Warm Weather

Weakness is quickly overcome by the toning and blood enriching qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures that tired feeling almost as quickly as the sun dispels the morning mist. It also cures pimples, boils, salt rheum, scrofula and all other troubles originating in bad, impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

England's Ancient Wheat Fields.

"The wheat fields of England are the oldest national industries in the country," says a recent English writer. "A wheat field a thousand years old is quite a common sight in this country. Of course it has not grown a crop of corn every year in the ten centuries, but during that long sequence of ages, in the fixed and abiding order of this ancient country, that particular area of land has been cultivated, with the production of wheat as its main object, and it has remained as part of the English granary from the days of Edward the Confessor until those of Victoria. Many of the wheat fields are far more ancient than this, but the record of Doomsday Book is a practical voucher for a period of 1,000 years. The custom of the Saxon cultivators, and the evidence of local names are proof of a still greater antiquity of cultivation on some of the best corn land; and beyond the days of the Saxons lie the last two centuries of Roman occupation, when England was the great wheat growing country of the west, and supplied the population of Rome with daily bread. Perhaps the most interesting feature of our ancestral corn lands is the small degree in which their appearance can have changed in course of ten or twelve centuries. Their area is much greater than in the old times, when villages were separated by wide woodlands, and only grouped and contiguous in naturally open country. The early Saxon times were not days in which men cared to lay field to field. There was plenty of ground available, and of this the villagers cultivated and sowed with corn as much as they needed for their year's supply."

A Chinese Typewriter.

A missionary at Tung Chow has invented a Chinese typewriting machine. The characters number about four thousand, and are on the edge of wheels about a foot in diameter. Twenty or thirty wheels are required to carry all the characters, and two keys must be struck to make an impression. The first turns the wheel, and the second stops it at the required letter, which is then brought down to the paper. The machine is complicated, but the inventor (Dr. Sheffield) hopes to make it more simple. There are 18,000 characters in the Chinese language, each representing a distinct word. The 4,000 in common use have been selected for the new machine.

Bugs Save Lumber.

Prof. A. D. Hopkins, the entomologist at the West Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station, is well pleased with the result of his recent trip to the Black Forests, in Germany, where he studied the insects to be found there, and returned to West Virginia with millions of little beetles, which he turned loose in the pine forests to make war on the pine-destroying insects which are killing the trees.

By the introduction of this little insect, millions of feet of lumber were saved and the destructive insect was almost exterminated.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Tempers of Married People.

A recent inquiry was made into the tempers of married people. Out of 205 couples who were examined 52 per cent. of the wives had good tempers, and only 46 of the husbands were good-humored. Out of the bad-tempered men 32 had good-tempered and 22 bad-tempered wives. Worse than all, 23 per cent. of wives were fretful, 13 per cent. violent and 6 per cent. very masterful.

Hewitt—That hotel clerk queered himself last night. Jewett—How was that? Hewitt—A lady he was calling upon happened to say that her foot was asleep, and he absent-mindedly asked her what time she would have it called.—Town Topics.

Paper Teeth Being Made.

Paper teeth are made by a dentist in Lubeck, Germany. One of his patrons has a set which has been in use for thirteen years, and gives complete satisfaction.

A German Pen.

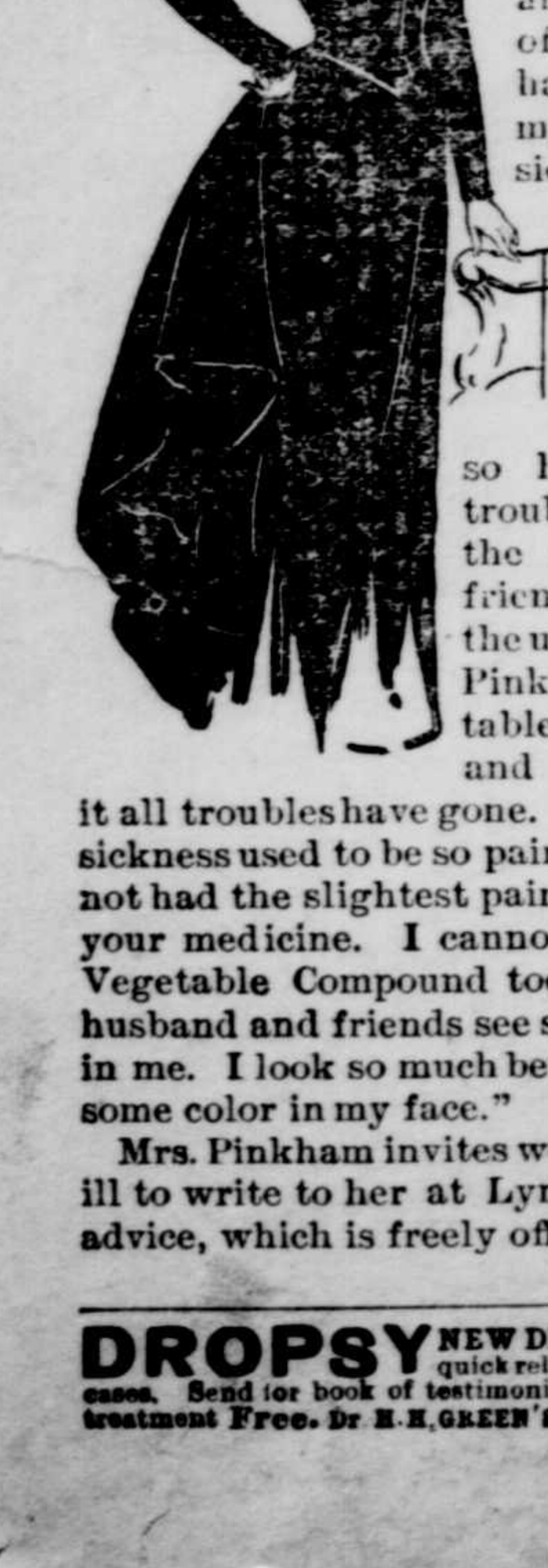
A pen carrying a small electric lamp to prevent shadows when writing has been patented in Germany.

Some actors find the glare of the headlights more annoying than that of the footlights.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MADGE BABCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains; now she is well. Here are her own words:



"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

"Writing in Dust" the Subject—A Denunciation of Hypocrisy—The Injustice of Condemning in Woman Sins That Are Overlooked in Man.

TEXT: "Jesus stooped down and with His fingers wrote on the ground."—John viii., 6.

You must take your shoes off and put on the especial slippers provided at the door if you would enter the Mohammedan mosque, which stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar had thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built, because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables, on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite, and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways.

In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about Him when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed a crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that He sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If He say "Let her die," they will charge Him with cruelty. If He let her go they will charge Him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way He does, they would howl at Him.

Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which He was sitting, and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of His right hand He begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that He settle this case of transgression, until He looked up and told them they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then He resumed writing with His finger nail in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over His shoulder to see what He had written, the scoundrels skulked away. Finally, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust He looks up and finds the woman all alone.

The prisoner is the only one of the courtroom left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorney having cleared out. Christ is victor, and He says to the woman: "Where are the persecutors in this case? are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go and sin no more." I have wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that this is the only time that He ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the King of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest Being the world ever saw, and the One who had more to say than anyone whoever lived, never writing a book or a chapter or a paragraph or a word on parchment. Nothing but the literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated it forever.

Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the books of the Alexandrian Library, which, by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar, were used as fuel to heat the baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British Museum, or Berlin, or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that He ever wrote He wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting dust.

My text says He stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with His fingers He would write in the dust He must bend clear over. Aye, He must get at least on one knee, or He cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that He stooped down, His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to monocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate His landing-place. From Heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of Heaven to writing on the ground in the dust which the feet in the crowd had left in Herod's temple.

Christ came down from the highest Heaven to the broiling of fish for His own breakfast, on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. From the homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Cæsar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galilee was high, but He had to come down before, with His feet, He could touch it, and the whirlwind that arose above the billow was higher yet, but He had to come down before with His lip He could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that went before and self-abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple He stooped down and wrote on the ground.

Whether the words He was writing were in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, I cannot say, for He knew all those languages. But He is still stooping down, and with His finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire or fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world, could we see Christ's caligraphy all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago, and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the Divine care. Christ never for a half second takes His hand off of it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light," was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September, dips the branches in the vat of beautiful colors, and swings them into the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground.

If you could see His hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric, and again we would hear Him say, as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brown-thresher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not in barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood, but we would hear Christ saying, as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt-cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt hath lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did He write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, of olden times, was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose from the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels.

But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet as Christ never wrote anything except that once you cannot blame us for wanting to know what He really did write. But I am certain He wrote nothing trivial or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what He wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the Temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having in its presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure He wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was "hypocrisy" and the other word was "forgiveness."

Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word hypocrisy. What pretensions to sanctity are the part of those hypocritical Pharisees! When the fox begins to pray look out for your chickens. One of the cruel magnates of olden times was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God, Amen." "Stop!" says the martyr, "don't say 'in the name of God!'" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity! When in synods and conferences, ministers of the Gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by being ostentatiously pious, the venom of their assault corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. About to devour a reputation they say grace before meat.

But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in nowise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved Him, and when He stooped down to write on the ground He wrote that mighty, that imperial word, forgiveness.

When on Sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when He writes the offence of this woman He writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it—oh, He was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far East about Him. He was walking through the streets of a city and He saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said: "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that anyone could find anything pleasant concerning the dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth!" Reproved and convicted, they went away.

But while I speak of Christ of the text, His stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most tremendous of all literature. It is the grandest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a nation's dust.

Oh! this mighty literature of the dust: Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trajan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Cæsar? Dust! Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played, or the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chisled, and the architects who built, in all the centuries except our own? Dust! Where are the most of the books that once entranced the world? Dust! Pliny wrote twenty books of history; all lost. The most of Menander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but nineteen. Eschylus wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Quintilian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books, only twenty remain. Berosius's history all lost. Where there is one living book there are a thousand dead books.

Oh! this mighty literature of the dust. It is not so wonderful, after all, that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth His forefinger, with the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy, and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst. We talk about the ocean of Christ's mercy. Put four ships upon that ocean and let them sail out in opposite directions for a thousand years, and see if they can find the shore of the ocean of the divine mercy. Let them sail to the north and the south and the east and the west, and then after the thousand years of vogage let them come back and they will report "No shore, no shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night, very late, a poor waif on the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said, "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away, ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry, 'Lizzie! Lizzie!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child! Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night. And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up, not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that had been written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of Heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	5 25
High Grade Extra			4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	71		73½
CORN—No. 2 White	37		37¼
Oats—Southern & Penn	32		33
RYE—No. 2	50		56½
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 00		12 50
Good to Prime	11 00		11 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 $	10½	@	11
City Cows	9½		10
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks $	1 50	@	1 75
ONIONS	60		65
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	5¾	@	6
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 $	8¼	@	8½
N. Y. Flats	8½		8¾
Skim Cheese	5¼		7¼
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	10½	@	11
North Carolina	9½		10
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS $	9	@	9½
Ducks, per lb	8		9
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	—		6 00
NEW YORK			
FLOUR—Southern $	4 75	@	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	84		88¼
RYE—Western	51		52
CORN—No. 2	38		38½
OATS—No. 3	27		27½
BUTTER—State	14		17½
EGGS—State	13½		14
CHEESE—State	7¼		7¾
PHILADELPHIA			
FLOUR—Southern $	4 75	@	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	80		80¼
CORN—No. 3	37		37¼
OATS—No. 2	30¼		31
BUTTER—State	17		18
EGGS—Penna ft	13		14

AGRICULTURAL.

Overfeeding Before Working.

Whenever a working team has an unusually hard job it is the habit of some farmers to feed it extra, thus giving its stomach an additional labor, and thus lessening available present strength. It ought always to be remembered that it is the food eaten the day before, and for days and weeks before that, which is available for present strength. No animal ought to be expected to work on an empty stomach. But a light feed before an extra hard job is better than loading the stomach with more than it requires.

Shading Vegetables.

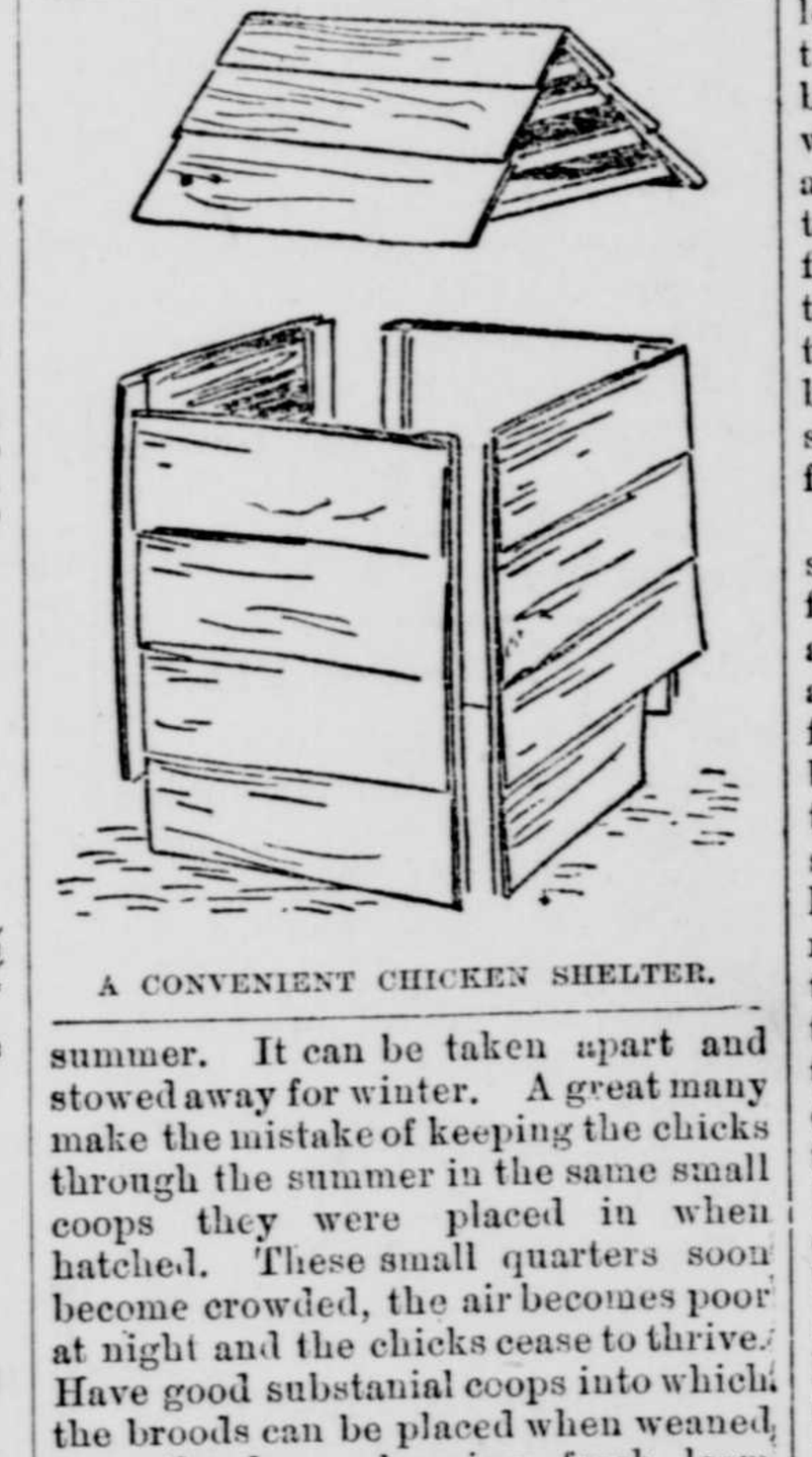
As a general rule early vegetables require all the sun it is possible for them to obtain, but the later ripening crops are often much benefited by more or less shade. The advantage doubtless comes from the moisture in the soil being retained under the influence of shade, although it has been demonstrated that celery plants do best when shaded early in the season and when having the full benefit of the sun during the latter half of the season of growth. The plan of partially shading peas, potatoes, egg plants, beets, lettuce and spinach has proved beneficial, the results being most marked with lettuce and spinach. Frames of lath are fastened to stakes with a space of about two inches between the lath, the frames being placed at a height proportionate to the growing plant, low for such plants as beets, lettuce and spinach, and higher for taller growing plants. On a comparatively small scale, when a select crop will bring good prices, the plan of shading will be found profitable, but it is too costly in general field culture.

Value of Bees to Orchardists.

Some years ago a great hue and cry was raised in certain sections of the country over the assertion that bees ate holes in the fruit and caused it to decay. Experiments innumerable have been made proving the folly of such a statement. In one instance bees were kept in a room where there were dishes of all sorts of fruit, including grapes, peaches, plums and pears. It was noticeable that the fruits that had the skin broken were visited by the bees, but in no case was there any evidence that they troubled the whole fruit. The value of bees to fruit growers can scarcely be overestimated. Some years ago a place was leased to a tenant who kept a few colonies of bees. In one corner of the yard was a large and thrifty-looking apple tree that always bore an abundance of blossoms, but no fruit. A number of colonies of bees were placed underneath this tree, and much to the surprise of the owner of the place, the tree was loaded with extremely fine apples, something that had never occurred before within the memory of the man who had owned the place for twenty-five years. The next season the bees were distributed under trees that had not been in the habit of bearing freely. The most surprising results followed, the trees being full of very fine specimens of fruit. If the blossoms on an apple, plum or pear tree are covered up and the bees are kept away from them until the blossoming season is past there will be no fruit. This has been tested again and again.—New York Ledger.

A Detachable Poultry-Coop.

The top can be used early in the season for the hen and chicks, setting the top right on the ground, one end being boarded up. The four sidepieces go together with two screws at each corner. With the top hinged on with leather hinges it becomes a coop for the chicks as they become large in late



A CONVENIENT CHICKEN SHELTER.

summer. It can be taken apart and stowed away for winter. A great many make the mistake of keeping the chicks through the summer in the same small coops they were placed in when hatched. These small quarters soon become crowded, the air becomes poor at night and the chicks cease to thrive. Have good substanial coops into which the broods can be placed when weaned from the hens, keeping fresh loam upon the floor, and later putting one or more flat roosts across from side to side, thus getting the young things familiar with going to roost by the time they are put in the winter poultry quarters.—New York Tribune.

Rye For Pasture.

Rye may be sown for pasture either in the fall or in the early spring. Its function as a forage plant is to replace or supplement the dry fall pasture grass, and to afford succulent forage in the early spring before the grass is ready to be pastured. For this purpose it is best sown in the fall. If sown about September 1 it will afford good pasture in the late fall when most of the other forage plants have succumbed to frost. To obtain the best results with milch cows this pasture should be supplemented with other feed. In the spring it affords more luxuriant forage and may be pastured as soon as the land is fit to turn the cattle on (T. L. Lyon, Bulletin 53, Nebraska Experiment Station.) It is eaten with relish by stock up to the time of blossoming. After that time the stalks are too woody to be relished by stock.

If it is desired to use it for pasture later than this, it should be sown in the spring. By sowing rye it is possible to use land for early pasture, plow it up and use for a summer crop, or for summer pasture with another forage crop. Seed at the rate of one and a half to two bushels to the acre, either with a press drill or broadcast. After the plants are up, keep the surface of the soil loose with the harrow. Do not pasture in the fall until the plants have become well established. Many dairymen object to rye pasture on the grounds that it gives an unpleasant taste to the milk and butter. It seems possible to remove this objection by taking the cattle off the rye two or three hours before milking and by feeding something in addition to the rye.—American Agriculturist.

It seems that no previous Prince of Wales has been a grandfather.

OUR CUBAN ALLIES.

Suffering and Sacrifice Have Crushed Their Bodies But Not Their Spirits.

Probably there was never an army like the Cuban. It includes all ages and conditions of men and boys; some with bare feet and in rags—very scant tatters at that. There are few who look as if they had not been very hungry for a long time. If the spirit of freedom could have been crushed out of their souls as strength has been starved out of their bodies there would be no Cuban Army, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun, from Santiago. But, with all their suffering and sacrifice, here they are, physically inferior, but brave in spirit, eager and glad to fall in line, and hopeful as never before, for they feel that at last the decisive blow is to be struck for Cuba Libre. There could hardly be anything more pathetic than these long lines of Cubans ready to march to the front—dark-faced, white-haired old men, handsome, slender boys, with dark, wistful eyes—all quiet, serious, even sad—so unlike the American soldiers—vigorous and cheerful, with a freedom of thought, expression and action that has never known oppression. The United States are feeding the Cuban Army—issuing rations, as well as equipping it with arms. The Cubans accept guns, but they will never discard the machete. If the choice comes in a fight the gun will be dropped and the machete used. There need be no fear that the Cubans will not fight well, too. The American Army may not just now have a high opinion of the fighting qualities of the Cubans; the navy had not at first, but the navy has changed and so will the army. It was at Guantanamo the other day that a naval officer said to me:

"When we came down here we were not enthusiastic over the fighting qualities of the Cubans. But we really knew nothing about them, or the actual conditions under which they have struggled for three years. These conditions could not be described; a man must see for himself to realize what they are. I do not believe the Anglo-Saxon would have held out against such odds. Washington's army at one time, perhaps, endured something like equal hardships. These Cuban men and boys have lived on what they could pick up, with no pay, no clothes, their families hiding in the woods, living on roots, like half starved animals. But with all—they fight bravely. They have been tried right here, and no men fought better. We can understand the sentiment of the army. But this sentiment will change, just as it has in the navy. We find them honest and grateful. Even in the ranks there are finely educated men. Their rough life has given them something of the bandit appearance. But they are gentlemen."

As an army drilled and disciplined in military rules and tactics the Cuban forces cannot be counted on. They do not fight that way, could not under their conditions and environments. A very striking thing is the good fellowship between officers and men, and there is absolutely no color line. The Afro-Cuban, if a good fighter, is on the same footing with the man of Spanish blood and approaches his superior officer with the same equal rights. Maceo had African blood. He was one of the bravest of men and the idol of the Cubans. His photograph is seen everywhere among the patriots along with that of Marti, who was of pure Spanish blood and the first leader in the present war.

Lightning Ransacked a House.

During a recent severe storm the home of Mr. C. H. Redlige, in California, Wicomico County, was struck by lightning. The bolt struck a big locust tree in the yard, jumped from that to the peak of the house and burned or melted some nails in the wood. From there it went down the attic window post, which was splintered, went through the plastering in five small holes. It looked as though the holes were made by a gun. It set the lace curtains on fire and partly burned a feather bed. The bolt seemed to part here, part going out front and part going back.

The part going front damaged the shutters, ripped off the plastering, followed some nails over the doorhead and melted the wire on a screen door and went into the ground under the front steps. The part that went the back way doubled again before it entered the ground, one part taking one side, tearing out a window frame, following a tin valley down a doorway, ripping off plastering and laths and then into the ground. The part that took the other side ran along a partition, ripping off laths and plastering down the back stairway and through a tin safe or cupboard. In this cupboard was a glass spoon vase, with silver spoons in it. The spoons were blackened and some of them were melted when they touched each other. In the same cupboard were knifes and forks. These were melted and stuck where they came in contact with each other. From the cupboard it went through the corner of the house, tearing off plastering and weather boarding and ripping open the corner posts.

The family, strange to say, were not hurt in the least, nor did any one feel any shock.—Baltimore Sun.

A Hydrogen Shell.

The activity displayed in inventing means for the destruction of human life, particularly of enemies in war time, is as ceaseless as the efforts to prolong life and create for it tolerable conditions. The latest ingenious device for the former purpose is a ten-inch shell that has hydrogen for the explosive. The inventor is Chemist Walter T. Forbes, and he announces that the authorities at Washington will give his shell a trial. In appearance it is similar to the gas tank in the ordinary soda-water fountain. Hydrogen can be exploded by fire, and as the pressure in the shell is about five thousand pounds to the square inch, thus making it impossible to keep a fuse or percussion cap in place, Mr. Forbes was confronted with the difficult problem of designing some way to set the gas off. This device is the only secret about the shell.

Mr. Forbes says that the five thousand pounds pressure is multiplied instantly, when the shell strikes, two hundred-fold, thus giving the enormous explosive force of one million pounds, which would annihilate everything within many yards of the spot that was struck.

The inventor says that the shell weighs about one-tenth as much as the regular ten-inch shell, and can be made for about one-twentieth the cost of the other. If Mr. Forbes isn't at fault in some way about this invention of his, he will doubtless find that he has done much to avert war by making it too dangerous a function to engage in.—Oswego (N. Y.) Times.

A well-known doctor states that baked banana is the ideal food for nervous and anæmic brain-workers.

Sienkiewicz's Method of Work.

Sienkiewicz's method of making a book is as follows: He works out a detailed plan, and writes it down carefully. He fixes this in his head, and lets it "seethe and ferment" there, as he says. When ready to begin work, he divides his time, not into days, but weeks. During the first week he produces a certain amount, the second week a similar amount, and so on, week after week. He writes without correction, and never copies, producing just one manuscript—the one which he sends to the printer. Each week's work continues that of the preceding week. Though the plan of the book is elaborated carefully in advance, this plan is not followed strictly; from the "seething and fermenting" in his head changes are suggested to the author, and he makes them. He has no secretary, amanuensis, copyist, or assistant.

To write such books as he does without copying or correcting, to create works like the trilogy and "Quo Vadis?" by a series of efforts, each one of which gives a finished part, and each part being a seamless and flawless continuation of the preceding, till the last, together with all the others, forms a complete, unbroken whole, is perhaps the most amazing tour de force in literary experience. Sienkiewicz employs no man or woman to help him. He makes all literary researches himself; visits and studies the places which he needs to see; and when writing in Switzerland, Italy, France, or other countries, takes with him all the books he requires, and shuts himself in with them during working hours, which for him are from eight or nine till lunch at one o'clock, and then a couple of hours later on. He never writes after dinner in the evening, and has so ordered his "works and days" that he needs no assistance.—Century.

Names Assumed by Royalty.

When traveling, Queen Victoria is the Countess of Balmoral, and can be recognized officially only by that title. Leopold II. of Belgium went to Paris as the Count of Ravenstein and returned to Brussels under the same name. The Prince of Wales has never been in Paris; it is the Earl of Chester who is the hero of all the naughty adventures ascribed to Albert Edward. The Empress Frederick is the Countess Lingen. The Empress of Austria calls herself the Countess of Hohenembs; the Empress Eugenie, Countesse de Pierreponds, the mediaeval stronghold which she had restored. If you meet the Countess of Toledo on your travels, you will know that she is Isabella II., once queen of Spain; the Duchess of Castro is ex-Queen Sophie of the Two Sicilies; the Count of Barcellos is King Carlos of Portugal, and his wife, Queen Amelie, is Marquesa de Villacosa; Prince Victor Bonaparte calls himself Count of Montcaliere; Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Count Murany; the Swedish crown prince, Count Carlsborg. In spite of these assumed names, those who come in contact with these royal travelers are expected to treat them as though the incognito did not exist.

Money is everything to the poor fellow who hasn't a cent.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The fool fishes for flattery; the wise man works for wages.

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.

There is hope for a nation while it can fight without asking: "for how much?"

Ever Have a Dog Bother You

When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the beast? A few drops of ammonia shot from a Liquid Pistol would do it effectually and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union Supply Co., 135 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

Large numbers of flintlock guns six feet long are made in Birmingham, Eng., at $1.50 each, and many of these weapons find a ready market in Darkest Africa.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep-sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks, using their tails and fins as legs.

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.

War turns the tyrant inside out, revealing the slave.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Heroism cannot be estimated by the dollar.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Love's losses are gains.

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.

War is the high-road to peace.

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

War is the iron crown of peace.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

In war, sternness is truest kindness.

DEWEY FIGURES IN IT.

Anecdote Showing the Bravery of American Seamen in Danger.

Capt. Isaiah H. Grant, keeper of the United States lighthouse department storehouse on Central Wharf, recalls an interesting anecdote that is particularly appropriate at this time, and goes to show the stuff of which the American navy is composed. Captain Grant is a brother of William G. Grant, the keeper of the light on Matinicus Rock, and of the later tells this story:

It was back in 1864, and Commodore Dewey was then executive officer on board the United States vessel Colorado. William Grant was a seaman on the same ship, and is naturally well posted as to our gallant commodore's fighting qualities. The Colorado was steaming into Hampton Roads, Va., towing a large boatload of sailors, relates the Portland (Me.) Express.

It was a windy day and the waves were running high. In some manner the boat capsized, and in a moment every one was struggling in the water. All but one, however, succeeded in getting on its bottom. One sailor who could not swim sank to the bottom. A boat was at once lowered from the Colorado, William Grant being one of the men assigned to it.

The men rowed with a will, and soon reached the overturned boat and the sailors clinging to its bottom. They had so much headway that the boat shot over the place where the unfortunate went down. Mr. Grant was in the bow keeping a sharp lookout for him when he came to the surface. As the boat moved along he looked down into the water, which was clear, and plainly saw the man near the surface. Like a flash, he scrambled to the stern of the boat, and, without hesitating a second, dived over the coxswain's head for the drowning man. He calculated just right, and in a moment had him by the collar and succeeded in bringing him to the surface. Both men were taken into the boat, and after hard work the half-drowned sailor was revived. He owed his life to Mr. Grant's bravery and prompt action.

The next day Dewey, as executive officer, called Mr. Grant up on to the quarterdeck, and before every one thanked him cordially for his bravery in rescuing the sailor.

A few years ago when Dewey, then commodore, visited the Maine coast and called upon Mr. Grant at Matinicus, the incident was recalled, and a long talk was enjoyed by the men. Commodore Dewey recalled the matter instantly and again complimented Mr. Grant.

New Use for Peanuts.

A new use for peanut is developing as the peanut butter industry becomes better understood. The product of the peanut answers in the place of ordinary butter for the table use, and is said to be excellent for shortening purposes, and for gravies, sauces, etc. In point of purity it is well designed for the use of vegetarians who strenuously object to anything animal. There is already a considerable demand for this butter substitute, and it is very probable there will be an enlarged market for the nuts. At present the product of the United States is about 500,000 bags annually, and that of the world is 600,000,000 pounds.—West Coast Trade.

A Woman's Watch.—Miss Hiborn—It seems to run very well for a day and a half, and then it will not go at all." Watchmaker—"Yes; it should be wound occasionally."—Jeweler's Weekly.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

Some men count it gain to take dishonesty from their hearts to put in their purses.



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