[illegible] Dollars Reward.

The publishers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TEACHER—"What is taxidermy?" Johnnie—"I guess I know, teacher." Teacher—"Well, Johnnie?" Johnnie—"It's putting down carpets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Trinity of Evils.

Biliousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

POETRY ED.—She (sentimentally)—"What poetry there is in fire!" He (sadly)—"Yes; a great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."—Harper's Bazar.

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.

PUPIL.—"What qualifies a man to be called a master of the fence?" "Well, monsieur, he may be very clever wiz ze foils or he may be what you call a mugwump."—Brooklyn Life.

PISO'S CURE cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CLDY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

ALL men, if they work not as in a great taskmaster's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you.—Carlyle.

CLARA—"Mr. Nicefello said my face was classic. What is classic?" Dora—"Oh, most anything old."—Good News.

Nervous

People find just the help they so much need, in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the nerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system. Read this:

"I want to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health run down, and I had the grip. After that, my heart and nervous system were badly affected, so that I could not do my own work. Our physician gave me some help, but did not cure. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon I could do all my own housework. I have taken

Cured

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 13 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." MRS. M. M. MESSENGER, Freehold, Penn.

This and many other cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Poor soil

and exhausted fields which were once productive can again be made **profitably fertile** by a proper rotation of crops and by the intelligent use of fertilizers containing **high percentages of**

Potash.

Strikingly profitable results have been obtained by following this plan.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars boasting special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Season of Flowers Suggests the Garden of God.

The Beauties of the Floral Kingdom Likened to the Richness of God's Realm—The Church Compared to a Watered Garden.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered the following sermon, apropos of the advent of spring flowers, before his Washington congregation, taking for his text:

THOU shalt be like a watered garden.—Isaiah lviii., 11.

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weired than that of Spenser.

This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels; from the fish-pools of Heshbon up to the psalmist praising God with the diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyreneau and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope, and rustic temple, and reservoir, and urn, and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious, than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius be brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it; he sold it for £17,000. And yet I am to tell you to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the cromson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church, of which my text speaks, Oh, how many sigh and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me ye executioners who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide; ye rocks that fell! Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it. If the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, to-day; walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself.

The church in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is the place of choice flowers, of select fruits, and of thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but as sweet as Heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the new window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered it all over with flowery jasmine, running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but whereever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-bloom ing cereuses.

But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They wound almost everyone that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the amallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder: "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said; "I dare not join the church." I said: "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk can, and I said to him: 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within—the best specimen of the Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "Giants of Battle," the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "Giants of the Battle." Men say: "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say: "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one.

In this garden of the church which Christ has planted I also find the snowdrops, beautiful, but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops, always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower of all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant your emotions are started. You say: "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion plant of the Cross! Prophets foretold it; Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; rocks shook at its bursting, and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is in Heaven. Come, O winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him, too.

Again, the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, or peaches, or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church. Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church.

Religion is not a mere sentimentality; it is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." In reply, I ask where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus He laid the corner stone to every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee He laid the corner stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," He laid the corner stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison and ye visited me," He laid the corner stone of every prison reform association that has ever been organized. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit.

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysea. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank and admit that there hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander, nobler collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men in this house whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated in their worldly occupation as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women here to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work that she may sit there, too. There is a woman who has a drunkard husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in 20 minutes. Hers has been a 20 years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been 15 years on his back, unable to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of Heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddle in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if St. Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy; glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and Heaven.

Again, the Church in my text is appropriately called a garden, because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around us was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, aqueducts, reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through these aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; but it is well irrigated; for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. "There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God." Preaching the Gospel is one of the aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated! You know that the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place, Chatsworth, one day when strangers are not to be admitted; but, by an inducement which always seemed so potent with an Englishman, as with an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down, until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above; pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above.

Hark! I hear the latch of the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ: "I am coming into my garden." I say, "Come in, O Jesus! we have been waiting for thee; walk all through the paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit; pluck that which thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man, and touches him, and says, "almost home, father; not many more aches for thee; I will never leave thee; take courage a little longer and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and He comes to a soul in trouble, and says: "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears. I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!"

Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! He is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean from the stem, and I say: "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into my garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace, for the garden around my palace; and there I will plant them; and in better soil and in better air they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into His face and said: "Well, it is His garden, and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done!" the hardest prayer ever man made.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best; from many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world; she was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affections; and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you surrendered that treasure, you said: "Lord Jesus, take it—it is the best we have; take it. Thou art worthy!" The others in the household may have been of grosser mold. She was of the finest.

The Heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun you get there. All the kindness shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says: "Ma, will I be lame in Heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in Heaven." A little sick child says: "Ma, will I be sick in Heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in Heaven." A little blind child says: "Ma, will I be blind in Heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in Heaven. They are all well there."

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them and you can not get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden—this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am; done up in body, mind and purse." So it was of Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic, and despise everything around me just as it becomes a madman to do."

O, ye weary souls! come into Christ's garden to-day and pluck a little heartsease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it, five, ten, twenty, thirty years—do not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? O, man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come to-day in some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered, and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the traffrail and then sprang into the sea, saying to the boatman: "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this moment, make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you, and Heaven and earth ring with the cry: "Save me next! Save me next!" Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

This Sabbath is the last for some of you. It is about to sail away forever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. She shoves off. She floats out toward the great ocean of eternity. Wave farewell to your last chance for Heaven. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Invited to revel in the garden, you die in a desert! May God Almighty, before it is too late, break that infatuation.

Harmony.

The great need of the world is a religion which can harmonize the interest of the individual with the interests of society, which can make the desire of the individual and the desire of society one and the same thing.—Rev. H. Bigelow, Congregationalist, Cincinnati, O.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—DeVere—"I heard a compliment for you to-day." Miss Antique—Indeed! What was it?" DeVere—"Young Chapman says you carry your years well."—N. Y. Town Topics.

—Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigor and takes up too much of his attention.—Jeremy Collier.

—He (admiring a vase of flowers)—"Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?" She (softly)—"But they are artificial." He—"Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."—Washington Town Talk.

—"I," the young man frankly admitted, "am looking for a snap." "Well," the elderly one suggested, "if you have the ginger it ought to be easy to find some one with the dough." And a great silence fell inaudibly.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Judge—"Last time you were here you promised never to steal again." Burglar—"And I fully intended to keep my word, your honor, but this was such a difficult case that they had to call in an expert."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Matter of Life or Death.—Johnny Smart—"What does b-i-e-r spell?" Old Smart—"That depends, my son, on who is spelling it. If it is a German it is about the first thing that he wants; if it's an Englishman, it's the last thing he wants."—Philadelphia Item.

—Mr. Umbell—"Even the worm will turn." His Wife (scornfully)—"You are scarcely a worm." Mr. Umbell (reminiscently)—"Possibly not now, my dear, but I can remember away back yonder hearing folks say something about an early bird when you got me."—N. Y. Sun.

—Happiness, Not Fame.—Willey—"I tell you, it's better in the end to be honest. Did you ever know a rogue who wasn't unhappy?" Shalley—"No; but, then, one would hardly expect a rogue to be happy when he is known. It's the rogues who are not known that are happy."—Woonsocket (R. I.) Reporter.

ORIGIN OF TATTOOING.

It Was First a Religious Practice—How Thieves Gain Esteem.

What is the origin of this usage? Religion, which has so much power over peoples and which proves so obstinate in preserving ancient customs, has certainly contributed to maintain it among the more barbarous part of our populations; we see a quasi-official proof of it at Lorette. Those who cultivate a devotion for a saint believe that by engraving his image on their flesh they will give him a proof, a clear testimony, of their love. We know that the Phoenicians marked the sign of their divinity on their foreheads (Ewald, Judaischen Alterthum, 3); in the Marshall islands they have to ask the permission of the gods to tattoo themselves; and the priests alone in New Zealand perform the office of tattooing (Scherzer). Lubbock adds to this that a woman who does not bear a tattoo mark cannot enjoy eternal felicity. The women of Britain tattooed themselves in obedience to religion (Pliny, 33).

The second cause is the spirit of imitation. A Lombard soldier answered me laughingly one day when I rallied him on his having spent a small sum to spoil his arm. "See, monsieur, we are like sheep; and when one of us does anything we all imitate him at once, even if we risk doing ourselves harm."

Love of distinction also has its influence. A thief of the most incorrigible sort, who had six brothers tatooed like himself, implored me, although he was half covered with the oddest tattoo marks, to find him a professional tattooer to complete what might well be styled the embroidery of his skin. "When the tattooing is very curious and spread all over the body," he told me, "it is to us other thieves like the black cloak of society with decorations; the more we are tattooed, the more we esteem one another; the more a person is tattooed, the more influence he has over his companions. On the contrary, one who is not tattooed has no influence; he is regarded merely as a good fellow, and is not esteemed by the company."—Prof. Cesare Lombroso, in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

Origin of the Olympic Games.

Each tribe wished for itself the credit of having established the festival which drew to Olympia the strength, beauty and intelligence of all Greece. Some claimed that Zeus established the festival to commemorate his success in the contest with Cronus for the sovereignty of Heaven—a myth which seems to point to a Pelasgic origin of the games. The Acheans coveted the honor for their hero Atreus, and Strabo for the Etolians. More widely credited was the belief that the games were established by the Cretan Hercules, who in play challenged his brothers to run a race, and to crown the victor with a branch of wild olive. To the interest of the Dorians was the myth of Apollo outrunning Hermes and Ares. But such myths do not necessarily imply a remote antiquity for the events to which they give a poetic coloring. It is more to the point that Homer describes several of the contests represented afterward in the great national games, and that some of them may even be found in Egyptian wall paintings of the second and third millennium before Christ.—Prof. Allan Marquand, in Century.

A Word to the Hostess.

You dear housewife, should try to surprise one and another of your guests with little attentions, as well in a choice of companions as of food. Be impartial, cordial, friendly. Drill your servants beforehand, so that your guests need not hear a word of exhortation. If a little accident occurs, do not mind it nor jest about it; but do not fret. Be in the conversation heart and soul, but let others do the talking; as for yourself, speak little, hear much. Wait till a sudden hush falls on the company, then enliven the conversation with a question, an objection, a new theme. Should one of the expected guests fail to arrive do not comment on it to those present, making them feel that the delinquent is the one on whom you had counted the most. Devote yourself wholly to those who are there. Charm to the surface the best that is in each guest.—Chautauquan.

Understood the Case.

Customer—I want to get some old-fashioned pumpkin pie cans—about two feet long, you know, and a foot wide and two inches deep, with square corners.

Dealer—Yes, sir. I believe we have a few left. Going to have some old-fashioned pumpkin pies, eh?

"Yes, siree."

"You are lucky. It isn't every man who has a great-grandmother living and in good health."—N. Y. Weekly.

—He that troubles not himself with anxious thoughts for more than is necessary lives little less than the life of angels, whilst by a mind content with little he imitates their want of nothing.—Cave.

FADS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

Helen Gould has a fad for charities. They are her recreation.

Mary Anderson (Mrs. De Navarro) has an especial fad for housekeeping.

The incomparable Sarah Bernhardt prides herself on her wonderful youth.

Celia Thaxter had a taste for gardening and made a "fad" of raising poppies.

"Marion Harland," or Mrs. Terhune's, fad is her kitchen, over which she is queen.

Louisa M. Alcott used to pride herself upon her skill in getting up evening entertainments.

Miss Kathryn Kidder delights in the regulation French doll, and has one always near at hand to fondle in her leisure moments.

Miss Lilian Whiting has a liking for photographs. Especial favorites are sen in her apartments in a dozen different poses.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, called "England's Tocsa," has a curious fancy for dancing dolls, music boxes and other mechanical toys.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's fad, in her old age, is playing the piano. Her favorite music is the quaint tunes learned in her girlhood.

Miss Kate Sanborn, the breezy lecturer and authoress, has a decided talent for farming. She has given us some delightful boks on the subject.

Mrs. Oliver P. Belmont has a craze for collecting old laces. She now has a very valuable assortment, among them some exceedingly rare specimens.

Kilauea, a part of a cluster of volcanic mountains denominated Mauna Loa, is only 3,970 feet high, but is the largest active volcano in the world. Its crater is a great pit, eight miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

HIGH CHURCH TOWERS.

The steeple of the Milan Cathedral is 355 feet in height.

The towers of the cathedral of Cologne are 511 feet high.

The noted steeple of St. Stephen's, in Vienna, is 460 feet.

The great spire of Salisbury Cathedral, in South England, is 406 feet high.

The steeple of the famous Cathedral of Strasburgh rises to a height of 474 feet.

The dome of St. Paul's is as many feet high as there are days in the year.

The summit of Notre Dame Cathedral, at Amiens, in France, is 422 feet high.

The tower of the cathedral at Antwerp is 476 feet from foundation to cross.

The cross on the dome of St. Peter's, in Rome, is 448 feet above the pavement of the portico.

The steeple of the cathedral at Freiburg, where is located the most famous organ in the world, is 367 feet high.

There are two or three lakes in Colorado more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

INDIGESTION.

As a Result of It, There Were Many Disorders.

The Disease Will Create the Symptoms of Heart Disease, Kidney Disease, Etc.

From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Few women have had a more miserable existence and lived to tell the tale than Mrs. Anna L. Smith of 311 Pulaski Avenue, Brooklyn. With all the comforts that money affords, with all the happiness that many loving friends can give, the joy of Mrs. Smith's life was blasted for years by the terrible ravages of sickness. The story is most interesting as told to a reporter:

"I was an invalid for years, suffering first with one complaint and then with another. My case was truly that of a complication of diseases, due to an accident which I received some years ago. The thing which caused me the most discomfort and made me offensive to my family was the worst case of indigestion imaginable. I made all around me miserable by my sufferings, and was most miserable myself. I had the best physician we could find, and occasionally his prescriptions relieved me temporarily. But the pains and misery would all soon return again. I became desperate, and started in to try remedies of which I read. Among them were the Pink Pills. Their appearance captivated me instantly, for I am a great believer in the beautiful. I took the pills and followed out the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel like a different woman. For six weeks I took the pills regularly, and I can truthfully add after that I was as well as any one in the family. This change for the better in my condition has caused my relatives and friends to take the pills. We buy them all from the drug store of John Duryea, at the corner of De Kalb and Summer Avenues.

"I assure you it was impossible for me to oversee my household for three years. Now I visit my kitchen every day, do my own marketing and shopping; in a word, look after everything connected with my home and family.

"Oh, yes, I still keep taking the pills. I take one daily after dinner. Prevention, you know, is better and cheaper than cure. I verily believe one half of the women who are suffering from the ills which our sex are heir to would be up and well if they could be induced to give the Pink Pills a fair trial. I certainly recommend them heartily and feel grateful to the physician who put them on the market."

Mrs. Smith is a woman of some means and standing in the community and, therefore, her testimony will be accepted without question by all thoughtful people.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

THE front wheel of a bicycle should be called "Pride," for often it goeth before a fall.—Philadelphia Press.

THE act of worship is among all creation indigenous and peculiar to man.—Melville.

THE useful and the beautiful are never separated.—Periander.

A WORD spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages.—Carlyle.

HIS UNCLE DID IT.—"Did you say that Marks owed his financial success to his own will power?" "Oh, no, to his uncle's will power. He left everything to Marks."—Detroit Free Press.

SOCRATES was esteemed the wisest man of his time, because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness.—Tillotson.

DISORDER in a drawing room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not; the black battle stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.—Ruskin.

SUE bought a pretty parasol
Of an entrancing shade;
But dared not take it in the sun
For fear that it would fade.
—Washington Star.

BUSKINS DOESN'T EXPRESS IT.—McCorkle—"Isn't Tenspot running into debt pretty lively?" McCrackle—"Running isn't the word for it. He is fairly sprinting."—Detroit Free Press.

"WHAT are you crying for, child?" "Lole hurt me." "How, pray?" "I was going to hit him with my fist, when he cocked his head and my fist hit the wall."—Boston Transcript.

LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.—"Jacques, how is it you never bring any good marks home from school?" "Oh, papa, there are such a lot of us that when my turn comes there are none left."—La Famille.

"I SHALL apply for a divorce. He is treating me like a dog and he makes me work like a horse." "Well, then, you should make your complaint to the society for the protection of animals and not to the courts."—L'Illustre de Poche.

SOMETIMES THAT DOESN'T.—Tyro—"I suppose you never heard of the Rocky mountains." Tripkins—"What makes you suppose that?" Tyro—"You are so fond of exaggerating."—Chicago Record.

"Knocks Out All Others."

BattleAx PLUG

The Large Piece and High Grade of "Battle Ax" has injured the sale of other brands of higher prices and smaller pieces. Don't allow the dealer to impose on you by saying they are "just as good" as "Battle Ax," for he is anxious to work off his unsalable stock.

How it looks

to the women who wash with Pearline (...) woman washing in the old-fashioned way ... the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her ... self out over the washboard! ... fresh from easy washing, she seems to ... unaware."

Everything's in favor of Pearline (...) work, quicker work, better work. ... There's not one thing against it. ... washing in the hardest way, when ...

"There's None Just as Good"

Costs 25 cents a year more to smoke Richardson's Original Old North State Tobacco—but, oh, what a difference in the smoke.

Sold by all Jobbers.

FIELD AND HOG FENCE WIRE, 26, 32, 42, 50, or 58 inches high. Quality and ... Nothing on the market to compare with it. Write for full ...
UNION FENCE COMPANY, DE KALB, ILL.

DUNCAN'S LINIMENT the OLD ... TRIED REMEDY
For Rheumatism Headache, Toothache, and PAINS generally.
G. W. GUNTER, CLEVELAND, ALA., says: "I have found ... to be the best remedy for pains generally I ever saw."
FOR COLIC IN HORSES and MULES it is a ...
WEBB MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, ...

There is just a little appetizing bite to HIRES Rootbeer; just a smack of life and good flavor done up in temperance style. *Best by any test.*
Prepared by the Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
A 5c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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