"Take Time by The Forelock."

Don't wait until sickness overtakes you. When that tired feeling, the first rheumatic pain, the first warnings of impure blood are manifest, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will rescue your health and probably save a serious sickness. Be sure to get Hood's, because

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Never Disappoints.

WILLIAM KEPT TAB.

An Elevator Boy Who Was a Regular Gustatory Budget for the House.

Monday morning.

The passenger in the elevator of the large apartment house sniffed the air.

"Seems to me, William," she said, "I smell cabbage."

"Yes'm," replied the elevator boy. "The Ferguson's, on the third floor back, is cookin' 'em fur dinner."

Tuesday afternoon.

"If I'm not mistaken, William, there is a strong odor of mutton here."

"Yes'm. They're havin' mutton fur dinner at the Welkersons', on the next floor, about halfway back."

Wednesday.

"William, where does that smell of onions come from?"

"Comes f'm the Cluppinses', ma'am. Their company's gone, and they don't have no meat to-day."

Thursday evening.

"I think I notice a flavor of soap in the atmosphere, William."

"Yes'm. The Brinkmeyers is doin' their washin'. They do that every two weeks."

Friday.

"Who's having fish to-day, William?"

"The Swallingers, on the fourth floor, the Biddlecombes an' the Shadwells, on the second floor, an' the Jordleses, on the third. The Dorans is goin' to have turkey, but they hain't begun to cook it yit."

"Do you know what we are to have for dinner, William?"

"Yes'm. Cold meat an' turnips—but I won't tell anybody, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Felt Smaller Than He Looked.

The dwarf of the new house is John L. Burnett, from Alabama. An Alabamian the other day related this story, which will best illustrate how the diminutive member will appear to the speaker when he makes his maiden speech. Burnett, commonly known in his district as "the Jack of Spades," is a shrewd lawyer who has had much practice before the Alabama supreme court. The greatest embarrassment of his life was suffered when he made his debut before that dignified tribunal. He was seated behind a high table, stacked with law books and papers, and when he arose in his turn to address the court their honors were unable to even see the top of his head above the pile. "The learned counsel," said the chief justice, rapping vigorously with his gavel, "will kindly do the court the usual courtesy of rising when addressing it." It is needless to add that Burnett felt manifoldly more diminutive than he looked.—Philadelphia Call.

The Pacific and Oriental Mail

Leaves Grand Central Station, New York, by the New York Central, every night in the year at 9:15, and the fourth night thereafter this mail is at San Francisco, ready for delivery or transfer to the steamers for Hawaii, Australia, Philippines, Japan and China.

See the new "Round the World" folder just issued by the New York Central Lines. A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of three cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

In Another District.

Politics are absorbing; so the gushing young woman who had been talking to a congressman at last decided.

"See those distant stars?" she said, in a soulful tone. "Did you ever pause to think that they may be worlds?"

"Yes-es, I believe I have thought of it," was the somewhat dubious reply.

"And that they may be inhabited by human beings that hope and struggle as we do," continued the young woman, earnestly. "Oh, did you ever give deep thought to those people so far away, unknown to us?"

"No," was the unhesitating answer, "I've never thought of them at all."

"Why not?" demanded his questioner, with sudden briskness of manner.

"Well," said the man, reflectively, "I suppose one reason may be that they don't vote in my district."—Youth's Companion.

Undoubtedly.

Miles—Man, according to Darwin, descended from a monkey.

Giles—And the monkey, I suppose, descended from a tree.—Chicago Evening News.

The fellow whom you think wears his hair too long is quite as sure you wear yours too short.—Elliott's Magazine.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 16 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give $100.00 for each movement; so in such a relief." AYLMER L. HUNT, 1020 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

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READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

VALUE OF THE HAND.

Dr. Talmage Calls It the Soul's Executive Officer.

Its Construction Illustrates Divine Wisdom and Its Right Employment Makes Mankind Better and Happier.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington,

The discourse of Dr. Talmage is a lesson of gratitude for that which none of us fully appreciate and shows the divine meaning in our physical structure; text, I Corinthians 12:21: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

These words suggest that some time two very important parts of the human body got into controversy, and the eye became insolent and full of braggadocio and said: "I am an independent part of the human system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora! Compared with myself, what an insignificant thing is the human hand. I look down upon it. There it hangs, swinging at the side, a clump of muscles and nerves, and it cannot see an inch either way. It has no luster compared with that which I beam forth." "What senseless talk," responds the hand. "You, the eye, would have been put out long ago but for me. Without the food I have earned you would have been sightless and starved to death years ago. You cannot do without me any better than I can do without you." At this part of the disputation Paul of my text breaks in and ends the controversy by declaring: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fourteen hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by aid of concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the hand, but the man has yet to be born who can fully understand this wondrous instrument. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, came home from the battlefield of Waterloo, where he had been amputating limbs and binding up gunshot fractures, and wrote a book entitled: "The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evidencing Design." But it is so profound a book that only a scientist who is familiar with the technicalities of anatomy and physiology can understand it.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely constructed instrument—the hand—ignorant of much of the revelation it was intended to make of the wisdom and goodness of God. You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibers and its hinged joint and turning on two axes—on the larger axis moving backward and forward, and on the smaller axis turning nearly round. And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with 14 bones, each finger with its curiously wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending roughened for the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may clasp and hold fast that which you desire to take. There are the long nerves running from the armpit to the 46 muscles, so that all are under mastery. The whole anatomy of your hand as complex, as intricate, as symmetrical, as useful as God could make it. What can it not do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can clutch, it can deny, it can affirm, it can extend, it can weave, it can bathe, it can smite, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it can wave, it can imprecate, it can pray.

A skeleton of the hand traced on blackboard, or unrolled in diagram, or hung in medical museum, is mightily illustrative of the divine wisdom and goodness, but how much more pleasing when in living action all its nerves and muscles and bones and tendons and tissues and phalanges display what God invented when He invented the human hand. Two specimens of it we carry at our side from the time when in infancy we open them to take a toy till in the last hour of a long life we extend them in bitter farewell.

With the divine help I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense, or extended for help, or busied in the arts, or offered in salutation, or wrung in despair, or spread abroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower orders of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horse's hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's tooth, and the insect's sting. Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course He would not leave man, the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The right, yea, the duty of self-defense is so evident it needs no argumentation. The hand is the divinely fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are so equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a bolt of demolition. Solomon speaks of the hands as the "keepers of the house," or the defenders. Surely such a castle as the human body needs such protection as the hand alone can offer.

What a defense it is against accident! There have been times in all our experiences when we have with the hand warded off something that would have extinguished our eyesight, or broken the skull, or crippled us for a lifetime. While the eye has discovered the approaching peril, the hand has beaten it back, or struck it down, or disarmed it. Every day thank God for your right hand, and if you want to hear its eulogy ask him who in swift revolution of machinery has had it crushed, or at Chapultepec or South mountain or San Juan hill or Sedan lost it.

And in passing let me say that he who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowards who walk with sword cane or carry a pistol in your hip pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the frontier, or in barbarous lands, or as an officer of the law about to make arrest, such arming may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such reenforcement. If you are afraid to go down these streets or along these country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting needle. What cowards, if not intended murderers, uselessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry!

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul for affording help. Just see how that hand is constructed. How easily you can lower it to raise the fallen. How easily it is extended to feel the invalid's pulse, or gently wipe away the tear of orphanage, or contribute alms, or smooth the excited brow, or beckon into safety. O the helping hands! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least 1,600,000,000 of them. Hands to bless others, hands to rescue others, hands to save others. What are all these schools and churches and asylums of mercy? Outstretched hands. What are all those hands distributing tracts and carrying medicines and trying to cure blind eyes and deaf ears and broken bones and disordered intellects and wayward sons? Helping hands. Let each one of us add two to that number if we have two, or, if through casualty only one, add that one. If these hands which we have so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence or folded in indifference or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things or hewing up obstacles in the way of righteous progress might from this hour be consecrated to helping others out and up and on, they would be hands worth being raised on the resurrection morn and worth clapping in eternal gladness over a world redeemed.

The great artists of the ages—Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci and Quentin Matsys and Rembrandt and Albert Durer and Titian — have done their best picturing the face of Christ, but none except Ary Scheffer seems to have put much stress upon the hand of Christ. Indeed, the mercy of that hand, the gentleness of that hand, is beyond all artistic portrayal. Some of His miracles He performed by word of mouth and without touching the subject before Him, but most of them He performed through the hand. Was the dead damsel to be raised to life? "He took her by the hand." Was the blind man to have optic nerve restored? "He took him by the hand." Was the demon to be exorcised from a suffering man? "He took him by the hand." The people saw this and besought Him to put His hand on their afflicted ones.

His own hands free, see how the Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It was a case of atrophy, a wasting away until the arm and hand had been reduced in size beyond any medical or surgical restoration. Moreover, it was his right hand, the more important of the two, for the left side in all its parts is weaker than the right side, and we involuntarily, in any exigency, put out the right hand because we know it is the best hand. So that poor man had lost more than half of his physical armament. It would not have been so bad if it had been the left hand. But Christ looked at the shriveled up right hand dangling uselessly at the man's side and then cried out with a voice that had omnipotence in it: "Stretch forth thy right hand!" and the record is "he stretched it forth whole as the other." The blood rushed through the shrunken veins, and the shortened muscles lengthened, and the dead nerves thrilled, and the lifeless fingers tingled with resumed circulation, and the restored man held up in the presence of the skeptical Pharisee one of Jehovah's masterpieces—a perfect hand. No wonder that story is put three times in the Bible, so that if a sailor were cast away on a barren island, or a soldier's New Testament got mutilated in battle and whole pages are destroyed, the shipwrecked or wounded man in hospital would probably have at least one of those three radiant stories of what Christ thought of the human hand.

Do not eulogize the eye and ear at the expense of the hand, for the eye may be blotted out, as in the case of Milton, and yet his hand writes a "Paradise Lost" or a "Samson Agonistes;" as in the case of William H. Prescott, and yet his hand may write the enchanting "Conquest of Peru." Or the ear may be silenced forever, as in the case of Beethoven, and yet his hand put into immortal cadences the "Ninth Symphony." Oh, the hand! The God-fashioned hand! The triumphant hand! It is an open Bible of divine revelation, and the five fingers are the Isaiah, and the Ezekiel, and the David, and the Micah, and the Paul of that almighty inspiration.

A pastor in his sermon told how a little child appreciated the value of his hand when he was told that on the morrow it must be amputated in order to save his life. Hearing that, he went to a quiet place and prayed that God would spare his hand. The surgeon, coming the next day to do his work, found the hand so much better that amputation was postponed, and the hand got well. The pastor, telling of this in a sermon, concluded by holding up his hand and saying: "That is the very hand that was spared in answer to prayer, and I hold it up, a monument of Divine mercy."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul when wrung in agony. Tears of relief are sometimes denied to trouble. The eyelids at such times are as hot and parched and burning as the brow. At such time even the voice is suppressed, and there is no sob or outcry. Then the wringing of the hand tells the story. At the close of a life wasted in sin sometimes comes that expression of the twisted fingers—the memory of years that will never return, of opportunities the like of which will never again occur and conscience in its wrath pouncing upon the soul and all the past a horror, only to be surpassed by the approaching horror. So a man wrings his hands over the casket of a dead wife whom he has cruelly treated. So a man wrings his hands at the fate of sons and daughters whose prospects have been ruined by his inebriety and neglect and depravity. So the sinner wrung his hands when after a life full of offers of pardon and peace and heaven he dies without hope. When there are sorrows too poignant for lamentation on the lip and too hot for the tear glands to write in letters of crystal on the cheek, the hand recites the tragedy with more emphasis than anything in "Macbeth" and "King Lear."

Worse than the wringing of the hands was the punishment that Cranmer gave his right hand when he put it in the fire of the stake and without flinching said: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall therefore be the first punished. It shall be the first burned. This was the hand that wrote it."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul in salutation. A former president of the United States said: "I think handshaking is a great nuisance, and it should be abolished. It not only makes the right arm sore, but shocks the whole system and unfits a man for writing or attending to other duties. It demoralizes the entire nervous and muscular system." But while this exercise may be fatiguing, it is also an opportunity. He who knows how heartily to shake hands has one of the mightiest arts for conveying happiness and good cheer and life eternal. After you have shaken hands with one, a line of communication is opened that was not open before. Two hands clasped in greeting are a bridge on which all sympathies and kindnesses and encouragements and blessings cross over. To shake hands with some persons does us more than a good sermon — aye, it is a sermon. To shake hands with a good doctor when we are sick is an anodyne, a tonic, a febrifuge, before he feels the pulse or writes the prescription. To shake hands with a cheerful man when we are discouraged fills us with faith to try again what we have failed in doing. To shake hands with some consecrated man, clerical or lay, after we have wandered away into sin, is to feel the grasp of a father—God welcoming home the prodigal. Shake hands, O ye solid and exclusive and cold-blooded and precise and conventional Christians! Jehu cried out to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right? If it be, give me thine hand."

There is in an honest and Christian handshake a thrill of Gospel electricity. You take part of his trouble and he takes part of your jubilance. In that way you divide up anxieties and congratulations. The main trunk line of that handshake has branches of blessed telegraphy right down to both hearts and up to both heads, and you both get the message the same instant. Take off the glove when you shake hands, for that glove puts the hide of a kid between the palm of your hand and the palm of his hand, and that animal's hide is a nonconductor of this Gospel electricity. Do not grip the bone of the forefinger and the bone of the little finger with a crushing power that puts one into a severe suffering which many of us have experienced from those who are more brutes than men. Take the hand gently, reasonably, heartily and know that God ordered that form of salutation. That is one important thing that the hand was made for. You can see the indications in its shape and equipment—the four fingers to take your neighbor's hand on one side, and the thumb to take it on the other, and the forearm so swung that you can easily draw it toward you.

Of course there is a wicked shaking of hands, and Solomon refers to it when he says: "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." Shake hands in conspiracy to damage individual or community or nation, shake hands to defraud, shake hands to stand by each other in wrongdoing. You help me stuff this ballot box, and I will see that when I am in power you shall have promotion. You help me in my infamy, and I will help you in your infamy. Oh, that is profanation of a holy rite; that is sacrilege against a Divine arrangement; that is gripping your own destruction. Pilate and Herod, though antagonists before, shook hands over Christ's projected assassination.

But shake hands the way William Penn shook hands with the Indians for their civilization. Shake hands the way Missionary Carey shook hands with the Hindoos, for whose salvation he became a lifetime exile. Shake hands the way Havelock shook hands with besieged women at Lucknow whom he had come to save from massacre. Shake hands as David Brainerd did with the American Indians whom he offered a glorious Heaven through the Gospel. Shake hands as Lincoln shook hands with the agitated mother to whom he gave back the boy who had fallen asleep from overfatigue as a sentinel. Shake hands as during the civil war Anna Ross shook hands with the wounded soldier in Cooper Shop hospital, Philadelphia. Shake hands as Van Meter, the city evangelist, shook hands with the waif of the street coming penitent into the midnight mission. Shake hands as heaven shook hands with earth that night when a doxology in the gallery of clouds woke the Bethlehem shepherds.

But it is not always in such glad greeting that we can employ our right hand. Ais, that so often we have to employ the hand in farewell salutation. If your right hand retained some impress of all such uses, it would be a volume of bereavements. Oh, the good-bys in which your right hand has participated! Good-by at the steamboat wharf. Good-by at the rail train window. Good-by before the opening of the battle. Good-by at the dying pillow. We all needed grace for such handshaking, though our hand was strong and their hand was weak, and we will need grace for the coming good-bys, and that grace we had better seek while amid the felicities of health and homes unbroken. Thank God, there will be no good-by in Heaven.

Again, the hand is the chief executive of the soul when employed in benediction. No gesture of the human hand means more than the outstretched gesture. In many of our religious denominations we are not permitted to pronounce an apostolic benediction until we have been regularly ordained as ministers of the gospel, but there are kinds of benediction that you may all pronounce without especial permission from presbytery or conference or convention. You have a right to spread abroad both right and left hand in bestowing a blessing of kindness and good will upon all you meet. With both hands bless the children. Take them in your arms and kiss their fair cheek. Take with them a round of merriment in the room before you leave it, and by prayer put them in the arms of the Christ, to go to whom in olden time they struggled to get out of the arms of their mothers. God bless the cradles and high chairs and nurseries all around the world.

Extend your hands in benediction for the aged. Take their counsel and ask their prayers, and smooth the path down the declivities. By neglect and unfilial demeanor add no wrinkles to their brow, no more stoop to their shoulders. They have their hand on the latch of the door through which they will soon go out of sight of your homes and churches. May the mantles of Elijah fall upon the Elijahs! Spread your hand for the benediction upon all the men and women in the tug of life, many of them tired and buffeted and disheartened. Never go out of a store or shop or office or field without pronouncing a benediction.

And what better use can I make of my hands, which are the chief executive officer of my soul, than now to spread them abroad in the apostolic benediction which has been pronounced for centuries, and over hundreds of thousands of assemblages, at coronations and obsequies, at harvest homes and on fast days, by all the ministers of the Gospel in the past as it will be by all ministers of the Gospel until the church militant reaches up its right hand to take the right hand of the church triumphant; a benediction which, when it has its full sway, will leave nothing for our world to want or Heaven to bestow: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all forever. Amen."

Man Without a State.

The following question was discussed at Jefferson recently, says the Portland Oregonian: A man was born at Fort Boise, at that time in the territory of Oregon, but now of Idaho. Is he a native of Oregon or Idaho?

COLOR VERSUS QUALITY.

Why the Matter of Mere Beauty Should Be a Secondary Consideration to Bee-Keepers.

There has been quite a rage for yellow bees, and breeders in this country have catered to the general demand to such an extent that bees of the Italian race are produced much yellower than those found in Italy. But the tide seems now turning, and the demand is rather for bees that give a large surplus than for handsome bees. E. R. Root, editor of Gleanings, says:

"I hope the race for color has had its day; and while there have been several specimens of bees that have been good workers, as well as beautiful, the majority of those we have tested have had some bad traits, either in temper, swarming propensity or a lack of hardiness for wintering. Let the matter of color be only a secondary consideration. Put first, ability to get money; second, wintering qualities; third, disinclination to swarm; temper next, and color last of all. But other things being equal, I should very much prefer gentle bees if at the same time they can have the other three desirable qualities. Color really amounts to nothing.

"As of color or markings it may be said that, of whatever blood the queen may be, she must be pure, whether Carniolan, black or Italian. A hybrid queen with an ancestry of hybrids back ten years might be able to reproduce her kind without sporting toward either the blacks or Italians. Dr. Miller has such a queen. Her bees outstripped everything else in the apiary last season, and he is going to use her for a breeder.

"Hybrids are apt to be more or less cross. It has been observed, I believe, that the cross or "snappy" kind are the ones that produce results in honey. Did you ever notice that it is often the "snappy" kind of people who can get out a big day's work, even though they are not, perhaps, the most popular among their fellows?"

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

How to Keep Them So That the Germ Is Not Killed and the Egg Thus Made Useless.

As to keeping eggs for hatching, the incubator people remind us that the yolk is specifically lighter than the albumen, and is buoyed up by it, and the germ, which always lies at the top, is only kept from pressing against the shell by the weight of the denser albumen forming the chalaza, this having a tendency to drag the yolk down and steady it. If the eggs are kept at too high a temperature, the albumen will get somewhat fluid and the yolks will be pressed upward against the shell, and, if allowed to remain so, will become fixed to it. Any length of time and temperature that would result in this would have killed the germ and thus rendered the egg useless. The more handling the egg has the quicker this derangement will be effected. Place eggs for hatching in a basket or box with regard to position, cover with a cloth to prevent undue evaporation by direct exposure to the air, and leave them undisturbed until wanted. They will be better than if handled and turned. Any cloth will give sufficient ventilation to keep the air around the eggs sweet if the apartment is pure.—Plowboy and Country Farmer.

ARE BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.

Buff Turkeys Are Not as Popular in the Western States as They Deserve to Be.

Buff turkeys probably resulted from selected crosses of the bronze and white breeds. In size and general qualities they resemble the White Holland, but

PURE-BRED BUFF TURKEY.

with pure buff plumage. The full color is hard to get and every hatch includes birds with black or white in the plumage. This difficulty is perhaps the chief cause of lack of popularity. Buff turkeys are seldom kept on farms, although they are considered equal to the other small breeds for general purposes.—Orange Judd Farmer.

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Keep bees to make your honey, but begin with only a few hives.

Strong colonies protect themselves from robbers and bee moths.

Young queens, like young stock of any kind, are superior to old ones.

Bees are profitable because they gather up and store what would otherwise be lost.

To avoid in and out breeding it is well to introduce new blood from time to time.

The point in favor of the Italian bee is that it is the most prolific and is gentle and energetic.

In rendering beeswax a tin, brass or copper vessel should be used. An iron vessel will darken it.

Comb honey will last for years if always kept dry and uniformly at about 90 degrees. Under these conditions it will improve.—St. Louis Republic.

Hens Need Lots of Light.

The size of the windows has much to do with the comfort or discomfort of the fowls in winter. Sad to relate, most of the poultry houses owned by farmers have but small windows, though we believe that the idea of having large windows is growing. The poultry house that has to accommodate say 50 hens, and has a single window two feet square is an abomination, and it is no wonder that in flocks so kept diseases are frequent and destructive. If but one window can be put in a poultry house, it should certainly be a large one, but it is better to have a number of windows.—Farmers' Review.

"I never talk through the newspapers," said a great man. "You prefer your hat, perhaps," suggested the reporter.—Philadelphia North American.

Artificial Sight.

A Russian inventor has perfected an electrical appliance, which he claims will enable the blind to see. This will bring much happiness to those who have defective eyesight. Another great discovery which will bring much happiness to those whose stomachs have become deranged is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has made a world wide reputation for itself as a certain cure for such ailments as indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and malaria, fever and ague.

It All Depends.

"I suppose you are a believer in harmony," said the garrulous barber.

"Sometimes I am and sometimes I am not," replied the local politician.

"How is that?" queried the knight of the lather brush.

"Well, take your business for example," answered the l. p. "I fail to see just why you and your razor should pull together."—Chicago Evening News.

$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.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Due to Anxiety.

Guest—Ouch! You've spilled some soup down my neck.

Waiter—I's orful sorry, sah; but you see, sah, I's so in doubt if you is gwine to gub me a tip or not, it makes me nervous.—What To Eat.

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.

A Suggestive Name.

Mr. Dukane—There is one thing to be said in Gen. Kitchener's favor.

Mr. Gaswell—What is that?

"A man with that name should have no difficulty in getting the range of the enemy."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

Creatures of Habit.

Many a man now, when he starts to date his letter, makes it '99, and then he uses 0-y, 0-y words.—Philadelphia Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The love of money is said to be the root of all evil—and the lack of money produces many branches of the evil.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

It is good to know we cannot give happiness without receiving it.—Elliott's Magazine.

It is doubtful if anyone ever had a real friend, therefore be your own friend, and take care of your interests and your reputation.—Atchison Globe.

Nippon—"Hear about Clark being in a railroad accident? Badly hurt, too." Tuck—"Will he recover?" Nippon—"Well, I don't know. His lawyer says he can, but his doctor says he can't."—Town Topics.

Points of View.—"The soil," remarked the economist, "is what supports us." Here the lawyer admitted that land is the cause of three-fourths of the litigation, while the doctor did not deny that effluvia from the ground leads to much sickness.—Detroit Journal.

It is a mistake to mark the silverware with the family name. An Atchison man eats pie with his fingers because when he uses his fork, he is reminded that his wife's second husband was named Burris, and when he uses a knife, he sees Smith, the name of her first husband, on the handle. — Atchison Globe.

"What's the matter with your head Bixby?" "Been backing the line." "What! At your age!" "Yep. Somebody let it out all night in the back yard and I didn't see it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The great objection to hypocrisy is, that it is not necessary. No man ever practiced it successfully.—Atchison Globe.

Lots of young men get into bad deals because their fathers have lots of money to help them into them. — Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Athletic Ardor. — Bertie—"Mother, will you take me to see the football game this afternoon?" Mother—"No, darling; but if you are a good boy mother will let you help her clean her bicycle."—Pun.

Sunday School Teacher (in Chicago)—"Why did the wise men come from the east?" Bright Scholar—"Because they were wise men."—Philadelphia Record.

Antiquated wise saws do not turn to sawdust, but it would be a good thing if some of them did.—Chicago Daily News.

THE NERVES OF WOMEN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves the Suffering from Overwrought Nerves.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so grateful for the benefit derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I wish you to publish this testimonial that others may know the value of your medicine. I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all and was too weak to walk across the floor without aid. The disease had reached a condition where my heart was affected by it, so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."—MRS. ADELE WILLIAMSON, 126 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

Thin, Sallow and Nervous.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—MISS LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
The best remedy for Consumption. Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Croup. Small doses; quick, sure relief. Dr. Bull's Pillsecure Constipation. Trial, 10, for 5c.

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

40 YEARS OF SUFFERING!

NEURALGIA Gentlemen: I have been sending to you for your "5 DROPS" for several parties who have used it and who say it is the best they ever used. One old lady had NEURALGIA FOR 40 YEARS, has tried nearly everything she could hear of without relief until she commenced using "5 DROPS" and now she is not troubled with the disease. Each one that has used it says it is the best remedy, and all join in praise of "5 DROPS." For the enclosed money please send me three large bottles of "5 DROPS," one package of Pills and one Plaster, and hurry them forward without delay. SAMUEL SPRECLE, Pittsville, Md. Jan. 11, 1900.

RHEUMATISM Gentlemen: My mother, Mrs. Eliza Austin, of Fremont, Wis., has been almost an invalid for years with RHEUMATISM and for the past five years has not been able to walk 40 rods until she began to use "5 DROPS," about two months ago. She now walks a mile at a time and is doing all her own work in the house, a thing she has not done for years. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, with my name and address if you desire, and I do so with pleasure. Yours truly, MRS. C. H. PURDY, Oshkosh, Wis. Dec. 27, 1899. MRS. C. H. PURDY, Oshkosh, Wis., my mother's.

5 DROPS (TRADE MARK.) SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

30 DAYS to enable sufferers to give "5 DROPS" a fair test, we will send a fifty cent bottle free on receipt of 25 cents in stamps to pay postage. A single bottle will convince. Also, large bottles (100 doses) $1.00. Druggists sell it or can get it for you. Sold by us and agents. AGENTS WANTED in every township.

Prevent Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with

Cuticura SOAP

And light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of Women

Use CUTICURA SOAP exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the best skin and complexion soap the best toilet and best baby soap in the world.

Cuticura Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. The Set, $1.25 A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Save the Hair, Hands, and Skin," free.

SMITH'S SURE KIDNEY CURE

.... CURES ....

This remedy will keep the Kidneys in a healthy condition, purify the Blood and give proper action to the Liver. Stands pre-eminently superior for the cure of diseases peculiar to women. If you are troubled with kidney and bladder troubles, such as Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Gravel of the Bladder, Albumen in Urine and unhealthy deposits or too frequent discharge of the urine, pain in the back and bladder, dropsical swelling of the feet and legs, etc., we claim that by using SMITH'S SURE KIDNEY CURE a complete cure will be effected.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

From those who have used Smith's Sure Kidney Cure:

I have used three bottles of your SURE KIDNEY CURE, and it has made a permanent cure. MRS. WM. PURYEAR, Jonesboro, Ark.

Inclosed find postoffice order for Smith's SURE KIDNEY CURE. I have taken one bottle, and it is the only medicine that has done me any good. There are several soldiers here who are affected the same as I, and we cannot obtain the medicine here. JOHN H. KELLY, Company I, State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Dayton, O.

I had female trouble for over a year, and was confined to the bed for six months. I was treated by six very prominent physicians without any material benefit. My last doctor was a skilled specialist, and he told me the only hope was in a cure by the use of SMITH'S SURE KIDNEY CURE. I took two bottles and am now well and strong. Your medicine cured, and even the doctor who had attended