Pimples

Are the danger signals of impure blood. They show that the vital blood is in bad condition, that health is in danger of wreck. Clear the track by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and the blood will be made pure, complexion fair and healthy, and life's journey pleasant and successful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Croesus, of ancient times, possessed about $20,000,000.

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 egg is currency in South Africa's interior.

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

Dentists in Germany are using false teeth made of paper instead of porcelain or mineral composition.

How's This.

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

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

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

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Rug weaving is an art older than the Pharaohs, and the history of the first loom lies shrouded in oblivion.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

The Foraminifera are protozoans which secrete one-or-many chambered shells. They occur in great abundance at the surface of the ocean, and in fossil in most of the geological formations.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

An eminent Prussian statistician, Sussmilch, estimated in the time of Frederick I. of Prussia that about one-twelfth of the population of Europe died of smallpox and that nearly everybody had the disease.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

If a girl's father objects to a young man's suit, he should change tailors.

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.

Greece has a 110-year-old woman.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Facts About New York's School Army

The school army of New York, numbering 400,000 young Americans, would make 400 regiments of the American Guard—allowing the girls to enroll—each regiment numbering 1,000, an army equal to forty full brigades of ten regiments.

The length of stride of the average school boy is two feet six inches. Drawn up in the single line, the last boy in the line would be up the State 200 miles, somewhere in the vicinity of Syracuse.

Marching in platoons of sixteen, close order, practically filling Broadway from curb to curb, the column, when ready to move, would be twelve miles long, extending from the City Hall up Broadway to Fordham.

To carry the comparison further, what a monster of a schoolboy this army of 400,000 would make. Assuming an average weight of fifty pounds each, all the schoolboys made into one would produce a giant of 20,000,000 pounds weight. As 4 feet 6 inches is an average schoolboy's height, this Greater New York boy would be 340 feet tall, his girth at the top of his knickerbockers a mere trifle of 180 feet, and the length of his feet sixty feet.—New York Journal.

Time to Stop.

Among the best stories recorded by a well-known angler is one about a Scottish laird, who was one day relating to his friends at the dinner table the story of a fine fish he had caught. "Donald," said he to the servant behind his chair—an old man, but a new servant—"how heavy was the fish I took yesterday?" Donald neither spoke nor moved. The laird repeated the question. "Weel," replied Donald, "it was twal' pund at breakfast; it had gotten to achteen at dinner-time, and it was sax-and-twenty when ye sat down to supper wi' the captain." Then, after a pause, he added: "I've been tellin' lees a' my life to please the shooters, but I'll be dashed if I'm going to tell lees noo, in my old age, to please the fushers!"

REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Happy Women.

"I Owe You My Life."

Mrs. E. WOOLHISER,
Mills, Neb., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; menses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

"I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. GEO. LEACH,
1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Menses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me.

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Honesty Eulogized—Ruinous Modes of Getting Money—Why Politics Has Become a Synonym For Truculency and Turpitude—The Morals of the Gospel.

TEXT: "They that will be rich fall into a temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."—I Timothy vi., 9.

That is the Niagara Falls over which rush a multitude of souls, namely, the determination to have the money anyhow, right or wrong. Tell me how a man gets his money and what he does with it, and I will tell you his character, and what will be his destiny in this world and the next. I propose to speak to-day about the ruinous modes of getting money.

In all our city, state and national elections large sums of money are used in bribery. Politics, from being the science of good government, has often been bedraggled into the synonym for truculency and turpitude. A monster sin, plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are rotten with leprosy. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is clenched, and with its ichorous knuckle it taps at the door of the court-room, the legislative hall, the congress and the parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters, and glides through the aisle of the council chamber as softly as a slippered page, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket, and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken, and the palm of the intruder cross the palm of the official, the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads, and the doom is fixed, and the victim perishes. Let bribery, accursed of God and man, stand up for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons, who became judges, "They took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers, "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day, "They take a bribe, and turn aside the poor in the gate." Eliphaz fortells the crushing blows of God's indignation, declaring, "Fire shall consume the tabernacle of bribery."

It is no light temptation. The mightiest have fallen under it. Lord Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern science, author of "Novum Organum," and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Jonson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—thirty-six thousand dollars a year, and Twickenham Court, a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire—yet under this temptation to bribery, falling flat into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes, giving as excuse that all his predecessors took them; he was fined two hundred thousand dollars—or what corresponds with our two hundred thousand dollars—and imprisoned in London Tower.

Even heathenism and the Dark Ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A cadi of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him five hundred ducats in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man on the other side had no witnesses. At the close of the case the cadi said: "This poor man has no witnesses, he thinks; I shall produce in his behalf five hundred witnesses against the other side." Then pulling out the bag of ducats from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying: "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas offered a bribe, said: "I will do this thing if it be right, and if it be wrong, all your goods cannot persuade me."

The President of the American Congress during the American Revolution, General Reed, was offered ten thousand guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray this country. He replied: "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your king he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far, when you or I, if we move in honorable society, know men and women who by all the forces of earth and Hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange Heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villiany, but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

My charge is to you, in all departments of life, steer clear of bribery, all of you. Every man and woman will at some time be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transaction of private life, and of public life, will come up for public reprehension.

We cannot bribe death, we cannot bribe sickness, we cannot bribe the grave, we cannot bribe the judgment of that God who thunders against this sin. "Fie!" said Cardinal Beaufort, "fie! Can't death be bribed? Is money nothing? Must I die, and so rich? If the owning of the whole realm would save me I could get it by policy or by purchase—by money." No, death would not be bribed then; he will not be bribed now. Men of the world often regret that they have to leave their money here when they go away from the world. You can tell from what they say in their last hours that one of their chief sorrows is that they have to leave their money. I break that delusion. I tell that bribe-taker that he will take his money with him. God will wrap it up in your shroud, or put it in the palm of your hand in resurrection, and there it will lie, not the cool, bright, shining gold as it was on the day when you sold your vote and your moral principle, but there it will lie, a hot metal, burning and consuming your hand forever. Or, if there be enough of it for a chain, then it will fall over the wrist, clanking fetters of an eternal captivity. The bribe is an everlasting possession. You take it for time, you take it for eternity. Some day in the next world, when you are longing for sympathy, you will feel on your cheek a kiss. Looking up, you will find it to be Judas, who took thirty pieces of silver as a bribe, and finished the bargain by putting an infamous kiss on the pure cheek of his divine Master.

Another wrong use of money is seen in the abuse of trust funds. Nearly every man during the course of his life, on a large or smaller scale, has the property of others committed to his keeping. He is, so far, a safety deposit, he is an administrator, and holds in his hand the interest of the family of a deceased friend. Or he is an attorney, and through his custody goes the payment from debtor to creditor, or he is the collector of a business house, which compensates him for the responsibility; or he is treasurer for a charitable institution, and he holds alms contributed for the suffering; or he is an official of the city or the State or the nation, and taxes and subsidies and salaries and supplies are in his keeping.

Another remark needs to be made, and that is that people ought not to go into places, into business, or into positions where the temptation is mightier than their character. If there be large sums of money to be handled, and the man is not sure of his own integrity, you have no right to run an unseaworthy craft in a hurricane. A man can tell by the sense of weakness or strength in the presence of a bad opportunity whether he is in a safe place. How many parents make an awful mistake when they put their boys in banking houses and stores and shops and factories and places of solemn trust without once discussing whether they can endure the temptation! You give the boy plenty of money, and have no account of it, and make the way down become very easy, and you may put upon him a pressure that he cannot stand. There are men who go into positions full of temptation, considering only that they are lucrative positions.

An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground, and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns—a crop of 200 years! And I tell you young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for 200 years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I address many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so entrusted, but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful; be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investment, and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces, and the Church thunders expulsion.

A blustering young man arrived at a hotel in the West, and he saw a man on the sidewalk whom he supposed to be a laborer, and in a rough way, as no man has a right to address a laborer, said to him, "Carry this trunk upstairs." The man carried the trunk upstairs and came down, and then the young man gave him a quarter of a dollar which was clipped, and instead of being twenty-five cents it was worth only twenty cents. Then the young man gave his card to the laborer and said, "You take this up to Governor Grimes; I want to see him." "Ah," said the laborer, "I am Governor Grimes." "Oh," said the young man, "you—I—excuse me." Then the Governor said: "I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office in my gift, and I had made up my mind you should have it, but a young man who will cheat a laborer out of five cents would swindle the government of the State if he got his hands on it. I don't want you. Good morning, sir."

I do not suppose there was ever a better specimen of honesty than was found in the Duke of Wellington. He marched with his army over the French frontier, and the army was suffering and he scarcely knew how to get along. Plenty of plunder all about, but he commanded none of the plunder to be taken. He writes home these remarkable words: "We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on accout of public creditors, waiting to demand what is due to them." Yet at the very time the French peasantry were bringing their valuables to him to keep. A celebrated writer says of the transaction: "Nothing can be grander or more nobly original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years' service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his creditors! This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and invaders, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to its sublime simplicity."

Oh! is it not high time, that we preach the morals of the Gospel right beside the faith of the Gospel? Mr. Froude, the celebrated English historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. And yet the clergy has seen all this grow up in absolute indifference. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England on the divine mission of the clergy, on bishops, and on justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but during all these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty."

My hearer, what are you doing with that fraudulent document in your pocket? My other hearer, how are you getting along with that wicked scheme you have now on foot? Is that a "pool ticket" you have in your pocket? Why, O young man, were you last night practicing in copying your employer's signature? Where were you last night? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? You had a Christian ancestry, perhaps, and you have had too many prayers spent on you to go overboard. Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer, was descended from the Highlanders, and he said that one of his ancestors, one of the Highlanders, one day called his family around him. The Highlander was dying; he had his children around his death-bed. He said: "Now, my lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong. My lads, be honest."

Ah, my friends, be honest before God, be honest before your fellow-men, be honest before your soul. If there be those who have wandered away, come back, come home, come now, one and all, come into the Kingdom of God.

I am glad some one has set to music that scene in August, 1881, when a young girl saved from death a whole rail train of passengers. Some of you remember that out West in that year on a stormy night a hurricane blew down part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along and it crashed into the ruin, and the engineer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin, near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express was due. She lighted a lantern and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestle work, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lightning of the tempest, and the racing of the torrent beneath. One misstep and it would have been death. Amid all that horror the lantern went out. Crawling sometimes, and sometimes walking over the slippery rails, and over the trestle work, she came to the other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station, where the express train did not stop, so that the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train did stop. The train was due in a few minutes. She was one mile off from the telegraph station, but fortunately the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she flew like the wind. Coming up to the telegraph station, panting with almost deadly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout, "The bridge is down!" when she dropped unconscious, and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from that station to the next station, and the train halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers, and saved many homes from desolation. But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on and sweeping down toward perils raging and terrific. God help us to go out and stop the train! Let us throw some signal. Let us give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the downward progress. Beware! Beware! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep, and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning: "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

Some people are disagreeable because they can't attract attention any other way.

A woman who cries a great deal, is usually a great kisser.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $	@	4 75
High Grade Extra		4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65	70
CORN—No. 2 White	34	35
Oats—Southern & Penn	25½	26
RYE—No. 2	46	47
HAY—Choice Timothy	10 00	11 00
Good to Prime	9 00	10 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds	7 00	7 50
Wheat Blocks	4 00	4 50
Oat Blocks	5 00	6 00
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3. $	@	81
No. 2		60
PEAS—Standards	1 25	2 00
Seconds		70
CORN—Dry Pack		80
Moist		65
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS $	10 @	10¾
City Cows	9½	10
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks $	1 50 @	1 75
ONIONS	60	65
PROVISIONS.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	6 @	6¾
Clear ribsides	6¾	7
Hams	9½	10¼
Mess Pork, per bar		11 75
LARD—Crude		4
Best refined		6¼
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	20 @	21
Under Fine	19	20
Creamery Rolls	20	21
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy $	8¾ @	9
N. Y. Flats	8¼	8½
Skim Cheese	5¼	7¼
EGGS.		
EGGS—State $	13½ @	14
North Carolina	12	13
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS $	8 @	8½
Ducks, per lb	7½	8
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50 @	2 50
Sound common	2 00	3 00
Middling	6 00	7 00
Fancy	10 00	12 00
LIVE STOCK.		
BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 10 @	4 40
SHEEP	2 50	3 00
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

WOMAN'S WORLD

A Cure For Brittle Nails.

An excellent cure for brittle nails is to soak them daily for a few minutes in blood-warm sweet oil. Lemon juice will remove stains and prevent ragged nails. For whitening the hands nothing is better than wearing gloves all night, first anointing the hands with a little sweet oil. Gloves should also be worn when engaged in any work that is likely to soil the hands.

The Country Toilet.

Among the prettinesses of the country toilet is the floral parasol, that is as perishable and attractive as the flowers it represents. When opened, a floral sunshade illustrates either a huge peony, rose, poppy or sunflower. Large petals of silk are cut out and artfully adjusted to a foundation of silk, and about the ferrule end puffed yellow chiffon represents the golden heart of the flower. Vivid scarlet poppy parasols are most popular, mounted on black staffs, tipped with gilt. Palpably for companionship with such sweet frivolities are the picnic hats made all of silk muslin, either shirred onto frames of wire and trimmed exclusively with bows, tufts and pompons of the same goods, or built like the parasols to represent a flower. The floral hats have wire frames, and to the net that covers the wire is made fast a clever design of petals. The petals are cut from Liberty silk and tinted. They overhang and cover the brim, while a succession of green silk calyx leaves close round the crown and crinkled inner leaves that enclose the stamens. The flower hats are copies of those worn this season at chateau parties in France, and from the same source comes the commendable fashion of trimming rough green, brown and yellow straw hats with foliage and fruit. For many a long day we have all worn cherries and occasionally grapes on our headgear, but it has remained for this season to ripen our military peaches, plums, pears, apricots and currants and gooseberries, while already almost common have grown the strawberry, blackberry and raspberry hats. Usually round coarse Lombardy straw shade hats are used for this purpose, and the foliage is massed on the crown and brim with knots of fruit placed wherever a tasteful fancy dictates. No lace, ribbon or flowers are permitted by an artistic trimmer, and as the plums, pears and peaches are copied only in miniature, their effect in decoration is never heavy.

The First War Nurse.

A short time ago Miss Florence Nightingale, most famous of army nurses, celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday, and a memorial address of congratulation was presented to her by Americans in London and American nurses, grateful for the interest she has shown in their volunteer movement in our war with Spain.

Miss Nightingale has served well for more than the allotted span of life, and now the heroine of the Crimean war has come to lie all day long, and all the days, in a shaded room in her London home. It is a bedridden existence, but it is one made beautiful by the light of other days. No one forgets Florence Nightingale, nor does she forget.

Her room is always littered with new books, magazines and papers bearing especial reference to the womanly art of nursing the sick. She herself writes pamphlets on the subject still, and pencils and note paper are as abundant in that sick room as is printed matter. Health and youth have failed her, but not the old interest and zeal. Now, as ever, she shrinks from publicity. No reporter or newspaper correspondent need send up his card, but she is always accessible and at home to any one who is honestly interested in nursing or care of the sick and who seeks her aid and advice in this way. Encouragement and counsel she has for such, but never an interview has she yet granted to a journalist. So it is easy to see how deeply alive she is to all matters concerning the American nurses who have offered their services to the United States Army and are ready to serve their country in the war with Spain.

From the first the aged heroine's interest has been made manifest toward them, and hence the American colony in London have in grateful appreciation sent this memorial to the cheery sick chamber at 5 Hyde Park square, London W., for it is cheery, and a loyal spirit dwells undaunted there. She who has looked upon death with fearless eyes is not abashed at the destroyer's drawing her to him. A brave heart is the sublime test of endurance.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Gleanings From the Store.

New felt walking hat.

Corsets of broche coutil.

Wrappers of printed lawn.

Wool bunting in dark colors.

Ladies' tan linen outing suits.

White corded pique in all sizes.

Boys' negligee waists of madras.

Flannel nightgowns for little ones.

Boys' footless and footed bicycle hose.

Madras waists of bias tucks for misses.

Eton suits of cheviot serge, tailor made.

Black moire velours for separate skirts.

Cotton goods imitating cheviot mixtures.

Misses' linen skirts in tan, blue and white.

Negligees of wash silk and figured dimity.

Misses' dotted swiss frocks with lace and ribbon.

White pique suits with colored collar for girls.

White China silk parasols with hemstitched effects.

Foulard frocks for little ones of six to fourteen years.

Silk neck scarf of thin texture with applique lace ends.

Golf and cycling skirts in heavy double-faced cloths.

Girls' jacket and blouse suits of crash, duck and linen.

Windsor ties for small girls to wear with cotton shirt waists.

Homespun, crash, grass and transparent linen frocks for girls and misses.

Girls' organdie frocks in dark blue with bright flowers, white lace and white ribbon sash.

A Plant Sacred to the Druids.

The plant known as the vervain, common name of plants of the genus verbena, which is not distinguished for its beauty, and which grows nowadays utterly disregarded, was so sacred to the Druids that they only gathered it for their divinations when the great dog star arose, in order that neither sun or moon should see the deed.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Serviceable Stable Floor.

A stable floor that is cheap and serviceable may be made of stiff clay by adding one-third clean gravel not larger than a marble. Mix to the consistency of thin mortar, put it on the floor or ground surface, after smoothing it down well, eight or ten inches deep and pound down hard. Go over it every few days and pound down solidly any portion that shows a tendency to crack, until all is hard. Such a floor will last for years, and if plenty of bedding is used is not apt to get muddy.

Renewing Raspberry Patches.

A raspberry patch, of the black-cap varieties, needs to be renewed every four or five years, as the red rust comes in and will injure so many of the plants that the plantation will cease to pay. The black-cap raspberry will not last so long as this if it has been grown from suckers. Those grown from the tip ends of this year's shoots will keep free from disease longest. But after four or five years it is too much labor to keep the plantation free from weeds, and a new plantation, after the first year, will give more fruit, with less cost of labor in caring for it.

Paris Green For Squash Borers.

One of the worst pests of the garden is the squash or cucumber stalk borer. All its operations are confined to a part of the main stem near the root, or at most not more than two or three feet from it. Once inside the stalk the borer is safe from any outward application. But if his presence is seen quickly enough, the borer may be dug out with a knife and the plant will be saved. Prevention is better than cure. If a strong solution of Paris green in water is spread over the squash or other vine stem for two or three feet from its roots, the parent fly will lay her eggs as usual, and when these hatch out, as they do in two or three days, when the young borer begins eating his way into the stalk, his first mouthful will be his last.

The Secret of Silage.

The whole secret of preserving silage rests upon the fact that fermentation cannot proceed except in the presence of oxygen, and in nature this is supplied by the air. Hence, says Hoard's Dairyman, we build our silos impervious to the air, cut our corn or other material into it, and provide that it shall be distributed so as to settle evenly. To this end, we keep the sides somewhat the highest, so as to overcome the friction. Of course, there is now more or less air all through the mass, and in consequence fermentation commences very soon, as is evidenced by the rise in temperature; but, fortunately, in this process of fermentation carbonic gas is evolved, and this, being heavier than the air, forces the latter up and out of the silage, just as pouring water into a jug or cask displaces and dispels the air. This expulsion of the air and the air-tight sides which prevent the outflow of the carbonic gas arrest further decay (fermentation), and so long as this condition is maintained the silage remains in statu quo.

Convenient Bag Holder.

Sketched here is a simple and inexpensive arrangement for holding bags or sacks, one that will be especially useful when handling grain. Strong hooks fasten the box to the bin while smaller hooks in either corner and in front hold the bag. The box may be easily made by any one handy with tools, and the arrangement will



A HANDY ARRANGEMENT FOR BAGS.

greatly facilitate handling grain when one man has to do all the work. This box is an improvement on the funnel sometimes used by millers, which is only handy when a second person can attend to shirring the string that holds the bag about the lower end of the funnel.

The Farm Garden.

The farmer who neglects the garden and fails to grow an ample supply of vegetables for the use of his family falls short of his plain duty. A diet of which meat is the principal part is not wholesome, and those who dwell in cities and towns know this and eat largely of vegetable foods while too many farmers' families live the year through on pork, beef, bread and potatoes. The farmer can consume more pork and other meat than almost any other man, because he works hard in the open air and can digest heavier food than the man who is shut in the house most of the time. Of all men the farmer should be the last to suffer from rheumatism, dyspepsia and other diseases that arise from the blood. A diet composed largely of vegetables insures immunity from all such diseases yet they are very prevalent in the families of the farms of this country.

There is hardly a single one of the vegetables that is not medicine as well as food. In the spring comes asparagus first of all, which is a sovereign remedy for kidney complaints, all of which arise from the presence of a particular acid in the blood. Soon after come the various greens that grow abundantly in country places, and later the berries and fruits which purify the blood and invigorate the system at a time in the year when the hot weather enervates and makes languid those who labor out of door. Beets, onions, green peas, string beans, celery, tomatoes all possess important medicinal virtues and all come at a time in the year when we need a cooling and blood purifying diet. During cold weather we can consume quantities of fat meat with benefit, because fats used as food produce heat and help us to withstand cold, but with the temperature as high as it gets in this country during the summer, we really need but little meat, and vegetables are all that we need to supply us with strength to perform the heaviest tasks. If the meats consumed in summer were mostly mutton or poultry, with eggs, we would be better off than we are as consumers of so much fat pork, but none of these take the place of an unlimited supply of fresh vegetables and fruits such as any farmer in the land may produce at the cost of a small amount of labor devoted to their cultivation.—Farm News.

EFFECT OF ALTITUDE.

Explanation of the Restorative Effect of Mountain Air.

The mountain air has the following effect: Suppose a weakly, or even a consumptive, patient goes up into the mountains. His badly nourished condition renders his tissues an easy prey to the microbes which have contrived to effect a lodgment under the insanitary conditions of his present life. But when he breathes an air less richly supplied with oxygen his blood is not able to absorb enough for its requirements; a "reaction" is set up; new corpuscles are formed, which gradually acquire the normal amount of haemoglobin, and thus a host of recruits is added to the pigmy carriers, the work of transference of oxygen is much more effectively performed and the result is the better nutrition of the body. It resists the assaults of the destructive microbes; they no longer increase and multiply, but dwindle—perhaps are slaughtered (for such things do occur) by the army of defense. When the patient descends to a lower altitude the red corpuscles decrease in number, but the good effects remain and the quality of the blood is now much more satisfactory than it was before the visit to the health resort.

Mountain sickness also is connected with the quantity of oxygen. This is due to asphyxia of the tissues, which are unable to obtain a sufficient supply (at a time, owing to muscular exertion, it is most needed), in consequence of the diminution in amount of that element at considerable altitudes. This malady, no doubt, often comes from want of proper training, but even the most experienced climbers have felt it at great elevations. At the top of Mont Blanc almost half the atmosphere by weight lies below our feet, which, of course, implies a greatly diminished supply of oxygen. Mr. Whymper and his guides suffered severely when encamped at about 16,600 feet in the Andes, and Sir Martin Conway found in the Karakoram Himalayas the effect was always perceptible at this height, while at about 20,000 feet the lassitude and difficulty of breathing became painful. Thus, of oxygen, like of many other good things, one may have too much, as was already well known, but one may also have too little.—London Standard.

Round the Corner.

An amusing incident of Dr. Lyman Beecher's student days was told in a sketch of the famous clergyman, written by John Ross Dix over forty years ago.

One night he was awakened by a sound at his window, as if some one were drawing cloth through a broken pane of glass. Springing up, he dimly saw his clothes disappearing through the broken window, a thief having taken a fancy to them.

Waiting for no ceremonies of toilet, young Beecher dashed out after the burglar, who dropped the clothes at once and put himself to his best speed. But Lyman was not to be easily outrun, especially when thus stripped to the race.

After turning several corners, the caitiff was seized and marched back by the eager student. He ushered him into his room, compelled him to lie down on the floor by the side of his bed, while he, more comfortably ensconced in the bed, lay the night long watching him, the silence being broken only by an occasional "Lie still, sir!"

In the morning the culprit was taken before a magistrate, who was evidently a lineal descendant of Justice Shallow. The magistrate, after hearing the particulars, asked Mr. Beecher "whether, in turning the corners, he lost sight of the man at all."

He replied that the man was out of sight but a second, for he was close upon him.

"Ah, well," said the magistrate, "if you lost sight of him at all, you cannot swear to his identity!"

So the man was discharged. Mr. Beecher met the fellow several times afterward, but was never able to "catch his eye."

Society of Pointed Beards.

The Society of the Pointed Beards recently held its third annual dinner in New York. The "Pointed Beards" is one of the most exclusive societies in that city. Article 2, section 1, of the bylaws says: "No one shall be eligible unless he have a carefully cultivated beard of natural and personal growth, in good standing, and terminating in one symmetrical point half an inch from the apex of the chin, of sufficient evidence to preclude controversy." As far as possible, everything connected with the dinner harmonized with the aims and objects of the society. The menu cards, most of which were either designed or executed by the members themselves, several of whom are well-known artists, gave ample evidence of the beard mania, and even the celery was served with its foliage trimmed to a point.

According to the Color.

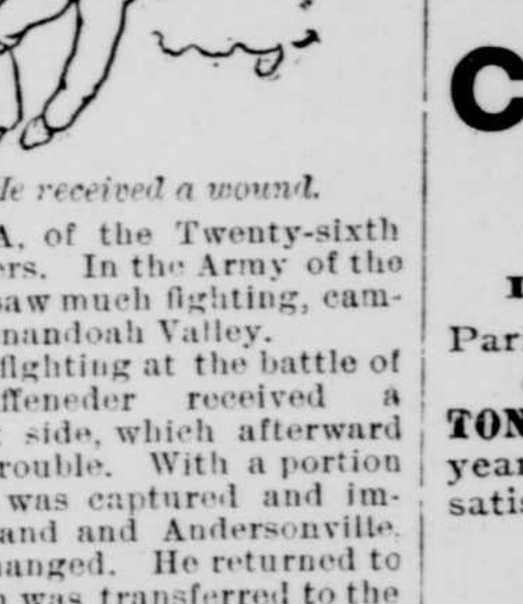
On the state railways in Germany the carriages are painted according to the colors of the tickets of their respective classes. First-class carriages are painted yellow, second-class green and third-class white.

Heroes of War.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

The feeling of admiration for heroes of war seems to be innate in the human heart, and is brought to the surface as the opportunity and object for such hero worship presents itself.

Among those who proved their heroism during our Civil War was A. Schiffeneder, of 161 Sedgwick street, Chicago. He is an Austrian by birth, came to America at the age of twenty and soon became an American citizen. He was living in Milwaukee when the call for volunteers came, early in 1862, and he promptly enlisted in Company A, of the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin Volunteers. In the Army of the Potomac our hero saw much fighting, campaigning in the Shenandoah Valley.



He received a wound.

In the first day's fighting at the battle of Gettysburg, Schiffeneder received a wound in the right side, which afterward caused him much trouble. With a portion of his regiment he was captured and imprisoned at Bell Island and Andersonville, and afterward exchanged. He returned to his regiment, which was transferred to the army of General Sherman, and marched with him through Georgia to the sea.

In this campaign Mr. Schiffeneder's old wound began to trouble him and he was sent to the hospital and then home. He had also contracted catarrh of the stomach and found no relief for years.

"I happened to read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People about a year ago," he said, "and thought that they might be good for my trouble. I concluded to try them. I bought one box and began to take them according to directions. They gave me great relief. After finishing that box I bought another, and when I had taken the pills I felt that I was cured. I recovered my appetite and ate heartily. I can testify to the good the pills did me."

Mr. Schiffeneder is a prominent Grand Army man in Chicago, whither he moved some years ago with his family.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Reason is the eye of thought.

Let sin live, and it will kill you.

Character is a polyglot linguist.

History is embalmed humanity.

Holiness qualifies for immortality.

A good man must be good as well as do good.

Reformation is the spring-time of thought.

Christ made no apology for preaching the truth.

Loose thinking and loose morals, go together.

No fraud is more wicked than cheating in a love game.

Leisure hours are the best or the worst part of our lives.

Take your friends, as all else, to God—and leave them there.

Faith is the Christian's lever, and God is the fulcrum upon which it rests.

Beauty may only be skin deep, but the pride of it reaches into the heart.

Those who prefer the service of sin must be satisfied with the wages of sin.

Just Out of High School.

Merchant (to applicant for position)—Are you a good penman and a good speller?

Applicant (who recently graduated with high honors)—No, sir; I cannot spell well, neither can I write legibly, but in physiology, astronomy, geology and zoology I am expert.

Merchant (testily to clerk in next room)—John, send in someone with a practical education.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A woman may know just what to say, but she invariably adds more to it.

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.

Siam's king has a body guard of 400 female warriors.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

Tobacco seeds are so minute that a thimbleful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.



The bath can be made an exhilarating pleasure by the use of Ivory Soap. It cleanses the pores of all impurities, leaving the skin soft, smooth, ruddy and healthy. Ivory Soap is made of pure, vegetable oils. The lather forms readily and abundantly.

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Is just as good for Adults as for Children.

Paris Medicine Co., Galatia, Ill., Nov. 16, 1893.

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