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THEOSOPHY IN MISSOURI.

A Pair of Star-Gazers Dilate on Love, Poetry, and the Pole Star.

He was an eavesdropper, but one upon whom the office had been thrust, says the Kansas City *Star*. He had ensconsed himself in a corner of the vine-clad veranda to smoke the cigar of reflection when these theosophical lovers strolled out to sniff the evening air. They seated themselves on the topmost step, and, while his arm encircled her waist, she remarked:

"I particularly love that star."

"Which one?"

"That one," said she, pointing to the outermost lower star of the dipper's bowl.

"A very natural preference."

"Why?"

"Two thousand years ago that was the north star," said he, "and doubtless in your life that you then lived you were wont to refer to it as you now refer to Polaris, the present north star. Who knows," continued he, in his growing enthusiasm, "but that you were an Egyptian trader, and that as your caravan avoided its long-drawn way across the trackless desert you looked to that star for guidance, and that the habit thus formed has penetrated your present life in the form of an indelinable presence."

"But where were you then?" she tremulously inquired, as she seized his disengaged hand, she being but a recent convert to the doctrines of Karma, and her feminine soul, with its pleasant dreams of wedding finery, suffering a slight shock at the thought of any condition in life in which there was neither prospect nor propriety of a husband figuring.

But the lover was now lost in the astronomer. He was a teacher, and, true to his pedagogic instinct, he proceeded, while he looked reflectively toward the ea t:

"Yes, indeed, and in 12,000 years that star Lyra, in the constellation of the Harp, that you see just rising through the trees, will be the north star, for the earth's motions, you must know, are precisely like those of a top. It revolves on its axis, and at the same time this axis describes a wide circle of its own. It is this latter motion that causes the change in the north star, since the orb so named is always the one toward which the earth's pole is pointing."

She sighed, and after a little pause said in a discouraged tone:

"I wonder what you and I will be doing when Lyra is the north star?"

Promptly the professor quoted:

"I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—"

"Poetry, and theosophic poetry at that!" muttered the eave-dropper. "This is too much."

There was a loud rustling among the vines. The professor's quotation ceased abruptly, and his arm took a more conventional posture.

The Cyclone.

A country is certainly "long" on prosecuity when it transpires that a schoolma'am, tucked away in a desolate corner of North Dakota, receives the following essay from a bare-footed, blushing youth with a calico shirt and one suspender.

CYCLONES.

A cyclone is a whirligig made out of wind. They're very destructible and come from Manitoby. They're made by the Canucks and sent down here 'cause we licked 'em in the revolution war. I think the Canucks is a mean, underhanded people.

Our folks has had lots of trouble. You see, my maw is a widder. We lost paw in a cyclone. One of the e here Canuck cyclones comes along and the last we see of paw he was a thrashin' 'round in the air 'bout a hundred feet above ground with a chicken-coop in one hand and a saw-buck in the other. Maw said we needn't to worry 'cause paw could stand a harder blow 'en that. She said he'd come back—but he didn't. Then she got an idea that paw got carried 'way a purpose an' she says she hain't goin' to feel bad till she finds out whether she's a real widder or only a grass-widder.

That's the way maw feels an' that's why I don't like cyclones.

Our folks is dead set ag'in 'em.—*Free Press.*

Hot Water for Sleeplessness.

A most wretched lie-awake of thirty-five years, who thought him-elf happy if he could get twenty minutes sleep in twenty-four hours, said: "I took hot water, a pint, comfortably hot, one good hour before each of my three meals, and one the last thing at night, naturally unmixed with anything else. The very first night I slept for three hours on end, turned around and slept again till morning. I have faithfully and regularly continued the hot water, and have never had one bad night since. Pain gradually lessened and went, the shattered nerves became calm and strong, and instead of each night being one long misery, spent in wearying for the morning, they are all too short for the sweet, refreshing sleep I now enjoy.

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

Oxygen is the most abundant of all the elements.

The number of eggs in a six-pound eel in November is fully 9,000,000.

Princeton College will send out an expedition to Western Montana in search of fossils.

The City Council of Elizabeth, N. J., has voted to have alarms of fire sounded in future by an electrical whistle.

Recent calculations show that the electromotive force of a bolt of lightning produces an energy of upward of 3,000,000 horse power.

The phonograph has been employed to register the conversation coming over the telephone wires so as to keep a record of the day's business.

Recent observations with the Lick telescope of the shadow of one of Jupiter's satellites are said to show that the tiny moon itself is double.

The electrostatic resistance of the Atlantic cable reduces the speed of the electric current more than one-third, requiring three seconds for it to travel to Europe.

The suffering due to a felon on one's finger has been successfully relieved and a rapid cure made by means of electricity. Salt and turpentine or a fly blister will check a felon at the start.

M. Pictet, a Swiss scientist who is trying to make pure chloroform, says that the fatal effects following the use of this drug are not due to the chloroform but the impurities it contains.

Recent experiments show that an electric current will travel over a good conductor at the rate of 500,000 miles a minute, or around the earth in three seconds. Light travels at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a minute.

Experiments upon the phosphorescence of gems shows that it varies according to the origin of the stone. Cape diamonds show blue, Brazilian stones red, orange, blue, or yellow, and those from Australia yellow, blue, or green.

Experiment has shown that when coal is burnt in an open grate from one to three per cent. of the coal escapes in the form of unburnt solid particles, or "soot," and about ten per cent. is lost in the form of volatile compounds of carbon.

During the past winter the earth of the village of Kiraujarwi, near Paja, Lapland, became suddenly very hot, the ice and snow melting immediately, and the application of one's hand to the earth was liable to result in an uncomfortably warm sensation.

In England leaflets are being distributed on the subject of the destruction of crops in the rural districts. Posters showing magnified illustrations of the Hessian fly and the winter moth are being displayed in the postoffice to enable farmers to recognize them.

In the Argentine Republic the locomotives on the Argentine Great Western Railroad have been fitted to burn the heavy petroleum oil found at Mendoza, on the line of the road. This costs, as an equivalent for coal, about $3 in gold, while coal costs from $15 to $25 per ton.

The source of all the world's energy comes from sun-shine. The energy of the zinc plate of an electric battery comes from the coal with which it was burned when taken from the mines, and the energy of that same coal comes from the sunlight that originally nourished it when it was formerly in the form of growing plants.

Many years ago an ocean steamship made only ten or twelve revolutions of the engine, using only five pounds of steam pressure. With this she averaged about eight knots. High-powered ships of the present day use thirty-six times this pressure and make seven times the revolutions. Their speed is only two and a half times as great.

The following metals will conduct electricity in the following proportions, viz.: Silver, 100; copper, ninety-six; gold, seventy-two; aluminium, fifty-two; zinc, twenty-six; platinum, sixteen; iron, fifteen; nickel, twelve; tin, eleven; lead, seven. Of the above, copper and iron have the greatest commercial value as electrical conductors.

The flora of Europe embraces about 10,000 species. India has about 15,000. The British possessions in North America, though with an area nearly as large as Europe, have only about 5000. One of the riches floras is that of Cape of Good Hope and Natal, which figures up about 10,000 species. Australia also is rich in species, about 10,000 being now known.

A recent departure in obtaining extra draught for furnaces on steamships without the use of blowers or other devices has been successfully tried on the Scot of the Cape Mail Line. This vessel has been furnished with smokestacks 120 feet high above the grates. The increased draught is equivalent to a water pressure of three-fourths of an inch. The vessel speed is nineteen knots.

Banking in Mexico.

Banking, says Frank G. Carpenter in the Washington *Star*, is in the first days of its infancy in Mexico. The insecurity of the country in the revolutions and until about twenty years ago was such that the people buried their money instead of depositing it, and there are today millions upon millions of dollars in the hands of the rich haciendados, which are buried in the ground or hidden away under the walls of their homes. These men have for years been making money and hoarding. They don't know what interest means, and they sell their crops and work their mines year after year and pile away the surplus. It is the same with many of the poorer classes. Some of these are richer than they look, and in the coffee districts I hear of men dying who were supposed to have nothing and from $50,000 to $100,000 discovered about their mud huts. This represented the accumulation of years, and the secret of its existence was communicated from father to son. Every old Spanish family has its strong box, and American merchants and drummers tell me that appearances are very deceitful here, and that you can't tell how rich one of these rough looking old farmers is by his clothes.

I was surprised to find that Mexico had no such agency as Dunn or Bradstreet. The country has a number of big cities. Lyon has 100,000, Guadalahara has 100,000, and San Louis Potosi have 75,000 people. All these towns and dozens of others are centres of trade, still you cannot go into Mexico City, which is the wholesale distributing point, and find the standing of any merchant in any one of them. The banks have their own private correspondents, but the people have no means of obtaining such information. Notwithstanding this the system of credit giving is very general, and both wholesale and retail dealers give it. A great many goods are sold on instalments, and a great deal of money is loaned on chattel mortgages. As to mortgages on real estate, these are few, and according to the laws of the country hard to realize upon. The titles to the property are often bad, and the expense of drawing up the papers, with the heavy stamp duties, is great.

Storks Are Globe Trotters.

An interesting proof of the distant travels of a stork was discovered this spring in the neighborhood of Berlin. For a number of years a pair of storks built their nest annually in the park of the Castle Ruheleben. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring with the name of the place and date on the leg of the male bird in order to be certain that the same bird returned each year. This spring the stork came back to its accustomed place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription, "India sends greeting to Germany."—*Boston Transcript.*

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Sin of Borrowing Trouble."

TEXT: "*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*"—Matthew vi., 34.

The life of every man, woman and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much He hath done to make thee happy; He sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garments, and outfleshing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

I discourse of the sin of borrowing trouble. First, such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose bushes in my garden. The one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturn many a fine business and sent the man dodging among the note shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to the children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The McCheynes and the Summerfields of the church who did the most good, cultivated sunlight. Away with the horrors! they distill poison; they dig graves, and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks and bats and hawks you will find. Hunt for robin redbreasts and you will find robin redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into a fierce battle; the eagle unused to the night was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owl and the night hawks and the bats came a second time to the combat; now, the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

Again, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is celet, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread tray, that a man fed by Him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears!

Has God been hard with thee that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has He stinted thy board? Has He covered thee with rags? Has He spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger come by the safe you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a Father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward Him, as though they were afraid He would steal something.

It is high time you began to thank God for your present blessing. Thank Him for your children, happy, buoyant and bounding. Praise Him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise Him for fresh, cool water bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love Him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank Him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a hewing down of their brighter exercises. Like a boy with a new jackknife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and borrowing it at thirty per cent., which is always a sure precursor of bankruptcy.

Again, the habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path will sometimes tumble among declivities and mount a steep and be thorn pierced. Judas will kiss our cheek and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulcher creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who fight imaginary woes will come out of breath, into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune. Boys in attempting to jump a wall sometimes go so far back in order to get impetus that when they come up they are exhausted, and these long paces in order to get spring enough to vault trouble bring us up at last to the dreadful reality with our strength gone.

Finally, the habit of borrowing trouble is wrong because it is unbelief; God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be felt; your sickness will be alleviated; your sorrows will be healed. God will sandal your feet and smooth your path, and along by frowning crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and good cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine press. The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of the great storm walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Black and wave struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall hear the cry of travelers, and the sweep of wings, and trumpets of salvation, and the voice of Hallelujah unto God for ever.

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle paths and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward till you gain the crest of it, and trees of life overarch it, and taverns line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl, and streets that are gold, and temples that are always open, and bills that quake with perpetual song, and a city mingling forever Sabbath and jubilee and triumph and coronation.

Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me;
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is heaven's decree.

But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus, their exalted king,
With joyful heart and tongue,
Oh, that's the song for me!

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer, trust Him. Put everything in God's hand, and leave it there. Large interest money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

TOUCHING HEART-STRINGS.

Away Back in Her Past She Heard the Patter of a Baby's Shoe.

I was rambling through a quaint, crooked old street in old New York the other day, and I found a quaint, queer old place to match the street. It was a little old building of wood, battered and time-worn, a relic of the last century. It was crowded full of such goods as the poor and lowly have to part with when the blood chills for want of fuel and weakness comes from want of food. There were poor and ragged clothing, old boots and shoes, quaint old hats and caps, bedding, tinware, hardware, window curtains, rugs, tools—a veritable museum of relics, and each and every article having its tale of want and discouragement, of woe and misery. Aye! even as I elbowed about, seeking I knew not what, a forlorn-looking woman came in with a worn and faded shawl and sold it for money to buy bread.

And by and by, as I rummaged about, I found something to take away with me—a baby's shoe! Do you smile? Well, God made us to go each his way, and each and every one to work out his own mission. It was a red morocco shoe, old and worn and faded—a shoe which had covered the chubby foot of somebody's baby as it crept about the floor or stood on his feet beside a chair. Not some rich mother's baby, but the offspring of some mother whose days and nights were terrified by the presence of cold and hunger. That wee shoe told me the story of a garret room—of hope and despair, of misery long drawn out—of a mother's love and a mother's broken heart. I wanted it to lay away among my relics, so that I might look at it now and then when men told me that the world no longer had a heart. At the door as I went out I stumbled against an old woman half helpless from drink—a woman whose red and bloated face and scandalous tongue would have shamed the lowest vagabond of New York's lowest dive.

She struck and kicked at me. She dared me to fight. She showered oaths and sneers and curses at me until I was too astonished to move away. I had that baby shoe in my hand as she railed at me. Her eyes were red and inflamed and I thought her half blind. All at once she ceased her vituperations, bent forward for a closer look and asked in a woman's soft voice:

"Is it a baby's shoe you have there?"

"Yes."

"And you found it?"

"In the store here."

"Give it to me! Please give it to me! I'm sorry for what I said. I didn't mean a word of it. Please do a poor old body a kindness!"

"And do you really want this little shoe?" I asked.

"I do! Please sir, but I'm old and poor! It's a bit of a wee, red shoe, and it's worn at the toe, and—and please give it to me!"

I handed it to her, and she sat down on the step and hugged it in both hands and rocked her body to and fro and wept and crooned and talked to it as a mother might to a living child. Curious, wasn't it, and yet it was not curious. Men may tell you that human nature can be degraded until every sentiment worthy of humanity is burned out of the heart. It is not true. You have only to touch the right chord and the heart will open and the tears come, and the evil passions are slow in taking root again.

Old—sinful—degraded—and yet, as I listened to her crooning and saw her tears fall I wondered who of us dared to judge her—who dared to even blame her for being what she was. Away back in the darkness of the past she heard the pit-a-pat of baby's shoes as he learned to walk. There may have been the curse of drink—the stings of poverty—the midnight of despair. God alone knows how much she suffered and what she has endured. The world thought her a vicious old hag, steeped in vice and wickedness, and men and women stopped and looked on in wonder as the little red shoe touched the chord so long silent and opened the heart of a wife and mother. And so, while I have not added to my store of relics, it may be that the angel of record has turned the leaves of his book and given humanity another credit-mark to count at the last day.—*New York World.*

Russian Steamboat Service.

A satirist of the *Gazette* of Samara wrote a song to the inland steamship companies on the occasion of the opening of navigation on the Volga which attracted considerable notice. Characterizing the bad management of the Volga steamers, the poet addresses a petition to the companies in the following strain:

"Pray don't run races at break-neck speed with steamers that are full of passengers in your efforts to vie with each other. Take care that your boilers explode less frequently, sending the passengers by the hundreds, like useless drift, to a watery grave. Do not consider your passengers as cheap ware, and fill not the steerage with them as you fill your boilers with steam. Throw not drunken passengers overboard, put not vivacious persons in the hold, tie not insubordinates to the masts in rain and storm. Tell your captains and officers not to chafe and not to curse, and to drink less rum and cognac during their work. When they meet a laden schooner let them allow it to pass unmolested, and not run it down and sink it in the muddy stream. And oh! if possible, avoid sandbanks more carefully than heretofore!" This is but a brief extract. The St. Petersburg and Moscow papers copy the satire in full and comment upon it in a manner not complimentary to the Volga steamship companies.

Pretty Certain.

A well-known Detroit millionaire was saying to his confidential clerk the other day: "Now I've arranged those papers for my wife and children all right so that if I die—"

"*If* you die," interrupted the secretary, "say *when* you die; there's no *if* about dying."

MRS. HITCH—What was Dr. Fourthly's text this morning? Dickey Hitch—I knew you would ask, so I put it down on my cuff: "The Lord tempers the wind to the spring lamb."

A Bridge Built by Ants.

The following remarkable story, told by an eye witness, is entitled to a place among the instances of intelligence in the lower animals. A cook was much annoyed to find his pastry shelves attacked by ants. By careful watching it was discovered that they came out twice a day in search of food, at about seven in the morning and four in the afternoon. How were the pies to be protected against the invaders? He could think of nothing but a moat of molasses to encircle them. This he made, and sat down before the citadel to await the attack.

He did not have long to wait, for at ten minutes before seven he noticed that off in the left corner of the pantry was a line of ants slowly making their way in the direction of the pies. They seemed like a vast army coming forth to attack the enemy. In front was a leader who was larger than any of the others, and who always kept ahead of his troops. They were of the sort known as the medium sized red ant, which is regarded as the most intelligent of its kind, whose scientific name is *formica rubra*. About forty ants out of five hundred joined the leader. The general and his aids held a council and then proceeded to examine the circle of molasses. Certain portions of it seemed to be assigned to the different ants, and each selected unerringly the point in the section under his charge where the stream of molasses was narrowest. Then the leader made his tour of inspection. The order to march was given, and the ants all made their way to a hole in the wall in which the plastering was loose. Here they broke rank and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the place in the molasses which had been agreed upon as the narrowest. To and fro they went from the nail hole to the molasses until, at half-past eleven, they had thrown a bridge across. They then formed themselves in line and marched over, and by quarter to twelve every ant was eating pie.

Characteristics of Galway Folk.

There is fine salmon fishing in the Galway River in Ireland, and considerable attention has been given to breeding them and to protecting the young fish. I counted from the bridge two hundred salmon in the water on the gravel beds, and they were just as plenty beyond. They seldom weigh more than twenty-five pounds. The sportsman must pay five dollars per day for the privilege of fishing, and then possesses only one-third of the fish which he has taken. I saw a gentleman fishing, standing nearly leg-deep in the cold running water from the northern lakes, and it seemed to me that he was paying dearly for his sport.

There seems to be no begging there, and the common people have an air of independence which I did not see in the South, where their cringing manner in the presence of the upper class was painful. The laboring classes have a strange mulligatawny complexion, which must be caused either by eating fish or by the raw winds from the Atlantic. I was much interested in the Claddah, a people here who devote themselves to fishing and have kept themselves distinct from the rest of the inhabitants from time immemorial. They live in a section by themselves, where their huts stand so close together that they have not gardens nor yards. Until the last forty years they were allowed to maintain an independent government, and elected a king once in three years, whose duty it was to arrange for the fishing, to settle the proportion of the catch which belonged to each, and to arbitrate in the numerous disputes which arose among them. Like all seafaring people they are very superstitious. One of them said he would not sail on a fishing voyage if he met a red-haired woman on the way to his boat. They value very highly the blessing of the priest upon their nets before sailing.

A Touching Incident.

There is a family in one of our large cities dependent upon a little child for their present sunshine. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and in his solemn, professional way intimated to them the truth there was no help.

Then came the question who was to tell her. Not the doctor. It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband who was walking the floor with clenched hands and a rebellious heart. Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely:

"Is mamma doing to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and up the stairs as fast as his little legs would carry him.

Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his little head on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma, is you 'fraid to die?" he asked, in sweet, caressing tones.

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor, and papa, and gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear little mamma, don't be afraid to die, will you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid."

"Just shut your eyes in the dark, mamma; teep hold of my hand—and when you open 'em, mamma, it will be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bed side, Charlie held up his little hand, saying solemnly:

"H-u-s-h! My mamma doing to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart rending farewell, no agony of parting, for when the young mother awoke she had passed beyond, and, as baby Charlie said,—

"It is all light there!"

Paper Horseshoes.

It would be hard to make an announcement of a new use of paper which should cause any lively surprise. And yet the introduction of horseshoes made of paper in the cavalry service of the German army seems extraordinary enough to excite interest. Several cavalry horses were first shod with paper shoes and the effect was observed. It was found that not only did the lightness and elasticity of the shoe help the horse on the march, making it possible for him to travel faster and further without fatigue than horses shod with iron, but that the paper shoe had the property of being unaffected by water and other liquids. It is now proposed to replace iron with paper horseshoes in the entire German army.

Headache

Indigestion, Biliousness,

Dyspepsia

And all Stomach Troubles Are cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Food Before Sleep.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said the doctor, "that were the weakly, the emaciated, and the sleepless to nightly take a light lunch or meat of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health. Fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and the complete emptiness of the stomach, add greatly to their physical ills. All beings except man are governed by natural laws, and every being with a stomach, except man, eats before sleep."

Fashion of the Hour.

Spoons are in great demand as souvenirs, nowadays. One gets single spoons everywhere. Some of the acorn patterns are very pretty; so are the lilies of the valley and ferns. Ranking with spoons are cups. It is said that one girl who lately became engaged received within twenty-four hours, fifty-four cups and no duplicates. The engagement of a bud of this reason is to be announced, and it is whispered that her mother says she shall send out cards announcing it with the words, "No cups."

The most insupportable company are those who are witty all day long.

Memory is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away.

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Open defeat is better than under-handed victory.

"She Gained Twenty-five Pounds."

MARION, ALA., Nov. 12, 1889.

I have taken fourteen bottles of your medicine. I feel almost new. I weigh 145 pounds. When I began taking it, I weighed 120 pounds. Will send you the names of parties who have sent to me for Floraplexion for twenty miles around. MARY T. LAMBERT.

Floraplexion is the speedy and permanent cure for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. It is the only sure cure for these complaints. Ask your druggist for it, and get well.

Some men are billionaires by profession, others by inflation.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

A hundred petty virtues are not worth one genuine heart t uch.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The first blue-bird is the one we notice most.

Dr. L. L. Gorsuch, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as Piso's Cure for Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Live with wolves and you will learn to howl.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

Men are what their mothers make them.



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The end of woman's peculiar troubles and ailments comes with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures them. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womankind, it's a certain remedy. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine—purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless.

In the cure of periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints" and irregularities, "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine that's *guaranteed*. If it doesn't give satisfaction in every case, you have your money back.

You pay only for the *good* you get. Can you ask more?

The easiest way is the best. Regulate the liver, stomach, and bowels with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cleanse and renovate the system—thoroughly and naturally. Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, are prevented, relieved, and cured.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

S. S. S.

is the most popular remedy for boils, pimples, blotches, etc. Because, while it