"One Year's Seeding, Nine Years' Weeding."

Neglected impurities in your blood will sow seeds of disease of which you may never get rid. If your blood is even the least bit impure, do not delay, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. In so doing there is safety; in delay there is danger. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla and only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

PLIGHT OF A BASHFUL MAN.

He Would Have Gone If He Could Have Summoned Up Courage to Ask for His Hat.

"I always was a bashful sort of a fellow when I was young," said Ananias Fisher, as he passed his plate for the third piece of pie. He was dining out with friends and wished them to understand his temperament.

"But I was broken of that habit before I was 25. It was either a case of get over it or stay all night, and I got over it," he said, as his plate was returned with a good sized piece of pie such as Topeka housekeepers make. "I was calling, out on Fillmore street, and when I went in I forgot all about putting my hat on the rack in the hall, and carried it into the parlor with me. I put it on a sofa, and when the lady of the house came in she said 'how-dye-do' and sat her 280 pounds down on that hat.

"'I beg your pardon,' I said.

"'Why, what's the matter?' she asked, for I guess I looked kind of bewildered.

"'O, nothing,' I answered. 'I just got a stitch in my heart.'

"We went on talking, and I thought that when she got up I could sneak that hat, but she taiked and talked.

"It got along to nine o'clock, and I knew I ought to go, but I was too bashful to say anything, so I just waited. Then the clock struck ten, and I knew I was staying too long, but I could not get that hat.

"'Is it moonlight?' asked the 280-pound lady.

"I said it was, and knew she wanted me to go, but I did not have the nerve to ask for that hat. Just as the clock struck 12 she blurted out: 'Why don't you go?'

"'I will if you will give me that hat,' I said.

"'What hat?'

"'My hat.'

"'Where is it?'

"'You are sitting on it.'

"'Me!' and she jumped up.

"There was my hat, and it looked much sat upon, but no more than that woman. I have never been bashful since then."—Burlington Hawkeye.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

But Great in Contemplation Only, and It Never Came to Be Established.

A worthy American citizen, having made a fortune, fared forth to see the world. European business ways and habits thoroughly disgusted this nervously keen expert in money-making, and he poured forth his scorn to some friends he met in Paris. One of them, knowing the ignorance of the old gentleman on subjects without the circle in which he lived, ventured on a joke.

"I agree with you," he said; "I agree with you thoroughly. Why, do you know, sir, I was last week in a city of 125,000 inhabitants—and I was overcome, sir—overcome to find they hadn't a livery stable in the city."

"No—you don't tell me!" answered the victim. "Gentlemen, see there! Just consider that!" Then jumping to his feet as the thought struck him. "Why, gentlemen, a fortune's awaiting someone there! Where's the place? What's the name of it?"

"Venice," said the joker.

"Good! I'm tired of this place anyway. I'll go right down there to-morrow, and put a little horse-sense into the town. Gentlemen, you're in this good thing with me, if you choose."

They were all in it, and they invested their friend with powers plenipotentiary. The story has no dramatic point, save that it is a historic fact that Venice was visited. No one ever heard an account of that visit, but for long afterward no participant in the joke could get within hailing distance of the self-appointed pioneer of American enterprise.—Harper's Round Table.

A FAIR DEMONSTRATION.

They Were Satisfied the Thing Could Be Done, But by Some One Else.

Mark Twain and his friend, Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell, once planned a bicycle ride from Hartford, Conn. (their home), to Boston, and wrote beforehand to an acquaintance in the latter city, telling him their line of route and what time he might expect to see them arrive. The appointed time was an ideal one for a long run, and the two friends started quite early in the morning. But neither of them was accustomed to long rides, so after 12 or 15 miles had been ridden, it became apparent that each of the riders was waiting for the other to say something. Finally Twain said, as they came in sight of the railway station in a small town they had entered: "Let's take the train the rest of the way."

Of course Mr. Twitchell agreed, and so the acquaintance in Boston was surprised by seeing the two friends walk up to his door about one o'clock in the afternoon. He had not expected them till evening, but he greeted them warmly, and addressing Mr. Twitchell, said: "Well, you made pretty good time, didn't you?"

"Oh, fairly good time for novices," was the reply.

"What time did you leave Hartford?" he asked of Mr. Clemens.

"About seven a. m."

"What, you don't mean to say that you have ridden all the way from Hartford to Boston on your bicycles?"

"No," replied Mark Twain, "but we rode far enough to demonstrate that it could be done."—Detroit Free Press.

What It Meant.

In one of the the suburbs of Philadelphia there is a school principal who is a very kindly man. He is noted particularly for his love of animals, and he never neglects an opportunity to lecture his young charges on his pet hobby.

The other day he told them all about vivisection and how, in the name of science, it entailed untold suffering upon dumb animals. At the end of his discussion, in order to make sure that his words had been fully understood, he asked:

"Now tell me what vivisection means."

"Please, sir," answered one of the boys, "it means trying it on the dog."—Judge.

Left His Name.

Lady—A gentleman called, you say? Did he leave any name?

Parlor Maid—Oh, yes'm. He said it was immaterial.—Boston Traveler.

Pain Conquered; Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 92,649]

"I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medicine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing down pains and a great sufferer during menstruation. After taking two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles."—MRS. DELLA RENICKER, RENSSELAER, IND.

The serious ills of women develop from neglect of early symptoms. Every pain and ache has a cause, and the warning they give should not be disregarded.

Mrs. Pinkham understands these troubles better than any local physician and will give every woman free advice who is puzzled about her health. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Don't put off writing until health is completely broken down. Write at the first indication of trouble.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Industrial Problem the Theme of Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Tells How the Continual War Between Them May Be Ended—Lessons Drawn from Recent Strikes.

[Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage suggests how the everlasting war between capital and labor may be brought to a happy end. The text is I. Corinthians 12:21: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fifty thousand workmen in Chicago ceasing work in one day, Brooklyn stunned by the attempt to halt its railroad cars, Cleveland in the throes of a labor agitation and restlessness among toilers all over the land have caused an epidemic of strikes, and somewhat to better things I apply the Pauline thought of my text.

You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery, with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys, all controlled by one great water wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a great piece of mechanism controlled by one great and ever revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery and you harm all parts. All professions, interdependent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. Capital and labor interdependent. No such thing as independence. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who threw Shadrach into the furnace got their own bodies scorched. Or to come back to the figure of the text, what a strange thing it would be if the eye should say: I oversee the entire physical mechanism. I despise the other members of the body. If there is anything I am disgusted with, it is with those miserable, low-lived hands. Or what if the hand should say: I am the boss workman of the whole physical economy. I have no respect for the other members of the body. If there is anything I despise, it is the eye, seated under the dome of the forehead, doing nothing but look.

I come in, and I wave the flag of truce between the two contestants, and I say: "The eye cannot say to the hand: 'I have no need of thee.'

That brings me to the first suggestion, and that is, that labor and capital are to be brought to a better understanding by a complete canvass of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in their interests. When one goes down, they both go down. When one rises, they both rise. There will be an equilibrium after awhile. There never has been an exception to the rule. That which is good for one class of society will be good for all, and that which is bad for one class will eventually and in time be bad for all. Every speech that labor makes against capital postpones the day of permanent adjustment. Every speech that capital makes against labor postpones the day of permanent adjustment. When capital maligns labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When labor maligns capital, it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their glove, you would see the broken finger nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were bookbinders or typesetters on small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sandpapered wagon bodies in wheelwright shops.

While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men working on wages who once employed 100 or 500 hands. The distance between capital and labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge. It is only a step, and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God they might shake hands while they cross. On the other hand, laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where are their investments? In banks? No. In the railroads? No. Their nerve, their muscle, their bone, their mechanical skill, their physical health, are magnificent capital. He who has two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, ten fingers, has machinery that puts into nothingness carpet and screw and cotton factory and all the other implements on the planet. The capitalists were laborers, the laborers were capitalists. The sooner we understand that the better.

Again, there is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through cooperative associations. I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their surplus together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist, they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are 813 cooperative associations. They have 340,000 members. They have a capital of $18,000,000, or what corresponds to our dollars, and they do a business annually of $63,000,000. Thomas Brassey, one of the foremost men in the British parliament, on the subject says: "Cooperation is the one and the only relief for the laboring populations. This is the path," he says, "by which they are to come up from the hand to the mouth style of living to reap the rewards and the honors of our advanced civilization." Lord Derby and John Stuart Mill, who gave half their lives to the study of the labor question, believed in cooperative institutions. The cooperative institution formed in Troy, N. Y., stood long enough to illustrate the fact that great good might come of such an institution if it were rightly carried on and mightily developed.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

"But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into cooperative associations, when the vast multitude of toilers in this country are struggling for their daily bread and have no surplus?" I reply: Put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for rum and tobacco, and I will establish cooperative associations in all parts of the land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over $100,000,000 every year for tobacco. We spend over $1,500,000,000 directly or indirectly for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending his money in those directions should just add up how much he has expended during these past years and then suppose that that money was put into a cooperative association and then suppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a cooperative association. And then take all that money expended for overdress and overstyle and overliving on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that all up, and you could have cooperative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trades unions. You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopolies concentrating the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men, unless the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not artists band together in an art union? Do not singers band together in Handel and Haydn societies? Do not newspaper men band together in press clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their legitimate work, they are most admirable, but when they come around with drum and fife and flag and drive people off from their toil, from their scaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work, let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work.

But now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficient purposes in co-operative association under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco and use it for the elevation of their families, for the education of their children, for their moral, intellectual and religious improvement, what a different state of things we would have in this country and they would have in Great Britain!

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulant? You say, "Will you deny the laboring men this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them. I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them. They took stimulant and I took none."

Everybody knows they cannot endure great fatigue—men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta or the ball club or the athletic wrestling, they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into co-operative institutions—oh, we would have a very different state of things from what we have now!

A clergyman in Iowa told me that his church and the entire neighborhood had been ruined by the fact that the people mortgaged their farms in order to go down to the Philadelphia centennial in 1876. First, one family would go, then another family, and finally it was not respectable not to go to the centennial at Philadelphia, and they mortgaged their farms. The church and the neighborhood ruined in that way. Now, between such fools and pauperism there is only a very short step. In time of peace prepare for war. In time of prosperity prepare for adversity. Yet how many there are who drive on the verge of the precipice and at the least touch of accident or sickness over they go. Ah, my friends, it is not right, it is not honest! He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel. A man has no right to live in luxury and have all comforts and all brightness around him, taking his family with him at that rate—everything bright and beautiful and luxurious, until he stumbles against a tombstone and falls in and they all go to the poorhouse. That is not common honesty. I am no advocate of skinflint saving. I abhor it. But I plead for Christian providence. There are some people who are disgusted if they see anything like economy, such as a man might show in turning down the gas in the parlor when he goes out. There are families actually embarrassed if you ring their doorbell before they have the hall lighted. There are people who apologize if you surprise them at the table. Now, it is mean or it is magnificent to save just according to what you save for. If it is for the miserly hoarding of it, then it is despicable, but if it means better education for your children, if it means more house help for your wife when she is not strong enough to do much work, if it means that the day of your death shall not be a horror beyond all endurance because it is to throw your family into disruption and annihilation and the poorhouse, then it is magnificent if it is to avoid all that.

Again I remark, great relief is to come for the laboring classes of this country by appreciation on the part of employers that they had better take their employes into their confidence. I can see very easily, looking from my standpoint, what is the matter. Employes, seeing the employer in seeming prosperity, do not know all the straits, all the hardships, all the losses, all the annoyances. They look at him and they think: "Why, he has it easy, and we have it hard." They do not know that at that very moment the employer is at the last point of desperation to meet his engagements.

I know a gentleman very well who has over 1,000 hands in his employ. I said to him some years ago when there was great trouble in the labor market: "How are you getting on with your men?" "Oh," he said, "I have no trouble." "Why," I said, "have not you had any strikes?" "Oh, no," he said. "I never had any trouble." "What plan do you pursue?" He said: "I will tell you. All my men know every year just how matters stand. Every little while I call them together and say: 'Now, boys, last year I made so much; this year I made less; so you see I cannot pay as much as I did last year. Now, I want to know what you think I ought to have as a percentage out of this establishment and what wages I ought to give you. You know I put all my energy in this business, put all my fortune in it and risked everything. What do you really think I ought to have and you ought to have?' By the time we come out of that consultation we are unanimous. There never has been an exception. When we prosper, we all prosper together; when we suffer, we all suffer together, and my men would die for me." Now, let all employers be frank with their employes. Take them into your confidence. Let them know just how matters stand. There is an immense amount of common sense in the world. It is always safe to appeal to it.

I remark, again, great relief will come to the laboring classes of this country through the religious rectification of it. Labor is honored and rewarded in proportion as a community is Christianized. Why is it that our smallest coin in this country is a penny, while in China it takes a half dozen pieces of coin or a dozen to make one of our pennies in value, so the Chinese carry the cash, as they call it, like a string of beads around the neck? We never want to pay less than a penny for anything in this country. They must pay that which is worth only the sixth part or the twelfth part of a penny. Heathenism and iniquity and infidelity depress everything. The Gospel of Jesus Christ elevates everything. How do I account for this? I account for it with the plainest philosophy. The religion of Jesus Christ is a democratic religion. It tells the employer that he is a brother to all the operatives in the establishment—made by the same God, to lie in the same dust and to be saved by the same supreme mercy. It does not make the slightest difference how much money you have, you cannot buy your way into the kingdom of Heaven. If you have the grace of God in your heart you will enter Heaven. So you see it is a democratic religion. Saturate our populations with this gospel, and labor will be respectful, labor will be rewarded, labor will be honored, capital will be Christian in all its behavior, and there will be higher tides of thrift set in.

Let me say a word to all capitalists: Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employes with a supercilious air or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world before you leave it. Do not get out of the world like that man who died in New York leaving in his will $40,000,000, yet giving how much for the church of God, how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well, but in all this will of $40,000,000 how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving $40,000,000 and not one cent to God! It is a disgrace to our civilization. Or, as illustrated in a letter which I have concerning a man who departed this life leaving between $5,000,000 and $8,000,000. Not one dollar was left, this writer says, to comfort the aged workmen and workwomen, not one dollar to elevate and instruct the hundreds of pale children who stifled their childish growth in the heat and clamor of his factory. Is it strange that the curse of the children of toil follows such ingratitude? How well could one of his many millions have been disbursed for the present and the future benefit of those whose hands had woven literally the fabric of the dead man's princely fortune. O capitalists of the United States, be your own executors! Be a George Peabody, if need be, on a small scale. God has made you a steward. Discharge your responsibility.

My word is to all laboring men in this country: I congratulate you at your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburg and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man of the past as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the boatman. The living illustrations easily occur to you. This will go on until you have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratulate you also at the opportunities for your children. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children will have to work.

I congratulate you also on your opportunities for information. Plato paid $1,300 for two books. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one volume of "Origen." What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children! A workingman goes along by the show window of some great publishing house, and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says: "I wish I could have that information. I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on, and he gets the value of that book for 25 cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workingmen of America as this day and the day that is coming.

I also congratulate you because your work is only prefatory and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth. He toiled Himself, and He knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get His grace in your heart, and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop shoving the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the ratlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow glittering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired? He will rest you. Are you sick? He will give you help. Are you cold? He will wrap you in the mantle of His love. Who are they before the throne? "Ah," you say, "their hands were never calloused with toil!" Yes, they were. You say: "Their feet were never blistered with the long journey." Yes, they were, but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian workingman and for every Christian working woman will be the beginning of eternal holiday.

Victorian Autographs.

The duchess of St. Albans owns what is probably the most interesting collection of Victorian autographs in the world. Besides the royal family and the nobility represented, there are words especially contributed by Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone, John Bright and Chamberlain, and verse written exclusively for the duchess by the best-known verse-makers of the day.

An End Without Means.

Hash affords us an example of an end without means.—Chicago Daily News.

NEED ROOF GARDENS

Evangelist Moody Suggests Them for New York Churches.

Believes They Would Be Means of Saving Souls—Would Have Them as Attractive as Theater Roof Gardens.

"It is no use talking," said Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, "but things have got to be revolutionized in New York before we can reach the masses. Some people may be surprised, and even scandalized, but I unhesitatingly state that every church in New York should have a roof garden." Mr. Moody, who has been doing evangelistic work in New York during the last two days, went to Brooklyn and preached there Sunday in the Church of the Pilgrims.

"I am convinced," he said, "that we must do some hard work in New York and other great cities during the summer months. The talk about everybody going out of town during the hot weather is all bosh. Just because you see a few brown stone mansions in the neighborhood of Fifth avenue boarded up in the summer, you must not imagine that New York leaves New York and goes into the country.

"I say that the summer is the best time to reach the people. You do not then have to go into the house to do it. You can find them outside, whole families sitting on the stoops. In the winter you have to go inside to rout them out.

"Every church in New York should have a roof garden. The thing is perfectly practicable, and there is no reason in the world why we should not convert as many sinners in a roof garden as in a church.

"I would make the church roof gardens as attractive as the theater roof gardens. The services would be the same as in the stuffy churches, and there should be plenty of good singing and good preaching.

"Sell lemonade Why, certainly. I would sell all kinds of temperance drinks.

"Over in Liverpool we have hundreds of little coffee places where a man can go and treat his friend. There is no reason why we should not do the same thing here, and do it in proper and well-arranged roof gardens."

A FIELD FOR ENTERPRISE.

Russia Offers Better Returns to American Trade Than Do South American Countries.

"For the last five years," writes Vice Consul-General Hanauer at Frankfort "our National Association of Manufacturers in the United States and other trade associations and steamship and transportation lines have directed their efforts towards increasing our trade with Latin-America. While I indorse all attempts to increase our exports, I believe an equal amount of money, time and energy expended upon furthering our trade relations with the Russian empire would prove more profitable.

"Russia has not only a much larger population than Latin-America, thus affording a wider market, but the empire offers the best and most profitable field for our promoters of railway, electric and other enterprises; for the construction of waterworks and drainage systems, building streets and canals, works in iron, making dry docks and harbors and opening mines. Americans have the most favorable chances to employ their capital and skill in Russia, as the people of that country are rather jealous of Europeans, who figure in the role of pioneers, whereas they have no fear of American assistance in developing the resources of their country. I would recomend my countrymen to 'go east' and employ their talent, time, money and energy in Russia, which will return them ample compensation."

TESTS OF HOLLAND BOAT.

Trials of the Submarine Vessel by the Government Said to Be a Decided Success.

The trials of the Holland submarine torpedo boat over the government course in Peconic bay were a decided success. The trials, which consisted of going under water for a mile, diving and coming to the surface for rapid observations, were given for the board of naval officers appointed to pass on the application of the Holland Torpedo Boat company to change the motor power of the plunger when on the surface or "swash" from steam to gas.

On her first trial the boat was submerged and run for one mile, coming to the surface for rapid observation and again disappearing. At the beginning of the second trial Naval Constructor Varney and Lieut. Ridgrave went on board and examined the vessel when submerged. The time taken for the boat to dive and come to the surface in the first trial was about seven seconds, while on the second trial the time was nine seconds.

STEEL VIADUCT FOR INDIA.

Shipment of Parts for Huge Structure Over Gokteik Gorge by American Concern.

The Pennsylvania Steel company has shipped 43 carloads of bridges and construction steel to one of the Pennsylvania railroad docks in New York city, and from there it will be sent by ship to India. It comprises one-half of the iron to be used in the building of the huge viaduct across the Gokteik gorge, about 80 miles west of Mandelay. The company will get $700,000 for the piece of work. Twenty-five of the steel company's own force of expert workmen will accompany the steel on its long trip across the ocean to superintend the work of construction.

The remaining half of the big consignment will be shipped late in the fall, and the construction will be begun in November, after the close of the rainy season.

Missouri Lead Mines.

Eight thousand men are engaged in mining lead and zinc in Missouri. The total output for 1898 was 74,000 tons of lead and 140,000 tons of zinc.

Beet Sugar.

This year's production of beet sugar in the United States is estimated at 122,000 tons from 144,000 acres. This is a fourfold increase in one year.

The English language is not a dead language, yet it is frequently butchered.—Chicago Daily News.

A man who can be fooled the same way four times is a fool.—Atchison Globe.

INDUSTRY AND SCIENCE.

The first silkworms raised in the west have been produced by Mark Chiesa, an Italian, at Des Moines, Ia., from eggs imported from Italy. From ten silk-moths he got 8,000 eggs and of these 4,000 hatched. It is his intention to produce silk on a large scale.

Compared with the enormous capital of some of the English banks the largest American institutions dwindle into insignificance. The National Provincial Bank of England has $79,000,000; Bank of England, $73,000,000; London and Westminster bank, $70,000,000.

HOME HELPS AND HINTS.

If your hands are stained with berries or from jelly making, or from preparing vegetables, rub them with ripe tomatoes before using soap on them. Soap sets the color.

The tomato is now definitely assigned a place as a tonic among foods. A Philadelphia physician has made extensive experiments with the juice as a medicine and during the war with Spain the juice of the tomato was utilized extensively as a health preservative among certain troops with eminently satisfactory results. So when the tomato comes in season use it every day—and three times a day if you can—for health's if not for appetite's sake.

MEN OF AFFAIRS.

Director of Census William R. Merriam was educated at a Racine school modeled on English lines. He there became an expert cricketer and still retains a great interest in the game.

Ex-Senator George F. Hamlin, of Kansas, is the son of Europe Hamlin and had three uncles whose names were Asia, Africa and America. Vice President Hannibal Hamlin was the son of Africa.

The Kafirs seem to be the most promising of the South African races. They held some agricultural shows lately at which they rivaled the white farmers, and one tribe offered to find $5,000 to build a needed bridge if the government would furnish as much more. Furthermore, they are setting up a church of their own to be called the Ethiopian church, with the intention of separating from the churches that have ministered to them.

Wouldn't Take Any Chances.

A certain Nauvoo woman assured her husband that she never told him a lie and never would. He told her that he did not doubt it, but would hereafter cut a notch in the piano when he knew she deceived him. "No you won't!" she screamed; "I'm not going to have my piano ruined."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Explanation.

"It strikes me this ice water is dirty," said a Cincinnati hotel guest.

"Hully gee!" exclaimed the bellboy, as he looked in the pitcher, "I betcher de porter forgot ter wash it."—Chicago Evening News.

High ideals are perhaps responsible for as much pessimism as are torpid livers, on the whole.—Detroit Journal.

Do you want to be unique? Learn to tell the facts in a story without any embellishments.—Atchison Globe.

If you have your own way see that your way is right.—Atchison Globe.

Some people keep the Sabbath so holy that they don't work any for three days before or three days after.—N. Y. Press.

"He says his wife can't cook a little bit." "That's unfortunate." "Yes. But that isn't the worst of it. She insists on cooking a lot."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Always put off until to-morrow that which should not be done to-day.—Chicago Daily News.

When the hostess no longer apologizes for the lack of pie, a wise guest knows her welcome is worn out, and talks of going.—Atchison Globe.

Fish being rich in phosphorus and phosphorus being the essential thing in making matches, it therefore stands to reason that girls should be partial to a fish diet.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. De Tanque—"You horrid wretch! Aren't you ashamed of coming home in this condition?" De Tanque—"No, shir; I'm (hic) proud of it. Ain't many fellows'h can fin' th' way home when they're full's this."—Philadelphia Record.

"Mrs. Young says she has solved the servant problem." "She's a genius! What's the solution?" "Why, she says all you've got to do is never find any fault, submit to everything, do as you are told, keep out of the way, and pay good wages, with privileges, and you won't have a bit of trouble."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Something must be done with those boys of mine at college," exclaimed a staid old citizen. "They're wilder than March hares and in hot water all the time." "Oh, well, they're young yet, and you must make allowances." "Make allowances, man! That's what's keeping me poor."—Detroit Free Press.

"Well, I never thought that Jonesy would die a natural death," said Sneggs, when he had been told of the passing away of a man he had known. "I didn't say he died a natural death," said Dinwiddie. "You told me he died in bed." "But it was in a folding-bed."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

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A Profane Silence.

A story is going the rounds of a golf match between Rev. Dr. Sterret and Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court. The incident occurred at Chevy Chase Golf club, one of the prominent organizations near Washington, during a meeting between these two ardent golfers. The doctor discovered that his ball teed up in tempting style for a fine brassie shot, and, with the utmost deliberation, he went through with the preliminary "waggles," and with a supreme effort—missed the ball. For fully a minute he gazed at the tantalizing sphere without uttering a word. At length Justice Harlan remarked solemnly: "Doctor, that was the most profane silence I ever listened to."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Brain Work and Exercise.

It has been declared that three hours of brain work will destroy more brain tissue than a whole day of physical exercise. America is filled with men and women who earn their living by their brains. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters makes the mind active and vigorous. This medicine is a tonic, an appetizer, and a sure cure for dyspepsia. It has a fifty years' record of cures. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

Cut a Swell.

Employer—I suppose you cut quite a swell at the African citizens' ball last night, George?

George Washington—'Deed I did, Mistah Brown. Dey wah a dude niggah waitah who dun tried t' flirt wif my Loo, an' I cut him deep, I did. Mah razah cewt'nly hab a keen aidge.—Ohio State Journal.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Like the Admiral.

Mrs. Stubb—John, is that you coming home at such an unearthly hour?

Mr. Stubb—Yes, M-Maria; the club had a little D-Dewey toast to-night.

"Well, you remind me of Dewey."

"In w-what way, M-Maria?"

"A long time coming home."—Chicago Evening News.

"Tetterine cured me of a very annoying case of itching piles in a few days."—T. L. Bedsole, Tallahatta Springs, Ala. 50c at druggists, or by mail for cash or stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, manufacturer, Savannah, Ga.

"She scorned all her wooers so long that now she is doomed to be an old maid for the rest of her life." "Well, that seems like a just sentence for such a contempt of court."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Do you know how to wash? Well then you know how to dye, that is if you use Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Just boil the goods with the dye, that's all.

There Now!—She—"If I were to die you would never get another wife like me." He—"What makes you think I'd ever want another like you?"—Wasp.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

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

Lost His Case.—Citizen—"So my dog tore your clothes, did he? Where?" Hungry Higgins—"I've forgot which one of them tears is his."—Indianapolis Journal.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

The average man spends a lot of time searching for what he hopes he won't find.—N. Y. Herald.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

The more faults a man has the louder he demands perfection in others.—Atchison Globe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken Internally. Price 75c.

Some people are so fierce about their "rights" that they forget the rights of others.—Atchison Globe.

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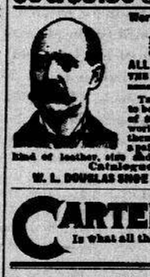

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