Catarrh Cured

Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla and Health Is Good.

"I was troubled for a long time with catarrh and a bad feeling in my head. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me a world of good. My sufferings from catarrh are over and my health is good." Mrs. A. A. Libby, Pownal, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

IN MEXICAN HOUSEHOLDS.

The arrangement of furniture is much more formal than in the United States. It is a very common sight to see a splendidly furnished parlor with a row of straight-backed chairs, all alike, with their backs against the wall and as close together as they can be placed.

Heavy single doors, such as are used in the United States, are practically unknown in Mexican houses, either at entrances or between interior rooms. All doors open in the middle and are fastened with bolts top and bottom. Exterior doors are always fitted with glass panels, for they also serve as windows. All such doors opening on the street or open court are fitted with solid shutters that are folded at the sides out of sight when not in use.

A good Mexican cook relieves the mistress of the house of worry and responsibility in a manner that is almost unknown in the United States. The cook is given so much a day and with this amount she will purchase each morning all the provisions for the day, even the staples that are usually bought in large quantities in other countries. On $1 a day a cook will provide a very good table for a family of three or four, and get enough beans and tortillas and chile to set the servants' table besides. They can really do better than their mistresses, because they can usually drive sharper bargains with the marketmen of their own class, and they have more patience to haggle over the last penny.

ON THE STAGE.

Henry Dixey will still cling to vaudeville this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will produce their new play, "The Eldest Miss Blossom," at the St. James', London, this month.

It is unlikely that Olga Nethersole will produce "The Termagant" in America. She now contemplates giving a version of "Romeo and Juliet."

It is said that Olga Nethersole will have to do a tremendous business with "The Termagant" in America if she hopes to retrieve the losses she has sustained with the piece in London.

Charles Wyndham, in view of the recent accident to the Prince of Wales, will provide in his theater in London an elevator running to the royal box, so that his royal highness may see the play without imperiling his limbs on the stairs.

Wilson Barrett is reported to have discovered an infant prodigy in Australia—a little girl of the name of Clitheroe, who played the child in "The Silver King" with remarkable power. It is not improbable that Mr. Barrett will take the child to England with him.

Mme. Melba has been spending her summer holiday on the upper Thames, but has now left England for France. She sails soon for this country. M. Jean de Reszke, with his wife and his brother, were recently in Paris for a short time, but are now on their way to their estates in Poland.

It is estimated by those who ought to know that J. M. Barrie's royalties from "The Little Minister" will ultimately amount to $250,000. The piece, in addition to playing to between $10,000 and $12,000 a week in America, has begun its second season in London at the Haymarket theater, where the audiences are enormous, and it is also going in Australia to very large houses. It seems, however, to be a permanent kind of success.

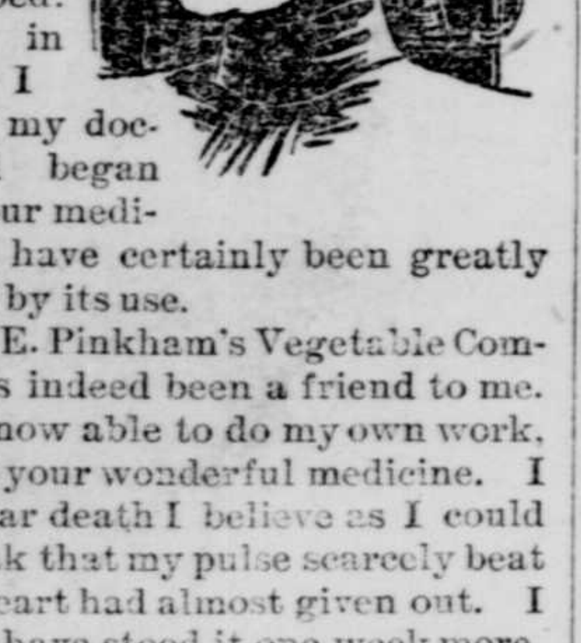
Co-operation in England.

Distributive co-operation in England now embraces more than 1,800 societies, with a capital of $100,000,000 and a trade of close up to $350,000,000 annually.

"I DO MY OWN WORK."

So Says Mrs. Mary Rochiette of Linden, New Jersey, in this Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a flow which would be quite annoying at times, and at others would almost stop.



"I used prescriptions given me by my physician, but the same state of affairs continued.

"After a time I was taken with a flooding, that I was obliged to keep my bed. Finally, in despair, I gave up my doctor, and began taking your medicine, and have certainly been greatly benefited by its use.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has indeed been a friend to me.

"I am now able to do my own work, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I was as near death I believe as I could be, so weak that my pulse scarcely beat and my heart had almost given out. I could not have stood it one week more, I am sure. I never thought I would be so grateful to any medicine.

"I shall use my influence with any one suffering as I did, to have them use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Every woman that is puzzled about her condition should secure the sympathetic advice of a woman who understands. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her your ills.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. SMITH.
2920 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 320

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "God's Second Gift"—The World is Too Much With Us—The Better Life and the Advantages of Religion—The Story of Caleb and Othniel.

TEXT: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."—Joshua xv., 19.

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man who could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evil I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart, for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their own home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present a piece of land that was mountainous, and, sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she want a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us His world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence."

Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and making no appeal to God for help or comfort many of them are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that $50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only $50,000 left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows, and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs. Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion. David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up to an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters. If he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard. If he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams. If he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cupbearers. If he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: 'Look at that odd fellow with the wornout coat.' The angels of God cry "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry, "Get off my front steps!" The doorkeepers of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to that potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His," "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said, "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion, but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in heaven!

It is very fortunate that we cannot see heaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected! I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out; "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now. Let us stay!" And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if once we got there, but as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne. Another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple. Another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

O Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says, "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of this great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us and say: "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good!" He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away and we shake our heads forebodingly they cry: "I'm glad he is worse. He has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration! The day of your deliverance is coming—is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not to-day make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal watercourses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs—comfort here and glory hereafter?

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.$		@	4 80
High Grade Extra			4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	67¼		71¾
CORN—No. 2 White	36¾		37¼
Oats—Southern & Penn	30		30½
RYE—No. 2	56		58
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		7 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.$		@	75
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..$	50	@	55
ONIONS	50		55
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls.$	6	@	6½
Clear ribsides	6¾		7
Hams	9¾		9½
Mess Pork, per bar			11 00
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			6¼
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy...$	23	@	24
Under Fine	22		23
Creamery Rolls	23		24
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy..$	9¾	@	10
N. Y. Flats	10		10½
Skim Cheese	5½		7½
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	21	@	22
North Carolina	19		20
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS $	7½	@	8
Ducks, per lb	8½		9
TURKEYS	11	@	11½
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 20	@	4 50
SHEEP	3 00		4 00
Hogs	4 50		4 75
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT $	10	@	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		100
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK

FLOUR—Southern $	3 85	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	73		74½
RYE—Western	53		53½
CORN—No. 2	38¾		39
OATS—No. 3	[illegible]		30½
BUTTER—State	15		20
EGGS—State	24½		25
CHEESE—State	8½		8½

AGRICULTURAL.

Topdressing Meadows.

It is always best if manure is to be put on grass land to do it in the fall. Both the leaves and roots of the grass keep the manure from being washed away and wasted. There is, as experiment has shown, very little leaching of manure through the soil, as its fertility is held in the first few inches near the surface. Besides, if the topdressing is applied now the benefit from the manure can be greatly increased by passing a heavy drag over the surface; displacing each particle of manure and carrying it into contact with a part of the soil it has not before reached.

Marketing Honey.

Grade the honey in as many different classes as you have honey. Classify everything. Don't put a second or third grade honey, be it ever so little, in a first-class lot, thinking you will get a first-class price for it. The consequences are you will get a third-class price for your first-class honey when you do it.

Parties that handle honey by the quantity, from all parts of the country, are better judges of honey than you are, as this does not require them to be students of apiaculture.

Never use second-hand packages; many have been brought to grief by doing this.

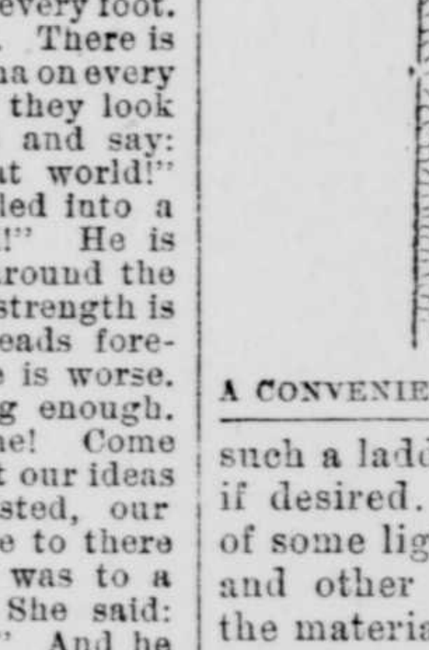
Have your comb honey stored in the best white polished sections, cleaned thoroughly, and packed in the best shipping cases. Put your name and address on every package sent out as producer of said honey. Also give the source from which it was gathered. One or more varieties as the case may be.

Perhaps the best shipping package for extracted honey is the sixty-pound square tin can with a three-inch screw cap. These cans are furnished by the manufacturers in pairs, with wooden cases, two cans in a box, and usually sold at seventy-five cents per pair.

Last, but not least, do not consign your honey to strangers that you know nothing about. Quite a few bogus honey commission firms bob up every year and somebody gets in the trap.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A Comfortable Fruit Ladder.

Upon the ordinary fruit ladder one must stand for a long time and endure the strain and the cutting into the feet of a small round. A fairly broad, flat step gives firm and comfortable support to the feet. The ladder can be made light, too, as the one shown in the illustration. Make one in the winter according to this pattern, while you have plenty of time, and it will be ready for next season's fruit picking. The top of



A CONVENIENT STEP FOR FRUIT PICKERS.

such a ladder can narrow to a point if desired. The main piece must be of some light material free from knots and other imperfections. Dress all the material before putting together, then paint. If kept under shelter when not in use it will last many years.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Coal Ashes For Potatoes.

We have heard of some farmers who applied a small handful of coal ashes in the hill before planting their seed potatoes, taking care to let the seed come in contact with the ashes. Their potatoes thus treated were free from rot and scab, while others in the neighborhood were very badly affected by disease. The farmer who tried this is enthusiastic over his success, and proposes to apply coal ashes in the hill to as many potatoes as he can secure the ashes for. But one experiment, even though so satisfactory as this, is not conclusive. There may have been a difference in time of planting or of soil which would have saved these potatoes from rotting any way. It would have been more satisfactory if a group of four or eight hills were ashed, and some adjoining them were at the same time planted without the ashes.

As we have often explained, there is very little if any manurial value in coal ashes. So far as increasing the potato crop is concerned coal ashes are useless. But the very fact that the coal ashes have no manurial value may be an advantage in growing potatoes free from rot. In contact with this material, free from manures, if there were germs on the seed potato that might extend and cause rot they would be isolated, and thus the new crop could be grown free from rot. All farmers know that to put stable manure in contact with the potato would either make the soil around the seed too dry, or in a rainy season it would furnish the best breeding place for the rot fungus. In fact, stable manure plowed under the same season is not now considered a safe practice among farmers who are experienced in growing potatoes. It is much better to manure the ground a year or two before, and so give the manure time to ferment and disappear, leaving only its condensed nitrogenous and mineral fertility in the soil.

In one way we think that in a wet season, as it was while the potato crop was growing this past summer, the coal ashes may prove a benefit. They help to dry out the hill. So too will superphosphate of lime, especially that made with a little excess of sulphuric acid, as most of it is. We have known farmers to use a very little phosphate in the hill with potato seed, but in this case taking care not to have it come in contact with the cut surface, which it would soon eat into and destroy. Potatoes thus treated were free from rot, while those beside them not phosphated in the hill were half rotten. In this case we attributed the good effect to the drying of the soil in the hill. We can imagine that coal ashes being inert themselves must have operated to make the soil more dry inside the hill during the very wet weather early in the season. Even when the dry weather came this dryness in the centre of the hill where the potatoes form is an advantage, for most of the potato roots that supply moisture have by this time extended to the middle of the rows.—American Cultivator.

How fast can a bee fly? A hive on the roof of a train was carried at the rate of thirty miles an hour before the bees were left behind.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Roast Rabbit.

Clean and make ready a plump young rabbit; boil the liver for ten minutes, and then mince it with a tablespoonful of chopped onion, a teaspoonful of parsley, four ounces of fat minced bacon, half a saltspoonful of pepper (the bacon should give enough salt) and a dozen boiled and mashed chestnuts. Fill the rabbit with this force meat, sew it shut, dredge with salt and pepper; roast and serve with a chestnut sauce, made by mixing a dozen boiled and mashed or minced chestnuts with a half pint of good, brown sauce.

A Substitute for Suet.

It is often supposed that the vegetarian cook must be at a disadvantage for want of suet. What is the merit of suet? Simply this, that it presents fat in a fibrous form, letting it out gradually into the mixture, of which it forms a part. Exactly the same result is achieved when bread crumbs are saturated with butter or oil. A ship's cook, when making plum duff, knows this secret and sops up oil with biscuit crumbs, which he incorporates with the dough. Another mode is to add a little washed and soaked tapioca to the paste used for boiled puddings.

Cream Soup of Celery.

Place two pounds of shank of beef in a kettle; cover with three quarts cold water and add half tablespoonful salt. Put the kettle over the fire, and when it boils add one carrot, two onions, one leek and one stalk of celery. Boil slowly two and one-half hours, keeping the kettle tightly covered. Then strain the broth.

In the meantime clean and wash one bunch of celery, putting the white part in ice water, to be served at dinner. Cut the remaining celery very fine, place it in a saucepan, cover with some of the meat broth and boil slowly till done, which will take about one and a half hours. When the celery is tender rub it through a sieve. Melt three ounces butter in a saucepan; add two tablespoonfuls flour; stir and cook three minutes without browning; then add the strained celery and meat broth to make three pints. Boil ten minutes; then taste; if necessary, add more salt.

Shortly before serving mix the yolks of two eggs with three-quarter cup of cream; add it to the soup; stir for a few minutes over the fire without letting it boil; then serve with small croutons of small oyster crackers. If cream is not handy milk may be taken, and if too expensive the yolks may be omitted. This soup is nice to use up celery which cannot be used at the table.

Good Mush.

It would be hard to find a cook too modest to claim a knowledge of mush-making; yet how many, even among experienced housekeepers, make good mush? Boiling water, corn-meal and salt—what simpler than to put them together and cook them? Yet mush of indifferent meal properly made may be better than that made of the best meal wrongly handled. The water must be freely boiled and salted, and all the meal as it goes in must encounter the same fiercely boiling temperature, to burst the starch-cells, as direct heat "pops" corn. Therefore, making mush takes time, for the meal must be added so slowly as not to stop the boiling, as well as to avoid lumps. A thick iron pot, porcelain lined, is the best thing to cook it in, and a wooded spoon or paddle should be used for the stirring. Sprinkle the meal in slowly with the left hand while stirring with the right. The proportions of the ingredients will vary with the quality of the meal or its character (whether crushed or cut), but an average rule would be four quarts of water, one quart of meal and two tablespoonfuls of salt. When all the meal has been smoothly stirred in, cover the pot closely, and stand it where it will give an occasional bubble for three or four hours—or for half a day. Do not disturb the surface, as stirring permits the "extractives" or flavors to escape. Mush made of good meal by the above method, and served with rich cream, is a royal dish.—Woman's Home Companion.

Household Hints.

Sharpen all kinds of fish sauce with lemon juice.

Tablecloth sets of fine linen are seen in exquisite fern and lilac designs.

A course often served just before dessert is cheese custard. Thin brown bread sandwiches are sent around with it.

To whiten the kitchen table, spread it all over with a thin paste made of chloride of lime and hot water; leave on all night and in the morning wash off.

To cure a felon, take a lump of common rock salt, dry it in the oven, pulverize it, moisten with turpentine, spread on a cloth and wrap the finger in it.

Among the vegetables that are nice creamed are asparagus, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, sweet corn, hulled corn, egg plant, onions, potatoes, salsify, turnips and pig weed.

A teaspoonful of ammonia to a cupful of water will clean gold or silver jewelry. A few drops on the under side of a diamond will clean it immediately, making it very brilliant.

A handful of carpet tacks will be found very good to clean a bottle, without impairing their usefulness afterwards, if they are dried. A handful of ashes from the grate will also accomplish the same purpose.

To prepare nasturtium seeds for pickles or capers, remove the stems and let them stand in salted water over night. Pack in small bottles and cover with boiling vinegar. If preferred, spices and a little sugar may be added.

To clean white coral immerse the sprays in soft, cold water for several hours, then soak for twenty-four hours in a weak solution of chloride of lime. To complete the process, then hold the coral under a tap of running water, so that all traces of the lime may be removed.

Turnips, carrots, and other strong-tasting vegetables should be cut in slices, and either boiled in a great deal of water, or the first water should be poured off after a few moments, and fresh boiling water added. When tender, they should be skimmed out, drained, then turned into the gravy.

Occupied Her Husband's Pulpit.

Mrs. Anna Burley, wife of a Methodist preacher at Hainesville, N. J., filled the pulpit during her husband's absence. He was gathering cranberries at a large marsh which he owns, and Mrs. Burley preached morning and evening to large congregations, both of which were highly pleased with her efforts.

The deepest coal mine in the world is the Lambert, in Belgium; you can descend 5490 feet.

LONGEST JUMP ON RECORD.

Made by the Irish Athlete, Prof. Newburn of Dublin.

Followers of athletic sports have been startled by the wonderful broad jumping performances in Ireland and England of W. J. M. Newburn. This athlete now holds the best on record of the world, twenty-four feet six and three-quarters inches, which he made at Mullinger, Ireland, recently. This is so far in advance of anything which the most celebrated running broad jumpers of the world have ever done that it could scarcely be believed. Had it not been for the fact that this great athlete cleared over twenty-four feet in public six times last summer on different grounds and under different conditions it is doubtful if on this side of the Atlantic athletes would admit the genuineness of his best performance. There are only about eight jumpers who have ever cleared twenty-three feet or over in this country, Great Britain and Australia. When it is considered that Newburn leads the whole field by nearly a foot his ability can all the more be appreciated. Newburn stands 6 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 208 pounds. His chest measures 42 inches, thigh 25½ inches, and calf 16 inches. Newburn starts with his run about 150 feet back from the take-off, and approaches rather slowly a certain mark, about ninety feet away from the take-off. On arriving at this mark he has given enough momentum to his body to have quickened his speed, which he does after getting the foot with which he jumps at this mark. His strides after leaving this mark increase in length as his speed increases, and the last three or four measure over ten feet in length, for by this time he is going at his utmost speed. The stride just in front of the take-off is not over seven feet long, for he must gather himself then for the jump, and if he put his jumping foot too far in front of him he would more or less retard his momentum. When Newburn leaves the ground he gets a great "rise" and literally sails through the air. Just before landing it would seem that his feet were going to touch, when he tucks them under him, and their being handled so gives the uninitiated an impression that he is taking a second spring. Then when his head and shoulders are so close to the ground that he can postpone the inevitable no longer he shoves his feet in front of him, and the momentum of his whole body carries him forward and prevents falling back. Like nearly all of the best running broad jumpers, Newburn is a fast sprinter and has been credited with running 106 yards in ten seconds. His stride when running his fastest in this race is from 10 feet 3 inches to 10 feet 5 inches, and he is the longest striding athlete ever heard of since athletic sport has been chronicled. He is a professor in Claremont College, Dublin, and practices his athletics solely for health. He lays particular stress on the fact that he neither smokes nor drinks. He writes that he intends to come to America during the summer holidays next year.

Easy Work.

"We've got to economize, Maud," said Henry. "It's absolutely necessary." "Very well," returned Maud. "I shall give up your cigars." "And I will do without your fall bonnet," said Henry.—Harper's Bazar.

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.

In Russia it is the custom among pugilists to breakfast together before a contest.

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.

Fashionable Japanese young ladies when they desire to look attractive, gild their lips.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

It is a curious fact that the honeybee was never known in the United States till imported from England.

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.

A first-rate collection of insects contains about 25,000 distinct species.

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.

Astronomers tell us that in our solar system there are at least 17,000,000 comets of all sizes.

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

Justice Boddam, of the Madras High Court, has just given at a festive function "the degrees of comparison" applying to barristers. The first is "to get on," the second "to get honor" and the third "to get honest."

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

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

M. Rene Goblet, the French statesman, who has been a premier and member of the Chamber of Deputies, announces that he is about to retire from politics. He has been a Radical Republican.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

If the minister likes he can count his marriage ceremonies by knots.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

Leather money circulated in Russia so recently as the time of Peter the Great.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Chinese streets are eight feet wide.

ARE YOU
SORE
AND
STIFF
From hard work or outdoor exercise?

ST. JACOBS OIL

Will cure after a few applications, and make the muscles limber and strong.



Put a piece of Ivory Soap in the dainty basket mother love prepares for the baby. Pure, unscented white soap, like the Ivory, is the best for the rose-leaf skin of the new-comer. Scents too often disguise impurities that would injure it. Be wise in time, before the mischief is done.

The vegetable oils of which Ivory Soap is made, and its purity, fit it for many special uses for which other soaps are unsafe and unsatisfactory.

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INEBRIETY AMONG ANIMALS.

Monkeys, Apes, Rats, Birds and Insects Show a Liking for Intoxicants.

It is a curious fact that there are topers innumerable in the animal kingdom. Bipeds and quadrupeds alike are fond of alcoholic drinks, and although some display aversion when first tasting liquor, they soon acquire a craving for it. Chickens and ducks, after having once tasted brandy, become absolute slaves to the drink. They refuse to eat, grow thin, and exhibit symptoms of dejection when unable to obtain their favorite tipple. Monkeys and apes are passionately fond of spirituous liquors. Of these, Buffon's wine-bibbing chimpanzee was a shining example, and Brehmn, the German zoologist, owned several mandrills that drank wine regularly and did not disdain brandy. Herbivorous animals frequently become intoxicated, innocently enough, through eating decayed fruit. In orchards, oxen and cows, after eating overripe apples, have been seen to display all the symptoms of drunkenness. They stagger, their eyes lose expression and they grow sleepy. It seems that animals are susceptible to alcoholism in proportion to the development of their intelligence. Elephants are fond of wine and rum, and rats gnaw the staves of wine casks to get at the contents. Cats, however, rarely exhibit a fondness for intoxicants. Among birds the parrot takes first place as an habitual toper. Insects have many opportunities to become intoxicated, and it is the most active that most frequently avail themselves of the chance. There is an aromatic, intoxicating fluid in linden blossoms for which bees show an especial fondness. Instances have been observed where swarms of bees regaled themselves with the poisonous linden nectar until they exhibited all the signs of intoxication. Hundreds fell helplessly to the roadside, to be trampled under foot.—New York Herald.

Newly Minted.

"I've got a new idea." "Hmh! It ought, then, to be a bright one."—Ex.

Half Sick Half Well

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this? Impure blood.
And the remedy?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the drowsy action of the liver; they cure biliousness.

Write to our Doctor.
We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.
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Want to learn all about a Horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know Imperfections and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the Age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other Valuable Information can be obtained by reading our **100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK**, which we will forward, post-paid, on receipt of only **25 cents in stamps.**

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Embroidery Silk Rack.

A very pretty little hanging rack, made of silver wire in ornamental filigree shape, with little hooks of bent wire, closely resembles a hatrack in miniature. But this is not a doll arrangement for hats, only a dainty adjunct to the embroidery table. On each little hook hangs still another silver wire arrangement, bent into a four-leaved rosette and intended to hold embroidery silks. The silks to be used in any one special design may be wound upon these silk holders and hung on the rack conveniently near the embroidery frame. This smooth silver wire may not be as elaborate as the heavily chased or all filigree silk holders, but they are better for the silk, do not fray them, and the pretty little rack keeps them together and free from the dirt about the table.

Some men are engaged once too seldom and some once too often.

The Potash Question.

A thorough study of the s[illegible] ject has proven that cr[illegible] ures can be prevented [illegible] fertilizers containi[illegible] **percentage** of [illegible] plant can grow wit[illegible]

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