THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Salt sprinkled over the carpet will effectually lay the dust and will make the color bright and last longer.

To take out iron rust, cover the spot with fine salt and saturate with lemon juice and lay on the grass. Repeat if necessary.

A pitcher of ice water laid in a newspaper, with the ends of the paper twisted together to exclude the air, will remain all night in any summer room with scarcely any perceptible melting of the ice.

To remove an odor from a barrel, half fill it with cold water. Heat half a dozen stones the size of the palm of the hand until they are red-hot and throw them into the water and let the water remain in the barrel until cold. Then rinse the barrel with clean cold water.

The average watering pot is made of tin or zinc, but fancy watering pots are made of china in white and other colors and decorated. The quart sizes in the decorated china pots are used in a conservatory for watering plants; these are also frequently employed to hold out flowers in place of the usual vase.

Never let the laundress, in her commendable desire to give a gloss to table linen, starch it. To produce a high, satiny polish on damask it should first be thoroughly dampened and then ironed with a heavy flatiron until it is absolutely dry. Tablecloths and napkins should never leave the ironing board in a limp condition.

ODD AND UNUSUAL.

Part of a cornfield at Joplin, Mo., which has never been undermined, has settled 20 feet.

Lightning struck a wire on which a grapevine was trained in the Pellicek vineyard, at Moultrie, Fla., and stripped the fruit from it, jumping then to another wire and repeating the effect.

A Danbury man has hit upon an original and profitable way of committing suicide. He announces his intention to enter a cage containing a ferocious lion, and permit the beast to eat him. Spectators are to be allowed, on paying an admission fee of five dollars each.

Strange black spots appeared on the body of Jeff Wallis, just before he died, at Luverne, Ala. Similar black spots also appeared on the floor, under the bed, and all efforts to scour them out have been useless.

The scrapings of iron ore are eaten with great relish by the three-year-old daughter of James Gardener, of Bessemer, Mich. Her parents have vainly tried to break her of the habit by mixing nauseous drugs with the ore.

Attorneys December and January are two Nevada lawyers, who are amusing the Kansas people just now, where they have gone on business. The two men are distinguised lawyers in Nevada, and their firm style is "January & December, attorneys-at-law."

You Are Not "Shaken Before Taken"

With malarial disease, but with prodigious violence afterwards, if you neglect immediate measure of relief. The surest preventive and remedial form of medication is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the potency of which as an antidote to miasmatic poison has been demonstrated for over forty years past. The liver when disordered and congested, the bowels if constipated, and the kidneys if inactive, are promptly aided by it, and it is invaluable for dyspepsia, nervous debility and rheumatism.

Man wants but little here below,
As some one said before,
But when he gets it, don't you know,
He wants a little more.

"These," said the poultry farmer, pointing to a group of energetic hens, "are Macduffs." "What a queer name," observed the visitor; "why are they so called?" "Because they always lay on."

Of all the wonders of the world the Tower of Pisa is the leanest.

You don't hear of a policeman being run over—they are never in the way.

Health

Is impossible without pure, healthy blood. Purified and vitalized blood result from taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels. 25c

WINE FOR WOMEN!

Woman's modesty and ignorance of danger often cause her to endure pains and suffer torture rather than consult a physician about important subjects.

Pains in the head, neck, back, hips, limbs and lower bowels at monthly intervals, indicate alarming derangements.

McELREE'S

WINE OF CARDUI

is a harmless Bitter Wine without intoxicating qualities. [illegible] the proper time it relieves pain, corrects derangements, quiets nervousness and cures Whites, Falling of the Womb and Suppressed or too Frequent Menses. Price $1.

C. C. C.

CERTAIN CHILL CURE

EDUCATIONAL.

LORETTO ACADEMY

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A Discourse Devoted to Scenes of Rural Life.

Lessons Drawn From the Famous Journey to Egypt in Search of Corn—The Beautiful Story of the Boy Benjamin.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following sermon before his Washington congregation, basing it on the text:

And Judah spake unto him, saying: The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying: Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.—Genesis xliii., 3.

Nothing to eat! Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The catttle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest-field and grist-mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle—bread! Jacob, the father, has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everthing is out; and he says to his sons: "Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egypt, and get us something to eat." The fact was, there was a great corn-crib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between 70 and 80 per cent. of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn-crib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions around about—those who were famished—some paying for the corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle and horses and camels; and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder son starts they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview: "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin." Ah. Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart-break. The keeper of this corn-crib, nevertheless, says to these elder sons: "There is no need of your coming up here any more for corn unless you can bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these elder sons kept reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord: "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell him you had a brother?" says the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea that he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I can not, I will not give up Benjamin." The fact was that the old man had lost children, and when there has been bereavement in a family and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day of departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons: "Take Benjamin and be off." The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: "We have strong arms and a stout herrt, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell!" said the young men to the father in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the eld man; for that word has more quavere in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party, the bread embassy, drives up in front of the corn crib of Egypt. Those corn cribs are filled with wheat and barley and corn in the husk, for modern travelers in those lands, both in Canaan and in Egypt, tell us there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corn crib, who is also the prime minister, comes down to these newly-arrived travelers, and says, "Dine with me to-day. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother whose presence I demanded?" The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted of the way; and the servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly-arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poulterers and caterers of the prime minister prepare the repast. The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and aquariums and aviaries are brought there, and are filling chalice and platter. Now is the time for this prime minister, if he has a grudge against Benjamin, to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? Oh, no! This lord of the corn-crib is seated at his own table and he looks over to the tables of his guests; and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it: "Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs. Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob, that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day: 'Ye shall not see my face until your brother be with you.'"

Well, my friends, this world is famine-struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger-stricken. The fact that it does not, can not feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satisfying his soul, he sits down and writes:

"I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors, that the sun did not come out in its strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead, than in an incredibly short space of time—I think 13 months—I earned for him £20,000 pounds, and for myself £1. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a baker every one in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread."

That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy. The world did everything for Lord Bryan that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appropriate to his case, the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child. The royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in an ecstasy; but one day, after all that toil and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for 6,000. But, blessed be God, there is a great corn crib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and, as far as I can calculate it in one phrase, that corn crib is 1,500 miles long and 1,500 miles broad and 1,500 miles high; and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment; for from the keeper of that corn-crib there comes this word, saying: "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you." In other words, there is no such thing as getting from Heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life unless we bring with us our Divine brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without Him, we shall fall before we reach the corn crib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but, coming with the divine Jesus, all the granaries of Heaven will swing open before our soul and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the King and at the table; and while the Lord of Heaven is apportioning from His own table to other tables, He will not forget us; and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power."

I want to make three points. Every frank and common sense man will acknowlege himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corn crib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says: "Are you alone?" The sinner replies: "All alone." The voice from within says: "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your Divine brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." O, that is the point at which so many are discomfited. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with Him, we are accepted. Coming without Him, we are rejected. Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests, when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under Heaven among men whereby we may be saved." O, anxious sinner! O, dying sinner! O, lost sinner! All you have got to do is to have this divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the storehouses of Heaven will swing open before your anxious soul.

Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? Oh, yes. Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was, "Son of my pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was, "Son of my right hand." And was not Christ the son of pain? All the sorrow of Rachel in that hour when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers, was as nothing compared with the struggle of God when He gave up His only son. And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand?" Did not Stephen look into Heaven and see Him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of Him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O, Benjamin—Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead His tears, His sufferings, His sorrows and His death. If you refuse to do it, all the corn cribs and the palaces of Heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement: "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong crib, or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome, a great many years ago, there were 80 men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted themselves to death, and yet it did not stop the plague. And all the music of this world can not halt the plague of the human heart. I come to some one whose ailments are chronic, and I say: "In Heaven you will never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing powder for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years, perhaps, you will meet those loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. One day is a year with them, and ten years is a small eternity. What you want is sympathy now—present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet and every book and every picture and every room calls out their name. Suppose I come to you and say by way of condolence. "God is wise." "Oh!" you say, "that gives me no help." Suppose I come to you and say: "God, from all eternity, has arranged this trouble." "Ah!" you say, "that does me no good." Then I say: "With the swift feet of prayer go direct to the corn crib for a heavenly supply." You go. You say: "Lord, help me; Lord, comfort me." But no help yet. No comfort yet. It is all dark. What is the matter? I have found out. You ought to go to God and say: "Here, Oh Lord, are the wounds of my soul, and I bring with me the wounded Jesus. Let His wounds pay for my wounds, His bereavements for my bereavements, His loneliness for my loneliness, His heart-break for my heart-break. Oh, God! for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ—the God, the man, the Benjamin, the brother—deliver my agonized soul. Oh, Jesus of the weary foot, ease my fatigue. Oh, Jesus of the aching head, heal my aching head. Oh, Jesus of the Bethany sisters, roll away the stone from the door of our grave." That is the kind of prayer that brings help; and yet how many of you are getting no help at all, for the reason that there is in your soul, perhaps, a secret trouble. You may never have mentioned it to a single human ear, or you may have mentioned it to some one who is gone away, and that great sorrow is still in your soul. After Washington Irving was dead they found a little box that contained a braid of hair and a miniature and the name of Matilda Hoffman and a memorandum of her death, and a remark something like this:

"The world after that was a blank to me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to get into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day and I am afraid to be alone."

How many unuttered troubles among you? No human ear has ever heard that sorrow. O, troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this solace: and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than to take the divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says: "You shall not see my face again unless your brother be with you." O, that this audience to-day might understand something of the height and depth length and breadth and immensity and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

I go further and find in my subject a hint as to why so many people fail of Heaven. We are told that Heaven has 12 gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into Heaven is conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratories of Heaven cost nothing. Heaven pays nothing for its music. It is all free. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into Heaven is our bringing our divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of our congregation, when asking in the closing moments of his life: "Do you know us?" said, "O, yes, I know you. God bless you. Good-by. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and he was gone. O, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons had gone up toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer. "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said: "Go away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you." And if we come up toward the door of Heaven at last, though we come from all luxuriance and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of Heaven will beat us back from the bread house, saying: "Depart, I never knew you."

If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corn cribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the store houses would have swung open before them. And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger and faint and fall into the gate of Heaven—it seems that all the corn cribs of Heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at His table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and the martyrs seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the King shall pass a portion from His table to ours, and then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if He has seen of the travail of His soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord. Thou are worthy.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them, only, you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here it is feasting or starvation. If there were were two mansions offered, and you might have only one, you might think for a long while, saying: "Perhaps I had better accept that gift," but here it is a choice between palaces of light and hovels of despair. If it were a choice between orotorios, you might say: "I prefer the 'Creation,'" or "I prefer the 'Messiah.'" But here it is a choice between eternal harmony and everlasting discord. O, will you live or die? Will you sail into the harbor or drive on the rocks? Will you start for the Egyptian corn crib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanitish famine?

Despotism.

Theoretically we have popular government, but practically we are often dominated by the most degrading of all despotisms, the despotism of corrupt officialism, and also the despotism of iniquitous combinations and trusts.—Rev. H. P. Brushingham, Methodist Chicago, Ill.

Morality.

The best morality consists in not only shunning evil, but in loving the good; not only avoiding wickedness, but in seeking after the pure. Spiritual growth is the fruitage of spiritual outrenchings. Negative morality is stagnation.—Rev. H. L. Canfield, Universalist, Boston, Mass.

PERFECT HEALTH.

How It May Be Obtained by All.

An Interesting Bit of History as Told by a Traveling Man.

From the World, Cleveland, Ohio.

After an extended trip lasting several months and embracing many points of interest throughout the West and South, Mr. George Lockhart, of Hudson, Ohio, returned home a few days ago. He is bright and genial as ever and looks as if his long holiday had thoroughly agreed with him.

Mr. Lockhart's business during his travels took him frequently to Hot Springs and other health resorts. He does not appear to have been very favorably impressed with the peculiarities of life at such places, nor with the benefits received by the patients. "Men go there to get cured of disease," says he. "They take one hot bath in the morning and spend the rest of the day generally in drinking, gambling and general dissipation. How they can expect to recover under such treatment passes my comprehension. But they are, as a rule, what the world calls good fellows, free with their money and bent on enjoying themselves.

"With one man, however, whom I met at such a place I formed what I hope will prove a permanent friendship. I am indebted to him for benefits which have left on my mind a feeling of the strongest gratitude. I was, as you know, not at all well. A slight lameness in my right leg, contracted about a year ago, had gradually become worse until I was compelled to go around on crutches all the time. Then my general health failed, until in the latter part of the summer I had about concluded to come home to die. Such a state of affairs as you will easily understand, was anything but comfortable. I was, in fact, neither more nor less than a helpless invalid, a nuisance to myself and everybody around me. It was at this juncture that one day on the train I fell into conversation with the man I mention. He recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so. You see the result."

And Mr. Lockhart expanded his broad chest and smiled. "Look here," he continued, as he took off his hat and holding it on a level with his head, kicked it easily with the foot that used to be lame. No better picture of perfect health and abounding animal spirits could be wished for than this one-time invalid.

"My future movements are uncertain," said Mr. Lockhart at parting. "I will remain in Hudson for some time, but before the summer is over I expect to make a visit to Europe."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

She—"The secret of my age is intrusted to time." He—"Are you not sometimes afraid that time will tell?"—Detroit Free Press.

HINTS FOR THE HOME LAUNDRY.

The difficulty experienced by housekeepers generally in having washing done at home causes many who can ill afford the expense to send their clothes to laundries, where inferior soap and injurious washing fluids are used, while if proper attention is given the work it may be done quite as satisfactorily in the home laundry.

Assort the clothes, divide the table and bed linen from the wearing apparel, and the fine garments from the colored. First immerse the white articles in hot water and wash carefully with Ivory soap. After all are taken through the suds, put in a tub, pour boiling water over them, let cool, wash out in clear water, rinse in blue water, wring, starch and hang on the line. The colored clothes should then be washed in the same way, without scalding. When all are dry they should be taken from the line, sprinkled, folded evenly and laid in the clothes basket. The ironing must be done with hot, clean irons, and the clothes hung up to air.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

DIABOLIC MUSIC.

Trains on the Elevated Roads Destructive to the Nerves and Temper.

Passengers who have their nerves set on edge daily while riding on elevated roads are at a loss to account for the horrible screeching, grinding noise of the wheels, particularly when the trains are rounding curves. It is difficult to describe the noise, but it is so annoying that many people avoid riding on elevated trains whenever it is possible. This noise is not heard on any of the heavy express railroad trains, but is confined to the elevated.

Inquiry as to this nerve-destroying racket showed that employes as well as passengers were in ignorance. A reporter asked a dozen guards on the Alley "L" before he obtained anything like an intelligent answer. The first guard asked replied:

"Blamed if I know. Jest roundin' the curve, I guess."

The last man questioned gave it as his opinion that the racket was the result of carelessness in the use of the cars. He said:

"I think it is because the wheels grind on the rails, and a little oil might stop the noise. Another thing, I think the trucks become rusty, and as the train rounds the curve they produce unusual friction. Perhaps it would be dangerous to oil the track at the curve, for if the train was running at a high rate of speed there would be some danger that it might leave the track.

"It is a fact that cars on the elevated and surface street railroads are not so well cared for as those on a great railroad. While the engines on the elevated are always kept in first-class condition and the car axles are kept well oiled, not much further attention is paid to running gear. It is looked after in only a perfunctory way. I think with proper care the trains could be made to run as smoothly as on a heavier railroad."

Whatever may be the cause, there is no doubt that this peculiarly diabolical screeching is destroying the nerves and temper of thousands of people. The railroad authorities would confer another to the manifold delights of elevated travel by adopting means to suppress it.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Li Hung Chang.

Of the wife of Li Hung Chang, millionaire of millionaires, a writer says: Marchioness Li is a very beautiful, and, compared with her fellow-countrywomen, an exceedingly learned lady. Her age is more—possibly a great deal more—than 50, yet she looks 30, or even less. The wife of the richest man in the world, she spends royally, though not without keeping a detailed account of her expenditures. In her magnificent home on the banks of the Pei-Ho she lives in great splendor, surrounded by song birds, peacocks, aquaria, pottery, gems and botanical collections. One thousand attendants and servants answer her beck and call. In her wardrobe are guarded 2,000 coats, 1,200 pairs of "trouserettes" and 500 fur robes, made from the finest skins. Her feet have been compressed until they are quite inefficient for the original purpose, and the marchioness is unable to walk more than a few steps at a time. Twice a day she bathes in oil of orange and acacia blooms and afterwards takes an airing in a coolie sedan. Finally she dresses her hair in 50 ways, each more miraculous and a more perfect example of the coiffure's art than the one that goes before.—Detroit Free Press.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—One good deed is worth a bushel improperly made out and recorded.—Texas Sifter.

—There is hardly any man so friendless in this world that he hasn't at least one friend ready to tell him his faults.—Texas Sifter.

—Every man hopes to be better to his wife than his father was to his mother, and every woman declares that she will be less patient than her mother.—Atchison Globe.

—You often hear men boast that they do two men's work, but as a rule two men do so little work that any man should be ashamed to boast unless he does six men's work.

New Kind of Dowry.—"Has the widow Zangerle any money?" "No, but I have heard that her son-in-law, with whom she lives, has promised her a dowry of 10,000 marks if she marries again."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"This is a strange world," said a poor devil, relating his latest adventure. "I had not been able to get anything to eat for two days. Finally in despair I attempted to drown myself in the Seine. A fisherman saved me. He received 25 francs reward for his deed and I—got nothing!"—LeFigaro.

—Making It Plain.—"This here piece in the paper makes use of the word 'superfluity' several times," remarked the man who was sitting on the empty soap box. "Now what do you take superfluity to be?" "I dunno's I kin exactly tell it," answered the man with twine suspenders. "But I sense it all right enough." "Kin ye illustrate it?" "M'yes, I reckon I kin. Superfluity is a good deal the same thing ez a feller's wearin' a necktie when he's got a full beard."—Washington Star.

CANNOT ALWAYS CASH CHECKS.

Trouble May Arise When the Banks Are Closed for Two Days.

"Were you ever fixed so that you couldn't get $200 or so when you wanted it in a hurry?"

"Very often," the questioner's friend remarked, expressively.

"I mean, have you ever tried to get a check cashed and failed everywhere, although it was prfectly good? To be more particular, perhaps I should describe the situation. It came about because a holiday came on a Saturday. For several days I expected to be called to the west on business, and I thought I might be obliged to leave town in a hurry.

"When I went home on Friday I overlooked the fact that the banks would be closed the next day, and I had only a few dollars in my pocket. On Saturday morning I got a telegram that indicated that I might be obliged to start away on Sunday, and I began to get some clean linen together.

"Then I thought of my cigars, and I went to my dealer for a supply. All of a sudden it struck me that I hadn't any money for railroad fare, and I asked the cigar man whether he could cash a check, but he had only ten dollars in the store.

"I always have about $1,000 in my personal account with our business bank, and as I have drawn on it for the big expenses of the family I thought I could get a check cashed where I trade. I tried the grocer, but he couldn't raise $200. Then I went to the butcher, the baker and the druggist. I could not raise $200 from the whole lot.

"I didn't know what to do. I explained the situation to some of my neighbors, but not one of them had more than a few dollars as pocket money. I thought of going downtown and trying there, but I knew that everp place of any account would be closed.

"I didn't believe that the ticket agent would take a strange check and I couldn't go into a strange place like a hotel or the telegraph office and ask for the money.

"Then I thought of raising the money by getting a money order by telegraph, but on second thought I realized that my correspondent out west would have the same trouble in trying to raise $200 on a holiday. It looked as if I would be obliged to wait until my bank opened on Monday or get a small check cashed and have the balance sent to me later."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I didn't get another telegram. If I had been summoned to the side of a deathbed I would have been in a similar fix. When the banks close for two days they can create lots of trouble and anxiety. Just keep that in mind if you expect to be called away suddenly."—N. Y. Times.

An Old Quarrel Adjusted.

Chili and the Argentine Republic, which divide between them the southern portion of the South American continent, have long been at difference over the precise location of their boundaries, which are marked by the Andes. The Argentine Republic has contended that the line of the highest peaks is the proper boundary, and Chili has resisted this claim. Last year both countries made additions to their fleets, and engaged in other apparent preparations for war. Wiser counsels have prevailed; a protocol agreeing to the submission of the disputed question to arbitration was signed in May, and Queen Victoria has signified her willingness to act, as requested, as arbitrator. This settlement is in accord with the general recommendations of the Pan-American conference, which met at Washington, 1889-90.—Youth's Companion.

Nest Building.

First of all, the rooks laid a platform as foundation and then built up the sides in skeleton, as it were, to the full height the nest was eventually to be. Against the sky (and the tree being only 10 yards off) I could watch them working inside their wicker basket with the greatest accuracy. The male brought from the paddock pieces of moss and tufts of grass, which he dropped in the nest, and flew off; the hen, with laborious industry, worked the material into the platform and sides. By degrees the wicker skeleton began to fill up and, at last, for three-quarters of its depth the nest was made quite solid. But all around the rim several inches of open lattice-work were cleverly left so that the bird, while seated on her eggs, could command a view "from behind the purdah" of all the country round her. On the fifth day the first egg was laid, and on April 11 or 12 the hen commenced to sit in earnest.—Contemporary Review.

Crow Is Nobody's Friend.

Though examinations of the contents of stomachs of crows have shown that these birds feed very largely upon noxious insects and other injurious animals, the result apparently does not prove that the crow is a friend to the farmer. British crows, in their search for wire worms, pull up the young turnips, probably finding a worm at the root of one out of 150 or 200 pulled up. The fact shows the importance of avoiding conclusions as to the usefulness of a bird merely from determination of food habits.—Chicago Tribune.

Great Kick.

"Did old Grumpey make much of a kick when you asked him for his daughter?"

"Did he make much of a kick? The doctor says I'm threatened with curvature of the spine!"—Detroit Free Press.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Signor Crispi's organ, La Riforma, has stopped publication.

It is estimated that Queen Victoria now rules over 367,000,000 people.

It has been found that the soil of Arizona is as favorable to the culture of the date palm as that of Arabia.

"Our statesmen," yelled the orator, "are about to take steps—" "You bet they'll take 'em," cried the professional cynic, "if they ain't nailed down."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Hudson River railroad was built between 1846 and 1851, and was opened for business between New York city and East Albany on October 3 of the latter year.

Senator Hill, of New York, does not ride the bicycle, but has a good opinion of the sport. He says women should ride the wheel if they want to, and wear bloomers if they elect to do so.

The great clock at Rouen has been measuring time and striking the hours and quarters for over 500 years and, it is said, has been running all this time without interruption.

Prof. J. Estill Harvey, of Louisiana, Mo., is quite certain that his Opal will not bring him bad luck. Estill's Opal is a girl, whose other name was Hulett before it became Harvey.

With the completion of the Trans-Siberian railway in 1900, the tour of the world in 30 days will become an accomplished fact. The entire fare is calculated to be from $250 to $400.

To counterbalance the British railroad to Uganda, the German government is about to introduce a railroad bill into the reichstag, providing for a line 1,773 kilometres long from Dares Salaam and Bagamoyo to Tabora in Uniamiembe, branching out there into two lines, one to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyiki, the other to Victoria Nyanza.

THE GENERAL MARKET.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 8.

CATTLE—Best beeves	$3 40	@	3 80
Stockers	2 50	@	3 30
Native cows	2 25	@	2 80
HOGS—Choice to heavy	2 80	@	3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red	57	@	58
No. 2 hard	50½	@	52
CORN—No. 2 mixed	18	@	18¼
OATS—No. 2 mixed	16	@	18
RYE—No. 2	27	@	28
FLOUR—Patent, per sack	1 40	@	1 50
Fancy	1 15	@	1 20
HAY—Choice timothy	6 50	@	7 00
Fancy prairie	4 00	@	4 25
BRAN—(Sacked)	32	@	33
BUTTER—Choice creamery	13	@	14
CHEESE—Full cream	9½	@	12½
EGGS—Choice	9	@	10
POTATOES	20	@	25
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Native and shipping	3 00	@	4 60
Texans	2 30	@	3 30
HOGS—Heavy	3 00	@	3 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50	@	3 30
FLOUR—Choice	3 00	@	3 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	57	@	57¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed	18	@	18¼
OATS—No. 2 mixed	16	@	16¼
RYE—No. 2	29½	@	30
BUTTER—Creamery	13	@	19
LARD—Western mess	3 12½	@	3 20
PORK	6 00	@	6 37½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	3 90	@	4 60
HOGS—Packing and shipping	2 85	@	3 00
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 25	@	3 40
FLOUR—Winter wheat	3 15	@	3 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	54	@	56
CORN—No. 2	19½	@	20
OATS—No. 2	18	@	18¼
RYE	28½	@	30
BUTTER—Creamery	9	@	16
LARD	3 20	@	3 27½
PORK	5 32½	@	5 55
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	3 35	@	4 80
HOGS—Good to Choice	3 60	@	3 90
FLOUR—Good to Choice	3 20	@	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	64½	@	65
CORN—No 2	25½	@	26
OATS—No. 2	19	@	20
BUTTER—Creamery	11½	@	16¼
PORK—Mess	9 75	@	11 00

Why suffer with Constipation, Indigestion and Sick Headaches when Dr. Carlstedt's Great German Liver Medicine will cure you. They do not weaken the organs on which they act but regulate the whole system, thereby bringing relief to the sufferer. Syrup 50 cts. and $1 per bottle. Powder 25 cts. Every bottle guaranteed or money refunded. For sale by druggists.

Smithson—"Hello, Dobson, you are getting stout, aren't you?" Dobson—"Well, I was getting stout; but since I bought my wheel, I have been falling off considerably."

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

Oh, lightning bug, how fair your figs,
What peaceful hours you pass;
You lavishly illuminate,
And get no bills for gas.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

Teacher—"Who was the wisest man?" Tommy—"Noah." "Noah?" "Yes'm. He was the only man who knew enough to come in when it rained."

Those who are unsuccessful in their profession usually fancy they were destined for something higher.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

What is the difference between the man who cuts off the end of his nose and a boy who has just finished his task? One loses his nose, and the other knows his lesson.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—Ralph Ering, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

"Emile," asked the teacher in natural history, "which animal attaches himself to man the most?" Emile (after some reflection)—"The leech, sir!"

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Tourist (presenting his opened Baedeker to the coachman—("Here, driver, I want to see the first four pages."—Fliegende Blaetter.

If an Indian takes cold, he is liable to have the whooping cough.

WM. J. BRYAN'S 11 GREAT SPEECHES—Contains: New York speech of Acceptance; speech on Platform Adoption; Repeal of Sherman Act; second speech on Sherman Law, Coinage of the Seigniorage, Rothschild-Morgan Contract, Income Tax Law, Arbitration of Labor, Pacific Lien Extension, McKinley Tariff, Memorial Address on the Nation's Dead, Etc. Sent by mail for 25c. A masterful and eloquent DISCUSSION of the issues presented in this campaign. AGENTS WANTED. The MAAS PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook. "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"The New Woman."

Battle Ax PLUG

The "new woman" favors economy, and she always buys "Battle Ax" for her sweetheart. She knows that a 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is nearly twice as large as a 10-cent piece of other high grade brands. Try it yourself and you will see why "Battle Ax" is such a popular favorite all over the United States.