Activity of Vesuvius.

...ch anxiety has been caused in Naples ...the renewed activity of Mount Vesuvius. ...n overwhelming danger of this description produces universal terror. As a matter of fact there is little likelihood that Mt. Vesuvius will do any serious damage. On the other hand thousands die daily from stomach and digestive disorders, who might have survived had they resorted to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the greatest of known tonics for stomach and digestive organs. It cures kidney, liver and blood disorders.

The Cheap Cynic.—"The number of people who speak English," said the Amateur Statistician, "is now 116,000,000." "It is a wonder," said the Cheap Cynic, "some of them do not get on the stage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Catarrh

In the Head

Is an inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the nasal passages. It is caused by a cold or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradicates from the blood all scrofulous taints, rebuilds the delicate tissues and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some Short Sentences Containing Truths Which We All Recognize.

Cupid has a snap when he encounters an idle brain.

Bucket-shopping is about the only kind men indulge in.

Some wives prepare for war by rifling their husband's pockets.

Any man who will enlist to get away from his wife's mother is a coward.

Marriages may be made in Heaven, but there will always be a few doubters.

Political economy is the art of getting the most votes for the least money.

Lots of friends are retained by not saying the smart things we might have said.

Education benefits a man but little if he is unable to recognize an opportunity when he meets it.

The possibilities of a penitentiary sentence are about the only thing that can add to the dangers of football.

It's sometimes difficult for a girl to find her ideal man, but she's nearly always w... ing to accept a substitute.

A man may be the moneyed factor dur..g the engagement, but after marriage the woman always appoints herself cashier.—Chicago Evening News.

Mary Was a Mineralogist.

A teacher in one of the local schools was instructing a class of small children in mineralogy the other day, endeavoring to make clear to their young minds what a mineral really is. Standing before them, she began in her clear voice: "A mineral is an inorganic, homogeneous substance of definite, or approximately definite, chemical composition found in nature. Do you understand me? Come now, you have all seen minerals. And your mothers and fathers have told you the names of them, haven't they? Of course, they have. Now, can any one of you tell me the names of three minerals?" There was no response, and she continued: "Have not some of you been out and seen minerals on exhibition?" One little girl raised her hand. "I thought so. Mary will name three minerals." Mary arose, and, putting her hands behind her, lisped: "Apollinaris, Vichy and seltzer."—Chicago Chronicle.

All Arranged.

Mr. Wigsby—See here, my love, there is some mistake. The baggage delivery man has left seven trunks on our front porch.

Mrs. Wigsby (who has just returned from the mountains)—Imbecile! Don't you understand? He's coming back after dark for the extra five.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Thing Needful.

"What we need in this country," howled the political orator, "is an elastic currency—"

"Right you are, mister," interrupted a man near the door; "something that will stretch a man's income so as to make both ends meet."—Chicago Evening News.

Small Capital.

First Theater-Goer—Mrs. De Style, who went on the stage, after a divorce scandal, has failed to make expenses.

Second Theater-Goer—Well, it wasn't much of a scandal, anyhow.—N. Y. Weekly.

Metropolitan Ornithology.

Teacher—Miss Street, can you tell me what is most peculiar in the hatching of the cuckoo?

Miss Street (doubtfully)—It generally builds its nest in a clock.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Perplexing.

"Money talks" and "Silence is golden." With two such precepts what is a man going to do?—N. Y. Journal.

The Usual Way.

More people make a fuss over mushrooms and less people like them than any other alleged delicacy.—Washington Democrat.

"De trouble wif some men dat knows heap," said Uncle Eben, "is dat dey hab sech a positive way o' tellin' it dat dey makes folks too mad to listen."—Washington Star.

Always.—Little Robbie—"Pa, what's a man of the people?" Pa—"A candidate for office before election day."—Cleveland Leader.

Every master is more or less of a servant to his "help."—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A package is usually done up well for an express purpose.—Golden Days.

Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough.

Write to the Doctor.

Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently qualify us for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Tell us what your experience has been with our Cherry Pectoral. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

WHAT WE LIVE FOR

Dr. Talmage Preaches on What Our Lives Should Be.

The Object of Our Existence Down to the End Should Be Action —Paradise Is Only for the Workers.

Washington, Nov. 13. — To all those who feel that they have no especial mission in the world, this sermon of Dr. Talmage will come as a cheering revelation; text, John xviii, 37: "To this end was I born."

After Pilate has suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put into a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man, when he was in full life and power, that Christ was arraigned as in the court of oyer and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered: "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is to-day empalaced, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of Heaven. That is what he came for and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches 15 years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man or young woman can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale: "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brains of the greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and paneled and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for and you answered "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for and help you find your sphere and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph: "To this end was I born."

First I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or your grandparentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less effects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dneiper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help or about circumstances that you did not decree.

Take things as they are and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "To this end I was born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because He can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be 80 years off. And besides that He is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and He is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any imploration of Divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences, while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying: "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the Astronomer Forbes was going to London he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out: "Bring me a telescope!"

And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates or on paper ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draughtsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or bats and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at 12 years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books are standard now, though he has been dead over 200 years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood, have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and His is the one to ask? And let all parents and all schools and all universities and all colleges recognize this and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying: "To this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and Heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself: "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale," but if you go into a factory covering many acres and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels and shuttles flying and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water or steam or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I should say not much is expected of you. But stand up, oh, man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and He makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did He build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of $500,000 a year and turning out goods worth 70 cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on the mount of conspicuity or in the valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven: "To this end was I born."

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip, the conqueror, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the worldwide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox goad. Under God spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord, here is what I have! Show me the field, and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God."

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and courtrooms and judges and juries, and reveled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at 16 years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries, but after awhile I felt a call to the gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work; but one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs and while seated in the park of that village, I said to myself: "If I have an especial work to do in the world, I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions! Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory and spread his force out over a wide range. O Christian man, O Christian woman, break through somewhere! Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are 1,600,000,000 people in the world, then there are 1,600,000,000 different missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least 1,599,000,000 possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "To this end was I born."

And now I came to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had fever they bled him; if he had consumption they bled him; if he had rheumatism they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at 80 years of age I conclude that the life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at 70 than they used to do when he was 60, and no more premium at 50 than when he was 40. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health and the fact that the people know better how to take care of themselves human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when people lived 700 and 800 years the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead.

You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to anyone to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago, but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God Himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be and what I am sure some of you will be.

If you realize that it is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the apostle John said: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so, I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while, 80 or 100 or 150 years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much, but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity? Some think this earth will finally be turned into Heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides and all the volcanoes extinguished and all the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not care where Heaven is, if we can only get there; whether a gardenized America or an emparadised Europe or a world central to the whole universe. "To this end was I born." If each one of us could say that we would go with faces shining and hopes exhilarant amid earth's worst misfortunes and trials.

In the seventeenth century all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism, and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled, and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped, until on the morning of September 11 the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the sun on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, O ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in; the swords and the shields and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let Heaven go.

What a strange thing it must be to feel oneself born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer take Heaven and all of its raptures.

What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough and beautiful enough and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail, home of light and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

WIT AND WISDOM.

Some men get into financial straits and others get into crookeds.—Chicago Daily News.

"Oh, yes, my husband's a good enough sort of a man in his way." "Don't you mean in your way?"—Pick-Me-Up.

She—"Do you mean to tell me that I am the only woman you ever loved?" He—"Yes. All the rest were girls."—Judy.

"We have a hen that laid two eggs in one day." "Oh, that's nothing. My father laid a foundation stone."—World's Comic.

Mike—"The top av the mornin' to yez, Pat." Pat (muddled)—"Shure, Oi've got it, me bhoy; me head's going round somethin' awful!"—Fun.

Getting It Right.—Mose—"Which would you say, 'de committee are,' or 'de committee is?'" Uncle Rastus—"I wouldn't say none ob dem. I would say 'de committee am.'"—Cleveland Leader.

One of the Old Sort.—Mr. Dukane—"I understand that the dowager empress of China is a reactionist." Mr. Gaswell—"She is. She declares that no one shall call her a new woman."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

"Why is a merchant who does not advertise like a man in a rowboat?" asked the student. "Keeps going backward," guessed his friend. "No; he is trying to get along without sales," said the student.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware the check for $50,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect." "Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."—Vanity Fair.

FAMOUS TRIALS.

Some Noted Lawsuits That Have Consumed Many Years in Settlement.

The recent death of Jean Lule, the famous witness in the yet more famous Tichborne trial, has called to mind that great law case, and led again to the recollection of other cases which have left their marks on our legal lists for the length of time they took before being settled.

The record for long cases in the law courts is held by the celebrated suit known as the "Bishop Demetra will case," which arose from the estates left by that prelate in 1768 and went on a long and terribly protracted career till it ended in 1890. At first there was some £250,000 for distribution among the heirs, but ere the trial had finished (122 years after its start) there were so many claimants to the money and law costs had so swallowed it up that it worked out at one pound sterling each all round!

The next case in point of years was the famous "Parker agt. Dawkins," which was commenced in 1823, and struggled on until 1869. This was a suit for the estate of the West Indian planter, J. J. Parker, who was extremely rich and died in 1823 in Portland place. Commissioner Stoner at Westminster heard much of it in its latest stages, and the reason why it finished in 1869 was that the whole estate had been exhausted in paying the lawyers' costs. This case had a far greater claim to fame than that of being merely the second longest trial in our island of which we have any full account. It will evermore be memorable owing to its being the original from which Charles Dickens took his renowned case of "Jarndyce agt. Jarndyce," in "Bleak House." Which of us has not laughed at the vagaries of that great case as set down by the celebrated novelist?

A strange thing in connection with this case should also be mentioned. This was that one of the parties to the suit, a Mr. G. C. Parker, who had been supposed to have been killed in Paris about 1840, turned up and gave evidence in 1861. Yet his estate had been administered as that of a deceased man 20 years before.

The trial of Warren Hastings for illegalities committed during his governorship of India, which took place at the end of the last century, lasted over seven years. This is our longest state trial.

All the above cases, however, grew to such length because they were being constantly adjourned for long periods, and so little of them was heard at once. Of trials fairly continuous and reckoning up all the days actually taken, the Tichborne trial holds first place without much difficulty. It began in 1872, and was not really completed till the claimant was sentenced to prison for perjury in 1874. There had been sittings of the court for no less a time than 188 days ere the finish came as described.

Mention must be made also in this list of long trials of the Parnell case, which occupied the judges for a period of 129 fairly good days.—London Tit-Bits.

An Accidental Cure.

An English paper tells this story at the expense of a well-known physician: Not long ago an anxious mother brought her daughter to see him. The girl was suffering from what is known among people as "general lowness." There was nothing much the matter with her, but she was pale and listless, and did not care about eating or doing anything. The doctor, after due consultation, prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and bore off her daughter, determined to carry out the prescription to the very letter. In ten days' time they were back again, and the girl looked a different creature. She was rosy-cheeked, smiling, and the picture of health. The doctor congratulated himself upon the keen insight he had displayed in his diagnosis of the case. 'I am glad to see that your daughter is so much better," he said. "Yes," exclaimed the excited and grateful mother; "thanks to you, doctor! She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day since we were here, and sometimes oftener—and once or twice uncooked — and now look at her!"—Cleveland Leader.

She Was Innocent.

"Hold on a minute, Bridget," said the first girl; "don't go into the dining-room just now. Mr. Goodman is saying grace."

"Saying grase is it!" the second girl replied. "Well, Oi washed the linen meself and if him or annyone else can say anny grase on it, it's the work av thim children, and Oi ain't afraid to tell them so to their face!"—Cleveland Leader.

HE GOT EVEN

His Customer Beat Him at the Start, But He Got Back at Him in Good Shape.

There is an old retired merchant in Detroit who delights in recalling his experiences when an active man running a general store in one of the northern cities of the lower peninsula.

"I used to reap a harvest when the men were coming out of the woods," he relates. They were not up in styles, and about any old thing would suit them provided the color was right and the fit even passable. But there were tricksters among them and I had to have my wits about me in order to keep even with them.

"'How much is this hat?' asked a strapping six-footer who arrived from camp one day with a pocket full of money.

"'Two fifty,' I replied.

"Then he informed me that he always had the crowns of his hats punched full of holes in order to keep his head cool, and his hair from coming out. I soon had this attended to, and then he asked what the hat was worth. 'Two fifty,' I responded, in surprise, but he laughed at me for asking such a price for damaged goods. He had me and got his hat for a dollar while the jolly crowd with him had a laugh at my expense. He wanted to look at some 'fiddles,' and after pricing one at $10 concluded to take it.

"'Where's the bow?' he asked, as I was doing up the package.

"'You only bought the fiddle,' I laughed. The others saw the point and laughed, too. The giant tried to bluff me, but I kept good humored and got even on the hat by charging him $1.50 for the bow. I not only got even, but the others were so pleased with my 'Yankee trick' that they spent plenty of money with me."—Detroit Free Press.

Revenue.

Clearly it was advisable to go to war.

"But how about revenue?" ventured the courtly Sir Godfrey.

"Revenue?" repeated the queen, lightly. "I have but to stamp my foot and abundant revenue will be forthcoming!"

It will be observed that in those days there was no stamping of bank checks, vaccination certificates or chewing gum, to say nothing of cigarettes and keg pilsener.—Detroit Journal.

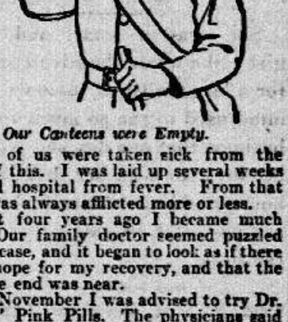
Progress of Science.

Scientists now announce that whisky contains ptomaines. In antebellum days in St. Louis they were called snakes.—St. Louis Star.

HARDSHIPS OF ARMY LIFE.

From the Press, Milroy, Ind.

One of the first to offer their services for the country in the Civil War, was A. R. Sefton, of Milroy, Rush Co., Ind. He made a good record. The life of every soldier is a hard one, and Mr. Sefton's case was no exception. "We were in Tennessee, penned in on all sides. Our rations were very scarce," said he, "and we had begun to go on quarter allowance, and as the rain was not enough to replenish the wells or streams, our canteens went empty. We were hurried on, and the only way to quench our thirst was to go down on our hands and knees and drink from the hoof tracks made by the horses.



Our Canteens were Empty.

"Some of us were taken sick from the effects of this. I was laid up several weeks in a field hospital from fever. From that time I was always afflicted more or less.

"About four years ago I became much worse. Our family doctor seemed puzzled over my case, and it began to look as if there was no hope for my recovery, and that the inevitable end was near.

"Last November I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The physicians said they were an excellent medicine, but would do no good in my case. But I tried them, and am glad I did for I became better at once. Eight boxes, taken according to directions, cured me. I used the last of the pills about a year ago, and have not been troubled with my ailments since."

The power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the vast number of diseases due to impure or poisoned blood, has been demonstrated in thousands of instances as remarkable as the one related above.

A Doubting Thomas.

"Sound," said the pedagogue, "is something that a person can hear, but can neither see nor feel."

"Oh, I don't know!" exclaimed the boy at the foot of the class. "I think I can prove that you are off in your theory."

"Very well, Thomas," retorted the man of learning, "go ahead and prove it, then."

"Only yesterday you gave me a sound thrashing," said Thomas; "I suppose the other pupils saw it, and don't you ever think for a minute that I didn't feel it."—Chicago Evening News.

Couldn't Fool Her.

"We must lay in an extra supply of fuel this winter," said the credulous business man while talking to his practical wife the other evening. "The cornhusks are unusually thick, and that means a long, hard winter."

"Who told you?"

"The man we always buy coal from."

"I thought so. We will just give the usual order."—Detroit Free Press.

Sage Advice.

No man should marry till he can listen to a baby crying in the next room and not feel like breaking the furniture.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

"Folks dat insists on habbin' dar own way," said Uncle Eben, "runs a good deal o' risk in not habbin' no one ter blame when ...ngs goes wrong."—Washington Star.

We have a great deal to be thankful for, if we could only spare the time.—Town Topics.

Souvenir is the maiden name of rubbish.—Atchison Globe.

Almost any man who has kept house for 20 years can go up in the attic and see things that cost him $1,000, and that he couldn't get a $10 bill for now.—Somerville Journal.

For days she hovered at death's door; but now the fever had turned at last. "You will recover!" exclaimed the physician, joyously. A shade of anxiety swept across her wasted features. "Will my hair grow in curly?" she demanded. Ah, how pitifully confounded is science before the really important secrets of the future!—Detroit Journal.

Jamaica, with its ginger, might become desirable territory if this country ever gets cramped elsewhere.—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Young—"Bridget, run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is this morning." Bridget (returning)—"Shure, ma'am, she says she's seventy years and eight months old, and wants to know what business that is of yours."—Cornell Widow.

Charley Gosset asked a friend of his from the country the other day if she had been out to the fair, and she replied as follows: "I didn't went, I didn't want to went, and if I had wanted to went, I couldn't have gotten to gwine."—Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle.

Eric—"I like to see a man ready to fight for the truth." Alec—"Yes; why, only yesterday a man said I lied, and I hit him in an instant."—Answers.

The congresswoman from the new state of Mpjkobrwp, now rose and addressed the house. "I move," she exclaimed, "that all this red tape be dispensed with!" The motion carried unanimously. But when it was urged that there be substituted heliotrope tape with a sea-green border, difficulties arose. The brunette wing of the dominant party, supported by the agrarian bleached blonds, insisted upon shrimp pink.—Detroit Journal.

It is from books that wise men derive consolation in the troubles of life.—Victor Hugo.

THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me.—Mrs. George Wass, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to stand up for more than five minutes, I felt so miserable. One day a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my house, and I sat right down and read it. I then got some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I feel like a new woman; my monthly suffering is a thing of the past. I shall always praise the Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me.—Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild.

Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—Mrs. Carrie V. Williams, South Mills, N. C.

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

"The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills

A RETROSPECT.

The Man of Years Gives the Youth a Little Food for Rumination.

"I was thinking," said the man who had just given a deep sigh, "of the departed days of youth."

"Ah, yes," answered his companion, as he stroked his downy mustache; "youth is the springtime of life; the period when all our ideals are undimmed."

"It is, it is. It is the time when the blossoms are fresh and fair, with no suspicion of the blight which may come to harm the fruit."

"I suppose that when a man gets a little along in years, say—er—like yourself, he'd give a great deal if he could only turn the clock back a decade or so."

"He would. There's no use denying it; he would. He can't help feeling gloomy over what he has lost; those days when he thought that he could give Bismarck points on statesmanship, if he'd only take the trouble to study a little; when he was certain he'd be able to give Rubinstein music lessons, if he decided to turn his attention to the piano; when he didn't entertain the slightest doubt of his ability to show Booth where his reading of Shakespeare might be improved, and when he looked up at night and saw a sky that teemed with undiscovered planets, waiting for him to turn astronomer. He may have more sense when he gets older and not annoy the neighbors so much; but I d'no's it's worth what he has given up."—Washington Star.

A MUCH-MOURNED MOTHER.

Col. Shafter Thought Twice in One Month Was Too Often for Her to Die.

When Shafter was senior colonel of the army he was temporarily in charge of some western post, and numbered in his command an exceedingly bright, capable fellow whose cleverness was continually getting him the noncommission stripes, and whose escapades were just as frequently getting him reduced to the ranks. One day this soldier turned up at Shafter's quarters with a long face and applied for leave to attend the funeral of his mother, who had died the previous night, he said, in the town. The request was granted, but later on, in looking over the same records, the colonel discovered that the same man had been granted leave the month before on the identical pretext. Shafter said nothing, but a couple of days afterward encountered the bereaved warrior on the parade ground. "Look here, my man," said Pecos Bill, solemnly, "I want to ask you a question. Were you good to that mother of yours while she was alive?"

"Well, sir—yes, sir—that is, I hope so," stammered the culprit, not knowing what was coming.

"I hope so, too," replied the colonel. "I've heard of mothers dying for their sons, but never of one dying twice in 30 days for one. You may go in mourning for a month—at the guardhouse."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Not Legal Tender.

"I must request the congregation to contribute generously this morning," said Rev. Mr. Slimpay, sadly. "My salary is eight months in arrears, and my creditors are pressing. I of course work largely for love, and love equally of course is tender, but it isn't legal tender."—Harper's Bazar.

Not the Dame.

Baggs—It is said that Dame Fortune knocks once at every man's door.

Jaggs—Well, it was her daughter, Miss Fortune, who called on me.—Boston Traveler.

Professor (in medical college)—"What is the first thing you do in case of a cold?" Bright Student—"Sneeze, sir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Frigid Combine.

"There's the coldest deal yet," snapped the hardware dealer to his head clerk.

"What's that?"

"They're getting up a refrigerator trust."—Detroit Free Press.

Hicks—"You want to know if Innerby loves that girl? Why, he actually loves her faults." Wicks—"Lucky girl! She has so many."—Boston Transcript.

Every Skin Irritation,

including Tetter, Ringworm, Cracked Hands, Eczema, Dandruff, etc., cured by Tetterine. 50 cents at druggists, or by mail for cash or stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Most Important.

Would-be Writer—What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature?

Old Hand—A small appetite.—Tit-Bits.

The Sprangles have been boasting a long time about their horseless carriage. It turns out to be only a baby's perambulator.—Boston Transcript.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

Some of the highest-priced stuff the apothecary sells is a drug on the market.—Golden Days.

If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The servant girl who doesn't know her place shows that knowledge isn't the only thing which is power.—Detroit Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

No matter how stubborn a man is, he has to wear glasses when the time comes, just the same.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

The first proof of a man's incapacity for anything is his endeavor to fix the stigma of failure upon others.—Haydon.

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Bears The Signature Of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years

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