

TIMELY TOPICS.

THE WOMEN OF SPITI, in India, wear tunics and trousers of woollen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are fond of taking off at any time. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including nose-rings.

A TYPICAL woman in the interior of Africa is thus described: "Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse, and wrinkled; her figure tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass, and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden beads, and heaven knows what lumber besides."

AN ALBANIAN belle of to-day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, gaily coiffed with seed pearls and coins and enveloped in a black pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks and jet black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride disdains paint for a white, and if wealthy wears a suit something like this: Rose-colored underdresses, with an over-robe of dark green velvet, the idea being taken from a rose-half folded in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching.

An orthodox religious journal has this to say of Henry Ward Beecher's new departure: "It has happened as was anticipated. Henry Ward Beecher has finally severed his connection with the Congregational association which has with much long-continued time for so long a time as an accredited member. That this means a withdrawal from the whole Congregational fraternity is the general and correct inference. Mr. Beecher has long been at sword's point with orthodox. He does not yet deny the divinity of Christ. But the doctrines of reprobation, eternal punishment and inspiration he has an equivocal put away. This departure has not been sudden. It has been gradual, and hence we may presume that the end has not yet come. In this catastrophe to the pastor of Plymouth, for we think the dissentient himself to be pitted rather than the institution which he has left behind him, is illustrated again the principle of moral declension. He has at last gone over entirely to the liberal advertisers. He pitched his tent that way long ago.

The Right Rev. Robert Paine, D. D., senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church South, died at Aberdeen, Miss., Oct. 20, in the eighty-third year of his age. Bishop Paine was born in Person county, North Carolina, Nov. 12, 1799, and removed to Tennessee early in the present century. In 1818 he joined the Tennessee conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, and did pastoral work until 1830, when he became president of La Grange college, in Alabama. He continued in this position until 1846, when he was elected bishop. He was a member of every general conference of the Methodist church from 1834 until 1846, and was chairman of the committee of nine which reported the plan of separation, on the basis of which the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States was divided. He took a prominent part in the Louisville convention of 1845, which organized the Methodist Episcopal church South. His "Life and Times of Bishop McKendree" is his best known literary work. Bishop Paine was a learned and earnest preacher and a man of great executive ability.

At a general convention of Universalists, lately held in Philadelphia, a resolution was presented and adopted denouncing the death penalty, and in its discussion the assassin Guitan's sanity was gravely questioned, and his execution severely denounced. The Rev. Dr. Kimby, of Maine, offered a resolution declaring the death penalty to be barbarous, revolting, demoralizing, contrary to the spirit of the Christian religion and unnecessary, and recommending imprisonment for life at hard labor as a substitute. The Rev. Mr. Hitchcock, of New Jersey, approved of the resolution. The Rev. Mr. Shinn, of New Hampshire, said: "The trial of Guitan was a bloody piece of business and I sympathize with him. He was deformed and perverted from his youth, and when he had our beloved president he was not responsible for what he did, but all the so-called Christian ministers were bowling for his death, and I believe Guitan will fare far better than some of these men who claim vast superiority." Dr. Gor. Trask, of Massachusetts, was in sympathy with the resolution. The Rev. Dr. Demarest moved that the resolution be amended so as to read "and recommend that a more humane and effective penalty be substituted." The resolution was then adopted.

It is said that "worry will kill a cat." However that may be, chronic, persistent "hurry" will kill a man, oftentimes. To be always in a hurry is unwise. Taking life and its auxiliaries of business, care and labor calmly, is the true philosophy. Every morning thousands of men in the vicinity of large cities and towns hurry from their houses and take themselves to the nearest railroad station. It frequently occurs that when a man is the most hurried, a train just rolls into the station as he comes in sight of it several rods away. Consequently he runs pell-mell and plunges through the gateway and into the train completely exhausted, with his heart beating like a trip hammer and performing its functions with great difficulty. The hurrying man passes through these experiences daily, and the question arises whether this incessant running to catch trains is not a more potent and general factor in producing heart disease than has been supposed. On this point a prominent city physician says: "There is undoubtedly a connection. The bane of our American life is its ceaseless hurry which induces nervous diseases, and cannot exert a favorable influence upon the action of the heart. And this especial matter of hurrying to catch trains is one that affects thousands of men, some of whom have hearts that are not sound. Therefore they are injured by this sudden and violent strain and expose themselves to grave dangers."

Dr. NEWBROUGH, resident in New York city, on a late evening gave an account of his Bible, which he calls "Onahpe." He said the object of the book was not to supplant nor revise other Bibles, but that this was a new book with new revelations. The other Bibles were for one people and for one time, but this was for all people and all time. Onahpe is the only book that re-

veals the manners and habits of the heavenly beings. Dr. Newbrough then went into a description of how he wrote the work, and said he knew nothing of any language but English, and was acquainted with modern spiritualism, but does not belong to any sect. He does not belong to any church, for he had never found any to suit him. While writing the book he found that every morning from a quarter to half an hour after sunrise, he was compelled to take his seat at his desk and there wrote without any volition of his own. He found that his hands moved independent of his mind, and he was not conscious of what he had written. While writing a bright light settled on his hands and when the light faded away his hands became cold, which the light told him was a signal for him to stop. When he tried to read what he had written the light told him not to do so, so he remained in ignorance until he had completed the book, which took him nearly a year. In another column of this morning's Globe will be found a somewhat full, interesting but not an entirely approbatory criticism of this really remarkable book.

Why is it that so many persons nowadays, more than in former times, die suddenly of alleged heart disease? Is it due to our modern mode of life, hurry, worry, corroding care and vexation of spirit? Business is done, and life regulated, or rather demoralized by the modes of the time. Business is done by steam and electricity. The locomotive and the telegraph keep men in a constant fever of hurry, worry and excitement. There is a limit to human endurance. That limit being reached, the man falls. An eminent physician in New York city, speaking of the abnormal strain put upon men by increasing, unremitting care, exertion and anxiety, says "great care is necessary in matters of this kind for people who are suffering from heart difficulties, either latent or developed. There are among the business and professional men of New York those who are more or less afflicted with some form of heart disease, which in many cases has been induced by severe attacks of rheumatism or kidney disease. A case of heart disease cannot be attributed alone to ascending stairs. Of course the first effect of running or rapidly ascending is shortness of breath. The legs and arms move quickly, while the motion of the heart is slower and does not catch up. By this a load of blood from the limbs is suddenly thrown upon the heart before it moves rapidly enough to dispose of it. This burden suddenly put upon the heart and the temporary congestion of the lungs cause imperfect action, and the victim experiences what is known as shortness of breath. This is the effect upon a person running up the stairs of the elevated railroad stations to catch trains. If the heart is perfectly sound this over-exertion will not produce disease. But the thousands of persons with weak hearts should move carefully, and miss a train rather than make themselves uncomfortable."

Ms. Moor while speaking recently on the second coming of Christ, in Glasgow, Scotland, said: "If this doctrine was to bring young converts into a fog, why did Paul write so much about it? There are only 260 chapters in the New Testament, and yet 218 different passages refer to our Lord's coming. What makes the doctrine so sweet in the 15th chapter, I Corinthians? Why, it not only speaks of Christ's burial and resurrection, but tells us of his coming. 'Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.' Some Christians would never taste death, but would be caught up and changed. We have the same authority for his coming back, that we have for his burial. He went up unexpectedly, and will return unexpectedly. If we were ready for death, of course we would be ready for the return of our Lord, but we would rather look for his coming than for anything else in the world. Our Lord's second coming was not so mysterious and wonderful as his first coming. If some one had declared fifty years before Christ's birth, that he was to be born in a manger, that he was to be rejected and crucified, he did not think there was a man on the face of the earth who would have believed the story—it would be too incredible. Although he came suddenly, we would meet him with joy. The wife whose husband had been away received a communication that he was coming; and though she did not know the exact time, yet how glad would she be when he returned. So it would be when our absent Lord returned. It would not be long, because with him 1,000 years were as one day. Looking forward was the attribute of God's children from all time. For 4,000 years they looked for the promised one, and for nearly 2,000 we have been looking for his return. There was not anything that would take a man more out of the whirlpool of this world than this doctrine. Mr. Moody pitied from his inmost heart, any man who could not see this blessed, comforting doctrine, that our Lord is coming to set up his kingdom, which should be from the river to the ends of the earth."

An interesting case is now pending in the supreme court of New York, involving an alleged breach of contract on the part of Henry Ward Beecher. Beecher entered into a contract to write a Life of Christ. One volume was published and another was to follow. But the Beecher-Tilton troubles came on, and arrested the preparation of the work and its publication was unavoidably delayed. One of the parties in interest in the publication, when the Beecher-Tilton sensational explosion and scandal startled the community, exclaimed, "This blows the 'Life of Christ' higher than a kite." The assertion proved to be true. The case now pending is entitled, "Samuel Wilkinson vs. Henry Ward Beecher," and is for breach of contract. He agreed to write the book in eighteen months. He demanded and received before he signed the contract \$10,000. Wilkinson, a partner in the firm, paid the \$10,000. He has not yet been able to get either the book or the money out of Beecher. "I offered to compromise with him three years ago," said Mr. Wilkinson, "on the return of the amount advanced, an offer that Beecher tearfully accepted, pronounced magnanimous and gushingly promised to pay. I yet stand by my offer. The suit is brought to recover the \$10,000, and the various damages resulting from the non-performance of the agreement. I understand that Beecher will swear solemnly that he did not make any such contract. Second, if he did make it, it was modified by an agreement that waived the delay of performance in the first contract, and that he never agreed to write the 'Life of Christ' in eighteen months or any specified time whatever, but simply to use his best exertions to write it. That he is willing,

has all along been willing, and will always be willing to use his best exertions; in short, that he is as innocent in this case as he was in that other famous one."

TRUTH continues to assert its superiority to fiction. An interesting account of a long lost daughter, found by her father after a separation of twenty years is now going the rounds. The story is this: Some twenty years ago a party of children from a New York institution were taken west and some of them found homes in Akron, Ohio, and others in Medina, the county seat of Medina county, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Sillett, of Medina, took home a little girl aged five or six years. The waif had but a faint recollection of her New York home, but that her father went to the west and she was loved by her foster parents, and was wooed and won by Charles B. McClure. Since her marriage she has resided in the city of Akron. Recently a gentleman called at her house. She opened the door, but the gentleman said not a word, but appeared to be intently studying her features. After a pause, she said: "How do you do?" He responded, "Don't you know me?" She replied she did not. Her father handed her a daguerreotype, the picture of his daughter, taken when she was between two and three years old, and asked her if she knew who it was. She said she did not. He then said it was the picture of her, and that he was her father. Mr. Donovan, the gentleman in question, is confident he has found his long lost child, and has good evidence to establish his claim. He has searched for her ever since he left the army and in doing so traveled over a large portion of the country. Last week he learned from the New York commissioner of charities that his daughter, Ann Frances Donovan, had been given in charge of G. R. Sillett, of Medina, O., some twenty years ago. He left for Ohio, called on the Silletts, learned of his daughter's marriage and called on her with the result above stated.

ANTS AND THEIR HABITS. A New Insight into Some Peculiarities of the Insect World. [From "Under the Sun," by Paul Robinson.]

The commonest of all Indian ants, or at any rate, the most conspicuous, are the black ones, to be found marauding on every sidewalk, and whose normal state seems to be one of criminal trespass. These, from their size, are perhaps almost the most interesting, as it requires little exertion to distinguish between the classes of individuals that in the aggregate make up a nest of ants. There is the bustling soldier, a policeman, who goes about wagging his great head or snapping his jaws at nothing; furious exceedingly when insulted; but, as a rule, preferring to patrol in the shady neighborhoods—the backwaters of life—where he can peer idly into the paths, and pretend to be on the lookout for suspicious characters, stopping strangers with impertinent inquiries, loitering at the modest wire-worm who is hurrying home.

Watch him, swaggering to meet a friend whose beat ends at the corner and with whom he will loiter for the next hour. Suddenly a blossom falls from the orange tree overhead. His display of energy is now terrific. He dashes about in all directions, jostles the other passengers and then pretends that they have attacked him. He continually loses his own balance and has to scramble out of worm-holes and dusty crevices, or he comes in collision with a blade of grass which he bravely turns up and utters a discomfit, and then on a sudden, tail up, he whirls home to report at headquarters the recent violent volcanic disturbance which, being at his post, he was fortunately able to suppress.

Another and more numerous action of the community of ants are the loafers who spend lives of the most laborious idleness. Instead of joining the long thread of honest worker ants, stretching from the nest to the next garden, and busy importing food to the nurseries, they hang about the doors and eke out a day spent in sham industry by retiring at intervals to perform an elaborate toilet. Between whiles the loafer affects a comb to sting, and then a rush along the high road, just as if the laden returns; stops most of them to do commonplace questions or to wonder idly at their burdens; and then, as if struck by a bright idea, or the sudden remembrance of something he had forgotten, he turns sharp round and rushes home—tumbling headlong into the nest with an avalanche of rubbish behind him, which will take the whole colony a long time to bring out again. The loafer, meanwhile, sits at his clean his legs. Sometimes, when in order to be thought active and vigilant, he raises a false alarm of danger and skirmishes valiantly in the rear with an imaginary foe, a hawk of corn-seed or a thistle-down. One such loafer came, under my own observation, to a mission, and thinking to be busy chiefly he entered into a contest with a very small fly. But the small fly was the undisputed possessor of a powerful sting, whereas the unhappy loafer, with his tail curled up to his mouth, rolled about in agony until a policeman catching sight of him, and seeing that he was either drunk, riotous, or incapable, ripped him into two pieces, and a "worker" happening to pass by carried him off to the nest as food for the rest of the family. An honest ant on the other hand, has no equal for freedom of purpose and an obstinate undaunted industry. The day breaks, the front door is opened, and the honest ant ascends to daylight. He finds that a passer-by has effaced the track along which he ran so often yesterday, but his memory is good, and natural landmarks abound. He casts about like a pig when first thrown up in the air, and then he sets off straight on to the path to the little heap of stone that is sticking out on one side of it and down the other over the bank—through a forest of weeds—round a lake of dew, and then, with an extraordinary instinct for a straight line, he goes whirling off across the cucumber bed to some far spot, where he knows is lying a stem of maize heavily laden with grain. Then with a fraction of a second he carries home, hands it to over to the commissariat, and is off again for another. And so, if the grain holds out, he will go on until sunset, and when the fluffy, round-faced ones, sitting on the sentinel oppress trees, are screeching an alaric to the lingering day birds, the honest ant is busy closing up his doors; and before the myriads, passing overhead and calling as they go to belated wanderers, have reached the bamboo clumps which fringe the river, he will be sleeping the sleep of the honest.

With industry, however, the catalogue of the virtues of ants begins and ends. "They have an instinct of hard work, and, unless or not, they do it—in the most laborious way they can; but, except for the wisdom which industry argues, ants have little or nothing to the epithet of 'wise.'" Until they learn that to run up one side of a post and down the other is not a quick way of getting past the post, they are scarcely to be accused of even common sense.

SUNDAY GLOBELET.

Pride goes before a fall—bonnet. A prominent financier estimates that Egypt will lose about £70,000,000 by the war. Busy times, like busy waters, are generally pure. Stagnant times, like stagnant pools, breed corruption. A recent writer on Bible lands reports that of all the seven churches of Asia that of Smyrna alone is alive. A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

In Gordeno, Russia, the accidental explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in a tradesman's shop, resulted in the death of nearly all the children in a school house near by. A New York man, desiring to commit suicide, shot at himself four times without hitting. He will probably be given a position on the American rifle team in the next international shooting match. A large gun on board an English fleet at Alexandria throws a projectile weighing 1,700 pounds at a velocity of over a mile in four seconds. It takes 300 pounds of powder to fire one such shot, and each discharge costs about \$1,000. The Boston Globe has this wicked reference to Troy: "When a Troy man disappears mysteriously, his wife sends around among the neighbors to find out whose wife is unaccounted for. A woman has a curiosity about such matters."

Mrs. Samuel H. Taylor, of Winston, N. C., had been an invalid for two years, in which time she could walk only with crutches until a recent Sunday, when she attended a faith and prayer meeting and was instantly and marvelously cured. New Yorkers meditate a new line of steamers which are to make the trip to Europe in six days. This is pretty quick ocean traveling; but until a line is started that will beat a cable dispatch, America's defaulting cashiers will not feel safe. In the Italian parliament the voting is done by electricity. Three buttons marked "aye," "no," and "abstain," on each member's desk, and connected with a central printing apparatus which records the votes automatically as the members touch the buttons. The last sermon in the world never reconciled the proud man, trying to curl his feet up and out of sight under the pew, to the painfully obtrusive and evident fact that the wife of his bosom had used his blacking-brush to polish the kitchen stove.

There are many fruits that never turn sweet until the frost is laid upon them; there are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has opened and ripened them; and there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow touches them. Some writers say that life is like a book of which we have but one edition. The sentence contains a momentous truth. Every day's action adds another page to the fast-completing volume. Who makes up this short and important book with a record upon each page such as he is willing the eternities shall look upon?

The presiding elder who used to conduct the dedication of a new Methodist church at Grand Rapids, Mich., did not do it. The debt was not all provided for, and he said he more due bills, mechanics' liens and mortgages. The purpose to keep churches out of debt is a growing and sensible one. Victor Hugo's latest predictions are that France, Italy and Spain are destined to be the foremost representatives of civilization; that the Turks will be driven out of Europe; and that the twentieth century will see all Africa civilized by means of the Mediterranean powers, including England, owing to her possessions at Gibraltar.

An amusing and yet embarrassing mistake happened a few nights ago to a prominent Philadelphia gentleman whose near-sightedness is his greatest affliction. He attended a fashionable entertainment, paid his respects to the hostess and then approached an individual whose face struck him as familiar. Grasping the gentleman by the hand, the near-sighted man said: "Excuse me, sir, your face is familiar, but I can't place you, somehow. I am sure I have seen you before, sir." "Very likely, sir. I am one of Augustine's waiters," was the differential reply.

Bishop Huntington: Every impulse and stroke of missionary power on earth is from the heart of Christ. He sows, and there is the harvest. He touches nations, and there arises a brotherhood, not only civilized by his light, but sanctified by his love. The Isles of the ocean wait for him. He spreads his net and gathers of every kind, and lo! the burden of the sea is no only fishes, but fishermen, who go and gather and come again. If there are activity, free giving, ready going, a full treasury, able man who say, "Here am I, send me," it is because through all the organization Christ lives and his personal Spirit works. There is no other possible spring for that enthusiasm.

A London paper states some time ago the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, one of the most advanced liberal theologians in America, declared organized free religion a failure practically. Now Dr. Adler, of New York, has resigned the presidency of the free religious association in that city, and withdrawn from all active participation in it. He does not think it worth keeping up for the reason that it does nothing for practical morality. "What living thing," says he, "for the good of mankind, has emanated from the free religious ranks of Boston for the past twenty years?" As twenty years of free religious organization have produced nothing for the good of mankind, he cannot afford to toy with it any longer. And yet these are the sort of folks that met at Watkins' Glen, N. Y., last summer, to repudiate God, religion and the Sabbath.

ing a misprint for Dankards, a religious sect which has strength in the West and Southwest, and which the astonished London editor will find fully set forth in Blunt's Brief History of Religious Sects. A sad and tragic story is told illustrating the guards by which the czar is hemmed in. Being interested in the operations of some laborers at work in the park at Peterhof, he beckoned one of them, who at once ran towards him, but before reaching him, fell dead, shot by the sentry, before his eyes. The strictest orders had been issued to shoot any one approaching the czar without leave, and the signal of the emperor to the poor victim had not been noticed. Think of the terrible condition of the emperor of the Russia, not able to speak to a man without the danger that he will be shot down before his eyes. And this is the glory of royalty!

Mother's Swan's Worm Syrup. Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, 25cents.

A Man Who from Princely Wealth Fell to Pitiable Poverty. [San Francisco Chronicle.] The early friends and acquaintances of Joseph Woodworth, one of the argonauts and early pioneers of California and Nevada, will be shocked to hear that their companion of palmy days has passed away and been laid at rest. His death occurred at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Jane W. Bruner, in this city, on Thursday last. Mr. Woodworth was nearly 55 years old at the time of his death and left a family consisting of wife and six children. The immediate cause of his death was softening of the brain, superinduced by the loss of his fortune, which he made out of Ophir. He was the first millionaire of the state. On June 1, 1859, shortly after John Comstock's discovery of the famous lode which now bears his name, two miners from Grass Valley, bringing with them some of the ore, bearing the rock from the new discovery, which they exhibited to Mr. Woodworth and Judge James Walsh, who was always closely connected with Mr. Woodworth in business relations. The ore was assayed at the Gold Hill mill at Grass Valley and found to be very rich. The result of the assay so excited the men that they hastened to the new Golconda and in their eagerness to reach there unknown to any one they started on the night and left the town at 4 o'clock in the morning. Upon reaching the scene of the now famous lode the party began prospecting, and on June 22, 1859, Joseph Woodworth and eleven others located and recorded the Sierra Nevada mine. This was the first location ever recorded in the state and the entry stands in book A, page 1, of the Gold Hill records. Subsequently, Mr. Woodworth and Judge Walsh each purchased of Comstock a one-sixth interest in Ophir, the yield of which until 1864 was nearly \$1,000 a day.

In 1863 Mr. Woodworth's fortune was almost fabulous, and he was known to all mining men as "Ophir" Woodworth. He came to this city and erected the Latham house on Folsom street, now occupied by Frank G. Newlands, and which at that time was looked upon as the palatial residence of the city. In 1864 Ophir began to decline of the city. In 1864 Ophir began to collapse and with it went Mr. Woodworth's fortune by degrees until he was almost penniless.

After taking some highly puffing staff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no more of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Gravel. These Diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

Report of the Chief of Engineers for the Past Year—Postoffice Decision. WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—Before the Senate board this morning Lieut. Danenhauer resumed his narrative. General H. G. Wright, chief of engineers of the United States army, in his annual report gives a detailed account of the condition and needs of all fortifications. On the subject of seacoast defense the report says the defense of the United States against maritime attack for many years must depend upon the finishing of the batteries designed long ago, but with such modifications as will adapt them to the reception of a twelve-inch rifled gun, and at the same time give great security to magazines. Also that it will be necessary to make ready without delay and to apply one system of torpedoes to electrical operating rooms and deep masonry galleries extending therefrom to the low water line, is needed for the purpose. Our unpreparedness for war is shown, and it is stated that however powerful in numbers and valor our armies may be, without the aid of fortifications and their accessories, they cannot prevent the destruction of our sea-board cities by the ships of a maritime power, and that, while reliance can be had in no other mode of defense, a defense by fortifications and torpedoes is the most efficient, most enduring and least expensive. The post office department decided that the privilege accorded to publishers of second-class matter, namely, to print upon wrappers of periodicals the request "if the same be not called for in a limited time it may be delivered to any one of the class of persons named," cannot be extended to members of third class matter.

Setting the Thames on Fire. [All the Year Round.] A remarkable instance of an error arising from similarity in sound is in the phrase "Setting the Thames on Fire." The substitution of the name of a river for the correct word entirely deprives the expression of any meaning, and so general has the error become that, foolish though the mistake is, it is, perhaps, useless to attempt to restore the true significance of the saying, which, like many others, is traceable to the domestic pursuits of our forefathers, before machinery did so much of their work. Many years ago, flour machinery was introduced into our flour mills for the purpose of sifting flour, it was the custom of the miller to send it away unsifted. The process of sifting was done at home thus: The sieve, or sieve, which was moved with a rim that projected from the bottom of it, was worked over the mouth of the barrel into which the flour or meal was sifted. The active fellow, who worked hard, not infrequently set the rim on fire by force of friction against the rim of the flour barrel; so that this department of domestic industry became a standard by which to test a man's will and capacity to work hard. Thus, of a lazy fellow, or one deficient in strength, it was said he "would never set the touse on fire." The word is still in common use in Lincolnshire to signify the sieve used by brewers to remove the hops from the beer.

Y-low Fever. PENSACOLA, Fla., Oct. 27.—Thirty-three new cases of yellow fever and one death are officially reported to-day, showing a slight falling off in the number of cases. Total number of cases to date 2,166, and 171 deaths.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A SURE CURE FOR ALL FEMALE WEAKNESSES, INCLUDING LEUCORRHOEA, IRREGULAR AND PAINFUL MENSTRUATION, INFANTILE AND UTERINE OBSTRUCTION, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE UTERUS, VAGINA, AND BOWELS. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of female weakness, and is sold by all druggists. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE. Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and OMAHA RAILWAY. "THE ROYAL ROUTE." The only route running solid trains from Minneapolis and St. Paul with Pullman smoking cars and sleeping cars through to St. Joseph and Kansas City.

Table with columns: DEPARTING TRAINS, To, From, Leave, Arrive. Lists various routes and schedules.

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LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF ST. PAUL, MINN. ARCHITECTS. E. P. BASSFORD, German Amer. Bank Building. A. D. HENDALL, Presley Block. A. M. BARDOLFF, Ingersoll Block. J. WALTER STEVENS, Davidson Block, Rooms 2 and 3.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY. SHERWOOD HOUGH, Cor. Third and Washburn. STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 15 East Third street. ST. PAUL BOOK & STATIONERY CO., 37 East Third street.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. A. NIPPOLD, corner Seventh and Sibley streets. CARPETS AND WALL PAPER. JOHN MATHER, 11 East Third street. W. L. ANDERSON, 38 East Third street.

DEY GOODS—Wholesale. AUBRECHT, FINCH & VAN SLYKE, Sibley street, between Fourth and Fifth. DEY GOODS—Retail. LINDBER, LADD & CO., 9 East Third street.

FURNITURE, FEATHERS, &c. STEES BROS., 51 East Third street. ESTABLISHED 1850. GROCERIES—Wholesale. P. H. KELLY & CO., 142 to 148 East Third street. HARDWARE AND TOOLS. F. G. DRAPEL & CO., 65 East Third street.

JEWELRY AND WATCHMAKERS. EMIL GIBST, 57 East Third street. LOOKING GLASSES. STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 15 East Third street. PAPER. T. S. WHITE STATIONERY CO., No. 71 East Third street. PAPER AND STATIONERY. T. S. WHITE & CO., No. 71 East Third street.

PICTURES AND FRAMES. STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 15 East Third street. ST. PAUL. STATIONERY. S. WHITE STATIONERY CO., No. 71 East Third street. TRUNK MAKERS. CHIPPEN & UPSON, 74 East Third street. W. H. GARLAND, 41 East Third street.

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