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WE SELL DIRECT WHERE THERE IS NO AGENT, FOR CASH OR ON TIME.

TRY STEWART'S **HEADACHE POWDERS**

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This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

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Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures; Fistula in Ano; Worms of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

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Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant.

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Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

THE PILE OINTMENT

An Elephant Charging a Train.

It is not often that an elephant stoops to folly so extreme as did one near Oktwin, on the Rangoon-Mandazay Railway, the other day. A Rangoon correspondent tells us that lately an elephant, "not a very old one," after deliberately making an entrance for himself through the railway fence near Oktwin Station, proceeded along the foot of an embankment till a gangman's hut obliged him to make a slight detour up the bank and on to the line itself.

Unfortunately the Mandalay train at that moment came up at full speed. The trespasser might have retreated down the embankment, but he evidently regarded the noise, flaring lamp, and vomit of sparks as the challenge of an enemy, and being a plucky young elephant, resolved to stay and fight it out.

Allowance must be made for his youth and inexperience, but it is much to be regretted that he allowed his combative instincts to rule his conduct. The action, as might be expected, was exceedingly brief.

The elephant received the engine's attack upon his head, and the next moment was hurled clear off the line and rolled down the embankment with his skull completely crushed in. The train, saved by its speed, passed on without injury.

BOSTON GIRL—"Has our modern culture penetrated to the far West?" Chicago Girl—"You just ought to see one of our bean bag socialables."—Street & Smith's Good News.

DR. THACHER'S Liver and Blood SYRUP

A POWERFUL TONIC PURE LIVER REGULATOR EFFECT BLOOD PURIFIER

Mr. Bert Marchbanks, Druggist, Sparta, Tenn., informs us that a case of scrofulous sore eyes was cured by taking three large bottles of Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup.

Price, 50c and $1.

Trustee on Liver and Blood Diseases Mailed Free.

Dr. H. S. Thacher Medicine Co.,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

MURRAY, the BARBER.

MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

JULES FERRY DEAD.

Carried off Very Suddenly By Heart Disease.

His Trouble the Result of An Old Wound Received at Aubertin.

Jules Ferry, president of the French Senate, is dead. M. Ferry's death was caused by heart disease. The effection of the heart from which M. Ferry suffered was due to the effects of a bullet, striking a rib near the base of the heart at the time he was attacked by Aubertin in 1887. He was seized with spasms early in the morning, and despite every effort made by the physicians who were hastily summoned, the convulsions continued to grow in violence until at six o'clock in the evening he expired in a terribly severe spasm.

Mme. Ferry said, in an interview with a reporter:

"For the last two weeks M. Ferry had complained of difficulty of breathing. He would start up in the night occasionally, gasping and choking. Several times he left the table, and hurried to a window to get fresh air. His sleep was much broken and his general health suffered, in consequence. He showed an unusual lack of energy and an evasion to going out except when his official duties called him. I almost forced him to drive for a little while every pleasant morning and evening. In the last few days he seemed to recover somewhat his former energy and spirits, although his difficulty in breathing was increasing, he was determined to go to Senator Poirrier's ball, but eventually I persuaded him to remain at home. I knew that an evening in a crowded ball-room would aggravate his trouble, and although he said he felt better than at any time in the last week, he admitted that his health needed careful nursing if he was not to be disabled for his public duties. He went to bed at ten o'clock. Before midnight he awoke in a chill. He fell asleep again, but rested uneasily, finally awaking in another chill, more severe than the first one. I sent for the doctor at once. He arrived at one o'clock, and immediately gave M. Ferry injections of morphia and ether. He also applied cupping glasses."

This treatment was continued until five o'clock, when M. Ferry felt relieved and sank into a sound sleep. He slept well until nine o'clock. Other physicians were then summoned for a consultation. As M. Ferry wished to get up, they did not insist upon his remaining in bed, although they forbade him to leave the bedroom and his study, which adjoins it. He was partly dressed at 9.30, and we helped him to his study arm-chair. He remained in it an hour in a condition of such extreme prostration that he could talk but little. At 10.30 he began struggling for breath. He moaned from his chair with sudden energy and paced the room, calling for air and complaining that he was suffocating.

This sudden rally was followed by another sinking turn. M. Ferry lay in his chair with his eyes closed, too weak to speak with his wife or his brother Charles. Shortly after noon he again called repeatedly for air, left his chair and walked rapidly up and down the room. This effort was followed by another sinking turn. These alternations of rallying and sinking continued until five o'clock, when he raised himself in his seat, looked at his wife fixedly, exclaimed, "Save me!" and fell back exhausted. His struggle for breath became agonizing, and the physicians injected morphia to relieve him. After a few unintelligible words he fell into a state of coma, which ended in death. He died in the armchair in which for years he had done all his writing and reading.

MOTHER AND BABIES BURNED

She Sacrifices Her Own Life Trying to Save the Children.

D. F. Dixon, of Charlotte, has received word of the fatal burning of the wife and two children of his son Thomas Dixon at Rutherfordton, N. C. The fire occurred about eight o'clock. Mrs. Dixon was alone, her husband being at Shelby. After she had gotten ready with her little ones to retire, and while sitting by a table with her youngest babe in her arms, her attention was diverted, and the child caught the cover of the table in reaching for a bright toy and accidentally turned over the lamp, which exploded and threw the burning oil over the mother and children. Mrs. Dixon might have saved herself but for her efforts for the children. She lived only a few minutes after her husband reached her, but was never conscious after she was first reached by the rescuers.

During the fire Alex Miller McEntire, a colored man, bravely entered the burning house and brought the mother out, at the same time pushing a third child before him, thereby saving its life.

MORMON CHURCH WEALTH.

Disposition of the Property to Be Decided By the Supreme Court.

The litigation between the United States and the Mormon Church has not yet ended and the Supreme Court now has before it an appeal respecting the use in which shall be put the church property escheated by the court's decis on at a previous term as held contrary to public policy. When the property was declared forfeited the Court directed the Utah Supreme Court to fix the charitable uses to which it should be put.

That court rejected the proposition of the Government as to the uses which should be made of the fund from the property, amounting to about $400,000, and directed that it should be applied to the support and aid of the poor members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and to the building and repairing of hou es of worship for the members of the church. Two United States has, accordingly from this decree, asserting that it was not practically permitted the property to be devoted to the same purposes for which it was formerly held.

The United States Supreme Court, with the concurrence of counsel for the suit advanced the case and assigned it for hearing the second Monday of next term with leave to counsel to submit it on briefs before the third Monday in April.

What the Presidents Died Of.

Rutherford B. Hayes was the only man who ever held the position of President to die of heart disease. Washington expired of pneumonia, John Adams of natural decline, Thomas Jefferson of chronic diarrhea, James Madison and James Monroe of natural decline, John Quincy Adams of paralysis, Andrew Jackson of consumption, Martin Van Buren of asthmatic catarrh, William H. Harrison of pleurisy, John Tyler of a bilious attack, James K. Polk of chronic diarrhea, Zachary Taylor of bilious fever, Millard Fillmore of natural decline, Franklin Pierce of inflammation of stomach, James Buchanan of rheumatic gout, Abraham Lincoln assassinated, Andrew Johnson paralysis, U. S. Grant cancer, James A. Garfield assassinated, Chester A. Arthur Bright's disease. He was one of three Methodists to become President, Johnson and Grant being the other two.—Columbus Journal.

Nero was fond of music and attained great proficiency in the art.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Religion at Home." (Issued at Chicago, 1.1.)

TEXT: "*As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*"—Joshua xxiv., 15.

Aboard, Joshua! You will have no time for family religion; you are a military character, and your time will be taken up with affairs connected with the army; you are a statesman, and your time will be taken up with public affairs, you are the Washington, the Wellington, the McMahon of the Israelitish host; you will have a great many questions to settle, you will have no time for religion. But Joshua, with the same voice with which he commanded the sun and moon to halt and stack arms of light on the parade ground of the heavens, says, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Before we adopt the resolution of this old soldier we want to be certain it is a wise resolution. If religion is going to put my plans out of time, and clog the feet of the children racing through the hall, and sour the bread, and put crape on the doorbell, I do not want it in my house. I once gave $6 to hear Jenny Lind warble. I have never given a cent to hear any one groan. Will this religion spoken of in my text do anything for the dining hall, for the nursery, for the parlor, for the sleeping apartment?

It is a great deal easier to invite a disagreeable guest than to get rid of him. If you do not want religion, you had better not ask it to come, for after coming it may stay a great while. Isaac Watts went to visit St. Thomas and Lady Abney at their place in Theobald and was to stay a week and said thirty-five years, and if religion once gets into your household the probability is it will stay there forever.

Now, the question I want to discuss is, What will religion do for the household? Question the first: What did it do for your father's house if you were brought up in a Christian home?

That whole scene has vanished, but it comes back to-day. The hour for morning prayers came. You were invited in. Somewhat fidgety, you sat and listened. Your father made no pretention to rhetorical reading, and he just went through the chapter in a plain, straightforward way. Then you all knelt. It was about the same prayer morning by morning and night by night, for he had the same sins to ask pardon for, and he had the same blessings, for which to be grateful day after day and year after year.

The prayer was longer than you would like to have had it, for the game at ball was waiting, or the ice skates were lying under the shed, or the schoolbooks needed one or two more looking at the lessons. Your parents, somewhat frequently dozed off to sleep with age. Found it difficult to rise from their kneeling. The chair at which they knelt is gone, the Bible out of which they read has perhaps fallen to pieces, the parents are gone, the children scattered north, east, south and west, but that whole scene flashes upon your memory to-day.

Was that morning and evening exercises in your father's house debasing or elevating? Is it not among the most sacred reminiscences? You were not as devotional as some of the older members of your father's house who were kneeling with you at the time, and you did not lay your head as closely as they did, and you looked around and you saw just the posture your father and mother assumed while they were kneeling on the floor. The whole scene is so photographed on your memory that if you were an artist you could draw it now just as they knelt.

For how much would you have that scene obliterated from your memory? It all comes back to-day, and you are in the household again. Father is there, mother is there, all of you children are there, it is the same old prayer, opening with the same petition, closing with the same thanksgiving. The family prayers of 1840-50 as fresh in your memory as though they were uttered yesterday. The tear that starts from your eye melts all that scene. Gone, is it? Why, many a time it has held you steady in the struggle of life. You once started for a place, and that memory jerked you back, and you could not enter.

The broken prayer of your father has had more effect on you than all you ever read in Shakespeare and Milton and Tennyson and Dante. You have gone over mountains and across seas. You never for a moment got out of sight of that domestic altar. Oh, my friends, is it your opinion this morning that the 10 or 15 minutes substracted from each day for family devotion was an economy or a waste of time in your father's household? I think some of us are coming to the conclusion that the religion which was in our father's house would be a very appropriate religion for our homes. If family prayers did not damage that household, there is no probability that they will damage our household.

"Is God dead?" said a child to her father. "No," he replied. "Why do you ask that?" "Well," she said, "when mother was living, we used to have prayers, but since her death we have not had prayers once, and I didn't know but that God was dead too." A family that is launched in the morning with family prayers is well launched. Breakfast over, the family scatter, some to school, some to household duties, some to business. During the day there will be a thousand perils abroad—perils of the street car, of the scaffolding, of the unguarded hours of the mischief, of the aroused temper, of multitudinous temptations to do wrong.

Somewhere between 7 o'clock in the morning and 10 o'clock at night there may be a moment when you will be in urgent need of God. Besides that, family prayers will be a secular advantage. A father and mother in close sympathy in the country. His children stayed and cultivated the farm. His wife prayed. One of the sons sold afterward, "Father is digging, and was at digging, and mother is praying." "Ah," said some one, "praying and digging and fighting will bring us out of our national troubles.

We may pray in the morning, "Give us this day our daily bread," and sit down in idleness and starve to death; but prayer and hard work will give a livelihood to any family. Family religion pays for both worlds. Let us have an altar in each one of our households. You may not be able to formulate a prayer. Then there are Philip Henry's prayers, and there are Philip Doddridge's prayers, and there are the Episcopal church prayers, and there are scores of books with supplications just suited to the domestic circle.

"Oh," says some man, "I don't feel competent to lead my household in prayer." Well, I do not know that it is your duty to lead. I think perhaps it is sometimes better for the mother of the household to lead. She knows better the wants of the household. She can read the Scriptures with a more tender enunciation. She knows more of God. I will put it plainly and say she prays better. Oh, these mothers decide almost everything! Nero's mother was a murderess. Lord Byron's mother was haughty and impious. You might have guessed that from their children.

Walter Scott's mother was fond of poetry. Washington's mother was patriotic. Samuel Budget's mother was a thorough Christian. St. Bernard's mother was noble minded. So you might have guessed from their children. Good men always have good mothers. There may once in ten or twenty years be an exception to the rule, but it is only an exception. Benjamin West's mother kissed him after she had seen his first wonderful sketch with the pencil. Benjamin West afterward said, "That kiss made me a painter."

A young man received a furlough to return from the army to his father's house. Afterward he took the furlough back to the officer, saying, "I would like to postpone my visit for two weeks." At the end of the two weeks he came and got the furlough. He was asked why he waited. "Well," he replied, "When I left home I told my mother I would be a Christian in the army, and I was resolved not to go home until I could answer her first question." Oh, the almost omnipotent power of the mother! But if both the father and the mother be right, then the children are almost sure to be right. The young people may make a wide curve from the straight path, but they are almost sure to come back to the right road. It may not be until the death of one of the parents.

How often it is that we hear some one say, "Oh, he was a wild young man, but since his father's death he has been different." The fact is that the father's coffin or the mother's coffin is often the altar of repentance for the child. Oh, that was a stupendous day, the day of father's burial. It was not the officiating clergyman who made the chief impression, nor the sympathizing mourners. It was the father asleep in the casket.

The hands that had toiled for that household so long, folded. The brain cooled off after twenty or forty years of anxiety about how to put that family in right position. The lips closed after so many years of good advice. There are more tears falling in mother's grave than in father's grave, but over the father's tomb I think there is a kind of awe. It is at that marble pillar many a young man has been revolutionized.

Oh, young man with cheek flushed with dissipation! how long is it since you have been out to your father's grave? Will you not go this week? Perhaps the storms of the last few days may have bent the headstone until it leans far over. You had better go out and see whether the lettering has been defaced. You had better go out and see whether the gate of the lot is closed. You had better go and see if you cannot find a sermon in the springing grass. Oh, young man, go out this week and see your father's grave!

Religion did so much for our Christian ancestry, are we not ready this morning to be willing to receive it into our own households? If we do receive it, let it come through the front door, not through the back door. In other words, do not let us smuggle it in. There are a great many families who want to be religious, but they do not want anybody outside to know it. They would be mortified to death if you caught them at their family prayers. They would not sing in the worship for fear the neighbors would hear them. They do not have prayers when they have company.

They do not know much about the nobility of the western trapper. A traveler going along was overtaken by night and a storm, and he entered a cabin. There were firearms hung up around the cabin. He was alarmed. He had a large amount of money with him, but he did not dare to venture on into the night in the storm. He did not like the looks of the household. After awhile the father, the western trapper, came in, gun on shoulder, and when the traveler looked at him he was still more affrighted.

After awhile the family were whispering together in one corner of the room, and the traveler thought to himself: "Oh! now my time has come; I wish I was out in the storm and in the night rather than here." But the swarthy man came up to him and said: "Sir, we are a rough people; we get our living by hunting, and we are very tired when the night comes; but before going to bed we always have a habit of reading a little out of the Bible and having prayers, and I think we will have our usual custom to-night, and if you don't believe in that kind of thing if you will just step outside the door for a little while I will be much obliged to you."

Oh! there are many Christian parents who have not half the courage of that western trapper. They do not want their religion projecting too conspicuously. They would like to have it near by so as to call on it in case of a funeral, but as to having it dominant in the household from the 1st of January, 7 o'clock a. m., to the 31st of December, 10 o'clock p. m., they do not want it. They would rather die and have their families perish with them than to cry out in the bold words of the soldier in my text, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

There was, in my ancestral line, an incident so strangely impressive that it seems more like romance than reality. It has sometimes been so inaccurately put forth that I now give you the true incident. My grandfather and grandmother, living at Somerville, N. J., went to Bassinridge to witness a revival under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Finley. They came home so impressed with what they had seen that they resolved on the salvation of their children.

The young people of the house were to go off for an evening party, and my grandmother said:

"Now, when you are all ready for the party, come to my room, for I have something very important to tell you." All ready for departure, they came to her room, and she said to them, "Now, I want you to remember, while you are away this evening, that I am all the time in this room praying for your salvation, and I shall not cease praying until you get back." The young people went to the party, but amid the loudest hilarities of the night they could not forget that their mother was praying for them. The evening passed, and the night passed.

The next day my grandparents heard an outcery in an adjoining room, and they went in and found their daughter imploring the salvation of the gospel. The daughter told them that her brothers were at the barn and at the wagon house under powerful conviction of sin. They went to the barn. They found my Uncle Josiah, who afterward became a minister of the gospel, crying to God for mercy. They went to the wagon house. They found their son David, who afterward became my father, imploring God's pardon and mercy. Before a great while the whole family were saved, and David went and told the story to a young woman to whom he was affianced, who as a result of the story became a Christian, and from her own lips—my mother's—I have received the incident.

The story of that converted household ran through all the neighborhood from family to family until the whole region was whelmed with religious awakening, and at the next communion in the village church at Somerville over three hundred came to confess the faith of the gospel. My mother, carrying the memory of this scene from early womanhood into further life, in after years was resolved upon the salvation of her children, and for many years every week she met three other Christian mothers to pray for the salvation of their families. I think that all the members of those families were saved—myself, the youngest and last.

There were 13 of us children. I trace the whole line of mercy back to that hour when my Christian grandmother sat in her room exploring the blessing of God upon her children. Nine of her descendants became preachers of the gospel. Many of her descendants are in heaven, many of them still in the Christian conflict. Did it pay for her to spend the whole evening in prayer for her household? Ask her before the throne of God, surrounded by her children. In the presence of the Christian church to-day I make this record of ancestral piety. Oh, there is a beauty, and a tenderness, and a sublimity in family religion!

There are but four or five pictures in the old family Bible that I inherited, but Dore never illustrated a Bible as that book is illustrated to my eyes. Through it I can see into marriages and burials, joys and sorrows, meetings and partings, Thanksgiving days and Christian festivals, cradles and deathbeds. Old old book, speak out and tell of the sorrows comforted and of the dying hours irradiated. Old, old book, the hands that held these are ashes, the eyes that perused these are closed. What a pillar thou wouldst make for a dying heart. I salute all the memories of the past when I press it to my heart and when I press it to my lips.

Oh, that family Bible! The New Testament in small type is not worthy of being called by that name. Have a whole Bible in large type, with the family record of marriages and births and deaths. What is the curious should turn over the leaves to see how old you are? You are younger now than you will ever be again. The curious will find out from those with whom you have played in youthful days. Look down from generation to generation, full of holy memories. A hundred years after you are dead it will be a benediction to those who come after you. Other books worn out or fallen apart, will be flung to the garret or the cellar, but this will be inviolate, and it will be your protest for centuries against iniquity and in behalf of righteousness.

Oh, when we see what family religion did for our father's household, do we not want it to come into the dining-room to break the bread, into the nursery to bless the young, into the parlor to purify the sociabilities, into the library to control the reading, into the bedroom to hallow the slumber, into the hall to watch our going out and our coming in? to watch our going out and our coming in? Aye, there are hundreds of voices in this house ready to cry out: "Yes! Yes! As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

There are two arms to this subject. The one arm puts its hand on all parents. It prayers and there are Philip Doddridge's prayers, and there are the Episcopal church prayers, and there are scores of books with supplications just suited to the domestic circle.

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They do not know much about the nobility of the western trapper. A traveler going

Artificial Gum Arabic.

The decline in the supply of gum arabic, and the consequent increase in price of the product has led to the manufacture of an artificial substitute. Ten kilogrammes of linseed oil are boiled with 80 kilogrammes of sulphuric acid and 100 liters of water, for three or four hours. The liquid is then filtered and four times its volume of alcohol is added. The precipitate is collected, washed and dried. The product is amorphous, colorless, and insipid, and gives, when mixed with water, a thick and effective mucilage.

A CHICAGO woman was chloroformed and robbed at Fort Scott the other night. Kansas always endeavors to make her visitors feel at home. —Kansas City Journal.

A Sprinkling of Spice.

HE began, "Is it cold enough for—" and then froze up.—Cleveland Plain-dealer.

CURIOUS FACTS.

It is not a rare sight to see horses in Paris using false teeth.

At Norwich, England, a thirty-five ton weight stone has been quarried. It is the largest on record.

A church in Missouri has a bell weighing 870 pounds which can be heard quite plainly ten miles distant.

Mrs. McNair, a Scotchwoman of Goodmanchester, near Montreal, Canada, has just completed her 110th year.

The natives of the Solomon Islands believe that cyclones are caused by so me monstrous invisible birds flapping their wings.

A bill has been introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature making it a misdemeanor to kill any bird except while on the wing.

A preacher in Denton County, Texas, who is ninety-five years old, has twenty-nine grandchildren and twenty-eight great-grandchildren.

A vegetable curiosity is owned by a resident of Wenatchee, Washington. It consists, it is claimed, "of a network of large potatoes grown upon one another."

Robert Ryman, of Versailles, Ky., is the oldest miller in the United States, and is now operating a mill built a hundred years ago and still uses the primitive machinery.

From Switzerland comes the strange information that, in spite of the intense cold, there has been so little snow this year that wagons can be used, for instance, on the Julier and Bernina passes.

A young man at Bushnell, Ill., wagered with his mother that Harrison would be elected. His mother would not enter into a money wager, but made her son promise to go to Sunday school every Sunday if Cleveland was elected.

Another example of precocity comes from Boston. Little Bessie Scates, ten years old, has written an eleven-chapter novel, which her fond parents will have printed and distributed to their friends. Friendship comes high in Boston.

Reports from Russian Poland give accounts of serious depredations by brigands. These are organized in armed bands which attack the houses of farmers and noblemen, burn and pillage them, and, in some instances, carry off the owners and keep them prisoners for ransom.

Alexander the Great, the conquerer of the world, died when he was thirty-two years old. Maurice of Saxony, the greatest captain and statesman of his time, died at the same age. The Duke of Weimar, one of Adolphus's generals, died at the age of thirty-six, while Gustavus Adolphus died when he was thirty-eight. Pascal, the great French writer, and Raphael, the great Italian artist, both died at thirty-seven.

The Danish Capital.

Copenhagen, or, as its inhabitants call it, Kjobenhaven, the port of the merchants, is situated in an admirable position on the shores of the Sound, partly on Zeeland and partly on Amager. Like a northern Constantinople, it guards the Baltic Strait, and is a point of transition between the central and northern Europe, watching over the fragments, much parcelled out, alas! of an ancient empire. But for the old circle of Frederickshaven and its advanced batteries of Trekroner and Lynetheu, it has no fortifications to speak of. The ancient ramparts have been replaced by a girdle of promenades and wide boulevards. The authorities do not deceive themselves about the defences of their city, and if an invasion were threatened they would not be able to contemplate without uneasiness the terraces and avenues of the Lange-Linie, that beautiful esplanade on the side next the sea, the deep blue waters of which are fringed in the bright days of June with a line of silvery foam, reminding one of the lustrous violet-hued waves described by poets. In spite of the want of batteries, however, the courage and patriotism of the Danes are alike undoubted, and relying on them, and on the justice of their cause, the people of Copenhagen earnestly cultivate those arts of peace which have aided in the rapid development of the resources of their country, and assure to it a grand future.

Although the history of Copenhagen can be traced back to the time of Gormthe, the city retains but few relics of the past, and it is wanting in what has been called the historic air of a town with many memories. At various times conflagrations and bombardments have razed to the ground its ancient monuments. To note but the most terrible: in 1728 more than sixteen hundred houses were burnt at one time; in 1795 whole quarters were consumed by the flames; in 1807 more than three hundred buildings and monuments fell beneath the cannonade of the English.—Harper's Weekly.

A Musical Crab.

Among the animals Doctor Alcock has specially observed is the red ocypode crab which swarms on all the sandy shores of India. The bigger of its two chelæ, or nippers, bears across the "palm" a long, finely toothed ridge, and on one of the basal joints of the "arm," against which the "palm" can be tightly closed, there is a second similar ridge. When the "palm" is so folded against the base of the "arm" the first ridge can be worked across the second like a bow across a fiddle, only in this case the bow is several times larger than the fiddle.

And now as to the way these crabs play their fiddles. A robber crab enters the burrow of another. When the rightful owner discovers the intruder he utters a few broken tones of remonstance, on hearing which the intruder, if permitted, will at once leave the burrow. If the intruder be prevented from making his escape the low and broken tones of the rightful owner gradually rise in loudness and shrillness and frequently until they become a continuous low pitched whir or high pitched growl, the burrow acting as a resonator.—Nature.

A Tireless Plains Ranger.

I made a curious discovery down at Deming, New Mexico, says a cattleman. I had heard of it before, but never actually tested it, and that was that the horses ridden on the ranges are tougher and better winded than anywhere else in the country. They will go all day at a breakneck pace and never tire. They are tough as iron, and from morning till night, and even longer, go on a dead run. It is a run, too, that has vigor in it and spring to the step. Each horse is a bundle of nerves and muscle.

The reason of it is because of a cross of the native Mexican mustang and the American thoroughbred. By this means a horse is got that is a phenomenon. There are about 3000 of these on the ranch south of Deming. They are all for saddle use, though for that matter they can be used for anything. All in all they are the greatest boon to stockmen that could be imagined.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Puzzle Indeed.

Mathematical puzzles are generally very far from interesting, but there is one which would puzzle old "Algebra" Davies to explain. It is this: Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines and less than the tenth word from the end of the line. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five; then add twenty; then add the number of the line selected; Then add five, then multiply the sum by ten and add the number of the word in the line. When this has been done, subtract 250, and the remainder in the unit column will indicate the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and remaining figures the number of the page. The result is infallible, but that is not remarkable. The curious thing about it is, how is the result obtained?"—New York News.

The Poultry Raisers' Rule of Ten.

Ten hens in a house that is ten feet square, with yards ten times the size of the house, is a rule to follow. Ten hens with one male is the correct mating, and ten eggs under a setting hen in winter, are enough. Ten weeks is long enough to keep a broiler before it goes to market, and a pair of ducks or fowls should weigh not over ten pounds. Ten cents per pound is the average price for fowls in market, and 10 cents should feed a hen one month.

Praise never has to be coaxed to sing.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Spring time comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

It takes a fool a life time to find out what others see at a glance.

Deafness Can't be Cured

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

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists 75c.

The mother tongue is probably the language of Mars.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

Mistress of the situation—The servant girl.

One Cent a Roll Wall Paper.

Gold, 2cts., 3cts.; Gold Embossed, 4cts.; Ingrain, Five Cents; Gold Border, 1ct. a yard. 100 Sample all prices for 2-ct stamp. Read, Wall Paper Jobber, Rochester, Pa.

Small books are read the most.

We eat too much and take too little out-door exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

Rose diamonds are liable to explode.

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

Gets down to work—The pillow-maker.

NO SAFER REMEDY can be had for Coughs and Colds or any trouble of the Throat than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cents. *Sold only in boxes.*

An unostentatious gift—A loan.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

A cash balance—The scales of justice.

SERIOUS FACTS ABOUT BREAD

Which Housekeepers Should Earnestly Consider.

A serious danger menaces the health of the people of this country in the numerous alum baking powders that are now being urged upon the public.

There is no question as to the detrimental effect of these powders upon the system. Every Board of Health, every physician, will tell you of the unwholesome qualities they add to the food. Some countries have absolutely prohibited the sale of bread containing alum.

Even small doses of alum, given to children, have produced fatal results, while cases of heartburn, indigestion, griping, constipation, dyspepsia, and various kindred gastric troubles from irritation of the mucous membrane, caused by the continuous use of food prepared with the alum or alum-phosphate powders, are familiar in the practice of every physician.

It is not possible that any prudent housewife, any loving mother, will knowingly use an article of food that will injure the health of her household, or perhaps cause the death of her children.

How shall the dangerous alum powders be distinguished? And how shall the danger to health from their use be avoided?

Generally, alum powders may be known from the price at which they are sold, or from the fact that they are accompanied by a gift, are disposed of under some scheme. The alum powder costs but a few cents a pound to make, and is often sold at 20 or 25 cents a pound. If some present is given with it, the price may be 30, 40 or 50 cents a pound.

It is impossible to name all the alum powders in the market, but any baking powder sold at a low price, or advertized as costing only half as much as cream of tartar powders, accompanied by a present, or disposed of under any scheme, is of this class, detrimental to health, and to be avoided.

But the easy, safe, and certain protection of our bread, biscuit and cake from all danger of unwholesomeness is in the use of the Royal Baking Powder only. This powder is mentioned because of the innumerable reports in its favor by high medical authorities, by the U. S. Government, and by the official chemists and Boards of Health, which leave no doubt as to its entire freedom from alum, lime and ammonia, its absolute purity and wholesom