Scrofula

Taints the blood of millions, and sooner or later may break out in hip disease, running sores or some more complicated form. To cure scrofula or prevent it, thoroughly purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a continually growing record of wonderful cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure indigest on, biliousness.

Half the people can't write legibly, or spell, yet we continue to spend a great deal of money on "higher education."

Julius Hines & Son, the well-known dealers in furniture, carpets, etc., of Baltimore, Md., have issued their new catalogues, which are now ready for delivery, and will be sent free for the asking. The furniture catalogue contains 160 pages, and is replete with everything necessary to make home comfortable and beautiful. Everything faithfully illustrated, so that purchases can be made as easily as though the goods were before you. Prices are such as have made this house famous throughout the length and breadth of this country. The carpet catalogue is really a work of art, being lithographed from hand-painted plates, from which carpets can be easily and satisfactorily selected. Designs and colors are faithfully shown, the whole thing making a valuable work of art. In both catalogues are testimonials from satisfied purchasers from every part of the country, together with reference as to reliability and honesty, of which any house might well be proud, and which gives absolute assurance of satisfactory dealings at all times.

Henry W. Pickering, who died in Boston the other day, left all his famous manuscript music collection to the Harvard Musical Association, of which he had been a member since 1827.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

Tarascon is about to show its appreciation of Alphonse Daudet for his "Tartarin de Tarascon" by erecting in one of the public squares a statue to the dead author.

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.

A snob recognizes as his superior only the man who has more money.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

The egg is currency in South Africa's interior.

H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

THIS HAPPENED IN KANSAS.

Saline County Farmer Is Almost Strangled by a Sirocco.

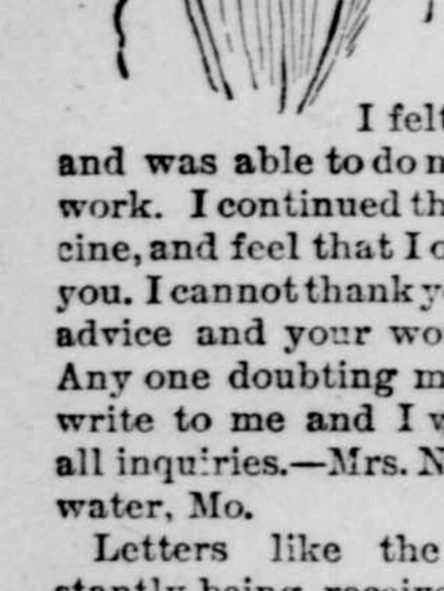
Dennis Sullivan, who lives west of Brookville, is in town today marketing his wheat and relates a strange experience at his place. Mr. Sullivan has been in this country eleven years and came to America on account of very unpleasant domestic relations. The incident referred to took place Thursday morning about 11:30 and occurred in a patch of rye near the Sullivan pasture. Mr. Sullivan went there to look after a young calf; when he entered the field he noticed a movement in the grass as of some animal. But no animal appeared, only some strange spirit of the wind or unknown thing passed over the field in a narrow zigzag path, whirling and beating the grain in a horrible lashing manner and coming in Mr. Sullivan's direction. He hurriedly stepped aside and only felt the edge of this strange element as it swept by. He was almost strangled and fearfully wrenched and was powerless to move. He saw the grass beaten and torn, with dead leaves and grain following the wake high in the air after the demoniacal sirocco. The calf which stood partially in the path was struck on the hind leg and gave a low bellow of fear and pain. As soon as Mr. Sullivan recovered he went to the calf's assistance and found the flesh bruised and torn, and bones broken as if some mighty club had smote it. Mr. Sullivan says the grain traversed over and the grass also had died clear to the roots. He can not account for the terrible thing that swept upon him. He only remembers the curse that was hurled upon him and his household by his aged father so many years ago in the land beyond the sea, and is looking for a black-edged letter from County Clare from his boyhood home telling of his father's death.—Salina Correspondence of Topeka State Journal.

The largest clock in the world is that in the Westminster clock tower. It was set up on May 30, 1859.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhœa. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,



I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—Mrs. Nell Hurst, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.



WELL DRILLING MACHINES of all kinds and sizes, for drilling wells for house, farm, City and Village Water Works, Factories, Ice Plants, Breweries, Irrigation, Coal and Mineral Prospecting, Oil and Gas, etc. Latest and Best. 30 years experience. WRITE US WHAT YOU WANT.

LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

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: "Our Own Times"—How We Can Serve Our Generation—Our Responsibilities Chiefly With the People Now Abreast of Us—Help Your Neighbors.

Text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."—Acts xiii., 36.

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die; a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger, and fighter, and dramatist, and blank-verse writer, and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time, life was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess, and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchres are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could; not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted. I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven, and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers."

But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them; we shall not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophies, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may, by our behavior, start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat. And, mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the 180 generations past, and will not see the 180 generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is, that you and I will have to start very soon for our work, or it will be ironical and sarcastic for anyone after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common-sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while in the tower of the world's wealth and pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed populations of the earth—millions of skulls. Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in Heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring class feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm-chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No, no! By finding out who in this city has been living on gristle, and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family, who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake, and begin the supplies of others' necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an axe on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round and the man holding the axe bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone and the edge of the axe from being round and dull, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us, and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends. Suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations. I have read that the battlefield on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battlefield of Leipsic—160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzenberg. No, no! The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the battle for bread. The ground tone of the finest passage of one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted, "Bread! Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who, with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts, in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around and see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks upon the human race, and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of the government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and He has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat, or a good bonnet, and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climates, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting.

But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be, a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish, until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fifths would be in rags. I will let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear.

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short-sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and the stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since; but now they are so numerous, we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them, it would be found we have now living in this year 1898 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingdons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our Civil War more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the 4000 years before Christ to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. Where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death; on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty; on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one his troops followed, and finally his whole army.

How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the rock first, and then you will be able to help others upon the same rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What! Without a prayer? Yes. What! Without time to deliberately think it over? Yes. What! Without a tear? Yes, believe. That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and Hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenances. Welcome! welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves, how are you to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion, and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have. The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great Centennial Exhibition was being held in Philadelphia the question came up among the directors as to whether they should keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world from Nevada arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion, and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath," and he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on the Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right!

I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds, and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has as its terminus acclamation rapturous and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine, and fountains rainbowed, and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." What a lovely sleep it was. Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At seventy years of age he laid down to it. He had had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam, or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

General Pando showed wise military discretion in keeping out of Santiago. Some Spaniards can tell whether a buzz saw is running or not without feeling of it.

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		35½
Oats—Southern & Penn	24		25
RYE—No. 2	48		49
HAY—Choice Timothy	11 50		12 00
Good to Prime	10 50		11 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. $		@	70
No. 2			55
PEAS—Standards	1 25		2 00
Seconds			70
CORN—Dry Pack			70
Moist			60
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS $	10	@	10½
City Cows	9½		10
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks $	1 25	@	1 50
ONIONS	60		65
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls $	6	@	6¾
Clear ribsides	6¾		7
Hams	9¼		9¾
Mess Pork, per bar			11 75
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			6¾
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		7½
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	14½	@	15
North Carolina	12		13
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS $	8	@	8½
Ducks, per lb	7		7½
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50	@	2 50
Sound common	2 50		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	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

WOMAN'S WORLD

A Convenient Pocket.

Ladies who intend traveling will find that a pocket for valuables which is now on sale at all the stores will be found most useful. It is made on the simplest cut of a chatelaine pocket, but has no harsh or hard fittings or clasps. It is made of the softest gray chamois, and is divided off into various little pockets for different kinds of valuables or money, and the flaps buttoned down tightly.

The pocket can be worn under the dress skirt, and is fastened to a thin but stout belt of linen by suspender straps of the same.

A Pretty Gown.

A gown of forget-me-not blue foulard (myosotis blue, the smart dressmakers call it) is trimmed with incrustations of black lace patterned in ivory, which are set about twice their own width apart and scattered over the bodice and skirt. The frock is made in princess style, requiring a fine cut as well as a tall, slender figure, and there is no perceptible way of getting in or out of it. A shallow yoke and stock collar of ivory lace are laid over mauve silk, and a twist of mauve ribbon running from the yoke almost to the waist line on the left side of the bodice is caught in at intervals by three paste buckles. A charming hat of cream-white crinoline is turned up and away from the face by masses of mauve orchids.

New Belts.

The shirt waists, and handsome odd waists, have brought the belt into an enviable position of elegance. Some of the recently imported models are worthy the prices demanded, since they are of exquisite workmanship and of the most artistic conception of form and colorings. The new buckle is quite large, but broad rather than high, invisibly closing and extending well across the front of the girdle. Gilt, steel and pearl are handsomely wrought, but the newest and most beautiful are in oxidized, enameled, copper and antique effects. Cameos cut from lava, or the shell of the female cameo, are cut in high relief, usually a single medallion, and set in elaborate Moorish, Byzantine, Venetian, Egyptian or East Indian buckles, showing enamels of truly wonderful colorings, considering that they are not classed with jewelry proper. These buckles are used with silk webbing or velvet belt straps, from one to two inches in width, and of any color shown in nature or conceived by ingenious art.

How to Keep Flowers Fresh.

Small bunches of flowers worn on the corsage and boutonnieres may be kept fresh enough to wear a second time by careful management. Make a hole through a pasteboard card or small box cover, clip the ends of the flower stems, pass them through the hole in the pasteboard and lay this over a tumbler of fresh water. The delicate petals of the flowers are thus prevented from touching the water, which injures them, and the stem is in the water its full length, and draws up the moisture to nourish the flowers. It may not be generally known that withered flowers revive more quickly in hot water than in cold. A clever device of the florists to prevent flowers in large, open bowls from falling together and crowding each other is the use of a piece of wire netting placed over the bowl. That in which the meshes are about half an inch square is best for the purpose, and the pieces should be cut the exact shape and a trifle larger than the vase or bowl on which they are to be used. After filling the receptacle with water, lay the netting on top, and arrange the flowers, one or more in each mesh. In this way they are kept in perfect position, while the netting itself is invisible. An added advantage is the ease with which the water in the bowl may be changed, it only being necessary to lift the netting off, flowers and all, and replace in the same way. This obviates the necessity of handling each blossom, and saves much time where a number of vases need attention daily.—New York Ledger.

Fashion Notes.

White felt sailor hats are in vogue. They are exceedingly unbecoming to most faces.

Jeweled ornaments are worn in the hair, even when one is dressed in a street costume.

The new "Empire" combs are the latest thing in Paris, and suit the new style of wearing the hair.

French modistes are making great use of all kinds and colors of narrow ribbon as trimming for new autumn gowns.

Silk stockings matching the color of the gown and worn with white shoes are a feature of the summer girl's outfit.

Superb white watered silk, such as delighted the stately dames of olden times, will be a favorite material for bridal dresses next season.

In light wools the very light shades of tan are seen oftener than pale gray, although the latter is one of the fashionable colors again this year.

Wash silks are great favorites for children's dressy costumes. Blue and pink, pink and green and yellow and black are pretty and effective combinations when trimmed with narrow velvet or lace.

The picturesque sleeve of the day is so close that when made by an artist it hugs the arm without a wrinkle and rolls from the small cuff that overspreads the knuckles clear up to the armpits.

Hats are almost all turned up in front, and seem to incline toward a halo in shape. Great flat ostrich feathers are swathed upon them, and the osprey, which still reigns, describes a pair of wings.

A veil with no dots directly in front of the eyes is one of the commendable novelties. But with dots sprinkled in as generously as ever below the range of vision the effect may be rather too weird to become popular.

It is said that the fashions in fur will be quite distinctive this coming winter, and decidedly different from those of years past. Rumor says that the capes will be made in the popular shawl fashion and finished off with shaped circular frills.

Some of the prettiest organdie gowns have deep yokes of guipure or fine embroidery around the hips, and the lower part of the skirt, tucked and hemmed, is gathered on to this. The bodice for this variety of skirt has a guimpe neck and sleeves of the lace or embroidery to match.

The small sleeve and tiny epaulette have brought back the wide collar, which spreads over the shoulders and reaches to the outside line of the sleeve. These collars outline a V chemisette, and cross to the side, or are in the form of revers running to a collar at the back, and almost invariably trimmed with ruches or frills, if not with grouped lines of bebe ribbon.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cows in the Warm Weather.

During very warm weather cows will suffer severely from the attacks of insects and will consequently be liable to lessen the yield of milk. This difficulty is one that has caused much anxiety to farmers, as it is tedious and laborious to attempt to prevent the annoyance by the application of remedies. Cows are unable to utilize the pasture to advantage under such circumstances, and they are also deprived of rest. An open shed, protected by mosquito netting will serve as a retreat, and will not be very expensive compared with the advantages derived. Should the weather become cooler and the barn is protected at the door and windows with netting, the cows will be comfortable at night and rest quietly. If deprived of rest during both day and night it will result in a heavy loss of milk. Hoard's Dairyman says on the subject of fly protection: The only fly remedy we have given personal trial was compounded from the formula given last year by Mr. H. S. Matterson, as follows: Train oil, three quarts; crude petroleum, one quart; carbolic acid, one ounce. Apply with sponge, and one application suffices for from five to seven days. We believe that common axle grease, thinned with a little kerosene and tinctured with carbolic acid, as above, would prove effective.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Wood Ashes on the Farm.

As a fertilizer wood ashes stand high, and every farmer is more or less acquainted with them, but I wonder how many employ them as medicine for farm animals. For many years now I have fed them to stock, and I believe they have done much toward preserving the invariable good health of my swine, horses and cattle. Of course there may be a difference of opinion on the subject, and I have never yet found a veterinary surgeon who would recommend wood ashes as a medicine. Nevertheless experience is sometimes worth as much as theoretical advice.

My plan is to keep wood ashes, charcoal and salt mixed together constantly in the pen for the swine. Three parts of wood ashes to one part salt will not hurt the swine, and if the mixture is kept before them all the time, and fresh water is given to them freely, they will not eat too much to injure their health. I believe such a mixture is a good preventive of swine cholera and similar diseases. Certainly the beneficial effects are quite apparent.

Clean wood ashes is better than al the condition powders for the farm horses. In fact, many of the so-called powders are composed chiefly of salt and wood ashes, mixed with probably something else of minor importance. This being the case, I find it much cheaper and easier to administer the wood ashes direct. The ashes can be given to the horses twice a week in their oats, at a rate of an even teaspoonful each time. If given carefully and regularly I believe that no other medicine will have to be given to horses that are fairly treated and cared for.

Every one familiar at all with farm matters must have observed a certain habit in many horses and cows to gnaw wooden posts, trees and similar objects. This craving for something which they do not get from their daily food is satisfied when wood ashes are administered regularly to them. It is just as natural for the animals to desire this as it is for us to have a craving for acids, salt and even pepper.—E. P. Smith, in American Cultivator.

A Log Chicken House.

The following is the plan of a chicken coop I built of logs. In building the roof that way I sawed lumber and shingles. I cut all logs exactly the required length. The average size was about seven inches in diameter. I



A SUBSTANTIAL POULTRY HOUSE.

did all the work alone. First lay the sill logs and toenail on the corners, making the logs two by four by eight feet and two by six by eight feet. Spike these two together and brace from the inside so they will be perfectly plumb. Now start putting up the logs, one side at a time, or build all sides evenly as you go. Drive a spike into your two by four and two by six inch sills and into your logs as fast as you go, so as to hold them in place. You can put a round log in the corner 6 inches in diameter and eight feet long. After the house has been built, spike the two by four on to this and also the plate logs. Peel the logs.—A. L. Lord, in American Agriculturist.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Cut the flowers of the canna before they wither on the stalk.

A milk bath is recommended for roses invested by the red spider.

Swainsonia needs considerable root room, and an only moderately rich soil.

The second year of a hen's life is usually her best year; she will as a rule lay more eggs during that year than any other.

When a hen fails to lay enough eggs in a year to pay for her feed she is profitless. Give her a little more feed, then put her in the pot or roaster.

If you set out hardy plants this autumn, remember that shrubs and herbaceous perennials do not grow well together. Give the latter a border of their own.

If grass and weeds grow in the spaces between the plants do not hesitate to use the hoe, as the rapid growth of the cabbages will well repay for the labor.

The practice of top dressing meadows with stable manure right after mowing should be more prevalent than it is. This dressing protects the roots from the sun and drought, besides adding richness to the soil and assuring stronger growth of grass.

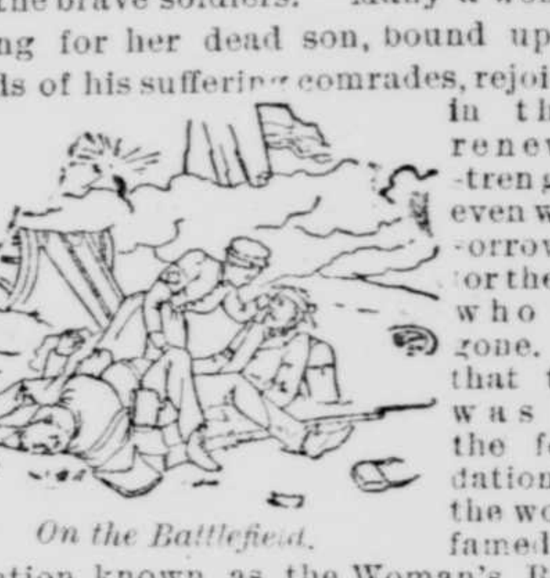
Nature intended that the hen should work or exercise for all she eats. Therefore induce them to exercise for about all feed given them. The hen on the wide range will often work all day in filling her crop, and when night comes she has just succeeded in supplying her desires for feed.

Farmers who have difficulty in growing crimson or red clover on wet land will find alsike clover valuable for such localities, crimson or red doing best on upland soil. Alsike is not so valuable as crimson, but it is much better than the other grasses or wet land, and is especially valuable as food for honey bees.

Woman's Heroism.

From the Register-Gazette, Rockford, Ill.

During the civil war nearly as much heroism was shown by the women of our nation as by the brave soldiers. Many a woman, weeping for her dead son, bound up the wounds of his suffering comrades, rejoicing in their renewed strength, even while sorrowing for the one who was gone. At that time was laid the foundation for the world-famed organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps, whose aid to the soldier of to-day, fighting against the world for a living, is no less notable than the heroism of the early '60's.



On the Battlefield.

One of the most earnest members of the corps at Byron, Ill., is Mrs. James Houseweart, but illness once put a stop to her active work. A year or so ago, when she was nearing fifty years of age, the time when women must be most careful of their strength, Mrs. Houseweart was taken seriously ill. The family physician told her that she had reached a critical period of her life, and must be very careful. His prescriptions and treatment did not benefit her, and other treatment proved unavailing.

At last Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to her notice, with indisputable evidence that they were helpful in cases such as hers, and with renewed hope she tried the remedy. Last March she took the first box of the pills, which gave much relief. She was determined to be cured, and kept on with the medicine, until now eight boxes have been consumed, and she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Houseweart said: "I have taken only eight boxes, but I have been improving since I took the first dose. I do not believe I could have lived without the pills. They certainly have done me more good than any physician or any medicine I have ever tried."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

EUGENIE AT COMPIEGNE.

Rarely Beautiful and Fascinating Woman in Her Prime.

Much has been said and written about this beautiful and fascinating woman, but, however great the praises bestowed, they have never, to my mind, been exaggerated, says the Cornhill Magazine. It would be possible, no doubt, to find more perfectly faultless features, even more beautiful eyes and complexion, but I have never seen the woman who united so many perfections. The creamy luster of the skin, the expression of those tender and sympathetic eyes, the radiant smile, the glorious mass of quite golden hair, the slope of the graceful shoulders, all these charms, enhanced by a toilet as exquisite as Parisian taste could conceive, united to make a perfection that seemed to eclipse and utterly to destroy the beauty of every other woman present, although there were many celebrities of all nations present who were famed, and justly famed, for the gifts that Venus had bestowed upon them. But yet the empress was not just now what the French call en beaute, for the event so deeply interesting to France, so important to the imperial pair concerned, was not very far distant, and great care was needed, although the imperial lady herself somewhat pooh-poohed many extra precautions; at any rate, she never allowed herself to show or professed to feel any unusual fatigue.

The joys extracted by a corkscrew are always transitory ones.

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

The happiest girl is the one who thinks her father the best man on earth.

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.

One dressy woman in a block will run a dozen innocent men in debt.

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.

At county fairs, as in life, the side shows cost the most.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Take time to idle, or you will run out of time to work.



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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the California Fig Syrup Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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OUR GREAT GRAND-MOTHERS.

The Clothes They Wore Were Not Comfortable.

London Truth: I dare say that our great-grandfathers were delighted with the belongings of our great-grandmothers. But for comfort one would hardly select the eighteenth century straight-laced corset. Above it was a corsage all lined with buckram and whalebone. The hoop-expanded skirt was garlanded with artificial flowers or other fallals. It was hard to sit down properly in it. When once the wearer sat down, she liked to remain seated. A bolt-upright position was obligatory. The hair was expected to remain undisturbed for several days. Hence the necessity, when one retired for the night, to be propped up with pillows. There was really no other way of enjoying a little comfort. The coverlets and pillow cases were considered adjuncts to the bedgown, a most luxurious object for the time. There were bath coverlets of embroidered flannel, for visitors might be received in the bathroom. Fashionable people, under all circumstances, lived in a glass house, unless when at les petits chateaux. The children were early trained to bear ennui and to behave like little stoics. I really do not see the harm. Thus trained, they died "game" on the guillotine. The only woman who made a row was La Dubarry. She was a low-born person. The snuffbox belonged properly to l'art de la femme. What skill was lavished on it! One showed one's ring in taking a pinch of snuff. The taste for scents was not much developed. How could it be when nostrils were filled with snuff? But I can imagine the snuffbox as being indispensable. Snuff was the only deodorizer. Ladies quite gave it up after the revolution. It was on the wane before. La Nouvelle Heloise did not take snuff, nor did Marie Antoinette.

HOW ANTS MAKE SLAVES.

Warriors Make Raids Against Nests of the Small Turf Ant.

The warrior ant is a slave-making species. It is a large red ant, and it makes raids against nests of the small yellow turf ant, a mild and docile race, large numbers of which it carries off to act as servants. But it does not steal fully grown turf ants; their habits are formed and they would be useless for such a purpose. What the warrior ant wants is a raw material, which can be turned into thoroughly well trained servants. So it merely kills the adult ants which strive to oppose its aggression, and contents itself with trundling home to its own nest the larvae and pupae of the turf ants which it has put to flight and vanquished. In time these grubs and cocoons produce full grown yellow workers, which can be taught by the warrior ants to act as nurses and housemaids. I once saw in a garden in Algiers a great pitched battle going on between slavemakers and the family of the future slaves, in which the ground was strewn with the corpses of the vanquished. Not till the nest of the smaller ants was almost exterminated did they retire from the unequal contest and allow the proud invader to carry off their brothers and sisters in their cocoons, asleep and unconscious. Occasionally, by dint of mere numbers, they beat off the invader with heavy loss; but much more often the large and strong-jawed warriors, and destroy to a worker the opposing forces. They crush their adversaries' heads with their vise-like mandibles. Meanwhile, within the nest the other half of the workers—the division told off as special nurses—are otherwise employed in defending and protecting the rising generation. At the first alarm, at the first watchword passed with waving antenae through the nest, "A warrior host is attacking us!" they hurry to the chambers where the cocoons are stored and bear them off in their mouths into the recesses of the nest, the lowest and most inaccessible of all the chambers.—Strand Magazine.

A Pretty Stone.

It is recorded of a young fop who visited one of the Rothschilds that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve buttons that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them and said: "Yes—it is a pretty stone. I have a mantelpiece made of it in the next room."—Modern Society.

Lucky Cuss.

A New York bacteriologist claims that he has discovered about a billion germs on a $5 bill. He is lucky; a great many of us would like to try that experiment.

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.

People who have nothing to do lead a dog's life hunting entertainment.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

If you want a short-cut to success take hints from other people's experience.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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To Cure Constipation Forever.

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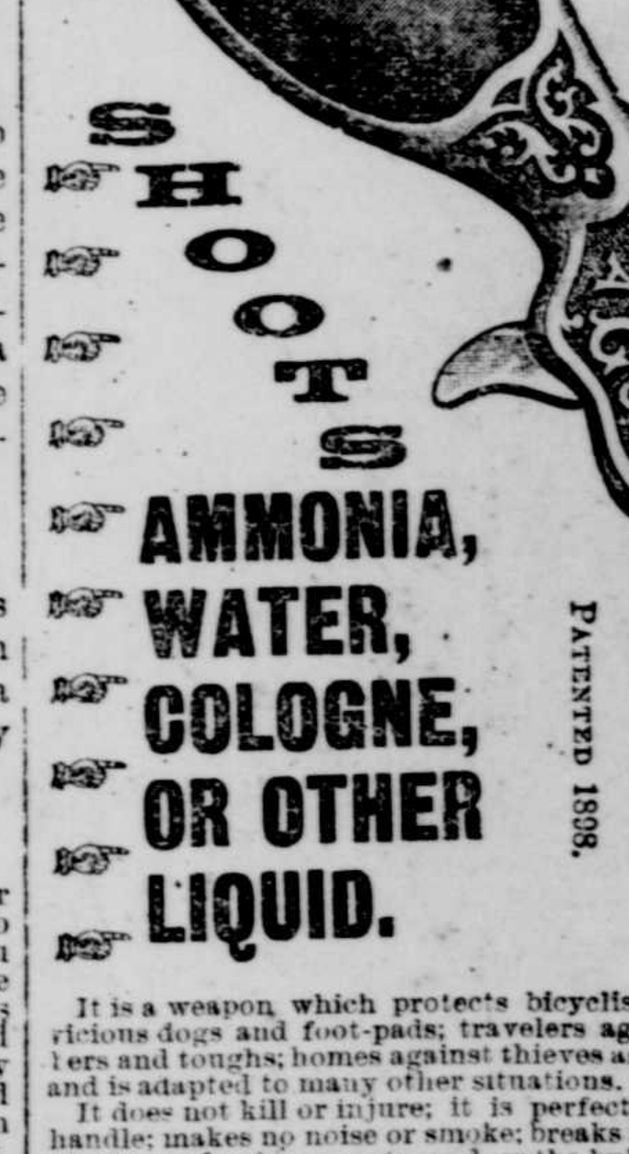
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