

AN OLD SERMON.

O man, whoever thou be, Look well about and see How, on this mortal stage, All things compounded are Of the four elements...

THE NEW SCHOOL MA'AM

How she succeeded in mollifying the Young Director.

The school directors of District No. 19, Ferry township, were holding a meeting. Nobody would have thought it. The chairman was leaning against his front gate with his checked shirt sleeves turned back and an axe in his hand...

well of it would be different, but they're as poor as poverty, and Molly needs the place the worse way.

"You hadn't mentioned that," said the young man, turning back. "If that is the case—"

Mr. Larkin walked away triumphant five minutes later. But Steve Tenney had surrendered with bad grace.

"I couldn't hold out after that, you see," he said to his mother, relating the story over their tea: "but I don't approve of it. There's not much good in the Sanborn's, or I lose my guess."

School began two weeks later, when the first cool wave was depopulating front porches and increasing the attraction near kitchen stoves.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion concerning the new school teacher and acted accordingly. He did not call at the school-house the first day, as was his custom, to leave the register and see if anything was wanted—the chairman having turned these duties over to his younger colleague.

He sent the register by a boy, and was utterly indifferent as to whether any thing was wanted. He turned the subject when the new teacher was mentioned; and he avoided Mr. Larkin's comfortable home, where the teacher boarded.

The little man made him a call, however, a month or so after school had begun. "Guess you'll have to own up to being in the wrong, Steve," he began. "We haven't had a teacher for years that has given the satisfaction that Molly does. The children rave about her—all of 'em."

But Steve was unimpressed. "My opinion is yet to be altered," he said, rather stiffly. And Mr. Larkin looked discouraged.

"She spoke about needing a water-pail and a new broom," he said as he rose. "I told her she'd better come to you about it."

"That school-house had a new broom last term, and a water-pail term before last!" said the young director, emphatically. And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited leave.

The next Sunday evening the young man, sitting in a pew of a small wooden church with his mother, and allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face, and sat studying it for the remainder of the evening.

It was that of a young girl—not a remarkably pretty girl, but fair and fresh and innocent, with a bright intelligence in her dark eyes and a sweetness in her full lips.

"Who is she?" was the first question after the services were concluded, addressed, as it happened, to little Mr. Larkin, who had come in late. "That's the latter asked, in astonishment. 'Why, that's our teacher—that's Molly Sanborn! I am writing to take her home.'"

Steve Tenney found himself wishing quite frequently after that that the new teacher would come to him about the broom and water-pail.

Not that he should furnish them if he found that they were not needed, but he felt that he should not object to an interview with the teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. Larkin carelessly when he met him one day. "Well, you see," was the response, "she sort of hates to come to you. The way you felt about her having charge of the school has got all around town, and it's s'pose she's heard of it. She can't help what her father was, Molly can't, and she's real sensitive."

The young man looked disturbed. That afternoon he left his work at an early hour—not, however, admitting to himself his purpose in doing so—and strolled down the street, turning off—but he persuaded himself that it was not intentional—in the direction of the school-house.

"I might as well go in and see about that broom and water-pail," he said to himself when he stood opposite the little bare-looking building.

He walked home in an agreeable absorption, repeating to himself the things she had said, recalling her pretty way of saying them.

He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanborn's daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl, whom it was charming to look at and listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Larkin, who dropped in that evening. "Lymo Doty couldn't have the school," he observed, with a chuckle, "but it looks as though he was going to have the new teacher!"

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve, warmly, "that she'd have any thing to do with him?" Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve care with whom John Sanborn's daughter had to do?

"Well, Lymo's a good steady fellow." "Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder. The young man mused long and seriously when his visitor was gone, and went to bed with a lighter heart; having come to a firm conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the next Friday night she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end of the week; nor did the prospect of the four-mile walk home serve to cheer her.

She locked the door and started down the path with a sigh. A neat little buggy was coming briskly up the road. Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprung to the ground.

It was the young director, and he was coming toward her. "I won't make any excuses, Miss Sanborn," he said, with a humorous solemnity. "I won't say I'm going over the river on business, and happened to think you might like to ride. The truth is that it is a carefully-laid plot. Will you be an aider and abettor?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy. "I must stop at Mr. Larkin's and leave my dinner pail," she said, demurely. Mr. Larkin was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young director as the latter assisted the young teacher to the ground and sat down on the horse-block waiting for her.

"Lymo Doty was here after Molly just now," he said, gaspingly. "I sent him down to the school-house." "We met him," said Steve. "You see," he added, making a bold attempt at carelessness, but speaking, nevertheless, in a shame-faced way, and avoiding the little man's eyes; "you see, I feel as though it's my bounden duty to keep Lymo Doty away from her. Pure impudence his hanging around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust. "Steve Tenney's taking Molly home in his buggy," said Mr. Larkin, joining his wife in the kitchen, and sinking dazedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end!" "Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife responded, practically. "I knew he'd get over that ridiculous notion of his—and especially after he'd seen Molly."

"Says he's doing it from a sense of duty," said Larkin, chuckling slowly, as the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty will take him?" "I should not be surprised at anything," said Mrs. Larkin, mysteriously. The Larkins, and perhaps Lymo Doty, were the only people who were surprised when the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term and was quietly married to the young director.—The Old Homestead.

THE GUILLOTINE

How the Machine is Constructed and How it Does its Work. The guillotine is composed of two upright posts, thirteen feet high, the inner sides grooved and surmounted by a lined called the chapeau. The space between these two frames is about fourteen inches and it is in the grooves that falls the triangular-shaped steel blade; the knife is bolted to a heavy piece of lead, which accelerates its fall, and is started by a spring. At about a yard from the ground a board hollowed out in half moon shape is placed between the vertical beams; another board similarly cut forms the upper part of what is called the lunette. The bascule or swinging plank is in the rear of the upright beams and its vertical position comes up to the culprits' breast. Contrary to what is often printed, the condemned is not strapped against this board, but simply pushed against it, and in falling his neck fits into the lower half of the lunette; the upper section is immediately let down and the knife falls at the same instant. The head drops into a sort of tub filled with bran, and one of the aids rolls the decapitated body over into a zinc-lined willow basket placed at the right side of the bascule. The operation does not exceed ten seconds when the "patient" falls well, but in some cases the aids are obliged to adjust the culprits' neck when it is once in the lunette. Franzini remained forty-five seconds on the plank before the knife fell.

The guillotine was not, as is generally supposed, invented by Dr. Guillotin. The French machine owes its existence to a celebrated surgeon, Dr. Louis, who made the pargon in 1791, but a similar instrument was used long before in Italy and Germany. With slight modifications the present guillotine is the same as the original one. The machine was formerly mounted on a high platform, like our scaffolds, so that every body could see the ceremony; but to-day it is erected on the street level, and an execution is visible only to the privileged ones who are admitted within the inclosure guarded by cavalry and police.—Paris Letter.

A peculiar story comes from Banner, Neb. A new town called Harrisburg has grown up in the same county, and recently an enterprising citizen of the latter town went to Banner, loaded the post-office on his wagon, and carried it triumphantly to Harrisburg. Banner succeeded in recovering it after a struggle.

BIG-HEAD IN CATTLE

How to Prevent the Spread of This Disagreeable and Fatal Disease. This disease, always fatal when it is not checked at the beginning, is increasing with great rapidity among the large herds of cattle and has become a source of anxiety and alarm. It prevails, too, to a large extent in dairies, and especially among the most valuable pure breeds of cows kept for butter-making and milk. Its peculiar nature and its unquestionable contagiousness give it an unusual importance and call for immediate attention. It is hereditary, and is of a scrofulous character; some veterinarians consider it to be a variety of cancer, but this is somewhat doubtful, considering the facts in the case.

The first appearance of the disease is a hard swelling on the upper jaw or the bones of the face; it rarely attacks the lower jaw unless at the same time the tongue and adjacent parts of the mouth are diseased. The hard swelling increases and in time suppurates, discharging a fetid pus mixed with blood and leaving the peculiar odor of decayed bone. This discharge irritates the skin and causes sores and ulcers, which eat away the tissues until the bone is laid bare and the food escapes through the opening. Finally the jaw separates and starvation ends the animal's life, if it has not been destroyed by blood poisoning before this.

The cause of the disease has not been well understood until within a few years back, when it was found to be caused by a peculiar parasitic growth, which really eats away and consumes the fleshy and bony tissues, and which is conveyed from the diseased animal by heredity or by contagion to others. Cases have been known by the writer in which the progeny of diseased animals have been affected through several generations, until the young consigned were attacked and the race seemed to exist. Considering the nature of this disease, it is clear that this disorder is encouraged and made possible by mal-nutrition, a deficiency of bone-making material weakening the structure in a part where it is most readily attacked by the waiting organisms already lurking in the mouth and among the teeth, and very possibly finding subsistence in the decaying organic matter which is always found there. When the favorable conditions arise the parasites attack the bone or the tongue or the tissues of the cheek and spread their ravages from one to the other. The disease is now known as *actino mycotic*, but more commonly as "big head," and is sometimes still called *osteosarcoma*. It attacks horses as well as cattle.

The treatment of a disease of this character should clearly include and begin with preventive measures. These consist of the exclusion from breeding herds of every diseased animal which, because of the scrofulous nature of the disease, should be put safely under the ground as soon as possible. No diseased cow should be bred; nor should she be kept as the milk might and probably would infect the calf, or even persons who might use it, although so far this disease has not become an object of dread among physicians, unless it may be thought that the fatal cases of malignant disease of the tongue or throat which are of late been so conspicuous because of the high position of the sufferer, and which is becoming more and more common, have had their origin in infection through the milk of diseased cows.

The disease is curable if treated in its early stages. The writer knows of several cases which have been successfully treated at the beginning of the outbreak. The successful treatment has consisted in the use of daily doses of one ounce of hyposulphite of soda, continued in some instances for three months before the disease was finally and permanently cured. One typical case was that of a heifer pregnant with her first calf and under two years old. Her dam, a pure-bred Jersey, had perished of the disease, and the sire, a pure Jersey bull, was slaughtered because it was hopelessly diseased. The swelling appeared and discharged the typical fetid pus in course of time, when the above treatment was used, and the discharge slowly decreased, and finally stopped. The opening was maintained and washed twice daily with warm water or carbolic soap by injection until it healed healthfully and nothing remained but a small, hard excrescence, which is not painful, and is merely a blemish. The heifer calved, and the calf at two years of age gave no indications of being affected by the disease. This heifer belonged to a valuable strain of Jersey blood, and her escape was worth a large sum to her owner.

The use of this antiseptic in this class of diseases has been found exceedingly effective, and it is advisable that it should be given to cattle that are exposed to this special disease as a means of avoiding the results of contagion, whether inherited or not. Sometimes this disease follows the decay of a tooth, when the conditions favorable to the attack of the parasitic organism are present, and the jaw or facial bones are quickly involved in the spread of the disease.—N. Y. Times.

How Milk is Formed.

Just how milk is formed in the udder is yet a complicated problem, but the idea of blood in some form in the udder during the period between milkings, and that is elaborated into milk in its passage through the mammary glands at the time of milking. This is the belief of Prof. J. W. Robertson, after several years' study and experimental investigation. A singular confirmation of this is of a recently reported case of a heifer that gave milk from the beginning, the serums of which was blood with its full complement of red corpuscles. Nature had not even filtered it in passing through the glands, a matter we see confirmed every little while by a cow giving bloody milk. If milk is not elaborated bloody, then blood milk could not have an existence.—Dairy World.

When you feel yourself gradually breaking down don't wait until you have taken your bed. While you are still able to be up and about fight the grim monster disease by the use of proper restoratives. The best remedy for malaria, indigestion, weak eyes, constant fatigue, loss of memory, short breath and other complications of a disordered system is Brown's Iron Bitters. Its tonic influence, its powerful disease-fighting and its exhaustive nature is most astonishing.

When a girl is bent on getting married she stands straighter than ever.—Kentucky State Journal. B. B. B.—Continued from—B. B. B. In many instances it has been proven that B. B. B. (Brown's Iron Bitters), will cure blood poison in its worst phases, even when all other treatment fails.

A. P. Brunson, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I had a runny nose, and a sore throat, and I believe I actually swallowed a barrel of medicine. In vain efforts to cure the disease. With little hope I finally acted on the urgent advice of a friend, and got a bottle of B. B. B. I experienced a change, and my condition was somewhat relieved. I kept using it until I had taken sixteen bottles, and all the sores, rheumatism and all other horrors of blood poison have disappeared, and at last I am sound and well again, after an experience of twenty years of torture."

Book War, "Money," writes: "My disease was pronounced a tertiary form of blood poison. My face, head and shoulders were a mass of corruption, and finally the disease began eating my small bones. My bones ached, my kidneys were deranged, I lost flesh and strength, and life became a burden. All these things must surely die, but I had used ten bottles of B. B. B. I was pronounced well. Hundreds of scars can now be seen on my forehead and back, but my bones are all right. I have never been well since took 'em."

There is a considerable difference between a key on the keyboard and a C on the keyboard.—Ocean. Frederick's Son of Bette's? Never contained a cure for the malaria. Extract it when it first shows its head. If you don't, it will wind its sinuous length about you, and, perhaps, in the end crush you. Quinine's stomach-bitters annihilates and prevents it. So it does dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, kidney ailments, rheumatism and nervousness. You cannot select a purifier tonic and alternative.

The promising young man of 25 is commonly a lot better than the paying young man.—N. O. Picayune. ALWAYS avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

A pain continually located may double a man and thus naturally increase his sighs.—Birmingham Republic. THE THROAT.—"Brown's Bronchitic Troch" act directly on these organs of the throat. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

"Laxatives are bound to tell on a man's eyes and cheeks. But in half an hour, as a speeded breath.—Yonkers Statesman. If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. It's the best cough cure in one minute.

A person who serves us through fire and water—the cook.—The Vineyardist. For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, relief is sure in Carter's Little Liver Pills.

A HAND to Hand affair—converting in the dark.—Burlington Free Press. The best known remedy for consumption is Oxygen Cure. Write Dr. Goppert, Cincinnati.

An inveterate smoker.—Venezuela.—Prairie Farmer. "Of what denomination are de chile?" asked an old colored preacher of a young couple who had brought an infant to him for baptism. "Sah!" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word "denomination." "I axed you ob what denomination de chile war," repeated the minister, a little severely. The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment; then the father stammered out: "I—I—doesn't know what you mean by 'denomination,' sah."

"Hough, yo' don't!" replied the preacher, scornfully. "Well, den, I'll simplify it 'cordin' to yo' 'ganance so yo' kin understand it: Are de chile a boy or a gal chile?"—Yonkers' Companion. —Mrs. Fitz had company to tea. Little Fitz had been told how to behave, and a good bribe was promised him if he acted out his part of the programme. He did very well until he saw the company beginning to eat small dishes. Then fixing his round eyes on a majestic old lady opposite to him, he bawled in the sweet tones of childhood: "Did you taste the pill?"—Detroit, Free Press.

The rural economist bewails the fate that compels him to spend two dollars per week to have his grass cut in summer. But when the winter sets in he is wilder than ever, for at that time he has to pay eighteen dollars to have fertilizer spread on his lawn, unless he is willing to have dry grass next year.—Puck.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper, Burdock, and other well-known and valuable remedies by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by any medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, Itch, Eruptions, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bad Humors, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Liver Complaint, overcomes that tired feeling, crues an appetite, strengthens the nerves, and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Has not equalled and unparalleled success at home. It is the popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that who neighborhood are feeling it at the same time, and Lowell druggists all sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. It is sold by all druggists. State for B. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar CATARRH (Eye's Cream Balm) Cold in Head BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR Cures all Diseases Peculiar to Women! BOOK "WOMAN'S HEALTH" FREE! HEADACHE, BRUISES, WINDS, FLATULENCE, SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. SEND THE FREE PAPER TO: BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR, BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR, BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR.

Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA. A POSITIVE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE STOMACH AND LIVER. THE DIAMOND VERA-CURA TABLETS ARE PREPARED BY DR. J. W. ROBERTSON, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, AND ARE THE ONLY TABLETS OF THIS KIND IN THE MARKET. PREPARED BY DR. J. W. ROBERTSON, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

Paine's Celery Compound Purifies the Blood, Strengthens the Nerves, Stimulates the Liver, Regulates the Kidneys and Bowels, Gives Life and Vigor to every organ. There's nothing like it. Use it Now!

DIAMOND DYES. LACTATED FOOD. TUTT'S PILLS. CURE CONSTIPATION. HABITUAL CONSTIPATION. SWIFT'S SPECIFIC.

SAVE PAYING DOCTORS' BILLS. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from IMPURE BLOOD.

THRESHERS ENGINES. "Religious New York" Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

ASSORTED LAMPS IN BARRELS! FLOYD & CO. COTTON PRESSES!

OKLAHOMA! SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. Almost as Palatable as MILK.

SALES MEN PATENTS. CIGARETTES. SEEDS.

MAGEE'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. With Extract of Malt and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Nervous and All Wasting Diseases.

ADVANCE IN PRICE. Ladies' Home Journal. Half Price up to July 1st 1899.

THE STONE & BARBER CO. J. I. CASE T. H. CO. THRESHERS ENGINES.

Raw Fur Skins. ORATORS.

SEEDS. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.

SALES MEN PATENTS. CIGARETTES. SEEDS.

SEEDS. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.

SEEDS. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.