Every Action

And every thought requires an expenditure of vitality which must be restored by means of the blood flowing to the brain and other organs. This blood must be pure, rich and nourishing. It is made so by Hood's Sarsaparilla which is thus the great strength-giving medicine, the cure for weak nerves, that tired feeling and all diseases caused by poor, impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Curzon, when they take up their residence in Calcutta, will live in the Government House, which is a reproduction of the old Curzon-Kedleston Hall, in England.

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., 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. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Memory makes many payments for a good deed.

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.

Discontent is a thorn on the rosebush of life.

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.

No mule can kick and draw a load at the same time.

Protect Your Ideas by Letters Patent.

The firm of Vowles & Burns, Patent Attorneys, No. 237 Broadway, N. Y., whose advertisement will appear in our next issue, procure patents either on cash or easy installments. Write for terms. Sales negotiated.

The love of life should win us to the Life of Love.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

The flower of forgiveness blooms in the garden of love.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MORBS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

The breath of prayer keeps faith alive.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Capt. Silas Wright Terry, the new commander of the Iowa, was in charge of the transport Benefit in the Red River Expedition, and received the highest praise in Admiral Porter's dispatches.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

WHEEL CAUSES HER TO LEAVE.

Girl Quits When Mistress Objects to Keeping It.

"I tried a new theory of mine on that last girl I had," said one Warren avenue matron to another as they gossiped over the back fence. "After having had a dozen or so in rapid succession, I made up my mind that I must lack tact, was too irritable or did not make sufficient allowance for the annoyances encountered by every household servant. I determined to be more considerate and more diplomatic." "Oh, pshaw! I know them. But go ahead with your experience." "I received that last one just as pleasantly as I would have received a favored guest. I went with her to her room, showed her where to put everything, had awnings put over the windows, because she thought the heat and light a little too strong, placed a couple of extra shelves in the closet, fixed a nice place for her bicycle in the summer kitchen, voluntarily offered her an extra night out each week, personally assisted her to get a run of things in the kitchen and then praised her for everything I could approve, without pretending to notice her mistakes or to miss the dishes she broke. My idea was to win her by kindness and continued assurance of appreciation. I am sure that every nature is susceptible to such treatment." "Well, I'm not, by a good deal. But how did it come out?" "At the end of the first month, convinced by my constant approval that she was about the best girl in the city, she demanded $2 more per week and the right to put her wheel in the front hall, where the 'gentlemens' kept theirs, or she would leave. Of course she left. Don't they just try your souls out?"—Detroit Free Press.

TO MRS. PINKHAM

From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Patchogue, New York.

Mrs. BUDD, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief:



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I had such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain would be just as bad as ever. Doctors prescribed medicine, but it gave me no relief.

"Now I feel so well and strong, have no more headaches, and no pain in side, and it is all owing to your Compound. I cannot praise it enough. It is a wonderful medicine I recommend it to every woman I know."

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: "Enough Better Than Too Much" —Certain Superfluities, Both Physical and Mental, Are a Hindrance Rather Than a Help in Life.

TEXT: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."—I Chron. xx., 6, 7.

Malformation photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage slip in by mistake into the sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this Scriptural errata? No, no; there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. This passage of Scripture was as certainly intended to be put in the Bible as the verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," or, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

And I select it for my text to-day because it is charged with practical and tremendous meaning. By the people of God the Philistines had been conquered, with the exception of a few giants. The race of giants is mostly extinct, I am glad to say. There is no use for giants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Goliath was, according to the Bible, eleven feet four and a half inches high. Or, if you doubt this, the famous Pliny, declares that at Crete, by an earthquake, a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant forty-six cubits long, or sixty-nine feet high. So, whether you take sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those times cases of human altitude monstrous and appalling.

David had smashed the skull of one of these giants, but there were other giants that the Davidean wars had not yet subdued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger, and the foot had also a superfluous addendum. He had twenty-four terminations to hands and feet, where others have twenty. It was not the only instance of the kind. Tavernier, the learned writer, says that the Emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremities. Volcatius, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Maupertuis, in his celebrated letters, speaks of two families near Berlin similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe, for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance. But this giant of the text is in battle, and as David, the stripling warrior, had despatched one giant, the nephew of David slays this monster of my text, and there he lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendices of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumsy in the use of his weapon, and his sixth toe crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and malformed giant of the text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! In all the battle at Gath that day there was not a man with ordinary hand and ordinary foot and ordinary stature that was not better off than this physical curiosity of my text. A dwarf on the right side is stronger than a giant on the wrong side, and all the body and mind and estate and opportunity that you cannot use for God and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrible hindrance. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battle for the right are ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand, and they have just five—no more and no less. One Doctor Duff among missionaries, but three thousand missionaries that would tell you they have only common endowment. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but ten thousand women who are just as good nurses, though never heard of. The "Swamp Angel" was a big gun that during the Civil War made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary calibre and shells of ordinary heft did the execution. President Tyler and his Cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the "Peacemaker," a great iron gun that was to affright with its thunder foreign navies. The gunner touches it off, and it explodes, and leaves Cabinet Ministers dead on the deck, while at that time, all up and down our coast, were cannon of ordinary bore, able to be the defense of the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. After the politicians, who have made all the noise, go home hoarse from angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, the next day the people, with the silent ballots, will settle everything, and settle it right, a million of the white slips of paper they drop making about as much noise as the fall of an apple-blossom.

Clear back in the country to-day there are mothers in plain aprons, and shoes fashioned on a rough last by a shoemaker at the end of the lane, rocking babies that are to be the Martin Luthers and the Faradays and the Edisons and the Bismarcks and the Gladstones and the Washingtons and the George Whitefields of the future. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel L. Southard, but society would go to pieces to-morrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession; but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia and diphtheria and scarlet fever have in the world if it were not for ten thousand common doctors! The old physician in his gig, driving up the lane of the farmhouse, or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddle-bags, arriving on the ninth day of the fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, and looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him say, "Thank God, I have mastered the case, he is getting well!" excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors of the past or the illustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departments? People not satisfied with ordinary spheres of work and ordinary duties. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand of five fingers, they want six. Instead of usual endowment of twenty manual and pedal addenda, they want twenty-four. A certain amount of money for livelihood, and for the supply of those whom we leave behind us after we have departed this life, is important, for we have the best authority for saying, "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel;" but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained, would be a hindrance rather than an advantage.

The anxieties and annoyances of those whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when, through your industry and prosperity, you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own fifty houses, and you have all those rents to collect, and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have branched out in business successes until in almost every direction you have investments. The fire bell rings at night, you rush upstair to look out of the window, to see if it is any of your mills. Epidemic of crime comes, and there are embezzlements and absconding in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkeepers will prove recreant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are like a hen under a sky full of hawks, and trying with anxious cluck to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing. After a certain stage of success has been reached, you have to trust so many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are swindled and defrauded, and the anxiety you had on your brow when you were earning your first thousand dollars is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your three hundred thousand.

Disraeli says that a king of Poland abdicated his throne and joined the people, and became a porter to carry burdens. And some one asked him why he did so, and he replied: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, the load which I cast off was by far heavier than the one you see me carry. The weightiest is but a straw when compared to that weight under which I labored. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live and to be a king myself. Elect whom you choose. As for me, I am so well it would be madness to return to court."

"Well," says somebody, "such overloaded persons ought to be pitied, for their worriments are real and their insomnia and their nervous prostration are genuine." I reply that they could get rid of the bothersome surplus by giving it away. If a man has more houses than he can carry without vexation, let him drop a few of them. If his estate is so great he cannot manage it without getting nervous dyspepsia from having too much, let him divide with those who have nervous dyspepsia because they cannot get enough. No! they guard their sixth finger with more care than they did the original five. They go limping with what they call gout and know not that, like the giant of my text, they are lamed by a superfluous toe. A few of them by charities bleed themselves of this financial obesity and monetary plethora, but many of them hang on to the hindering superfluity till death; and then, as they are compelled to give the money up anyhow, in their last will and testament they generously give some of it to the Lord, expecting, no doubt, that He will feel very much obliged to them. Thank God that once in a while we have a Peter Cooper, who, owning an interest in the iron works at Trenton, said to Mr. Lester: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly, which seems to me something wrong. Everybody h[illegible] to come to us for it, and we are makin[illegible]oney too fast." So they reduced the [illegible] and this while our philanthropist wa[illegible]ding Cooper Institute, which mother[illegible]undred institutes of kindness and merc[illegible] all over the land. But the world had t[illegible] wait five thousand eight hundred years for Peter Cooper!

I am glad for benevolent institutions that get a legacy from men who during their life were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary societies; but for such testators I have no respect. They would have taken every cent of it with them if they could, and bought up half of heaven and let it out at ruinous rent, or loaned the money to celestial citizens at two per cent. a month, and got a "corner" on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world fifty and sixty years in the presence of appalling suffering and want, and made no efforts for their relief. The charities of such people are in the "Paulopost future" tense, they are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his life-time close-fistedness, the heirs-at-law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyer's hands what was meant for the Bible Society. O ye over-weighted, successful business men, whether this sermon reach you ear or your eyes, let me say that if you are prostrated with anxieties about keeping or investing these tremendous fortunes, I can tell you how you can do more to get your health back and your spirits raised than by drinking gallons of bad tasting water at Saratoga, Homburg, Carlsbad: Give to God, humanity and the Bible ten per cent. of your income and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking of the floor you shall have eight hours' sleep, without the help of bromide of potassium, and from no appetite you will hardly be able to await your regular meals, and your wan cheek will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bloom all over your grave.

Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatic foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be a sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world; and when over your remains the minister recites the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have keen appreciation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their faces straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not, I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and rightly employ it. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally, fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this fallen giant of my text, and in this post-mortem examination of him, let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked Him for those two implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the Infinite and Omnipotent God could have ever planned or made—the hand and the foot. Only that soldier or that mechanic who in a battle, or through machinery, has lost them knows anything adequately about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any appreciation of what divine masterpieces they are.

Sir Charles Bell was so impressed with the wondrous construction of the human hand that when the Earl of Bridgewater gave forty thousand dollars for essays on the wisdom and goodness of God, and eight books were written, Sir Charles Bell wrote his entire book on the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the human hand. The twenty-seven bones in the hand and wrist with cartilages and ligaments and phalanges of the fingers all make just ready to knit, to sew, to build up, to pull down, to weave, to write, to plow, to pound, to wheel, to battle, to give friendly salutation. The tips of its fingers are so many telegraph offices by reason of their sensitiveness of touch. The bridges, the tunnels, the cities of the whole earth are the victories of the hand. The hands are not dumb, but often speak as distinctly as the lips. With our hands we invite, we repel, we invoke, we entreat, we wring them in grief, or clap them in joy, or spread them abroad in benediction. The malformation of the giant's hand in the text glorifies the usual hand. Fashioned of God more exquisitely and wondrously than any human mechanism that was ever contrived, I charge you to use it for God and the lifting of the world out of its moral predicament. Employ it in the sublime work of Gospel handshaking. You can see the hand is just made for that. Four fingers just set right to touch your neighbor's hand on one side, and your thumb set so as to clench it on the other side. By all its bones and joints and muscles and cartilages and ligaments the voice of Nature joins with the voice of God commanding you to shake hands. The custom is as old as the Bible, anyhow. Jehu said to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." When hands join in Christian salutation a Gospel electricity thrills across the palm from heart to heart, and from the shoulder of one to the shoulder of the other.

The New Order of Elizabeth.

The Emperor of Austria has appointed Count Bellegarde First Chancellor of the new order of Elizabeth, which was created in honor of the late Empress of Austria.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		4 50
High Grade Extra		4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68	73
CORN—No. 2 White	33½	34
Oats—Southern & Penn	24½	25½
RYE—No. 2	50	51½
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 50	1 75
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		6¼
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	21	22
Under Fine	20	21
Creamery Rolls	21	22
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy $	9	9¼
N. Y. Flats	9¼	9½
Skim Cheese	5¼	7¼
EGGS.		
EGGS—State $	16	16½
North Carolina	14½	15
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS $	9	9½
Ducks, per lb	8	8½
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50	2 50
Sound common	3 00	3 50
Middling	6 00	7 00
Fancy	10 00	12 00
LIVE STOCK.		
BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 10	4 40
SHEEP	3 00	3 50
Hogs	4 25	4 40
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT $	10	11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	100
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	6 00

AGRICULTURAL.

Corn Meal vs. Shorts For Pigs.

Experiments at the Indiana Station to determine the comparative value of pure corn meal and a ration consisting of equal parts of corn meal and shorts showed that there was practically no difference in the two foods when used for fattening pork. The corn meal used cost sixty-five cents per 100 pounds and the shorts seventy cents.

Controlling Cabbage Worms.

About the only method of holding these troublesome pests in check is to spray with hot water at a temperature of 130 degrees or apply pyrethrum powder. If the water is placed in the spray can while boiling hot it will be about the right temperature by the time it reaches the cabbage. The pyrethrum powder may be diluted with six to eight times its bulk of flour and dusted on with a powder gun or bellows. While the plants are young kerosene emulsion can be used.

One Way to Raise Turnips.

If there should be any rubbish on the land, such as weeds or leaves, remove it as it causes the land to dry out. Plow the land deep and close, then harrow until it is thoroughly pulverized, then sow the seed. Sow or sprinkle wheat or oats thinly over the land as the insects will work on the wheat or oats before they will the young turnips. I always harrow the patch north and south so that the young turnips on the north side of ridge made by the harrow will protect the young plants when they first come up from the hot sun.—C. Hamilton, in Agriculturist Epitomist.

Start the Incubator.

If you have had no experience with incubators do not wait until the time for hatching to get that experience. Start now and by actual experiments with the machine learn how to control it so that in the hatching season you will be able to go on with the work intelligently and successfully. Should you be so fortunate as to be able to handle the incubator successfully from the start, the stock thus raised will bring good prices later. If failure or partial failure is the result of your trial, the experience will be gained at a time when it will not be as costly as it would be if the experimenting were done at hatching time. Then a loss of the hatch would bring a second lot into the market when prices would be low.

Destroying Corn Smut.

Dairymen and others who feed largely of corn have noticed that most animals do not object to the portions of the ears and stalks that are covered with the black parasitic growth known as corn smut, but on the contrary seem rather to enjoy it. For this reason less care is taken to stamp out the disease than would be the case if feeding it was found injurious. The fact is overlooked, however, that the consumption of these smut-affected ears and leaves by no means destroys the disease germs, but that in the deposits of the animal they are distributed over the ground, possibly to appear the second year in a much more marked degree. It is hardly probable that farmers realize the immense amount of damage done by this disease, or the practice of feeding smut covered corn would stop. It is claimed that in 1895, in Ohio alone, the loss by corn smut was more than one hundred thousand dollars, and more in some other States. The disease should be taken in hand early in the growing season in order to stamp it out as quickly as possible. Go over the corn field every ten days or so and cut out and burn all parts affected by smut. Just before the corn is cut go over the field and do the same thing so that there will be no possible chance of its being fed to cows to do more harm another year.

Putting Up Barbed Wire.

The illustration shows a handy contrivance for "paying out" barbed wire when building a fence of this



FOR MAKING WIRE FENCE.

material. A stout stone drag has a round stake set in one corner well braced. The reel of wire is put on as suggested for attaching the upper wire and below the braces at various heights when putting up the other wires. This brings the wire right along beside the stakes and at just the height desired. When ready to staple, let the driver of the team take hold of one arm of the reel to keep it from turning, starting up the team a few feet to stretch the wire. His companion then staples firmly, when more wire is unreeled and the process is repeated. A slow-moving team should be used, or it will not be safe to attempt holding the reel.—New York Tribune.

Watering Trees in Autumn.

Perhaps many will think that the fall of the year is not the proper time to water trees, but the fact is it is much more important that orchard land should be thoroughly flooded during autumn than at any other season, especially if the latter part of the summer and early autumn has been extremely dry. If the ground is allowed to freeze about the trees without the application of moisture, the chances are life will be extinct by the following spring. There is a great deal of talk about dry summers killing ornamental and fruit trees. In my opinion it is not the dry summer, but the lack of moisture just before the ground freezes. This being the case, late autumn is the time to water, and by so doing the tree will come out in good shape in the spring and make a satisfactory growth. If allowed to freeze up dry, the severe cold during the winter impoverishes the trees and next spring they are puny and sickly with not sufficient vitality left to carry them through the summer.

The best way to apply the water with the least waste is to select a solid stick of timber two feet long and about four inches in diameter and sharpen one end to a point tapering back to within six inches of the top. Drive this down about eighteen inches close to the main root of the tree. Remove it every evening and fill the hole with water. Repeat every evening until the roots are thoroughly soaked. The hole should be covered with a stone to prevent evaporation and filling up. After the process is completed fill the hole with earth. The best time for doing this work is the latter part of October or the first week in November. This may seem like a great deal of work, but it is better to do this than to see groves and orchards die.—American Agriculturist.

WOMAN'S WORLD

"The Woman's Road."

The Stockton and Tuolumne Railroad is popularly known as the "Woman's Road."

Mrs. Annie Kline Rikert is at the head of the railroad. Associated with her as directors in the company are Mrs. Sally M. Green, Mrs. E. T. Gould, Maggie Downing Brainard and Hannah Lewella Lane. This road is sixty miles long, running from Stockton to Summersville, in Tuolumne County, through a rich mining region.

Gowns For Travel.

What to wear when traveling is a question that interests the minds of women who only go away for a day or two at a time just as much as those who are fortunate enough to be regular travelers. It is quite as necessary to look well for a day's outing as it is for a long journey, and nobody likes to be inappropriately dressed in these days when it is possible to put aside some shabby old gown with the idea that anything is good enough to take a journey in, for there are few places where a gown shows more thoroughly its good and bad points than in a railway car or on a steamboat. The day is gone by for people to go about with any amount of hand luggage; everything is put in the trunks that is possible, and only enough left out to make one perfectly comfortable, without carrying a quantity of shawls and coats as formerly.

Irish Point Lace.

Let it not be supposed that this lace is simply an imitation of the Italian model. At first the stitches were few, but with time and practice some hundred new ones have been invented, and these so complicated that it is almost impossible to rip them; consequently this lace, which looks light as gossamer, has great durability, and grows more valuable with the lapse of time. It stands wear and tear and can be washed and made up without detriment. It is often compared to the finest old Brussels Point, which it more nearly resembles now than the Italian Point, from which it sprang. But, what between the number of new stitches invented by the lacemakers, the variety of the designs and the perfection to which the work has been brought, the Irish Point has a right to its name as an original fabric, though "it only came into existence as an Irish industry within living memory."

It is made entirely with the needle, and demands the greatest skill and care. The finest is very costly, rising to $40 a yard for deep flounces, $15 for a handkerchief and $25 for a fan.

Successful Dairy Woman.

For the last two years Mrs. Elizabeth Hatton has conducted a large dairy farm at Carmel, near the old city of Monterey, Cal. Over two hundred cows are in the herd, and the dairy lands, covering hundreds of acres, receive the mistress's careful supervision, as large crops are planted annually. In appearance Mrs. Hatton does not look the business woman that she is, and previous to her husband's death she had had no financial experience. But when Mr. Hatton died she at once assumed business responsibilities, and has since carefully carried on the work he left, meeting with no reverses, but, on the contrary, adding to the extent of the dairy.

Mrs. Hatton supplies the Hotel Del Monte and the Hotel El Carmelo, at Pacific Grove, with a large amount of choice butter. Her home is a most beautiful and hospitable one. The large house, with its many great windows, overlooks the Carmel Valley, and the old mission, the river and forests, and from one point there may be had a view of the ocean and the bay. The gardens surrounding the house are filled with Southern vines and shrubs that grow so luxuriantly in that climate.—New York Tribune.

A Pretty Walk.

To be thoroughly graceful long steps and quick, short steps should be equally avoided, remarks a French woman. A stiff walk is also very ungraceful, and that is the great fault of English girls. They walk too stiffly and take too long strides.

Spanish women have a very pretty walk, naturally, as also have Italian country girls and all accustomed to carry weights on their heads.

To exercise walking a weight on the head is a very good lesson. You must not be content, however, to walk straight before you without letting the weight fall from your head. You must turn backward and forward, and from side to side, as Italian country girls do when they carry their water jars from the well and can turn in all directions without a drop of water being spilled from the jar on their head. More marriages are made up at the well in Italy than at any other public place. Young rustic fellows stand by the well to watch the girls fill their jars and carry them away on their heads with a grace given only to them; and the most graceful among them has the most admirers from whom to choose her husband.

The French are also very graceful walkers.

Study your walk, girls. Take dancing lessons to begin with and then repeat your lessons before your long toilet glass. A pretty walk is a beauty in itself, and everyone who will can acquire this beauty. Do it, then, at once—now—without losing another day.—New York Herald.

A Woman Agriculturist.

The number of women entering agricultural fields is constantly increasing. Women are realizing that the nervous temperament, with which most of the sex are endowed, is greatly benefited by living out in the open air. Hosts of women throughout the land are now conducting successful stock farms. Mrs. Phebe Tabor Willetts is the possessor of a fancy stock farm at Roslyn, Long Island. She started first to make butter, which found ready sale. But she soon realized the necessity of having first-class cows to make first-class butter, so turned her attention to the breeding and raising of Guernsey cattle. Mrs. Willetts now has one of the finest herds on Long Island. She has found time as well to keep up her fine house, rear several children and attend personally to her household affairs. "Old Brick" is the name of the homestead, and it is one of the landmarks of that part of the country. It was the first brick house built in that section. It is a large dwelling, standing among fine old trees and a beautiful lawn. Near it is situated the old homestead, which has been in the family for over 200 years. It is remarkable for never having a death within its walls. At a short distance is the dairy. The butter is made in pound prints and stamped "Old Brick." The farm consists of 260 acres. On it is a fine stable, capable of sheltering over 100 cows and storing corn fodder from fifteen acres of land. Mrs. Willetts also raises fine trotting horses. Success did not come to Mrs. Willetts without many depressing adventures. Her courage has been monumental, and as usual it crowned her efforts with success.—Chicago Record.

THE PITCH LAKE.

It Is Inexhaustible Apparently, No Matter How Heavily Drawn Upon.

The famous pitch lake, or great bitumen deposit of Trinidad, is situated at Point Libres, on an elevation of about a mile from the sea. It covers an area of nearly one hundred acres, and its appearance is that of a dull, still, dark waste. It is irregularly circular, and it surface perceptibly convex, being more elevated in the center, and thence insensibly declining on all sides. In the center the pitch is quite soft—in fact, semi-liquid—but it becomes more and more hardened as its circumference widens out. Except the soft central parts, the surface is intersected in all directions by numerous fissures or chasms, varying in breadth from two feet to sixteen feet, and from half a foot to seven feet in depth, widening also at the surface and terminating acutely at the bottom, thus producing, as it were, inverted angular hollows, while the sides are regularly rounded. These crevices are at all times filled with fresh water. Here and there, where the bitumen is mixed with earthy water, grow lichens, mosses, grasses, etc. The center of the lake, the pitch pot, or chaudiere, as it is called, is at all times so soft that it would be impossible to venture on it without incurring the danger of being engulfed. The lake is government property, and parts of it are leased out to private individuals, who have to pay royalties, according to the amount of pitch removed, which amount is checked by the government. The pitch lake is practicably inexhaustible. No matter what quantity is taken out, it is replaced by fresh pitch, which always wells up to fill the hole. The surface of the outer edges of this most wonderful of lakes is quite hard enough to walk upon; but a curious result ensues if you stand still for any length of time on one spot. For some yards around you the pitch bodily sinks until it forms a basin. It is quite different to sinking in sand, where your feet gradually disappear without making any apparent difference in the level of the ground.

THE PIPE FACE.

Close Observers Will Notice It in Old Smokers.

The constant habit of smoking pipes has a perceptible effect upon the face. The pressure of the lips to hold the pipe in position increases their curvature around the stem and the muscles become more rigid here than in other parts. Thus, says Tit-Bits, the lips at a certain point become stronger, and the pipe is unconsciously held in the same habitual position. After long continuation of the habit small circular wrinkles form parallel with the curvature of the lips around the stem. These are crossed by finer lines, caused by the pressure of the lips to retain the stem in position. In the case of old men who have smoked a pipe for years, the effect upon the lips is very marked, not only altering the form of the lips but of one entire side of the face, causing the wrinkles that are the effect of age to deepen, and, instead of following the natural course of facial wrinkles, to change their course so as to radiate from the part of the mouth where the pipe is habitually carried. Furthermore, one or both lips often protrude, just like the lips of people who have sucked their thumbs when children. The effects of pipe smoking upon the teeth are considerable. At the point where the smoker usually holds the stem between his teeth the latter becomes much worn.

The Windy Isles.

It is the time of great storms now in the Philippines. "Huge seas come tumbling ashore on the beach and the vessels in the great exposed bay have all they can do to hang to their anchors, as the surf sometimes dashes as high as their lower foreyards," writes the author of "Yesterdays in the Philippines." One bit of description may well apply to the weather now experienced by our soldiers under Gen. Merritt: "The other morning began the first real storm of the rainy season, and we came very near having a bad typhoon, but some one turned the switch and it swirled up the back coast on the Pacific side and crossed through a notch in the mountains some distance north of Manila, giving the city only four days of monstrous winds and floods of rain. The streets were two feet deep with water in the business sections, and down at our house by the seas the wind blew so hard that it carried the tin from our roof off to visit the next suburb. Then it was that those sturdy windows of small seashells set into hardwood lattice seemed far more secure than glass, and I doubt if anything less well constructed would have stood the blast that surged in from the broad bay." In another storm a thousand houses were blown down in Manila and four Spanish brigs in the bay totally wrecked.—Boston Herald.

A Soldier's Escape.

From the Democrat-Message, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

When Richmond had fallen and the great commanders had met beneath the historic apple tree at Appomattox, the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, prematurely aged, clad in tatters and rags, broken in body but of dauntless spirit, swung into line for the last "grand review" and then quietly marched away to begin life's fray anew amid the hills and valleys of the Keystone State. Among the number Asa Robinson came back to the old home in Mt. Sterling, Ill., back to the fireside that he had left at the call to arms four years previous. He went away a happy, healthy farmer boy in the first flush of vigorous manhood; he came back a ghost of the self that answered to President Lincoln's call for "300,000 more."



The Soldier's Return.

To-day he is an alert, active man and tells the story of his recovery as follows:

"I was a great sufferer from sciatic rheumatism almost from the time of my discharge from the army. Most of the time I was unfitted for manual labor of any kind, and my sufferings were at all times intense. At times I was bent almost double, and got around only with the greatest difficulty. Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I kept on improving steadily. I took three boxes of the pills, and at the end of that time was in better condition than at any time since the close of my army service. Since then I have never been bothered with rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only remedy that ever did me any good, and to them I owe my restoration to comparative health. They are a grand remedy."

The deeper the conviction, the purer the tears.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

A mother's precept is rarely used to justify evil.

The Employer.

To do the best you can for the people who work for you is, I think, to recognize their right to combine for their own protection against the conscienceless greed which, in the competitive regime, often forces you to reduce the wages.—Gladden.

Duty.

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always—that is duty.—Amiel.

Ancient Roman Hospital Found.

An ancient Roman hospital has been brought to light at Baden, near Zurich, the discovery having been made in connection with recent excavations at Windisch, the Roman Vindonissa. It contains fourteen rooms, supplied with many kinds of medical, pharmaceutical and surgical apparatus, the latter including probes, tubes, pincers, cauterizing instruments and even a collection of safety pins used in bandaging wounds. There are also medicine spoons in bone and silver measuring vessels, jars and pots for ointment, some still containing traces of the ointment used.



The many uses to which Ivory Soap is applicable, make it an economical as well as a valuable soap. Spots on clothing are quickly and easily removed by an application of the foamy lather of Ivory Soap with a dampened cloth and a brisk rubbing. Ivory Soap cuts the grease and leaves the surface rubbed perfectly clean. Be sure you use Ivory Soap, or the remedy may be worse than the grease spot.

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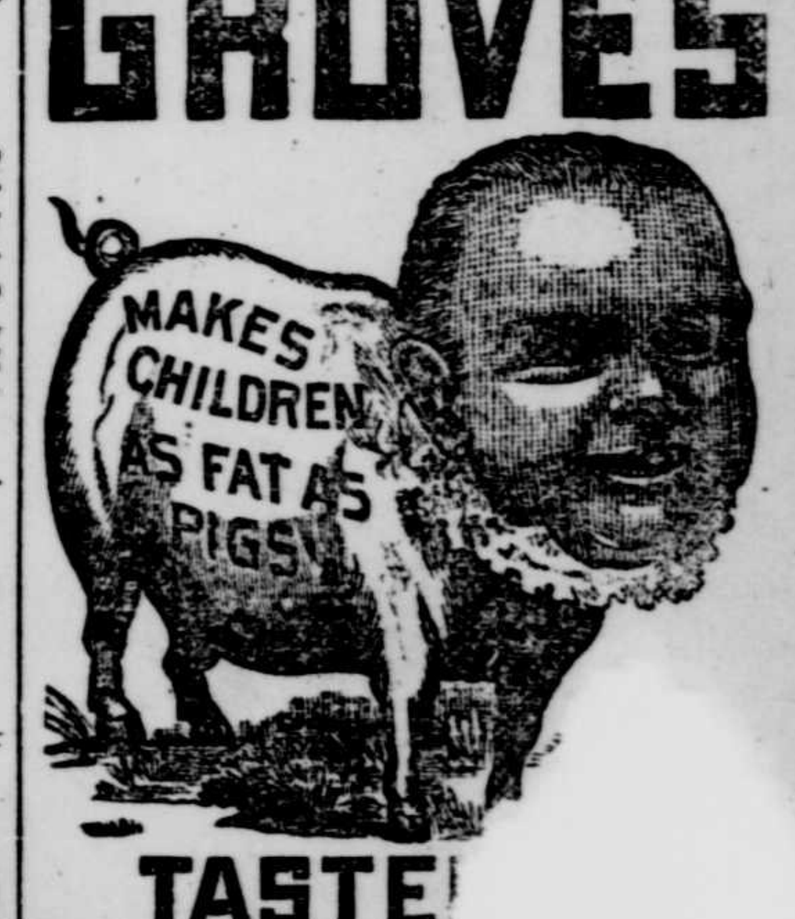
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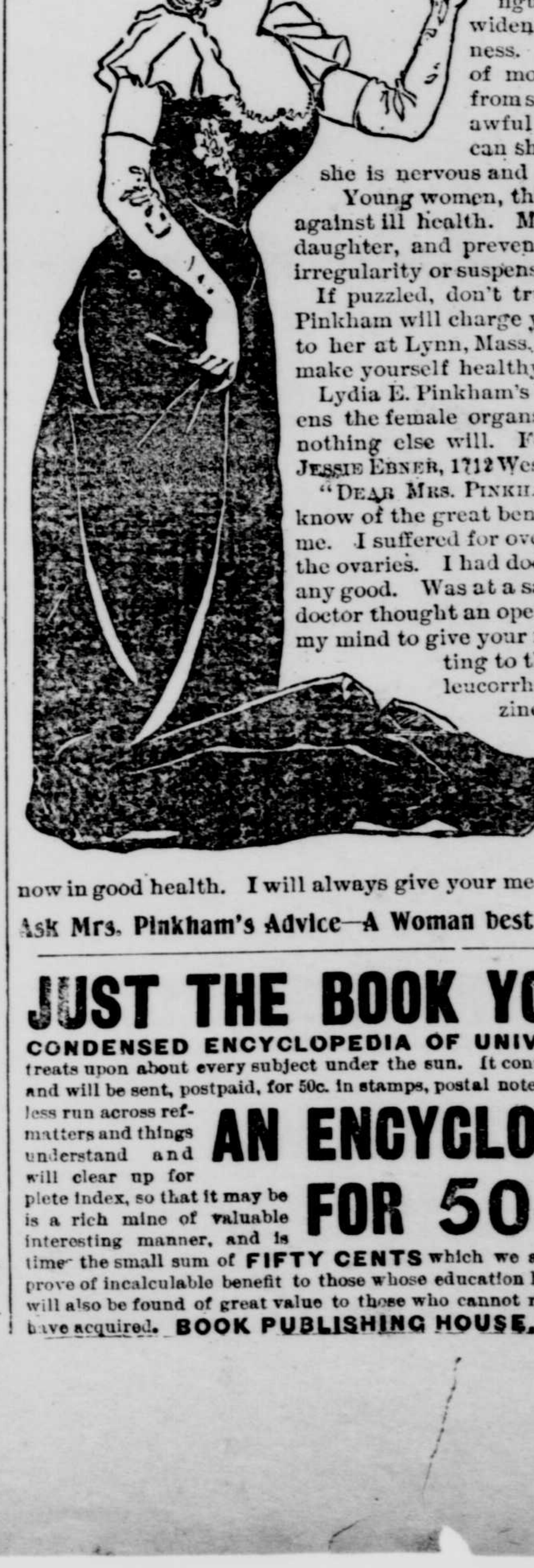
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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit your remedies have been to me. I suffered for over a year with inflammation of the ovaries. I had doctored, but no medicine did me any good. Was at a sanatarium for two weeks. The doctor thought an operation necessary, but I made up my mind to give your medicine a trial before submitting to that. I was also troubled with leucorrhœa, painful menstruation, dizziness, nervousness, and was so weak that I was unable to stand or walk. I have taken in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and am now in good health. I will always give your medicine the highest praise."

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