Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt; nothing so hard but search will find it out. —Herrick.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c. 25c. 50c.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.—D. G. Mitchell.

How's This.

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

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

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

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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

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

Never do anything concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt.—Pliny.

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

A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.—Manilius.

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.

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.—Addison.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

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

If we did but know how little some enjoy the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—Young.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

The superior man is slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.—Confucius.

Soldiers
From the War

Bring the germs of malaria, fevers and other diseases, which may prove contagious in their own families. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a special boon to soldiers, because it eradicates all disease germs, builds up the debilitated system and brings back health. Every returned soldier and every friend and relative of soldiers should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

Bismarck's Banker.

Bismarck's money was invested principally with the famous banker Bleichroeder, of Berlin. A story is told that at the ending of the Franco-German war, when the money indemnity demanded by Bismarck threatened to terminate the peace negotiations, Bismarck telegraphed Bleichroeder to come to Versailles. "Five milliards war indemnity!" exclaimed Jules Favre. "That is an outrageous demand. Does monsieur le count know how much that is? It is five thousand millions of francs, and if a man had begun counting this sum from the birth of Christ, and continued counting to the present day, he would not yet have his task completed." "That's what I thought," said Bismarck. "I therefore sent for my friend Bleichroeder. He can count back to Adam, or at any rate, to Abraham."

Music on the Battlefield.

The first use of field music of which we have absolutely authentic information was at the battle of Bouvines, that village of French Flanders where the French have won no fewer than three victories—Philip Augustus defeating Otto IV. of Germany there in 1214, Philip of Valois defeating the English there in 1340, while in 1794 the French defeated the Austrians at the same place. It was at Bouvines, in 1214, that trumpets sounded the signal for the victorious French charge, the first authentic instance of a command given by a trumpet call.

Korea Taught Japan.

It was the Koreans who taught the Japanese the art of making the pottery for which Japan is now justly famous, but this was also a curse to the Koreans, as all the artisans, as well as the finest specimens of their work, were forcibly carried away to Japan. For five hundred years none of this fine ware has been produced, but the looting of the royal tombs caused some most excellent specimens of this rare work to be removed from their place of concealment, where they had lain for six or eight hundred years, and two or three collections have recently been made in Seoul.

A Thoughtful Fiance.

Jack—"Suppose I teach you to play cards now, and then you'll know all about it after we're married." Marie—"Won't that be lovely! What game will you teach me?" "Solitaire."—Life.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. RANK, No. 2,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of relief from utter discouragement. She says:

"I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.

"Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me, I knew not what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left alone.

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured.

"I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'"

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Make Home Happy"—The Doorsill of the Dwelling House is the Foundation of Church and State—Let Christian Love Abide Therein.

TEXT: "The disciples went away again unto their own home."—John xx., 10.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The doorsill of the dwelling-house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life overarches and undergirdles all other life. The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantel piece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race into parts, and then He gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog wheels in the social mechanicism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or is made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the centre. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same variety again; brothers, sisters, husband and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther; and, mid-air, iron beaks plunge, till with clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the River Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism and polygamy, and the most damnable of all things, free-lovism, have been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem. While the pupits have been comparatively silent, nolvels—their cheapness only equalled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange-blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assail what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the evening-time and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after a while there came a devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My second advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at night-fall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: That once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said, "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy.

On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman who could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the register or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction: first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearth-stone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar! how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light, leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, and they think that if they have a house, they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amid the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it in the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in the chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the centre of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let Happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and all chalices lifted, we will say, "Drink, O queen! live forever!" But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amidst the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back, the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair. The romp of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-beakers come the words, "Happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond, "It is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer, "Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together, and groans, "It is not in me!"

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible, and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on the plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christain Love. And they knelt at the foot of the throne, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them and said, "Happiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said, "Follow me, and I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.		@	4 65
High Grade Extra			4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	67½		72
CORN—No. 2 White	35		36
Oats—Southern & Penn	25½		26
RYE—No. 2	50¾		52¾
HAY—Choice Timothy	10 00		10 50
Good to Prime	9 00		9 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds	8 00		8 50
Wheat Blocks	5 00		5 50
Oat Blocks	6 00		6 50
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	@	10¾
City Cows	9½		10
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	55	@	60
ONIONS	50		55
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls	6	@	6¾
Clear ribsides	6¾		7
Hams	9¾		9¾
Mess Pork, per bar			11 75
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			6¾
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	21	@	22
Under Fine	20		21
Creamery Rolls	21		22
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	9½	@	9¾
N. Y. Flats	9½		9¾
Skim Cheese	5½		7½
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	15½	@	16
North Carolina	14		14½
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	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

AGRICULTURAL.

Late Treatment of Cane Fruits.

Various opinions exist among fruit growers in regard to fall pruning of berry bushes. For instance, one grower near here does not cut back the new wood at all, while another cuts back at least one-third and claims to have proved by experiment that the trimmed canes come out better in the spring. It is our practice here to trim out all of the old wood in the fall and bend down and cover with earth all of the new growth, no matter how much there may be of it. Even with this treatment many varieties will die back to quite an extent and the necessary pruning may be better done in the spring. It is quite a task sometimes to cover large plants of Gregg or Columbian, but we want to save every possible inch of fruiting wood.

Grapevines should be pruned late in the fall and covered the same as berry bushes. It has been very well demonstrated in this State that winter protection of berry bushes and grapevines is necessary in order to insure a crop. Some growers practice covering the tips only, depending upon snow for protection, but a better plan is to cover the entire plant with two or three inches of earth.—Frederic Cranefield, Wisconsin Experiment Station.

A Turkey House.

Most people who have had experience with turkeys know that these birds prefer to roost on the ridge-pole of a building rather than under it and that, too, in exceptionally cold weather. The turkey does not like close quarters, and thrives best where it is given plenty of air.

In many sections of the country where the winters are not too severe,



A WINTER ABODE FOR THE TURKEY.

the house shown in the cut will be found an excellent one for turkeys in winter, while in the Northern regions, even, such a building will be found most useful as a roosting place for both chickens and poults during the late summer and fall, since they need protection from rain and prowling animals, but plenty of pure air to secure the finest growth. This need of pure air at night is not properly appreciated by most persons who attempt to raise chickens.

An Icehouse For the Farm.

Among the luxuries which tend to make life pleasant on the farm the icehouse stands at the head of the list, and who has a better opportunity for getting ice than the farmer? But the mischief lies in having to stop right in the busiest time to go and dig out a cake. I have a plan working successfully, which will no doubt be a blessing to others. Instead of packing the ice solid, as is usually the case, I make the main building so large that I can erect a room inside, leaving an ice space of at least six feet all around, and with double doors leading in, making the flat roof of the inside room very strong, capable of bearing up considerable ice; for that is where you want most of it, as the cold air goes down. There is a small ventilator through to the open air. Shelves are arranged around the outside and a swinging shelf in the centre of the refrigerator room. There you have a cold storage of an improved type, where you can keep anything in fine shape, and you never have to touch the ice except for ice cream.

Any one who can saw a board and drive a nail can make one. Any kind of old boards will answer the purpose, except for the inside room, which should be matched lining. As to the ice supply, if you have no pond or stream handy, simply make a wooden trough eighteen inches wide by eight inches deep, and as long as you like, and set near the pump or well. Pump this full of water as fast as it freezes solid and is cut out in cakes. Refill, and you will be surprised to see how fast your icehouse will fill up. It is best to flare the trough a little—i. e., make it a little larger at the top. When frozen solid, you simply turn it over, when your ice falls out, and you can cut it in any-sized cakes you wish.—W. Jay Beighle, in New York Tribune.

Blackleg and How to Treat It.

Blackleg is an infectious disease of cattle, produced by the blackleg bacillus, a facultative parasite which lives and propagates in the soil of infected districts and in the bodies of the diseased animals. Certain kinds of soil are very favorable to the existence of this germ, and such soil when once affected usually remains so permanently and constitutes the source of the disease in animals. Although infectious, blackleg is, strictly speaking, not a contagious disease; i. e., the disease owes its existence to an infecting principle, the blackleg germ, but a diseased animal does not transmit the disease directly to a healthy one. Healthy animals become diseased when the germ enters a wound in the skin or mucous membrane of the body. Such wounds can easily be produced on a leg while roaming over the ranches, or at the mouth while grazing.

The characteristic symptom of this disease, and by which alone it can usually be recognized, is the appearance of large swellings on various parts of the body, usually on or near the upper portions of the legs and never below the knee or hock joints. The swellings vary in size, but are always formed by the presence of gas that has collected in the tissue meshes beneath the skin. This gas is a product of the blackleg bacilli. When the hand is passed over these swellings a characteristic crackling sound is produced. When incised with a knife a bloody fluid with a disagreeable and sickening odor is discharged. (Press bulletin Kansas experiment station.) The principal general symptoms of the disease are loss of appetite, high fever and lameness when the muscles of the legs are affected. Nearly all affected animals die within one and one-half to three days from the time of attack.

Medicinal treatment of this disease may at present be considered as absolutely useless. The only practical method of dealing with the disease is to prevent it. Keeping animals away from infected ranges or parts of ranges is an absolute protection. Sometimes this is impossible, and then protective inoculation must be resorted to. It is a well known fact that vaccination or protective inoculation prevents almost entirely the appearance of the disease.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Turkish turban of the largest size contains twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

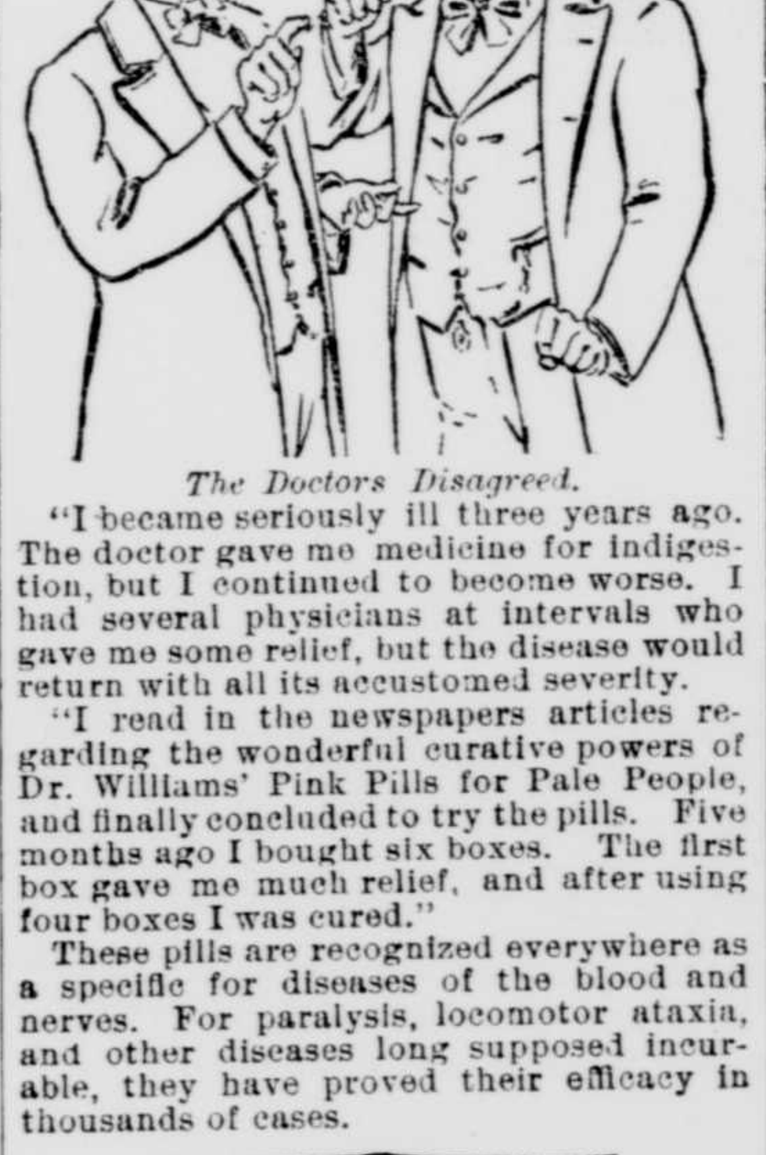
A Nation of Dyspeptics.

From the Mountaineer, Walhalla, N. Dakota.

The remorse of a guilty stomach is what a large majority of the people are suffering with to-day. Dyspepsia is a characteristic American disease and it is frequently stated that "we are a nation of dyspeptics."

Improper food, hurried eating, mental worry, exhaustion—any of these produce a lack of vitality in the system, by causing the blood to lose its life-sustaining elements. The blood is the vital element in our lives and should be carefully nurtured. Restore it to its proper condition, dyspepsia will vanish and good health follow.

For example, in the county of Pembina, North Dakota, a few miles from Walhalla, resides Mr. Earnest Snider; a man of sterling integrity, whose veracity cannot be doubted. He says:



The Doctors Disagreed.

"I became seriously ill three years ago. The doctor gave me medicine for indigestion, but I continued to become worse. I had several physicians at intervals who gave me some relief, but the disease would return with all its accustomed severity.

"I read in the newspapers articles regarding the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and finally concluded to try the pills. Five months ago I bought six boxes. The first box gave me much relief, and after using four boxes I was cured."

These pills are recognized everywhere as a specific for diseases of the blood and nerves. For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, they have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases.

OLD AND NEW SHANGHAI.

Official Corruption Prevents Progress and Enlightenment.

The first thing one sees in China, coming from this direction, is the city of New Shanghai. It is a fine modern city, with numerous factories, well equipped, lighted by electricity, with a wide boulevard, lined by a magnificent row of business houses three or four stories in height, with handsome residences, a system of waterworks and a great many conveniences of modern civilized life. One would suppose that all these desirable things, taken out there and put right down before the eyes of the Chinese, would excite their admiration and stimulate a desire to have the same advantages. But we pass through a gate, through the high stone wall that separates New from Old Shanghai and find ourselves in the midst of a typical Chinese city—a city making about the least pretense to decency and cleanliness of any city in the empire, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. We ask the citizens of Old Shanghai if they would not like to have clean water and clean streets and houses with grass plots around them, and they say: "No. Our ancestors for thousands of years have dispensed with such things, and shall we set up ourselves to be wiser and better than they?" I was told that the citizens of New Shanghai offered to extend their water supply free of charge to Old Shanghai, in the hope of averting the pestilence that came from the canals. A committee from Old Shanghai was sent over to examine the water. Its members went back and reported that they did not like it, that it had no body to it like the water of their canals, and that it had neither "taste nor smell." It might be thought that there would be some hope from the litterati of the country, but the litterati live in the hope of obtaining an office under the Chinese system, so that they stand like a stone wall of opposition against all changes or reforms. The education of these men consists largely in the memorizing of books from 1,000 to 3,000 years old, and the things they know are things that come as near as anything in the world could come to being worth absolutely nothing. Those who by bribery and some other means do at last receive an official appointment receive but a nominal sum as salary. They are supposed to supplement this in such ways as they can—by pilfering money that passes through their hands, by exacting money from litigants and by torturing accused persons until the highest amount possible is wrung from their relatives in order to secure their release. There is nothing that presents such tremendous obstacle to our mission work, says Dr. Chester, secretary of the foreign mission board of the Presbyterian church south, as the official system in China.

ALLEGIANCE OF CONQUEROR.

International Law Bearing on Our New Colonial Relations.

The approaching peace between Spain and the United States makes it of some interest to consider the legal effect of the cession of territory by one state to another. Such cession has many important consequences in relation to questions of international relations and constitutional law. Many controversies have arisen on such questions, but some general principles can be extracted from the tangle of diplomatic correspondence and juristic writings. There can be no doubt that the inhabitants of a conquered territory become subjects of the states to which it is ceded; but treaties of peace commonly give them a right to retain their former allegiance, though seldom unconditionally. The laws of some countries do not allow aliens to hold landed property, and as a matter of policy states may object to the presence on their soil of a large number of persons owing allegiance to a foreign state. Therefore in treaties of cession it is often provided that all inhabitants who wish to retain their former allegiance must quit the country within a certain time, sometimes also dispose of their property. When Alsace and Lorraine were ceded to Germany the inhabitants who wished to remain French subjects were obliged to leave. They were, however, allowed to retain their landed property. When California was ceded by Mexico the United States were more liberal to the inhabitants. By the treaty of Guadelupe Hidalgo they might within a year elect to remain Mexican citizens, and no restriction was put on their right to reside or to retain their property. Naturally all public property in the ceded territory belonging to the state is transferred to the new sovereign. As regards obligations, it is commonly agreed that in the absence of express treaty stipulation no portion of the general public debt is transferred with the territory. There are, however, several instances of a proportionate share of the general public debt being transferred by treaty. Other considerations apply to local debts, and the better opinion is that they should be taken over with the territory.—London Law Journal.

WAR AND RED TAPE.

Regulations Worked All Right in Time of Peace.

The war office is full of entertaining incidents. Last April that buoyant, rough-riding, blood-loving statesman, soldier and dilettante, Theodore Roosevelt, was busy trying to get authorization for raising the command of which he is now the head. He was assistant secretary of the navy, and did not send his card in to his fellow-officeholders when he called on them. One day he broke in on Gen. Ludington's repose. Ludington was and is the head of the quartermaster's department, and is as order-loving a soul as any old lady in the world. To him came the enthusiastic Roosevelt. "I want a requisition for 1,000 horses at once, and authority to buy 'em where they can be found," said the impetuous Theodore. "We shall have to proceed according to the regulations and advertise for the horses," replied Ludington. "But we are enlisting these men in every state of the union," urged Roosevelt, "and we want them to take their horses with them where they are enlisted." "Then," said Ludington, "we shall have to advertise for them where they are bought." "But it will take ninety days and cost $1,000,000," argued Roosevelt. "We must conform to the regulations," insisted Ludington. "Damn the regulations!" shouted Roosevelt. "You people in here are tied hand and foot with your cursed red tape." Mr. Secretary," cried Ludington, who had become rather warm himself, "do not curse the regulations, sir; do not curse the regulations. They are not red tape. They are reasonable provisions, and this department worked under them like clockwork, sir, for 25 years, till this cursed war came along and upset everything."—New Time.

France Leads in Good Roads.

There are, it is estimated, 300,000 miles of highway roads in the United States, about 20 per cent of the roads of all the world. Great Britain has 120,000 miles of highways and these are some of the best in the world. Germany has 275,000 miles of roads, and some of them are as poor as the roadways of a great country can be. France, which has taken an enlightened view of the good roads question for many years, and has spent by governmental or local authority over $1,000,000,000 on highways, has a road mileage of 330,000, more than any other country. Russia, with an enormous area, has only 70,000 miles of roadways, while Italy, a smaller country, has 55,000. On fine stone roads one horse can haul as much as three horses can haul over an average dirt road of this country. It is estimated that it would be necessary to build about 1,000,000 miles of macadamized roads in the United States in order to have as good a system of public highways as is found in several European states. At $4,000 a mile this would involve an outlay of $4,000,000,000.

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After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—Chesterfield.

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Should Be Too Quick for It.

"If I should try to kiss you I suppose you would call for help," he said, inquiringly. "If you are so everlastingly slow that a call for help would do any good," she replied, "it would serve you just right if I did."—Chicago Post.

A New Comparison.

They were having a drill in comparison of adjectives, and the teacher asked a small boy in the front row to compare "sick." "Sick, worse, dead," was the instant reply.

Denmark's Lenient King.

Some years ago a frank courtier, who was protesting against a proposed act of leniency, told the king of Denmark that he was "not feared as a king should be." His majesty laughing rejoined: "I can forgive you so long as you do not tell me I am not loved as a king should be." "That is a criticism no one would wish to make," replied the courtier. "Then I must live up to my reputation," said the king, as he signed the pardon which had been under discussion.—Tit-Bits.



There are frauds in soaps as well as other things. Sometimes a grocer will offer you a substitute for Ivory Soap, because his profits are larger on the substitute. He and the purchaser are losers in this transaction. The dealer ultimately loses the customer, and the customer suffers from the mischief of the substitute. A person accustomed to Ivory Soap will not be satisfied with any other. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

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