Good Digestion

Waits on appetite, or it should do so, but this can be only when the stomach is in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla so tones and strengthens the stomach that it digests food easily and naturally and then all dyspeptic troubles vanish.

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Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills. 25 cents.

A WISE HERO.

He Wanted the Magazine Rights Before He Did Any Charging on the Enemy.

"No," declared the captain, "I positively decline to lead my company up that hill."

"Sir," exclaimed the colonel, "do you know that what you are saying is rank insubordination?"

"Call it insubordination or what you will," the captain returned, "but I refuse to go."

The colonel was furious. The company that he had detached for the purpose of storming the hill and capturing the fort on top of it was the only one that could be spared, and unless his plans as arranged were executed the whole campaign would fail. Not only that, but his little army would in all probability be cut off from the main body and wiped out of existence.

It was a critical moment. The captain could be court-martialed and shot for his refusal to obey orders, but what of it? Every man was needed. To court-martial and shoot the obstinate captain would not be to take the hill and the fort. He was the only man who could do it with the force at his command.

What was to be done? The colonel gnawed his mustache and thought hard. At last he decided to appeal to the captain instead of ordering him.

"Think, man, think of the glory that you will win if you do this thing," he urged.

"I know all about that," the captain replied.

"Well, for heaven's sake, don't you want to be a hero? Think of it! The entire nation will applaud you!"

"I realize that, and am anxious to become a hero; but I positively refuse to do it until you drive all those correspondents back and keep them off the field. I propose, if I do this business, to retain the sole magazine rights on it. I'm not going to do a heroic thing and then let somebody else get $500 a page for writing it up!"

So the hill was taken, and the far-seeing captain is now living in luxury and winning new laurels with his pen.—Cleveland Leader.

Opinions of a Pessimist.

After a man has proved that he knows something it doesn't matter how he combs his hair.

A woman who never weeps is of no more account than a pump without a handle.

It is better to have a consistent enemy than a friend who doubts you.

He who hesitates is lost if he has written any letters committing himself.

Great expectations have made an idler of many a man with good stuff in him.

Men who build up their own fortunes often forget to fit themselves for the positions into which their money lifts them.—Cleveland Leader.

$100 Reward $100.

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

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Diplomacy.

Tommy—Papa, what is that diplomacy the papers talk so much about?

Papa—Diplomacy is the art which enables one man to inform another that he is a scoundrel without giving him a chance to get mad about it.—Chicago Evening News.

Tested and Found Wanting.

Mrs. Matchmaker—Marie, do you think Mr. Slowman is in earnest?

Miss Matchmaker—I'm afraid not, mamma. I mentioned diamonds last evening, and he only yawned.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Agricultural.

"Our town," exclaimed the man who had accumulated most of the desirable lots, "has flourished like a great tree."

"Yes," said the town cynic, "we have done the rooting and you the grafting."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cohenstein—"I vonder vy volks say dot peezness vos peezness?" Mrs. Cohenstein—"Vell, ain'd id?" Cohenstein—"No; peezness vos bleasure."—Puck.

He who sows thorns must not go barefoot.—Spanish Proverb.

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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."

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FOR THE YOUNG MEN.

Words of Counsel Offered by Dr. Talmage for Them.

The Dangers Which Await Unwary Feet—Warns Against Drinking, Gambling and Unthrifty Habits.

(Washington, Copyright,

This arousing and practical sermon by Dr. Talmage will reach many hearts and be an especial inspiration to those who are now starting in life. His text is Zechariah ii, 4: "Run, speak to this young man."

There was no snow on the beard of the prophet of my text, and no crow's feet had left their mark near his eyes. Zechariah was a young man, and in a day dream he saw and heard two angels talking about the rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. One of these angels desires that young Zechariah should be well informed about the rebuilding of that city, its circumference and the height of its walls, and he says to the angel: "Run, speak to this young man." Do not walk, but run, for the message is urgent and imminent. So every young man needs to have immediate advice about the dimensions, the height and the circumference of that which under God he is to build—namely, his own character and destiny. No slow or laggard pace will do. A little farther on and counsel will be of no advantage. Swift footed must be the practical and important suggestions, or they might as well never be made at all. Run at the pace of five miles the hour and speak to that young man. Run, before this year of 1898 is ended. Run, before this century is closed. Run, before his character is inexorably decided for two worlds, this world and the next. How many of us have found out by long and bitter experience things that we ought to have been told before we were 25 years of age! Now I propose to tell you some things which if you will seriously and prayerfully observe will make you master of every situation in which you ever will be placed.

Now, if you would be master of the situation do not expend money before you get it. How many young men irretrievably mortgage their future because of resources that are quite sure to be theirs. Have the money either in your hand or in a safety deposit or in a bank or in a United States bond before you make purchases or go into expensive enterprises or hitch a spanking team to a glittering turnout or contract for the building of a mansion on the Potomac or the Hudson. Do not depend on an inheritance from your father or uncle. The old man may live on a good deal longer than you expect, and the day of your enforced payment may come before the day of his decease. You cannot depend upon rheumatism or heart failure or senility to do its work. Longevity is so wonderfully improved that you cannot depend upon people dying when you think they ought to. They live to be septuagenarians or octogenarians or nonagenarians or even centenarians, and meanwhile their heirs go into bankruptcy, or, tempted to forgery or misappropriation of trust funds or watering of railroad or mining stock, go into the penitentiary. Neither had you better spread yourself out because of the 15 or 20 per cent. you expect from an investment. Most of the 15 or 20 per cent. investments are apt to pay nothing save the privilege of being assessed to meet the obligations of the company in the affairs of which you get involved. Better get three and one-half per cent. from a government bond than be promised 15 per cent. from a dividend which will never be declared or paid only once or twice, so as to tempt you deeper in before the grand smash up and you receive, instead of a payment of dividends, a letter from the president and secretary of the company saying they are very sorry.

If you have to wait a year or five years or ten years or most of your lifetime, then you had better wait rather than spend money you expect to get. Then after you get it do not spend it all. Never spend a dollar until you have 50 cents that you do not spend. In the government service in this city how many splendid women who are the daughters of men who spent all they got and then sneaked out of life to leave their daughters penniless, to be looked after by some kind senator or other friend who might solicit for them a position on small salary, but enough to keep them from starvation and the poorhouse! Such men do not die; they abscond. I cannot understand how such spendthrift and reckless and improvident men dare at their decease appear at the door of Heaven seeking admission when they have left their families in the Tophet of want and mendicancy. Such men do not deserve a throne and a harp and a mansion, but an everlasting poorhouse. From no disappointed or disgruntled state of mind do I give this counsel, for life has been to me a glad surprise, as it has been to most people a disappointment. I expected nothing of advantage or opportunity, and so everything has been to me a matter of pleased amazement, but I have seen so many men ruined for time and eternity by going into expenditure, with nothing to depend upon except anticipation, that if I had power to put all warnings into one clap of thunder I would with that startling vehemence say to all young men what John Randolph said in yonder senate chamber as he stretched his long finger out toward some senatorial opponent and with shrill voice cried out: "Gentlemen, pay as you go!"

Do not say you have no chance, but remember Isaac Newton, the greatest astronomer of his day, once peddling cabbages in the street, and Martin Luther singing on the public square for any pennies that he might pick up, and John Bunyan mending kettles, and the late Judge Bradley, of the United States supreme court, who was the son of a charcoal burner, and Turner, the painter, who was the son of a barber, and Lord Clive, who saved India to England, shipped by his father to Madras as a useless boy whom he wanted to get rid of, and Prideaux, the world-renowned scholar and theologian, scouring pots and pans to work his way through college, and the mother of the late William E. Dodge, the philanthropist and magnificent man, keeping a thread and needle store, and Peter Cooper, who worked on small wages in a glue factory, living to give $500,000 for the founding of an institute that has already educated thousands of the poor sons and daughters of America, and Bowditch, the scientist, beginning his useful learning and affluent career by reading the books that had been driven ashore from a shipwreck at Salem. There is, young man, a great financial or literary or moral or religious success awaiting you if you only know how to go up and take it. Then take it or get ready to take it. The mightier the opposition the grander the triumph when you have conquered. There is a flower in Siberia that blooms only in January, the severest month of that cold climate. It is a star-shaped flower and covered with glistening specks like diamonds. A Russian took some of the seeds of that flower to St. Petersburg and planted them, and they grew, and on the coldest day of January they pushed back the snow and ice and burst into full bloom. They called it the "snow flower," and it makes me think of those whom the world tries to freeze out and snow under, but who in the strength of God push through and up and out and bloom in the hardest weather of the world's cold treatment, starred and radiant with a beauty given only to those who find life a struggle and turn it into a victory.

Again, if you would master the situation, when angry do not utter a word or write a letter, but before you speak a word or write a word sing a verse of some hymn in tune arranged in minor key and having no staccato passages. If very angry, sing two verses. If in a positive rage, sing three verses. First of all, the unhealthiest thing on earth is to get mad. It jangles the nerves, enlarges the spleen and sets the heart into a wild thumping. Many a man and many a woman has in time of such mental and physical agitation dropped dead. Not only that, but it makes enemies out of friends, and makes enemies more virulent, and anger is partial or consummate suicide. Great attorneys, understanding this, have often won their cause by willfully throwing the opposing counsel into a rage. There is one man you must manage or one woman you must control in order to please God and make life a success, and that is yourself. There are drawbridges to every castle by which you may keep out of your nature foreign foes, but no man has a defense against himself unless it be a Divine defense. Out of the millions of the human race there is only one person who can do you permanent and everlasting harm, and that is the being that walks under your own hat and in your own shoes. The hardest realm that you will ever have to govern is the realm between your scalp and heel. The most dangerous cargo a ship can carry is dynamite, and the most perilous thing in one's nature is an explosive temper. If your nature is hopelessly irascible and tempestuous, then dramatize placidity. If the ship is on fire and you cannot extinguish the flames, at any rate keep down the hatches. When at some injustice inflicted upon you or some insult offered, or some wrong done, the best thing for you to say is to say nothing, and the best thing for you to write is to write nothing. If the meanness done you is unbearable, or you must express yourself or die, then I commend a plan that I have once or twice successfully adopted. Take a sheet of paper. Date it at your home or office, then put the wrongdoer's name at the head of the letter page, without any prefix of "colonel" or suffix of "D.D.," and begin with no term of courtesy, but a bold and abrupt "sir." Then follow it with a statement of the wrong he has done you and of the indignation you have felt. Put it into the strongest terms of execration you can employ without being profane. Sign your name to the red-hot epistle. Fold it. Envelope it. Direct it plainly to the man who has done you wrong. Carry the letter a week or two weeks, if need be, and then destroy it. In God's name, destroy it!

I like what Abraham Lincoln said to one of his cabinet officers. That cabinet officer had been belied and misrepresented until in a fury he wrote a letter of arraignment to his enemy and in tersest possible phraseology told him what he thought of him. The cabinet officer read it to Mr. Lincoln and asked him how he liked it. Mr. Lincoln replied: "It is splendid for sarcasm and scorn. I never heard anything more complete in that direction. But do you think you can afford to send it?" That calm and wise and Christian interrogation of the president stopped the letter, and it was never sent. Young man, before you get far on in life, unless you are an exception among men, you will be wronged, you will be misinterpreted, you will be outraged. All your sense of justice will be in conflagration. Let me know how you meet that first great offense, and I will tell you whether your life will be a triumph or a failure. You see, equipoise at such a time means so many things. It means self control. It means a capacity to foresee results. It means a confidence in your own integrity. It means a faith in the Lord God that He will see you through.

Again, if you would be master of the situation put the best interpretation on the character and behavior of others. Do not be looking for hypocrites in churches, or thieving among domestic servants, or swindlers among business men, or malfeasance in office. There is much in life to make men suspicious of others, and when that characteristic of suspicion becomes dominant a man has secured his own unhappiness, and he has become an offense in all circles, religious, commercial and political. The man who moves for a committee of investigation is generally a moral derelict. The man who goes with his nostrils inflated, trying to discover something malodorous, is not a man, but a sleuthhound. The world is full of nice people, generous people, people who are doing their best—good husbands, good wives, good fathers, good mothers, good officers of the law, good judges, good governors, good state and national legislators, good rulers. Does some man growl out: "That has not been my experience, and I think just the opposite?" Well, my brother, I am sorry for your afflictive circumstances, and that you had an unfortunate ancestry, and that you have kept such bad company and had such discouraging environment. I notice that after a man has been making a violent tirade against his fellow men he is on his way down, and if he live long enough he will be asking you for a quarter of a dollar to get a drink or a night's lodging. Behave yourself well, O young man, and you will find life a pleasant thing to live, and the world full of friends, and God's benediction everywhere about you.

Again, if you would be master of the situation, expect nothing from good luck or haphazard or gaming adventures. In this time, when it is estimated that gambling exchanges money to the amount of about $80,000,000 a day, this remark may be useful. There come times in many a man's life when he hopes to get something for which he does not give an equivalent, and there are 50 kinds of gambling. Stand aloof from all of them.

Understand that the gambling spirit is a disease, and the more successful you are the more certain you are to go right on to your own ruin. Having made his thousands, why does not the gambler stop and make a safe investment of what he has gained and spend the rest of his life in quiet or less hazardous style of occupation? The reason is he cannot stop. Nothing but death ever cures a confirmed gambler. Dr. Keeley's gold cure rescues the drunkard, and there are anti-tobacco preparations that will arrest the victim of nicotine, and religion can save anyone except a gambler. The fact is he is irresponsible. Having got the habit in him, he is no more responsible for keeping on than a man falling from the roof of a four-story house can stop at the window of the second story. Here and there you may find an instance where a gambler has been reported or reports himself as being converted, but in that case the man was not fully under the heel of the passion. The real gambler is a through passenger to death and perdition. The only use in referring to him is in the way of prevention. He began by taking chances on a bookcase or a sewing machine at a church fair and ended by getting a few pennies for his last valuable in a pawnbroker's shop. The only man who gambles successfully is the man who loses so fearfully at the start that he is disgusted and quits. Let him win at the start and win again, and it means farewell to home and Heaven. Most merciless of all habits!

Horace Walpole says that a man dropped down at the door of a clubhouse in London and was carried in, and the gamblers began to bet whether he was dead or not, and when it was proposed to bleed him for his recovery the gamblers objected that it would affect the fairness of the bet. What noble men they must have been! But more and more ladies are becoming gamblers. They bet at the races and have prizes in social groups which are nothing but the stakes of gambling. A good way for a lady to get into the gamester's habit is by beginning with "progressive euchre." That opens the door in a fashionable way. In one of our great cities invitations were sent out for such a meeting at the card tables. The guests entered, and sat down and began. After awhile the excitement ran high, and the lady who was the hostess fainted and fell under the table. The guests arose, but some one said: "Don't touch the bell! Let us finish the game. She would have done so herself and would wish us, if she spoke." The game went on for 30 minutes longer, and then a physician was called. After examination of the case it was found that the lady had been dead 20 minutes. As the guests lift their hands in surprise I exclaim in regard to them: What delicate and refined and angelic womanhood!

Again, if you would be master of the situation, never adjourn until to-morrow what you can do to-day. The difference between happy and inspiring work and wearying and exhausting and dispiriting work is the difference between work behind you and work before you. But always wait until you feel like it, wait until circumstances are more propitious, wait till next week or wait till next year, and the probability is the work will be only half done or never done at all. Postponement is the curse of a vast population. After awhile all the things that ought to have been done previously will rush in upon you, and, it being too much for your brain and nerves, you will be a fit subject for paralysis or nervous prostration. How many battles have been lost because the general did not strike quick enough, and the enemy had full time to gather reenforcement! You intend some time to write that important letter. You intend some time to make that business call. You intend some time to finish that book. You intend some time to preach that sermon. Where is some time? What is some time? Does it walk or does it float about you? Will it happen to come? No! Some time is never. There are no stragglers in the days and months and years. If one day should refuse to keep step and become a straggler, it would wreck the universe. Promptness! Up to time! To-day! Now! You will get only what you win.

Again, if you would be master of the situation, and I name it last because it is the most important, for you know that which is last mentioned is apt to be best remembered, I charge you get into your heart and life, your conversation and your manners, your body, mind and soul, the near 6,000-year-old religion of the Bible. Why so? Because the large majority of people quit this life before 25 years of age, and the possibility is that if you do not take possession of this religion, and religion does not take possession of you while you are young, you will never come into alliance. Mrs. McKinley, the mother of our president, said to me at the white house: "I am living on borrowed time, for I am over 80 years of age." My reply to her was the reply I make to you: "All those who are over 25 years of age are living on borrowed time, since the majority of people go out of the world before 25 years of age."

Heraclitus, according to Plato, said that no man bathes twice in the same river. But, suppose you live to be octogenarians, do you not see that postponement is an awful waste of nerve and muscle and brain? What is the use of your pulling a heavy load all your life when you can have two of the white horses that St. John saw in Heaven harnessed to your load? Suppose you have a great mill wheel to turn. You can put that mill wheel where it will be turned by a mill race of water one foot deep, poured by a small brook, or you can put it along the deep and swift St. Lawrence, which will roll through the mill race tons of water every second of time. Are you going to run your life by the shadow drippings of earthly influence or by the rolling rivers of omnipotent power? Are you going to undertake the work of life with nothing but your own brain or arm or with your own brain and arm backed up by all the terrestrial and all the celestial forces of the Almighty? I make as great an offer as was ever made by man. I offer you God. He tells me to make that point-blank proposition. If you want them, you can have them on your side for the earnest asking—omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence! Can you imagine a greater contrast than a young man undertaking life alone—life, with all its confrontments of temptation and obstacle—and a young man undertaking life with every wing of angel and every thunderbolt of Heaven pledged for his defense and advancement—the difference between a young man alone and a young man befriended by the Maker and Upholder of the universe? The battle of life is so severe that no young man can afford to decline any help, and the mightiest help is God. One night in the year 1741 Count Lessock went to escort Princess Elizabeth of Russia to a throne which was then unoccupied. She halted, she hesitated, she wondered whether she had better go to the palace and mount the throne of all the Russias. Then Count Lessock drew on a paper two sketches, the one of herself and the count in disgrace and on the scaffold and the other of herself on a throne amid buzzing subjects. When she saw plainly that she must make a choice, she chose the throne. I put before the young men of Washington and the young men of America the choice between overthrow and enthronement. You may have what you will. Will you be the slave of passion and sin and death, or a conqueror empalaced? The Spanish proverb was right when it said: "The road of By and By leads to the town of Never."

THE DRUNKEN MAN.

And the Mystery of How He Keeps His Feet and Steers Clear of Danger.

"Drunken men, of course, do fall down cellarways and that sort of thing," said Mr. Nozzleby, according to the New York Sun. "We read about it occasionally in the papers, but still such mishaps are comparatively rare. Men seem to stagger up to the very verge of such places, and then sheer off in safety. Probably everybody that has lived in a city has at one time or another followed some drunken man with his eye and seen him as he pursued his zigzag course along the sidewalk, lurch up to and fairly lean over the top step of some basement stairs, seen him still leaning, as though he must inevitably topple over and go smashing down to the bottom, only to observe him finally sway back, away from the steps, to start again on his devious course and bring up a moment later on the curbstone hanging in the same manner and in the same danger of falling, now into the gutter.

"But he doesn't fall, and one wonders what preserves him. He staggers on his way, and stumbles sometimes, but recovers himself and never quite goes down. Again he skims smooth and straight along the very edge of some danger spot, but keeps right on into safety. And so he pursues his crooked and dangerous way with a dip or a dive now and then that brings the heart into the mouth of some passer-by who chances upon him suddenly; and at times it seems as though he must go down, but something keeps him up, and some instinct, apparently independent of himself, turns him back from the brink. With such glimmering of sense as he has left, if he has any, he struggles hard to keep up. He may not realize it himself, but instinct makes known to him that if once he goes down he can't get up.

"Pursuing a straight course you soon come up with and pass the staggerer going criss-cross, steering out, perhaps, as you pass, to avoid collision with him."

Knew All by Heart.

The vicar of Skegby, England, was marrying a couple the other day, both of whom had been constant attendants at his Sunday school. The woman in the case had, indeed, but recently captured a prize offered for ability to repeat by rote without mistake the entire catechism of the Church of England. She had apparently suffered nothing from the tax upon her memory until the clergyman turned to her before the altar and asked, according to the ritual: "Mary Jane, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" Then habit asserted itself, and the tangled skein of memory refused to unravel. "Yes, verily, by God's help, so I will," she replied, "and I heartily thank our Heavenly Father, who hath brought me into this state of salvation."

Zulus Fear Mothers-in-Law.

Among the mysterious customs of the Zulus is the dread which the married man has of his mother-in-law. He is afraid to meet her and always holds up his shield to screen him from her glance when he passes her dwelling.

Beware of a Talker.

A loquacious friend is often worse than a discreet enemy.—Chicago Daily News

LAST MAN ON THE MAINE.

Capt. Sigsbee Requested His Officers to Precede Him Off the Wrecked Ship.

Capt. Charles D. Sigsbee in his "Personal Narrative of the Maine" in the Century, speaking of the scene following the explosion, says:

"It was a hard blow to be obliged to leave the Maine; none of us desired to leave while any part of her poop remained above water. We waited until satisfied that she was resting on the bottom of the harbor. Lieut. Commander Wainwright then whispered to me that he thought the forward ten-inch magazine had been blown up into the burning material amidship and might explode at any time, with further disastrous effects. He was then directed to get everybody into the boats, which was done. It was an easy operation; one had only to step directly from the deck into the boat. There was still some delay to make sure that the ship's stern had grounded, and still more because of the extreme politeness of the officers, who considerately offered me a steadying hand to step into the boat. Lieut. Commander Wainwright stood on one side and Lieut. Holman on the other; each offered me a hand. I suggested the propriety of my being the last to leave, and requested them to precede me, which they did. There was favorable comment later in the press because I left last. It is a fact that I was the last to leave, which was only proper; that is to say, it would have been improper otherwise; but virtually all left last. The fine conduct of those who came under my observation that night was conspicuous and touching. The heroism of the wounded men I did not see at the time, but afterward good reports of their behavior were very common. The patient way in which they bore themselves left no doubt that they added new honors to the service when the Maine went down."

SLEEPING MACHINES.

Ingenious Mechanical Apparatus for Bringing About the Condition of Slumber.

Experiments have been made recently with some curious devices in the shape of "sleep machines." Sleep will sometimes result from fatigue of the eyes. Looking at trees or other objects as we rush along in the train will frequently "send us off."

An ingenious gentleman has produced a machine for this purpose. It is a box surmounted by two fanlike panels, one above the other, revolving horizontally in opposite directions. These panels are studded with mirrors that throw upon the retina a vibrating flood of twinkling light.

A similar effect is produced by staring at a bright ball placed high above the head, so that some slight strain is caused by staring at it.

Another apparatus for causing drowsiness is formed of clamps for squeezing the arteries leading to the brain. The clamps remain in position for less than half a minute, and by that time the sufferer from insomnia has been placed in a state of somnolence by the decreased flow of blood to the brain.

Still another method is to arrange an electric battery in the bed so that a mild current acts upon the spine.

SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON.

This famous British merchant is of particular interest to Americans because he has decided to build a swift boat, the Shamrock, to compete for the America's cup next fall. Lipton, who had the knighthood conferred on him a year ago, is perhaps the greatest merchant in the world, maintaining plantations and manufacturing plants in Great Britain, Asia, Africa and the United States. The number of shareholders in Lipton's is about 75,000, and their names fill ten huge volumes, of which each is somewhat vaguely described as of the "size of an ancient family Bible."

A WINDMILL OF CIGARETTES.

One of the best trade trophies ever constructed is here reproduced from the Strand Magazine. It is a real old-fashioned windmill, complete with cottage and hayricks, and all made out of various brands of cigarettes and the tobacco therein contained. The windmill, which is 3½ feet by 2 feet at the base, and 2 feet high, was made by Mr. John H. Harrison, of Liverpool, England.

The great trouble in this world is too many fools. Fools have always been numerous, and there is no prospect whatever that the supply will diminish.—Atchison Globe.

Trouble gets into many a home by means of a night latch key.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Some people seldom lend a helping hand unless it is to help themselves.—Ram's Horn.

A CONFUSION OF NAMES.

It Resulted in Profit to the Book Agent and Loss to Up-to-Date Man.

He was looking lank and lean; he wore a threadbare suit of black, and under one arm he carried a volume; under the other there was an umbrella which had seen better days. He entered so quietly that Dodson, who was busy at his desk, did not hear him.

"I have here—" he began, softly.

Dodson wheeled in his chair and took in the situation. "I don't care what you have!" he roared. "Don't you see that sign, 'Peddlers and Book Agents Not Wanted,' or are you blind?"

"The life of Samson—" continued the agent, with an apologetic smile.

"Why didn't you say so before?" said Dodson, subsiding.

"In one volume, price $1.50," continued the long, thin man in black.

"I'll take it," said Dodson, shortly. "Good day, sir."

A few minutes later a friend of Dodson's happened in and picked up the volume.

"Hello, old man!" said he, as he looked it over. "I didn't know you went in for Biblical subjects."

"I don't see the joke," answered Dodson, testily. "I believe that in times like these every patriotic American citizen should familiarize himself with the lives of our prominent men who are at the front making history for this glorious country. We neglect these things too long. I propose to keep up with the times."

"You will have to hurry if you do," answered his friend, dryly. "This particular Samson without the p has been dead for 3,000 years."—Detroit Free Press.

A STUTTERING PRISONER.

His Captor Was a Policeman Who Had to Do Something to Hold His Job.

A certain policeman who patrols a beat near Calumet avenue and Twenty-third street had not made an arrest in three years. It is a quiet neighborhood, and really nothing of a riotous kind happens there.

"Mike," said the captain one morning last week, "you've got to get to work. If you don't make some arrests pretty soon I'll turn you off the force."

Mike left the station desperate and fully determined on arresting the first man he met. He overtook a very mild and unassuming gentleman who was walking from the Illinois Central train. Mike placed him under arrest. The man, it turned out, stuttered dreadfully and was not able to make much protest. Mike really knows so little about the law that he imagined he was within his rights in running anybody in. The next morning the pedestrian was brought up at the station.

"What's your name?" roared Justice White, who had an attack of dyspepsia that morning.

"St-s-s-t," sputtered the frightened little defendant.

"What's your name?" demanded the justice, still more severely; "don't you trifle with this court, sir!"

"S-s-s-t-t-t," stuttered the helpless man again.

"Officer, what's this man charged with?" said the judge, in disgust, turning to Mike.

"I—I don't know, your honor," stammered Mike. "Soda water, I guess."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The World's Supply of Wheat.

An English expert prophesies a universal dearth in the wheat supply. He claims that the wheat producing soil is unequal to the strain that will be put upon it. Even now when the food supply of the world is ample, thousands die because their disordered stomachs fail to properly assimilate the food they take. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters strengthen and tone up the stomach and digestive organs, and enable them to perform their proper functions. This great remedy cures dyspepsia, torpid liver, nervousness and fever and ague.

The Girl in Love.

She's timid and believes in peace,
She shrinks from war's alarms;
Yet, womanlike, she'll never cease
To love the call to arms.
—Judge.

Advance of Science.

"I see you've got your lightning rod up for office again," said the friend of the candidate.

"The lightning rod," replied the candidate, who was a matter-of-fact sort of man, "is one of the exploded humbugs of the past. What I'm trying to do is to get my trolley poles up for the office."—Chicago Tribune.

Are you troubled with Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Eczema, Ringworm or any skin disease? Tetterine is a sure cure; try it. 50c. at druggists, or by mail for cash or stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, manufacturer, Savannah, Ga.

The Climate Forbids It.

Biggs—Is it true that Smith, the iceman, is dead?

Boggs—Yes, poor fellow. He cuts no ice now.—Life.

When a man concludes he is too smart to work he comes to the conclusion that has made more thieves than any other thing on earth.—Atchison Globe.

When eyes snap, it must be the lashes that crack.—Golden Days.

A good man's son inherits poverty.—Spanish Proverb.

Her suggestion.—"Do you know what is the best way to kill time in the winter, Dick?" said an Allegheny girl to her steady company. "I know several ways, but which is the best way?" "Sleigh it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Suitor—"Your daughter, sir, is the light of my existence." Her Father—"Oh, that's it, eh? I've often wondered how you could ever see her, with the gas turned so low."—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Sackerin—"What would you say if you saw me with a cigar in my mouth?" Jack Weedner—"I should say, as I always have said, that I am not fond of pretty cigar holders."—Boston Transcript.

Biffers Was Willing.—"Got your snow cleared away?" "No. Ran clear up to Biffers' to borrow his snow shovel, and when I got back it was time for me to go to the office." "But what did Biffers do?" "Oh, he was mighty glad to loan the shovel. He doesn't like snow cleaning any better than I do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Senior Partner—"I don't like this ad." The Junior Partner—"What is the matter with it? I thought it was excellent." "It says that the sales of our unparalleled mineral water have increased so that we have been forced to double the output of our spring twice in five years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A clergyman who was very particular about his personal appearance went to preach in a country parish. Finding there was no glass in the vestry, and fearing that his hair might not be quite as smooth as it should be, he asked the clerk if he could get him a glass. The man was gone some minutes, but at length returned and produced a parcel very mysteriously from under his arm. To the astonishment of the clergyman, when it was opened it contained a bottle of whisky with water and a tumbler. "You mustn't let on about it, mister," said the clerk, "for I got it as a real favor, an' I shouldn't ha' got it at all, bein' church hours, if I hadn't 'a said it was for you."—Ram's Horn.

Piso's Cure for Consumption ... as a Cough medicine.— ... Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., ...

Some people are so skeptical ... even doubt their own ...—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure.

The only place where a chronic kicker can be useful is in a football game.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A play is never satisfactory if the man or woman left over when the ... occurs in the last act.—Atchison Globe.

Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons?

From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

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with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

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