.

Two Novelties in Woman's Toilet.

Of the two latest ideas in woman's toilet one, the bustle, is an old fashion revived and the other, the bulldog shoe, is an adaptation of the armor-clad boot of the small boy and the schoolgirl. The bustle that has been much used this season is quite small and graceful, but unless fashion changes it will grow until it assumes the balloon-like portions of the last generation. It is not generally known that the bustle was the subject of a monopoly, or trust, not long ago. A far-sighted Philadelphian bought up every invention he could which would weave wire or convert it into any form suitable for bustle-making. He advertised freely, making it appear as if there was a fierce competition between the different kinds of bustle. In this way he got the feminine public interested in the fight, and numberless women patronized each kind to see which was the best. The result of his enterprise was a handsome fortune. The patents have all expired, so that if the bustle becomes the rage again it will be an exceedingly cheap article of adornment.

Sandals Worn Again.

The sandal is the very latest in footwear. It is intended to be worn in the privacy of your own boudoir, either with or without stockings, as fancy and immunity from colds may dictate. If worn constantly in the house it improves the circulation immensely and banishes the vexations of corns and cold feet.

The sandals were resurrected from the shades of antiquity by some women artists in England, who spent long hours in their studios and did not like the idea of having their pretty little feet imprisoned in stiff boots all day long.

They accordingly made some drawings from old prints and designs found in obscure places while engaged in their researches. They had the village shoemaker carry out their favorite designs and all that summer those girls painted in sandals, even walking from their studio along the country road in them to the cottage where they boarded.

Of course, their feet grew as pretty and soft and flexible as their hands, and the style was adopted by their friends. An American girl brought it over to this country and it is gradually making headway among the women who desire comfort and good feet.

They are much in favor with trained nurses, who find the absolute freedom of the foot tremendously restful during the long hours. Mothers who realize the value of a pretty foot put them on their children, without stockings, during the warmer months. They are becoming, if the foot has not been distorted by shoes.

Seen in the Stores.

Flag and eagle stick-pins.

Ready-made cushion-covers in silk and cotton.

Foulard cravats of a white ground and colored design.

Waist fronts of embroidered batiste with lace jabots.

Coaching parasols of a solid color with a contrasting border.

Girls' pique coats having a deep cape of Hamburg embroidery.

Girls' yellow straw hat crowns with a frilled brim of bright red chiffon.

Heavy cotton cushion squares printed with the United States and Cuban flags.

White organdie gowns ruffled from neck to feet and every ruffle edged with No. 1 black velvet ribbon.

Flag and red, white and blue cushions of every description.

Black pique for the season's skirts and mourning jacket suits.

Gold and silver woven belts having army or navy buckles.

Pointed silk capes having epaulette ruffles of mousseline frills.

Belts of enamelled pennants with a flag for the larger buckle.

Black kid and leather belts decorated with sprays of cut steel.

Leather purses and card-cases with flowers in enamel upon them.

Heavy cotton cushion covers having playing cars appliqued on.

Red, white and blue silk for cushions and blue having white stars.

Capes of white chiffon frills and long throat bow of satin ribbon.

Narrow flat braids in gold for military effects on woollen costumes.

Tall, slender dinner baskets for carrying dishes that are to be kept warm.

Cerise velvet and taffeta for accessories on navy blue and black gowns.

Cloth capes embroidered with jet and edged with plaited frills of taffeta.

Silver ladles to heat wax in rather than the candle and stick usually seen.

Sailors in white and yellow straw with white wings, doves and gauze scarfs.

Evening toques of a twist of gauze with a buckle and aigrette on the side.

Tin caps of colored silk and plaited chiffon frills in white or the same color.—Dry Goods Economist.

AGRICULTURAL.

Judging Sheep.

It requires familiarity with sheep to enable one to judge beneath its coat of wool whether it is fat or in poor condition. An experienced shepherd will not only know the various sheep in his flock by differences in their faces, but he can also tell by the looks of the sheep what age it is, and whether it is in thrifty or unthrifty condition. Yet to most people a flock of sheep presents no individual peculiarities.

Oat Hay For Stock.

Oats as a green feed are relished by all stock and particularly by sheep and lambs. If the crop is cut before the grain hardens, and is properly cured, oats are a desirable substitute for clover or timothy fed dry during the fall and winter. One of the best of dry fodders for both horses and cows is a mixture of clover, timothy and oat hay, the latter cut and cured as directed. If desired these may be fed separately to give variety to the ration, the oats being fed in the fall and near spring. It is not advisable to cut oats for soiling when crimson clover can be had, but when the clover crop is poor, oats make a good substitute. There is certainly no reason why only the grain should be fed and the hay and straw used for bedding when it has the food value indicated.

Raising Hogs For Profit.

A full bred hog is the foundation of success. It makes but little difference what the breed is, whether Poland China, Chester White, or any other of the first-class breeds, but both male and female should have good records for several generations back. The female must have not only a good record as a mother, but be a good milker, and capable of having large litters, and she should always be bred to a male that comes from a mother having the same record. Breed the sow so that her first litter will come when she is a year old. Other hogs that are to be sold may be bred for two litters a year, but the sow and progeny designated to keep up the standard of the herd should have but one litter yearly. Breed so that the pigs will come in the spring or early summer, which will give both the mother and the young the benefit of pasture. Wean at four to six weeks old, and feed on cooked middlings, a little oil meal and some milk. Keep the pigs growing, give them plenty of exercise, and the breed will count when they are put on the market in the fall.

The Best Way to Keep Up Fertility.

A timely word is well said in the following paragraph, which finally sums up a lot of field tests in the maintenance of fertility conducted at the Ohio Station (Bulletin 80):

A ton of clover hay carries fertilizing constituents to the value of more than eight dollars, as compared with the prices at which mixed fertilizers are sold in Ohio, and assuming that these constituents are equally available with those in mixed fertilizers. It is probable that they are not quite so quickly available, but the apparent fact that commercial fertilizers can be used with profit in the production of cereals on Ohio soil only when these cereals are grown in rotation with clover, and the high value as fertilizers which bran and oil meal are shown to have, all combined, most forcibly indicates that through the feeding of live stock, the careful saving of the resultant manure, and its intelligent employment in a scientific rotation of crops, lies to-day, as of old, the road to the economical maintenance of fertility.

We have noticed that the further away the average farmer gets from clover and corn and hogs, the worse off he is. American agriculture has neglected clover of late years. We need a "clover revival." The wonderful success of alfalfa at the west, which is one of the clover family, has done much to check this neglect, but in the Middle and Eastern States we need a more general return to the good old red clover of former days. In every part of the country, we advocate crimson clover as a summer cover crop for the soil, especially for lightish soils.—New England Homestead.

The Sliding Pig.

It is the opinion of the majority of farmers and hog raisers that the "sliding pig," as it is called, is due to a weak back, and many try to cure it by dosing it with liniments and other strong medicines. This is a mistake, as the seat of the trouble is not in the back but in the knee joint of the hind legs. This joint is deformed in such a way that it prevents

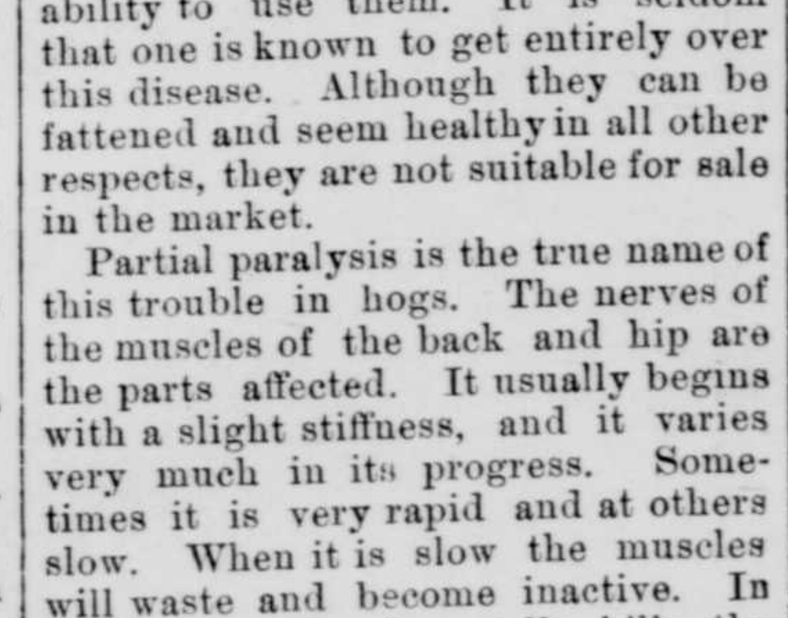


FIG. 1.

the leg being bent forward to any extent, consequently the animal, not being able to walk on stiff hind legs, drags his hind parts, and when he does manage to get upon his feet, it will be noticed that the hind legs will not bend forward and that the hind quarters are shrunken and more flabby than the remainder of the body; this, of course, is due to the lack of ability to use them. It is seldom that one is known to get entirely over this disease. Although they can be fattened and seem healthy in all other respects, they are not suitable for sale in the market.

Partial paralysis is the true name of this trouble in hogs. The nerves of the muscles of the back and hip are the parts affected. It usually begins with a slight stiffness, and it varies very much in its progress. Sometimes it is very rapid and at others slow. When it is slow the muscles will waste and become inactive. In the rapid form it usually kills the animal in a week or two.

In the early stages of the disease give two ounces sweet oil with two drops of Croton oil in it. After this operates, give ten drops of tincture of nux vomica in a tablespoonful of cod liver oil twice a day and continue it for a week or ten days. This is for a



FIG. 2.

full grown hog. Use one-half for a pig three to four months old. If the muscles have become wasted it will be best to destroy the animal.

Fig. 1 shows the stiffness and shrunken muscles of the hind quarters caused by the disease. Fig. 2 shows a "sliding pig" as it appears when dragging its limbs or lying down.—American Agriculturist.

KAISER LIKED THE COCKTAIL.

Fighting Bob Evans Introduced Him to the Great American Drink.

This is the story of how the German Emperor was introduced to the American cocktail. The event occurred at Kiel Jan. 19, 1895, when the Kiel canal was opened under the auspices of the German government. There were present naval representatives from all the great countries of the world, and a more magnificent array of battleships had never before been witnessed. "Fighting Bob" tells the story himself.

After the maneuvers were concluded Emperor William visited the various ships and in turn came upon the American fighting machine commanded by Capt. Evans. Formal salutations were passed and the Emperor was invited by "Fighting Bob" to take an American meal at the officers' table. With some evidence of delight, William accepted the invitation, and at the usual hour the host and his imperial guest sat down with the other officers, and the service began.

The first luxury that appeared was an American cocktail, which the Emperor sniffed and tossed off with joy in his eyes.

"Superb!" he exclaimed, nodding his approval at "Fighting Bob." "A 'kochtael,' you say? Delicious! Humph!" The dinner proceeded.

"Capt. Evans," the Emperor suddenly exclaimed in the midst of the meal, "I have a proposition to make to you. A proposition that I have no doubt will be acceptable to all of us."

"Your majesty," responded "Fighting Bob," "what is your pleasure? We listen with respect."

"I propose," resumed William, giving his mustache a nervous upward movement, "that we try another American cocktail before proceeding further with this delightful repast."

"Impossible, sir," politely replied Capt. Evans. "American etiquette permits only one at dinner. A thousand pardons, but I must stick to the customs. Your health, in wine."

Later in the evening Capt. Evans permitted his guest to revert once again to the enticing American cocktail, and it was in the small hours when the Emperor of all the Germans boarded his private launch and returned to the imperial yacht.

The next day, at daybreak, Capt. Evans' orderly informed the "Fighting Bob"—he was then tucked in bed—that Emperor William's private launch was alongside, and that the Emperor sent his respects and wanted one more "kochtael." "Fighting Bob" dressed hastily, and, stepping upon the bridge, lifted his cap and made a low salaam. The Kaiser was evidently in good shape, none the worse for his frequent investigations of the great American "bracer."

"Captain," spoke the Emperor, making a megaphone out of his hands, "you Americans start with greater rapidity, but I think we Germans finish better than you do."

Whereupon his majesty came on board again, and more American cocktails were decidedly upon "Fighting Bob" Evans.

The Emperor had been up all night.

Bloodiest Battle.

The battle of Borodino is reckoned to have been the bloodiest since the use of gunpowder. It was between the French and Russians, now so mysteriously allied to each other. One authority gives the Russian loss as 50,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, and the French as about 20,000. Another gives the numbers as 50,000 French killed, wounded, and prisoners, and 45,000 Russian. The French army numbered 133,000 men, and the Russian 132,000.

His Only Expressed Opinion.

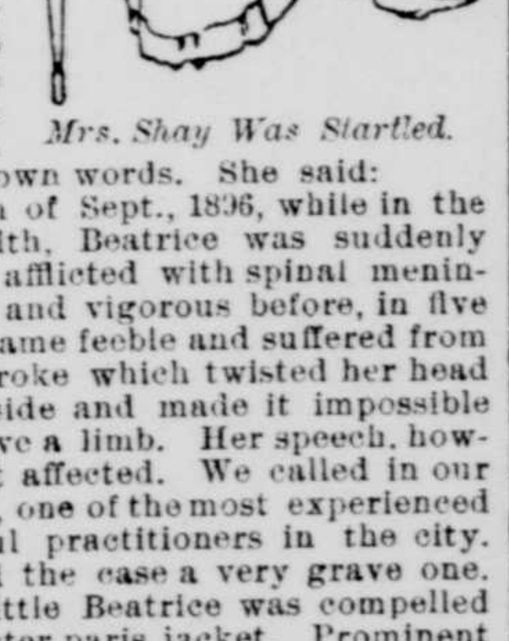
Attorney—Have you formed or expressed any opinion concerning this case?

Venireman—All I've said about it is, I'd like to make $2 a day settin' on the jury.—Chicago Tribune.

A Startled Mother.

From the Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin.

While busy at work in her home, Mrs. William Shay, corner of Taylor and Hancock Avenues, Freeport, Ill., was startled by hearing a noise just behind her.



Mrs. Shay Was Startled.

Turning quickly she saw creeping toward her her four-year-old daughter, Beatrice. The child moved over the floor with an effort, but seemed filled with joy at finding her mother. The rest of the happening is best told in the mother's own words. She said:

"On the 28th of Sept., 1896, while in the bloom of health, Beatrice was suddenly and severely afflicted with spinal meningitis. Strong and vigorous before, in five weeks she became feeble and suffered from a paralytic stroke which twisted her head back to the side and made it impossible for her to move a limb. Her speech, however, was not affected. We called in our family doctor, one of the most experienced and successful practitioners in the city. He considered the case a very grave one. Before long little Beatrice was compelled to wear a plaster paris jacket. Prominent physicians were consulted, electric batteries were applied, but no benefit was noticed until we tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Busy in my kitchen one afternoon I was startled by the cry of 'Mamma' from little Beatrice who was creeping towards me. I had placed her on an improvised bed in the parlor comfortably close to the fireside and given her some books and playthings. She became tired of waiting for me to come back and made up her mind to go to me, so her story, 'My Pink Pills made me walk,' which she tells everyone who comes to our house, was then for the first time verified. She has walked ever since. She has now taken about nine boxes of the pills and her pale and pinched face has been growing rosy, and her limbs gained strength day by day. She sleeps all night long now, while before taking the pills she could rest but a few hours at a time." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists.

Some enterprising manufacturer should put a Dewey 5-cent cigar on the market without delay.

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.

Anthropologists have ascertained that the Andaman Islanders, the smallest race of people in the world, average less than four feet in height, while few of them weigh more than seventy-five pounds.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

An English officer discovered in India a working telephone (not electric) between two temples of Jauj about a mile apart. The system is said to have been in operation at this place for over 2,000 years.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

As early as the year 47 B. C. the great Alexandrian library contained over 40,000 valuable books.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

It is a curious circumstance that some of the most important inventions have been discovered by lunatics.

Cities Named After the Queen.

J. A. Baines, in a lecture delivered recently at Toynbee Hall, London, on "Two Generations of Great Britain," gave a list of towns and districts named after the queen. At the extremity of Vancouver there is a city of Victoria, and crossing the Pacific to Hong Kong one finds another. In Labuan and in the Cameroons there are Victorias and in Africa there is the famous Victoria Nyanza. The richest colony for its size in Australia is Victorialand in the antarctic and another in the arctic region.

Fair Interference.

"I think this pitcher has a glass arm," whispered the short stop, with a toss of her head.

"No!" exclaimed the second-base girl, betraying interest at once.

"Yes; else why does she always wear twenty-button gloves in the game?"

Just then a hot liner came their way, and it was necessary for them to shriek and flee.—Puck.

It takes a good deal of push to roll up a "century" on a cyclometer.

Bogus Antiques Made by Convicts.

The royal British antiquarian and archaeological societies have lodged a petition with Lord Salisbury protesting against the peculiar form of prison labor in Egypt since the Khedive's penitentiaries and jails have been under English management. It seems that the convicts, of whom there are 1,200 in the Jourah prison alone, are employed in manufacturing bogus antiques, for which there is reported to be a large market, especially in America. The petitioners declare that the forgeries are so clever as to be scarcely distinguishable from the real article. As yet only antiques of relatively small dimensions have been produced, but the prison authorities express the hope of being able in course of time to turn out full-fledged mummies and sarcophagi. The scientific societies in England point out with some degree of justice that while this form of prison labor may have commercial advantages it practically renders the British Government a party to fraud.

The banister of life is full of splinters and mankind slides down it with considerable rapidity.



Maybe the grocer is "just out of Ivory Soap but has another just as good." No other soap is just as good. Insist that he get Ivory Soap for you.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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Mission of the Church.—The final mission of the church is to permeate the community in which it is located with a religious and spiritual influence. It rests on every member of the congregation, however, to see to it that the religious influence of the church is not confined within its four walls, but goes out into the society on the outside.—Rev. C. B. Allen, Baptist, Omaha, Neb.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

Several people living have double rows of natural teeth.

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

Within the antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant.

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

Bamboo is of universal use in China.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

London was the first city to use coal.

Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless Bicycles

MAKE HILL CLIMBING EASY.

$125.

Columbia Chain Wheels, $75
Hartfords, . . 50
Vedettes, $40 & 35

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GROVES



TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.

Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly,
ABNEY, CARR & CO.

FITS STOPPED FREE Permanently Cured Insanity Prevented by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fits or Nervousness after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges only when received. Send to Dr. Kline, Ltd., Bellevue Institute of Medicine, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY IN CHICKENS.

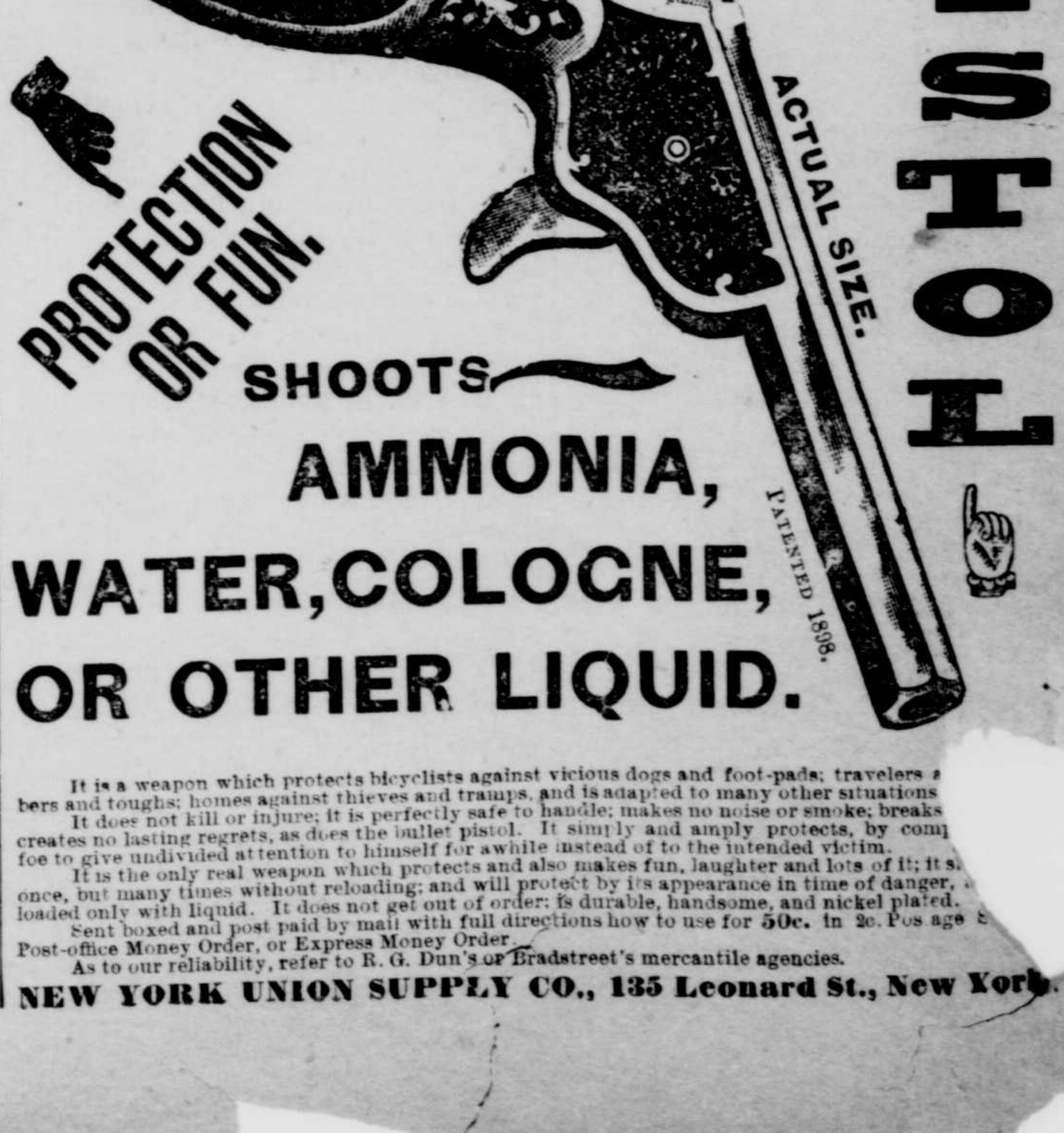
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