All Worn Out

Able to Work Since Taking Hood's.

"My husband was afflicted with a worn out, tired feeling and could not do much on his farm. He heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that he concluded to try it and it helped him and now he is able to carry on his work." MRS. L. L. OLSON, Nevinville, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

CHANGES WROUGHT BY TIME.

Not So Noticeable When Relatives See Each Other Daily.

"There ought to be a law that families shall live in communities, and not go straggling apart to the ends of the earth," said the woman who was reading a letter in the car to her friend who accompanied her.

"What led to that remark?" asked her friend; "anything in that letter?"

"Yes. It is from my sister Amy, whom I have not seen since she went west. That was 15 years ago. She writes me that her hair is perfectly white and she weighs 50 pounds more than she did when I last saw her. As she only weighed 100 then, she will not be immense now, but I think of the change. A slight, fragile young woman of a fairylike physique and the loveliest black hair—why, she is simply another person."

"But she would have changed as much if she had stayed here, in all probability," said her friend, trying to comfort her.

"Yes, but the change would have been so gradual that I would not have noticed it. Now I seem to have two sisters, one with coal black hair and one with snow white. One is a stout, healthy, middle-aged woman, the other a dreamy-eyed romantic girl whose waist I could span with my two hands. Probably her face is lined with care and her character changed as much as her features."

"What of yourself?" inquired the friend; "has time stood still with you?"

"I? Myself? I never thought of that. Yes, I have changed, too, and no doubt Amy will be as much disappointed in me as I will be with her. But that gives another argument in favor of families keeping in touch. Or if that is not possible then let them remain separate or as strangers. There is enough of the pathetic in life without these shocks of reunion."

And she thoughtfully folded her letter while her friend looked out of the car window and was silent.—Chicago Times-Herald.

B. & O. Fast Freight Schedule.

The Baltimore & Ohio, in connection with the Continental Line and Central States Dispatch fast freight lines, has inaugurated another fast freight schedule to the west, to be known as Train 95. It will be made up at Baltimore, and is put on especially to accommodate import business by way of Locust Point, and at the same time gives to Eastern manufacturers and wholesale dealers a rapid service to the west. The running time of the train is so arranged that it will make 50 hours to Chicago, 30 to Cincinnati, 30 to Cleveland, 34 to Columbus, 118 to Dallas, Tex., 50 to Detroit, 98 to Duluth, Minn., 37 to Indianapolis, 78 to Kansas City, 75 to Memphis, 50 to Louisville, 74 to Milwaukee, 83 to Minneapolis, 61 to Peoria, Ill., 20 to Pittsburgh, 50 to St. Louis, 81 to St. Paul, 39 to Sandusky, 231 to San Francisco, 44 to Toledo, and correspondingly quick time to other western and southern points.

The Freight Department expects to make 95 as popular and reliable a train as 97, which makes the run from New York to Chicago and St. Louis in 60 hours.

VERY ABRUPT.

Another One of Those Very Sudden Proposals.

Slowly the great steamer steamed from the dock. Between two stern parents a young girl in tears stood watching the receding shore.

A hatless young man rushed out on the pier and stretched out his arms toward the ship.

Alas! that parents will be so hard-hearted.

"Mary," he cried, "will you be my wife?"

And the sad waves rocked.

* * * * * * *

A year had passed.

The young man had discovered a gold mine on Broadway, and was now worth $69,000,000.

He rode to the pier in a fine carriage.

When the plank was lowered the young lady and her parents came ashore.

"Oh, Algernon," the young girl cried as she blushingly laid her head on his manly bosom, "this is so sudden!"—N. Y. Journal.

Man's Two Best Friends.

Man's two best friends are said to be a gun and a dog. It is easy to get a good dog, but hard to get a good gun. The guns made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Ct., are not only always good, but they are acknowledged the best made in the world. For years the Winchester has been the standard of the world, and to any one who has studied or examined its many points of superiority its popularity is not hard to understand. The repeating rifles and shot guns made by the Winchesters are in demand all over the world. Although they cost comparatively little, they are better than the highest priced hand made guns in every way. Winchester ammunition is of the same high grade as Winchester guns and can always be relied upon. Send for a large illustrated catalogue free.

"I suppose," said the stern parent, "you know that the man who takes my daughter takes her as she stands, without a penny." "You don't say so," replied the impetuous lover; "in that case I shall be doing the dear girl a great wrong. I love her too well, sir, to take her under such conditions." And the stern parent embraced the impetuous lover, and folded him to his breast, and said unto him: "You are the man I have been looking for. You are an easy-going liar, and you have tact."—Boston Transcript.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

A man likes to rake up a lot of rubbish and make a bonfire as well as a woman likes to clean house.—Washington Democrat.

As pathetic a thing as one sees is a boy trying to be a dude on a two dollar a week salary.

Malacura Choclats kill chills. Fifty cents. Trial package Free. Malacura Co., St. Louis.

What an immense amount of laziness there is going on in the name of poor health. —Ram's Horn.

The man who does the shouting is often willing to let somebody else do the work.—Ram's Horn.

It is difficult to disappoint a man that has no ambition.—Ram's Horn.

C. C. C.

For sale at Druggist or Sent Free on receipt of price by CERTAIN CURE CO., - Evansville, Ind.

OPIUM HABIT. Only home cure. No aches, pains, or suffering. A NEW CURE, different from all others. No interference with work or business. No publicity. Guaranteed Safe, Painless and Permanent. Improvement from first dose. Write DR. PURDEY, Houston, Tex.

PATENTS SECURED PROMPTLY AND WITH CARE. PHILIP T. DODGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

FISH'S WHITE PINE SYRUP. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

FINANCIAL DISTRESS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Prescribes for Its Alleviation.

Cheerful Behavior and Conversation, Proper Christian Investment and a Great Spiritual Awakening the Remedies.

The following discourse by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage indicates how all may aid in restoring good times. It is based on the text:

Wherefore doth a living man complain?—Lamentations, iii., 39.

A cheerful interrogatory in the most melancholy book of the Bible! Jeremiah wrote so many sad things that we have a word named after him, and when anything is surcharged with grief and complaint, we call it a jeremiad. But in my text, Jeremiah, as by a sudden jolt, wakens us to a thankful spirit.

Our blessings are so much more numerous than our deserts that he is surprised that anybody should ever find fault. Having life, and with it a thousand blessings, it ought to hush into perpetual silence everything like criticism of the dealings of God. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

While everything in our national finances is brightening, for the last few years the land has been set to the tune of "Naomi." There has been here and there a cheerful soloist, but the grand chorus has been one of lamentation, accompanied by dirges over prostrated commerce, silent manufactories, unemployed mechanism, and all those disorders described by the two short words, "hard times." The fact is that we have been paying for the bloody luxury of war, more than 30 years ago. There were great national differences, and we had not enough Christian character to settle them by arbitration and treaty, and so we went into battle, expending life and treasure, and well nigh swamping the national finances; and north and south, east and west have ever since been paying for those four years' indulgence in barbarism. But the time has come when this depression ought to end—yea, when it will end—if the people are willing to do two or three things by way of financial medicament, for the people as well as congress must join in the work of recuperation. The best political economists tell us that there is no good reason for continued prostration. Plenty of money awaiting investment. The national health with never so strong an arm or so clear a brain. Yet we go on groaning, groaning, groaning, as though God had put this nation upon gruel, and allowed us but one decent breakfast in six months. The fact is the habit of complaining has become chronic in this country, and after all these years of whimper and wailing and objurgation, we are under such a momentum of snivel that we cannot stop.

There are three prescriptions by which I believe that our individual and national finances may be cured of their present depression. The first is cheerful conversation and behavior. I have noticed that the people who are most vociferous against the day in which we live are those who are in comfortable circumstances. I have made inquiry of those persons who are violent in their jeremiads against these times, and I have asked them: "Now, after all, are you not making a living?" After some hesitation and coughing, clearing their throat three or four times, they say, stammeringly: "Y-e-s." So that with a great multitude of people it is not a question of getting a livelihood, but they are unhappy and dissatisfied because they can not make as much money as they would like to make. They have only $2,000 in the bank, where they would like to have $4,000. They can clear in a year only $5,000, when they would like to clear $10,000, or things come out just even. Or in their trade they get three dollars a day when they wish they could make four dollars or five dollars. "Oh!" says some one, "are you not aware of the fact that there is a great population out of employment, and there are hundreds of the good families of this country who are at their wits' end, not knowing which way to turn?" Yes, I know it better than any man in private life can know that sad fact, for it comes constantly to my eye and ear. But who is responsible for this state of things?

Much of that responsibility I put upon men in comfortable circumstances, who, by an everlasting growling, keep public confidence depressed and new enterprises from starting out and new houses from being built. You knew very well that one despondent man can talk 50 men into despondency, while one cheerful physician can wake up into exhilaration a whole asylum of hypochondriacs. It is no kindness to the poor or the unemployed for you to join in this deploration. If you have not the wit and the common sense to think of something cheerful to say, then keep silent. There is no man that can be independent of depressed conversation. The medical journals are ever illustrating it. I was reading of five men who resolved that they would make an experiment and see what they could do in the way of depressing a stout, healthy man, and they resolved to meet him at different points in his journey; and as he stepped out from his house in the morning in robust health, one of the five men met him and said: "Why, you look very sick to-day. What is the matter?" He said: "I am in excellent health; there is nothing the matter." But passing down the street, he began to examine his symptoms, and the second of the five men met him and said: "Why, how bad you look." "Well," he replied, "I don't feel very well!" After awhile the third man met him, and the fourth man met him, and the fifth man came up and said: "Why, you look as if you had had the typhoid fever for six weeks. What is the matter with you?" And the man against whom the stratagem had been laid went home and died. And if you meet a man with perpetual talk about hard times and bankruptcy and dreadful winters that are to come, you break down his courage. A few autumns ago, as the winter was coming on, people said: "We shall have a terrible winter. The poor will be frozen out this winter." There was something in the large store of acorns that the squirrels had gathered, and something in the phases of the moon, and something in other portents, that made you certain we were going to have a hard winter. Winter came. It was the mildest one within my memory and within yours. All that winter long I do not think there was an icicle that hung through the day from the eaves of the house. So you prophesied falsely. Last winter was coming, and the people said: "We shall have unparalleled suffering among the poor. It will be a dreadful winter." Sure enough it was a cold winter; but there were more large-hearted charities than ever before poured out on the country; better provision made for the poor, so that there have been scores of winters when the poor had a harder time than they did last winter. Weather prophets say we will have frosts this summer which will kill the harvests. Now, let me tell you, you have lied twice about the weather, and I believe you are lying this time!

Some people are so overborne with the delorousness of the times that they say we shall have communistic outrages in this country such as they had in France. I do not believe it. The parallel does not run. They have no Sabbath, no Bible, no God in France. We have all these defenses of our American people, and public opinion is such that if the people in this country attempt a cut-throat expedition they will land in Sing Sing, or from the gallows go up on tight rope. I do not believe the people of this country will ever commit outrages and riot and murder for the sake of getting bread. But all this lugubrosity of tone and face keeps people down. Now, I will make a contract. If the people of the United States for one week will talk cheerfully, I will open all the manufactories; I will give employment to all the unoccupied men and women; I will make a lively market for your real estate that is eating you up with taxes; I will stop the long processions on the way to the poor house and the penitentiary, and I will spread a plentiful table from Maine to California and from Oregon to Sandy Hook, and the whole land shall carol and thunder with national jubilee. But says some one: "I will take that contract; but we can't affect the whole nation." My hearers and readers, representing as you do all professions, all trades, and all occupations, if you should resolve never again to utter a dolorous word about the money markets, but by manner and by voice and by wit and caricature, and above all by faith in God, to try to scatter this national gloom, do you not believe the influence would be instantaneous and widespread? The effect would be felt around the world. For God's sake, and for the sake of the poor and for the sake of the employed, quit growling. Depend upon it, if you men in comfortable circumstances do not stop complaining God will blast your harvests, and see how you will get along without a corn crop; and He will sweep you with floods; and He will devour you with grasshoppers; and He will burn your city. If you men in comfortable circumstances keep on complaining God will give you something to complain about. Mark that!

The second prescription for the alleviation of financial distresses is proper Christian investment. God demands of every individual state and nation a certain proportion their income. We are parsimonious! We keep back from God that which belongs to him, and when we keep back anything from God he takes that which we keep back, and he takes more. He takes it by storm, by sickness, by bankruptcy, by any one of the ten thousand ways which he can employ. The reason why many of you are cramped in business is because you have never learned the lesson of Christian generosity. You employ an agent. You give him a reasonable salary, and, lo,! you find out that he is appropriating your funds beside the salary. What do you do? Discharge him. Well, we are God's agents. He put in our hands certain moneys. Part is to be ours; part is to be His. Suppose we take all; what then? He will discharge us; He will turn us over to financial disasters and take the trust away from us. The reason that great multitudes are not prospered in business is simply because they have been withholding from God that which belongs to Him. The rule is, give and you will receive; administer liberally and you shall have more to administer. I am in full sympathy with the man who was to be baptized by immersion, and some one said: "You had better leave your pocketbook out, it will get wet." "No," said he, "I want to go down under the wave with everything. I want to consecrate my property and all to God." And so he was baptized. What we want in this country is more baptized pocketbooks.

So that one of the recipes for the cure of individual and national finances is more generosity. Where you bestowed one dollar on the cause of Christ, give two. God loves to be trusted, and He is very apt to trust back again. He says: "That man knows how to handle money; he shall have more money to handle;" and very soon the property that was on the market for a great while gets a purchaser, and the bond that was not worth more than 50 cents on a dollar goes to par, and the opening of a new street doubles the value of his house, or inone way of a million God blesses him.

Once the man finds out that secret, and he goes on to fortune. There are men whom I have known for ten years have been trying to pay God $1,000. They have never been able to get it paid, for just as they were taking out from one fold of their pocketbook a bill, mysteriously somehow in some other fold of their pocketbook there came a larger bill. You tell me that Christian generosity pays in the world to come. I tell you it pays now, pays in hard cash, pays in government securities. You do not believe it? Ah, that is what keeps you back. I knew you did not believe it. The whole world and Christendom is to be reconstructed on this subject, and as you are a part of Christendom, let the work begin in your own soul. "But," says some one. "I don't believe that theory; because I have been losing money for ten years." Then God prepaid you, that is all. What became of the money that you made in other days? You say to your son: "Now I will give you $500 every year as long as you live." After awhile you say: "Well, my son, you prove yourself so worthy of my confidence I will just give you $20,000 in a single lump." And you give it to him and he starts off. In two or three years he does not complain against you. "Father is not taking care of me. I ought to have $500 a year." You prepaid your son, and he does not complain. There are thousands of us now who can this year get just enough to supply our wants; but did not God provide for us in the past, and has He not again and again and again paid us in advance? In other words, trusted you all along—trusted you more than you had a right to ask? Strike, then, a balance for God. Economize in anything rather than in your Christian charities. There is not more than one out of 300 of you who ever give enough to do you any good, and when some cause of Christianity—some missionary society or Bible society or church organization comes along and gets anything from you, what do you say? You say: "I have been bled," and there never was a more magnificant figure of speech than that used in common parlance. Yes, you have been bled, and you are spiritually emaciated, when if you had been courageous enough to go through your property and say: "That belongs to God, and this belongs to God;" and no more dared to appropriate it to your own use than something that belonged to your neighbor, instead of being bled to death by charities you would have been reinvigorated and recuperated and built up for time and eternity. God will keep many of you cramped in money matters until the day of your death unless you swing into larger generosity.

People quote as a joke what is a Divine promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return to thee after many days." What did God mean by that? There is an allusion there. In Egypt, when they sow the corn, it is at a time when the Nile is overflowing its banks, and they sow the seed corn on the waters, and as the Nile begins to recede this seed corn strikes in the earth and comes up a harvest, and that is the allusion. It seems as if they are throwing the corn away on the waters, but after awhile they gather it up in a harvest. Now, says God in His word: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall come back to thee after many days." It may seem to you that you are throwing it away on charities, but it will yield a harvest of green and gold—a harvest on earth and a harvest in Heaven. If men could appreciate that and act on that, we would have no more trouble about individual or national finances.

Prescription the third, for the cure of all our individual and national financial distresses: A great spiritual awakening. It is no mere theory. The merchants of this country were positively demented with the monetary excitement in 1847. There never before nor since has been such a state of financial depression as there was at that time. A revival came, and 500,000 people were born into the kingdom of God. What came after the revival? The grandest financial prosperity we have ever had in this country. The finest fortunes, the largest fortunes in the United States, have been made since 1857. "Well," you say, "what has spiritual improvement and revival to do with monetary improvement and revival?" Much to do. The religion of Jesus Christ has a direct tendency to make men honest and sober and truth-telling, and are not honesty and sobriety and truth-telling auxiliaries of material prosperity. If we could have an awakening in this country as in the days of Jonathan Edwards, of Northampton, as in the days of Dr. Finley, of Basking ridge, as in the days of Dr. Griffin, of Boston, the whole land would rouse to a higher moral tone, and with that moral tone the honest business enterprise of the country would come up. You say a great awakening has an influence upon the future world. I tell you it has a direct influence upon the financial welfare of this world. The religion of Christ is no foe to successful business, it is its best friend. And if there should come a great awakening in this country, and all the banks and insurance companies and stores and shops should close up for two weeks and do nothing but attend to the public worship of Almighty God—after such a spiritual vacation the land would wake up to such financial prosperity as we have never dreamed of. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as that for which is to come.

But, my friends, do not put so much emphasis on worldly success as to let your eternal affairs go at loose ends. I have nothing to say against money. The more money you get the better, if it comes honestly and goes usefully. For the lack of it, sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in an empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for clothes and fire. All this canting tirade against money as though it had no practical use, when I hear a man indulge in it, makes me think the best Heaven for him would be an everlasting poor house! No, there is a practical use in money; but while we admit that, we must also admit that it can not satisfy the soul, that it can not pay for our ferriage across the Jordan of death, that it can not unlock the gate of Heaven for our immortal soul. Yet there are men who act as though packs of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a mansion in Heaven, and as though gold were a legal tender in that land where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in Heaven are the only incorruptible treasures. Have you ever ciphered out that sum in loss and gain, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" You may wear fine apparel now, but the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of robes white in the blood of the Lamb.

So, there are men who go on in life—a fine voyage they are making out of it. All is well, till some euroolydon of business disaster, comes upon them, and they go down. The bottom of this commercial sea is strewn with the shattered hulks. But, because your property goes, shall your soul go? O, no! there is coming a more stupendous shipwreck after awhile. This world—God launched it 6,000 years ago, and it is sailing on; but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire!" and the timbers of the rocks will burn, and the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. God will take a good many off the deck, and others out of the berths, where they are now sleeping in Jesus. How many shall go down? No one will know until it is announced in Heaven one day: "Shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned! Because your fortunes go, because your house goes, because all your earthly possessions go, do not let your soul go! May the Lord Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save your yours.

A physician who has much practice never signs his name "doctor."—Washington Democrat.

WHAT MAY BE.

Bellamy on Dress in the Twentieth Century.

In his new and interesting book on "Equality," published by D. Appleton & Co., Edward Bellamy takes the following glimpse into the future as relating to the question of dress:

The extremely delicate tints of Edith's costume led me to remark that the color effects of the modern dress seemed to be in general very light as compared with those which prevailed in my day.

"The result," I said, "is extremely pleasing, but if you will excuse a rather prosaic suggestion, it occurs to me that with the whole nation given over to wearing these delicate schemes of color, the accounts for washing must be pretty large. I should suppose they would swamp the national treasury if laundry bills are anything like what they used to be."

"Doubtless we could not do much else if we washed our clothes," she said; "but you see we do not wash them."

"Not wash them! Why not?"

"Because we don't think it nice to wear clothes again after they have been so much soiled as to need washing."

"Well, I won't say that I am surprised," I replied; "in fact, I think I am no longer capable of being surprised at anything; but perhaps you will kindly tell me what you do with a dress when it becomes soiled."

"We throw it away—that is, it goes back to the mills to be made into something else."

"Indeed! To my nineteenth-century intellect, throwing away clothes would seem even more expensive than washing it."

"Oh, no, much less so. What do you suppose, now, this costume of mine cost?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I never had a wife to pay dressmakers' bills for, but I should say certainly it cost a great deal of money."

"Such costumes cost from ten to twenty cents," said Edith. "What do you suppose it is made of?"

I took the edge of her mantle between my fingers.

"I thought it was silk or fine linen," I replied, "but I see it is not. Doubtless it is some new fiber."

"We have discovered many new fibers, but it is rather a question of process than material that I had in mind. This is not a textile fabric at all, but paper. That is the most common material for garments nowadays."

"But—but," I exclaimed, "what if it should come on to rain on these paper clothes? Would they not melt, and at a little strain would they not part?"

"A costume such as this," said Edith, "is not meant for stormy weather, and yet it would by no means melt in a rainstorm, however severe. For storm-garments we have a paper that is absolutely impervious to moisture on the outer surface. As to toughness, I think you would find it as hard to tear this paper as any ordinary cloth. The fabric is so strengthened with fiber as to hold together very stoutly."

"But in winter, at least, when you need warmth, you must have to fall back on your old friend, the sheep."

"You mean garments made of sheep's hair? Oh, no; there is no modern use for them. Porous paper makes a garment quite as warm as woolen could, and vastly lighter than the clothes you had. Nothing but cider-down could have been at once so warm and light as our winter coats of paper."

"And cotton!—linen! Don't tell me that they have been given up, like wool?"

"Oh, no; we weave fabrics of these and other vegetable products, and they are nearly as cheap as paper, but paper is so much lighter and more easily fashioned into all shapes that it is generally preferred for garments. But at any rate, we should consider no material fit for garments which could not be thrown away after being soiled. The idea of washing and cleaning articles of bodily use and using them over again would be quite intolerable. For this reason, while we want beautiful garments, we distinctly do not want durable ones. In your day, it seems, even worse than the practice of washing garments to be used again, you were in the habit of keeping your outer garments without washing at all, not only day after day, but week after week, year after year, sometimes whole lifetimes, when they were specially valuable, and finally, perhaps, giving them away to others. It seems that women sometimes kept their wedding dresses long enough for their daughters to wear at their weddings. That would seem shocking to us, and yet, even your fine ladies did such things. As for what the poor had to do in the way of keeping and wearing their old clothes till they went to rags, that is something won't bear thinking of."

"It is rather startling," I said, "to find the problem of clean clothes solved by the abolition of the washtub, although I perceive that that was the only radical solution."

Galen Clark, who has just resigned the post of guardian of the Yosemite valley, went there about 40 years ago, expecting to die in a year or two of consumption. He is now 83 years old and hale and hearty.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks from the earth about 123 tons of water.

The iridescence of the soap bubble arises from the fact that the bubble, being very thin, reflects light from both the outer and inner surfaces of the film.

Crabs frequently fasten seaweeds on their backs to hide themselves and the growths selected are always in perfect harmony with the surroundings.

During Dr. Nansen's arctic journey his ship, the Fram, remained for five and a half months, from October 1, 1895, until March 24, 1896, out of sight of the sun. "This," Dr. H. R. Mill, the English geographer, remarks, "was the longest and darkest night ever experienced by man."

Greene—"How are the Graysons getting along these days?" Brown—"Famously. They must have struck pay dirt somewhere. Grayson's got the gout, and his wife has the hay fever." —Boston Transcript.

Germany has 10,500,000 working people.

WANTED HER MONEY'S WORTH.

Something Lacking from Her Repair Kit.

Anyone who had not seen the woman with an angry eye wobble just before she dismounted from her wheel would have taken her for an experienced rider; a heroine of century runs. She strode with majestic confidence through the store, and so impressed another woman that she forgot herself and let the newcomer be waited on first.

"I suppose," she said to the clerk, "that I looked rather new at bicycling, and you thought that there wasn't very much use of bothering about me, because I wouldn't know the difference, anyhow."

The clerk assured her to the contrary, and said he was sure there was some misunderstanding.

"There was a misunderstanding," she answered. "I understand that when I bought this repair kit I was getting all that a repair kit ought to contain."

"Certainly," he answered. "Isn't it all right?"

"Didn't you expressly state that it contained everything that would be required for repairs in an ordinary accident?"

"Yes."

"And I bought it with that implied guarantee, didn't I?"

"Undeniably, you did."

"And if things didn't turn out just as you represented them it's your business to make good the deficiency?"

"I suppose so."

"All right. There's your repair kit. You can either put in a paper of pins and some sticking plaster, or else give me back my money."—Washington Star.

The Trials of Genius.

Friend—Why, what are you in such a fuss about? Anything happened?

Artist—Oh, botheration, yes! Everything! I was just getting some of my latest pictures ready for framing, and that confounded housekeeper of mine has so mixed them up I'll never in the wide world be able to tell the top from the bottom again.—N. Y. Truth.

In the Divorce Court.

Lawyer—Did you see the beginning of this trouble?

Witness—Yes, sir; I saw the very commencement. It was about two years ago.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when the minister said 'Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?' and she said: 'I will.'"—Up-to-Date.

Thunder-Like Tones.

"I really couldn't afford to let you board with me this summer," said an old farmer to a city man with a very deep bass voice.

"Why not?" roared the basso-profundo in tones that rattled the dried squashes in the rafters.

"Because whenever you talked or sang your voice would sour all the milk in my cellar."—Judge.

Often he who has most courage and most strength to stand alone has the deepest craving for appreciation.—Philip S. Moxom.

Those who always speak well of women do not know them enough; those who always speak ill of them do not know them at all.—Lebrun.

Husband (shaving)—"Confound the razor." Wife—"What's the matter now? You're dreadfully cross-tempered." Husband—"The razor is so abominably dull!" Wife—"Dull? Why, I ripped up an old skirt with it yesterday, and it cut beautifully!"—Tid-Bits.

Half the cruelty in the world is the direct result of stupid incapacity to put one's self in the other man's place.—John Fiske.

"What was that last victim kicking about just as the flames enveloped him?" asked the cannibal king, who was famous for taking an interest in domestic affairs. "The cooking, your majesty," replied the chef de cuisine.—Detroit Evening Journal.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know little.—Bacon.

Young Artist (who has had all his pictures rejected)—"I don't see why they didn't hang my work." His Sister—"I guess they thought hanging was too good for it."—Brooklyn Life.

How many men there are who have schemes to get rich if they only had the money to develop them.—Washington Democrat.

"What large features she has!" "Yes, I don't believe it would be easy to stare her out of countenance."—Detroit Evening Journal.

A young man who thinks he has to spend a lot of money before he can settle down to business very often amounts to little or nothing.—Washington Democrat.

His Little Mistake.—Miss Beautigirl (coyly)—"Do you really love me, count?" Count Le Fraug (passionately)—"Loaf you, sweet cr-r-reature! I analyze you!"—Puck.

Of the future we know nothing, of the past little, of the present less; the mirror is too close to our eyes, and our own breath dims it.—Landor.

BIFFLEBY GOES YACHTING.

The Only Outlay Was for a Bottle of Tar.

A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revel keep.

"I don't know that I have the quotation exactly right," said Mr. Biffleby, "but it will serve as an introduction to what I want to say.

"I am very fond of yachting, but I don't go as much as I would like to on account of the expense. But I am not without the enjoyments of yachting; for when the desire for the water comes over me, as it does every summer, I manage to go yachting at home.

"Every spring I buy about a pound of tar, which I keep in a bottle tightly corked. When it comes along some drowsy summer day, and I feel that I would like to be lying on deck baking in the sun, with the yacht nodding along lazily in the summer breeze, then I take a trip at home.

"That night I eat fish for dinner, or clam chowder, and I go to bed early. Before going to bed I start the water running in the bathroom; the sound of it makes the waves, lapping against the bow of the boat. I clew up the awnings only partly; the starting of the awnings when the wind gets in their folds does for the swaying sails. I bring out the bottle of tar and uncork it, and set it on a chair up by the head of the bed. I douse the glim and tumble into bed, 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep.'"—N. Y. Sun.

Rather Discouraging.—Mr. Slim (hunting for a new boarding-house)—"Is the lady of the house in?" Servant—"No; she's gone for a policeman." "What are the terms for board here?" "Cash." "I mean how much a week?" "Ten an' fifteen a week, 'cordin' to room." "I presume she makes a reduction for people who stay a month or two?" "I don't know. No one ever stays that long." —N. Y. Weekly.

Arouse to Action

A dormant liver, or you will suffer all the tortures incident to a prolonged bilious attack. Constipation, headaches, dyspepsia, furred tongue, sour breath, pain in the right side, will admonish you of neglect. Discipline the recalcitrant organ at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and expect prompt relief. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness and debility are thoroughly removed by the Bitters.

Strong Probability of It.

"Is it a fact that Miss Frost has a cool million in her own name?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if she had. Her father was in the ice business, you know."—Cleveland Leader.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—Jennie Pinckard, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

Occasionally we hear of a man who "laughed heartily at the joke on himself." No man ever enjoyed a joke on himself.—Atchison Globe.

A loafer always complains of warm weather more than a hard working man.—Atchison Globe.

You may lose your temper, but others will find it.—Ram's Horn.

EDUCATIONAL.

Chicago Musical College.
CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,
CHICAGO, ILL.
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, PRESIDENT.
MUSIC ORATORY and DRAMATIC ART.
22nd SEASON BEGINS SEPT. 6, 1897.
SPEND FOR CATALOGUE.

VILLA RIDGE COLLEGE and CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. Best advantages for young ladies at lowest cost. Ample faculty in each department. Large, handsome buildings, lighted with gas, heated with steam, supplied with elegant bath rooms. Send for catalogue. E. R. DURRETT, A.M., Pres., Pewee Valley, Ky. (near Louisville).

THE COLUMBIA ATHENAEUM One of the best located and equipped schools for GIRLS in the South. Thorough work. Best advantages in Music and Art. REV. R. D. MCKEE, D.D., President, COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.

West Kentucky College Thorough courses of study in all departments. Unsurpassed in health and good water. Board, $10.00 per week. Send for catalogue. W. Alexander, Ph.D., Pres., South Carrollton, Ky.

SPRING HILL COLLEGE MOBILE, ALABAMA. Complete Classical and Commercial courses for young men and boys. French, German and Spanish taught without extra charge. Large staff of teachers. Address, VERY REV. R. MOYNIHAN, S.J., President, Spring Hill College, MOBILE, ALA.

LOGAN COLLEGE One of the oldest colleges for girls in the Southwest. Health unsurpassed. Curriculum and Faculty equal to the best. Terms reasonable. A. G. BURPEE, Pres't, BOWLING GREEN, KY.

KENTUCKY WESLEYAN COLLEGE, Winchester. Graduates take Highest Honors Business Universities. Eugene H. Peters, Pres.

A. N. K.—F 1667

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

The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES." USE

SAPOLIO

WITHOUT GRIP or GRIPE.

To get a natural result, a remedy should always act without violence, smoothly, easily, delightfully. This is the action of

Cascarets THE IDEAL LAXATIVE,

because they strengthen the muscular action of the bowels and gently stimulate the kidneys and liver. They are purely vegetable, containing no poisonous or injurious substances, and are recommended and used by young and old. BELIEVE WHAT WE SAY! 10 cents prove their merit, and we ask that you

BUY AND TRY A [illegible] TO-NIGHT!

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.