FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—American yellow pine is a great favorite for wooden pavements in Berlin.

—The Russian language has been imposed upon all the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces of the empire.

—The electric conduits in Paris contain naked wires, insulated only by porcelain knobs, and are built under each sidewalk.

—It is said there are three hundred distinct dialects in China which differ from each other as much as French from German. An attempt is to be made to unify them.

—There are 1,500 co-operative unions in England containing 992,428 members. In 1888 $17,072,035 profit was made on sales amounting to $183,675,225. Of this sum $125,100 was devoted to charity.

—Next to England little Holland is next to the greatest colonial power in the world. The Dutch colonies have an era of nearly 800,000 square miles, which includes some of the finest possessions in the world.

—The people of the County Down, in the North of Ireland, are the most prosperous in the North of Ireland, next to those of County Antrim. Their farms are cultivated skillfully and every thing they produce brings good prices.

—A "poverty society" has been started in Russia, the object of which is to popularize poverty among the poor, and to teach them that their lot is not one to be repined at, since the finest pleasures of life can be enjoyed independently of money.

—The English tenant farmer, says a London correspondent, unlike his Irish brother, does not cling to the soil, or wait to be evicted when he finds rents too high. "He "leaves" incontinently, probably because he makes it a rule to put no permanent improvements "on his farm."

—There has not been a bank failure in China for nine hundred years. During the reign of the Emperor Hi Flung, an edict was issued that upon the failure of a bank the heads of the president, cashier and directors should be struck off and piled up in a corner with the assets. The edict has never been repealed, and Chinese bank-stock has continued to be above both par and reproach.

—The dried leaves of the cocoa plant, which is cultivated on the slopes of the Andes, form an important article of internal trade among the various native tribes. It is estimated that not less than 30,000,000 pounds are consumed annually. After the morning meal men and women alike take a mouthful of the leaves mixed with a little lime; fresh leaves are added throughout the day, and without any additional food the consumer is enabled to do a hard day's work.

—The Mount Morgan gold mine of Queensland has proved to be the richest mine in the world. It is situated on the range of a sheep ranch. It is an iron-stone hill in the midst of green grass. A public road runs over the mountain, and it was while repairing it that the gold was discovered. It was purchased for $3,200, just $5 an acre, and the shares are now worth $75,000,000. It is supposed to be an old geyser impregnated with gold. The metal is extracted by the chlorination process and costs but $7.50 a ton.

THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

It Is Mostly Recruited from Circassia and Georgia.

How many wives does he maintain? Well there are between two hundred and three hundred ladies in the harem, but only those who are mothers really hold the rank of wives. In the Sultan's harem, though, as in every other Turkish harem, for that matter, there is always one who is the favorite. She is virtually the Sultana, and she generally manages to keep the head of the household pretty well to herself. Turkish women are not much different from any other women in their leanings toward monopoly as regards the possession of a man. There are many women in the imperial harem who have never exchanged ten words with the Sultan.

The harems are mostly recruited from Georgia and Circassia. Dealers go into these districts and purchase the girls from their parents at prices ranging from a few hundred to thousands of dollars. The price entirely depends upon the appearance of the article. The poorer-looking girls are kept at home to supply the home demand. The Georgian or Circassian young man who wants a wife gets his mother, or some other female relative in whose judgment he has confidence, to select a wife for him from the local harems, and he pays for her in sheep, in goats or in asses, as his means will allow. Recently, I have been told, the installment plan of paying for a wife has been introduced with great success in Circassia. It enables a young man to secure an article of better quality than if he paid value down.

The best-looking girls, however, all go to the brokers or dealers. Money talks in Georgia and Circassia just as loudly as in London or New York. The girls thus purchased are handled with great care, and are disposed of at profits ranging from two hundred to three hundred per cent. in the markets of Constantinople, Smyrna and other large cities.

In the higher realms of Turkish society it is considered quite the handsome thing to give a friend as a birthday present a plump young Georgian or a pretty, fair-skinned Circassian.

Upon receiving a notification from the chief eunuch the dealer in wares from Georgia or Circassia is bound to give the imperial harem the first pick. This picking is usually done by the chief eunuch.

This official is a very important personage in the Turkish empire. He ranks with a Field Marshal and receives a salary equal to that of the Prime Minister. On his finger he wears diamonds worth a King's ransom, and his sable feet are kissed by postulants for his favor who seek to secure the indirect influence which he can exert upon his royal master.

The eunuchs are usually recruited in Upper Egypt, and are selected in early childhood for the career they are to fill. The blacker and uglier the eunuch is the bigger price he brings. A tall, well-developed, imposing-looking eunuch, with the requisite amount of swarthiness and ugliness, is worth from $4,000 to $5,000.

The eunuchs are required to keep strict watch over the harem, and to hold the inmates in order. They are pretty careful in their bearing toward those inmates who are mothers, and consequently have a certain rank, but they frequently cuff and spank the other ladies, and upon occasion even resort to the bastinado, which consists of a whipping administered to the soles of the feet.

In the harem the ladies spend their time in sipping chocolate, eating sweetmeats, playing cards and talking together. One would imagine that there was very little good for discussion among them, but it is strange how much news from the outer world leaks into these harems. Scandals and divorce cases which have taken place in European capitals are the favorite subjects of discussion.—Chicago Herald.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

How Its Deadly Blows Are Delivered and Its Venom Injected.

Let us observe what happens when the rattlesnake means mischief. He throws himself into a spiral, and about one-third of his length, carrying the head, rises from the coil and stands upright. The attitude is fine and warlike, and artists who attempt to portray it always fail. He does not pursue, he waits. Little animals he scorns unless he is hungry, so that the mouse or the toad he leaves for days unnoticed in his cage. Larger or noisy creatures alarm him. Then his head and neck are thrown far back, his mouth is opened very wide, the fang held firmly erect, and with an abrupt swiftness, for which his ordinary motions prepare one but little, he strikes once and is back on guard again, vigilant and brave. The blow is a stab, and is given by throwing the head forward while the half-coils below it are straightened out to lengthen the neck and give power to the motions which drive the fangs into the opponent's flesh; as they center, the temporal muscle closes the lower jaw on the part struck, and thus forces the sharp fang deeper in. It is a thrust aided by a bite. At this moment the poison duct is opened by the relaxation of the muscle which surrounds it, and the same muscle which shuts the jaw squeezes the gland, and drives its venom through the duct and hollow fang into the bitten part.

In so complicated a series of acts there is often failure. The tooth strikes on tough skin and doubles back or fails to enter, or the serpent misjudges distance and falls short and may squirt the venom four or five feet in the air, doing no harm. I had a curious experience of this kind in which a snake eight feet six inches long threw a teaspoonful or more of poison athwart my forehead. It missed my eyes by an inch or two. I have had many near escapes, but this was the grimmest of all. An inch lower would have cost me my sight and probably my life.

A snake will turn and strike from any posture, but the coil is the attitude always assumed when possible. The coil acts as an anchor and enables the animal to shake its fangs loose from the wound. A snake can rarely strike beyond half its length. If both fangs enter, the hurt is doubly dangerous, because the dose of venom is doubled. At times a fang is left in the flesh, but this does not trouble the serpent's powers as a poisoner, since numberless teeth lie ready to become firmly fixed in its place, and both fangs are never lost together. The nervous mechanism which controls the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if we cut off a snake's head and then pinch its tail, the stump of the neck returns and with some accuracy hits the hand of the experimenter—if he has the nerve to hold on. Few men have. I have not. A little Irishman who took care of my laboratory astonished me by coolly sustaining this test. He did it by closing his eyes and so shutting out for a moment the too suggestive view of the returning stump. Snakes have always seemed to me averse to striking, and they have been on the whole much maligned.

Any cool, quiet person moving slowly and steadily may pick up and handle gently most venomous serpents. I fancy, however, that the vipers and the copperheads are uncertain pets. Mr. Thompson, the snake-keeper at the Philadelphia Zoological, handles his serpents with impunity; but one day, having dropped some little moccasins a few days old down his sleeve while he carried their mamma in his hand, one of the babies bit him and made an ugly wound. At present the snake staff is used to handle snakes.

I saw one October, in Tangiers, what I had long desired to observe—a snake charmer. Most of his snakes were harmless; but he refused, with well-acted horror, to permit me to take hold of them. He had also two large brown vipers; these he handled with care, but I saw at once that they were kept exhausted of their venom by having been daily teased into biting on a bundle of rags tied to a stick. They were too tired to be dangerous. I have often seen snakes in this state. After three or four fruitless acts of instinctive use of their venom they give up, and seem to become indifferent to approaches, and even to rough handling.—Dr. G. Weir Mitchell, in Century.

—In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debt of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband.

—American railways kill but one out of 10,000,000 passengers carried. Unfortunately they sometimes do killing for 1,000,000,000 passengers in one accident, which makes the casualties seem greater in number and more shocking.

JEWELS AND COMPLEXION.

Some Hitherto Unpublished Facts Concerning an Important Subject.

A woman who has a red face will not wear emeralds, even if an arbitrary man milliner sends her home a dress that emeralds would embellish. Pity she can not dress herself without such aid, for, alas! the face is not generally considered in the concoction of eminent milliners, and I have observed cases where their views have been independent even of the figure. A woman with a poor complexion does not improve it by pearls. These lovely and innocuous ornaments really derive their chief luster from a transparent skin, as they depend largely on reflected lights. The iridescent colors on pearls attract notice to the whiteness of a white ground, but on an ill-colored ground they are decidedly vindictive. A woman whose face, however beautiful, takes *verdatres* tints in the shadows should avoid rubies, especially pink ones, and roseate topazes. A face may have these greenish tints without damage to beauty, remember. I am not selecting all the most unfortunate women I can think of to threaten and warn. Every face has a great deal of green in it, as a portrait painter will tell you. Giotto (who painted the loveliest angels conceivable) and all his pupils made the shadows on girls' faces startlingly green, and the eyes green, too, sometimes, and yet we receive the impression of exquisite delicacy and brilliancy. Still, red is the complementary of green, and if the dress should be pink, and no help for it, the jewels nearer the face ought to counteract it. A wise man will not select the precious opal for his fiancee's ring, especially if the engagement is to be a long one, nor as a christening gift to a robust child. Opals are unlucky, they say, probably because they are extremely brittle. An acquaintance of mine, a great collector of precious stones, lost a fine opal under particularly annoying circumstances. He was pricing a fine specimen at a well-known jeweler's. He and the shopman were passing it from hand to hand. It fell, and was pulverized on the glass counter. Each accused the other, and eventually the gentleman had to pay, and the jeweler lost more than the worth of the stone in a valuable customer. Science tells us that the opal is resinous quartz, which owes all its beauty to its imperfections. The milky ground, transfused with sunset fires, derives its celestial colors from fissures interrupting the continuity of the substances. Is it, therefore, wonderful that I do not recommend the opal for hard wear? Art tells us to avoid the opal as we avoid the pearl, unless we can do it justice by a lovely background. There is no stone so revengeful when ill-treated. Try a fine opal on a coarse red hand or freckled neck, and judge. On similar grounds, do not try to reconcile a good sapphire with a sallow cheek. The spiteful thing will loudly announce your misfortune. But the gentle turquois—always supposing you get a real one—they say the Orientals have not sold us a genuine turquois for ten years) is more amiable. There is no stone that so sets off a fair white hand, and if its owner fall sick, or be troubled mentally, the turquois will temper its vivid blue to a sympathetic green. I really think there is some ground for this old Turkish superstition, which no doubt means that the stone is sensitive to mephitic or acid vapors.—Contemporary Review.

FISHING FOR SUCKERS.

Swindling Cigar Venders Catch Hundreds of Them Every Week.

The young man stood on the corner and held his hand between his eyes and the blazing sun which had swept the street quite clear of all but a few bold and hardy pedestrians. Across the square two stalwart figures came rolling up ragged and brown. One of the men carried loosely in his long, slim, sunburnt fingers a box that might have contained a pair of dueling pistols or any thing else of equally romantic suggestiveness. And this was the vision that caused the young man to stand on the corner and shade his eyes in closer scrutiny. Subsequent developments, however, didn't realize the young man's romantic anticipations, but the discomfort that he endured was sufficiently recompensed by information which he received of one of the most annoying tricks of swindling itinerant "Cuban" cigar sellers, for to this class did the brown-skinned, stalwart strangers belong. The time of this episode was yesterday afternoon, and the scene was a busy part of a prominent street in this city. The two strangers and the young man brought up in the back room of a mercantile house on the street where two other young men were industriously trying to edit long columns of figures and keep cool. Neither of the strangers could speak English, so they indicated their purpose by pantomimic gestures, and they quickly displayed the contents of the romantic-looking bundle and wanted to sell the gentlemen some fine cigars. The gentlemen didn't want the cigars, they said, but they might have said the first book of Xenophon's "Anabasis," with equal effect, for the Cubans didn't understand the conversation, or, if they did, they concealed their knowledge quite artistically, and, by their rapid and eloquent gestures and expostulatory chatter, soon reduced the young men to a condition of prostrate helplessness. Out of the little piles of damp, attractive-looking cigars they jerked half a dozen specimens, which they ripped open with a pocket-knife, and showed to have been made of good material. While they were destroying their cigars for the edification of the young men they told their story. They were Cubans who were traveling through Boston, and cigars were the best Habana. They had the material, and the cost of labor was very small, and would the gentlemen offer a price? All this information was conveyed by means of gesture and broken scraps of English and written signs. They could afford to sell good cigars for less price than the retailers could sell common cigars, and, being stranded, they were willing to take any thing reasonable. The young men bought 200 of the Habanas at $4 a hundred. That evening the reporter was walking by the place when one of the young men called him in. The other young man was there, and with him was a man about town who knows all that's worth knowing about the queer tricks that go on in a big city. The young man was telling how he had found most of the cigars that he had used thus far to have been of the cheapest character, and the man about town was smiling quizzically. When the young man got through the smiling cynic said quietly: "Let me see if I can describe the Cubans who sold the cigars," and he proceeded to describe with marvelous fidelity the two picturesque wanderers of that day's episode. "My dear boy," he said, consolingly, "I'm sorry to say you've been duped. These fellows are rogues who make a practice of swindling the susceptible tenderfoot. Instead of being stranded Cuban wayfarers, they are regularly established in profitable business in this city. They have a place on Kneeland street, in a garret, where they manufacture these very cheap cigars. They mix in a reasonable number of well flavored and really good cigars, and their method is to go about and tell plausible stories that will make smart young men, who know a good thing when they see it, bite hard. They pick out, with a dexterious movement born of long practice and general skill and expert knowledge of tobacco, the good cigars, and they open or smoke these specimens, blowing the smoke into the purchaser's face. They will let you choose the cigars if you like. But they have enough skill to direct you to the cigar they want you to take. They represent themselves as strikers, and they want to sell their goods at any price. So far as my experience goes, they are pretty nearly all swindlers."—Boston Herald.

HE WANTED TONY.

But Tony Was Smart and Made Good His Escape.

A man on horseback rode up to a cabin in the backwoods of Mississippi. An old fellow, with an amusing squint in his eyes, came out, and, bidding the visitor good morning, seated himself on a stump.

"How long have you lived here?" the stranger asked.

"Let me see, now, Bill had the swamp fever in August—I think it was August, but it mout have been later; Sal run away and married a constable in October—must have been October, but still I ain't prepared to bet on it; Bob had dew pizen in November—some of the neighbors 'low it was later, but I am willing to bet on that; wife she ups and dies in December, but I ain't right shore about the time, still I know that the yaller steer was killed by a fallin' tree in November, an' it strikes me that wife died after that. Now, let me see. I've been livin here about three years."

"You have a peculiar method of reckoning time."

"Yes, but I had to make some sort of shift after I lost my almanick."

"Do you know of a man named Tony Beers."

"Beers? Let me see. Believe I do—yes, I know I do."

"Where does he live?"

"Well, you take this road, go about five miles and come to a gum spring. Then you turn to the right, go about two miles and come to the river; cross over, and keep on to the right till you come to an old log house. It used to be a church, but it's a still-house now. Then you take the left hand road and that leads you right to Tony's house. Is he a friend of yourn?"

"No," the traveler answered. "What sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, he's a putty stirrin' feller."

"Is he quarrelsome?"

"No; can't say that he is in particular."

"Will he fight—that is, would you term him a desperate man?"

"Don't believe I would say he is desperate."

"Do you suppose he would shoot rather than submit to arrest?"

"Don't think he would. I had a difficulty with him once and he didn't try to shoot me."

"You don't like him very well if you had a difficulty with him, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, I'll tell you my business with him. He stole a very fine horse in Texas some time ago and he is wanted in that State."

"You don't say so! I ain't surprised, though. The reason I didn't appear to know much about him when you first asked was because I was afraid you was a friend of his. Stold a hoss, hah? Well, you can jest slip over there and nab him as easy as slippin' off a sycamore log. I'd go and help you, but I ain't got nothing to ride."

"I wish you could. I suppose, though, that I can make inquiry along the way?"

"I wouldn't do that, for he's got a good many kin folks scattered along and they mout drop on you."

"You are doubtless right; I am glad you cautioned me."

When the stranger had gone the old fellow got off the stump, and, taking up a bridle, said: "Mr. Tony Beers, you've got to do some riding now on that fine hoss from Texas. That chump will have a nice wild goose chase while I am getting out of the country in another direction. I'ts a good thing for some of us that every man wasn't born smart."—Arkansaw Traveler.

—A gentleman in Chicago has a constant potential motor running a fan in his office. Recently a messenger boy came in with a note. While the gentleman was reading the note the boy caught sight of the motor and put a finger on one brush. It didn't hurt, and he found that by pressing down on the tail of the brush he made it spark very prettily. He thought he would like some more sparking, so he took hold of both brushes and made it spark in two places. He knows now more about electricity than he did before, and lets the brushes alone.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—It is a good thing to have a change of pasture, so that the one can brighten up and grow while the stock is in the other.

—All barns should be so constructed as to allow the family cat to go any where under or in it, as a precaution against rats and mice, which destroy more than may be supposed.

—It is very poor economy to throw soft feed into the dirt. Place boards in front of the coops to feed the chicks on. Place troughs in the hen-house in such position that the hens can not get their feet in them.—Rural New Yorker.

—Peach Ice Cream.—Boil a pint of cream and sweeten. Take from the fire and mix with a pint of cold cream, let cool and freeze. Pare and mash a quart of soft, yellow peaches, and stir quickly into the frozen cream. Turn rapidly for five minutes, remove the dasher from the freezer, pack in ice, cover close and stand aside two hours.—Yankee Blade.

—If dug when they are ripe potatoes must be handled very carefully or a good per cent. of them will be rotten by the time they should be stored away for winter. If they are left in the ground until they can be dug, dried and properly stored away there is always more or less risk of their taking the second growth, of their rotting to some extent or getting destroyed by mice, worms or other vermin. So there is always risk in properly keeping them until cold weather sets in.

—When the mechanic strikes or does any thing else to oppress the farmer, he works injury to himself; when trusts rob the farmer they are working ultimate ruin to themselves, for when all the greed that is robbing agriculture has succeeded in bankrupting it, grass will grow in the streets of our cities, the wheels of the factories will stop, commerce will be dead and desolation will be universal. Prosperous farmers make a prosperous people. Bankrupt farmers will make a bankrupt nation.—Western Rural.

—Cucumbers with Eggs.—Pare six large cucumbers, cut into small squares, and put them into boiling water. Take out of the water, put in a stew pan with an onion and a piece of pork, and a large lump of butter and salt, keep on the fire covered close for fifteen minutes. Sprinkle with flour and add sufficient veal gravy to cover. Stir well together and keep a gentle fire under till no scum will rise. Then take out the pork and onion, and add the yelks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of cream. Stir a moment, then take from the fire, and squeeze in a little lemon juice. Have ready five or six poached eggs to lay on top.—Boston Budget.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Why Plows, Hoes and Spades Should Always Be Kept Sharp.

The tests which have been made in determining the amount of force required in moving a plow through the soil, have pointed out the importance of a sharp cutting edge for separating the adhering portions. The experiments made many years ago in England gave about thirty-five per cent. of the whole required draft expended in overcoming friction, ten per cent. in lifting and turning the sod, while fifty-five per cent. or over one-half was used for cutting the furrow-slice. This amount would, of course, vary with the character of the soil. If hard, dry and clayey, nearly three-fourths of the draft would be required for cutting the slice, while in soils which have been previously pulverized by plowing and harrowing, it would be much less than one-half. But the average, taking all soils together, the cutting force will be rather more than overcoming all the friction of the mold-board, sides and bottom, and for lifting and turning the furrow-slice.

This fact shows the importance of keeping all tools sharp which are used for cutting the soil. A dull hoe or a dull and rusty spade will waste about two-thirds of the strength of the laborer who uses them, compared with tools with sharp and bright blades. The gardener, whose daily work in the use of the spade amounts to lifting a hundred pounds of compact soil in a minute, or six thousand or three tons an hour (thirty tons a day), if he has a bright and sharp spade, will perhaps move only fifteen tons, possibly less, with a dull and rusty tool. The other fifteen tons which he might have turned over with a perfect spade will yet be used in making himself needlessly fatigued and discouraged. Work which is easily and neatly performed is more cheerfully and satisfactorily accomplished, and is not attended with that peculiar disheartening fatigue which attends feeble accomplishment.

Every farmer and gardener should therefore supply himself with the best tools, kept bright and sharp and in perfect order. Hoes should be often sharpened on the grindstone, spades should never be laid aside with earth adhering to their blades to produce rust; the same care should be given to plows and to the teeth of cultivators and bladed harrows. The season is approaching when all these tools are brought into use, and when labor may become more efficient by the selection and use of good, well-sharpened tools.—Country Gentleman.

A Table for Housewives.

As all families are not provided with scales and weights, referring to the ingredients generally used in cakes and pastry, we insert a list of weights and measures: Wheat flour, one pound is a quart; butter, when soft, one pound one ounce is a quart; powdered white sugar, one pound one ounce is a quart; eggs, ten usually a pound. As to liquid measure, sixteen large tablespoonfuls are half a pint; a common-sized tumbler holds half a pint; a common-sized wine glass holds half a gill. Allowing for accidental differences in the quality, freshness, dryness or moisture of the articles we believe this comparison between weight and measure to be as nearly correct as possible.—Western Plowman.

Her Face Was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture and so animated and lively that it did one good to look at her. She was all this but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses linger no more in her cheeks, the former luster of her eyes is gone. She is a woe-begone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It recuperates the wasted strength, puts the whole system right, restores the roses and the luster and makes the woman what she once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

California fruit growers, who used to throw away their peach pits, are now getting six dollars a ton for them. They are worth this for fuel. They make a hot and aromatic fire.

Improvements in Passenger Cars.

The Wagner Palace Car Company is revolutionizing the equipment of its cars and making them superior to anything of the kind in the world. One of the greatest improvements is the lighting of the cars with gas. The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company is also equipping its passenger coaches with gas. About one hundred of them running out of New York City have been so equipped. The gas is compressed in a cylinder under each car, and one filling of a cylinder will last the round trip between New York and Chicago. The gas is made from petroleum, and furnishes a 60-candle power light as against a 16-candle power light under the old method. Coaches lighted with gas are as light as a parlor, and passengers can read as well in the night as in the daytime.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

The bed linen should be changed at least once in three days; the blankets once a week, those that have been removed being hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly aired in a warm room.

From the *Herald of Faith*, St. Louis, Missouri, August 10, 1887.

Referring to Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, the business manager of the *Herald of Faith* would say, that he gave this medicine a personal trial, and was speedily cured of an unpleasant Intermittent Fever. He then recommended it to F. J. Tiefenbraun, 1915 Papin street, and to police officer Meidenger, at the Union Depot, both of whom were cured by it of chills and fever of several years' standing. Recently his wife, after a fever of several days' duration, took a single dose and was perfectly cured. In view of these remarkable cures, and remembering how much money is spent for quinine, so little to be depended upon, and often so injurious, we can only wish that Shallenberger's Antidote would come into general use.

It is said that a part of Queen Victoria's savings has been invested in real estate in New York City and that each year she draws a handsome income from the rentals.

Do you wish to know how to have *no steam*, and not half the usual *work* on wash-day! Ask your grocer for a bar of *Dobbins' Electric Soap*, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation.

California holds the cake on snake stories for the season of 1889, with Georgia and North Carolina crowding each other for second place.

You can't help liking them, they are so very small and their action is so perfect. One pill a dose. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, then neatness is side by side with piety.

Every trace of salt rheum is obliterated by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

A rustic bridge just completed in Houston County, Ga., contains fifty-seven different kinds of wood and vines, and all were grown in the county.

A law school for women is to be established in New York by Mrs. Emily Kempin, LL. D. The system of teaching will be that of European universities, all the instruction being given in the form of lectures. Mrs. Kempin is a graduate of the University of Zurich, Switzerland, and is a lawyer of note.

Here is a man who is the benefactor of his race, or wants to be. A German musician has discovered that many persons who study music practice too much. Funny that no musician ever found that out before. Other people have known it ever so long.

On the 14th of July France observed the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile; but in her commemoration no place is found for any religious ceremony. She recognizes no God as her ruler.

The iron mines in Carroll County, Southwest Virginia, have been purchased by a syndicate of millionaires. The property, it is said, contains a great lode of brown hematite ore of superior quality, containing over 54 per cent. of metallic iron. The lode is from 50 to 200 feet wide and extends thirteen miles. The mines are to be speedily developed.

In April, 1789, the first ruler of this Nation was inaugurated. On that day history records that churches throughout the country were opened for divine service and Washington himself attended such a service as a preliminary to taking the oath of office.

Some specimens of an opaque white variety of hydrophane, from a Colorado locality, have shown the power of absorbing more than their own volume of water. When water is poured on it slowly, the mineral first becomes very white and chalky, and then perfectly transparent. This property is so strikingly developed that the finder has suggested the use of the "magic stone" in rings, lockets, charms, etc., to conceal photographs, hair or other objects which the wearer wishes to reveal only when caprice dictates.

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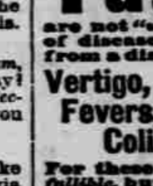

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