THE DEMOCRAT

WILL E. STOKE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GREAT BEND - - - KANSAS.

"SWATENIN'."

With rhythmic swell the dinner bell
 Proclaimed the mid-day meal;
And through the hall came great and small,
 With more than wonted zeal;
For lo! 'neath savory napkin hid,
 Safe from marauding fly,
Triumph of culinary art—
 A green gooseberry pie.

Behind his plate each member sate
 In calm, expectant bliss;
But when the treat was served 'twas plain
 That something was amiss.
And little Bob, who'd been the first
 The tempting dish to try,
With aspect blue, and face askew,
 Cried: "Ma, what ails the pie?"

Yes "what?" indeed! None felt the need
 To sample it again;
And Kate, the cook, was duly called
 To make the matter plain.
In dudgeon high, she tried the pie,
 Then quickly dropped her chin;
"Arrah!" she gasped, "Oi clane forgot
 To put the swatenin' in.

Alas! methought, how very oft,
 As o'er this world we roam,
We see folks make the same mistake
 In building up a home;
They try to make it without love—
 The most essential thing—
And fail, because they "clane forget"
 To put the "swatenin'" in.

And now, young friends, and old ones, too,
 If this should catch your eye,
Remember, love is to a home
 What sugar is to pie;
And if you'd make your home a place
 Where Heaven's joys begin,
Be careful that you don't forget
 To put the "swatenin'" in.
 —Mortimer C. Brown, in Yankee Blade.

THOSE BLACKBERRIES.

How Peace Was Restored in the Hill Parish.

"Wall, they needn't try to stuff any such story down my throat," and the strings of the bonnet which Miss Kidder was trimming flapped defiantly.

"Picked half a bushel of blackberries settin' in a carriage! Nobody ever heard o' such a thing, an' I've been on every back road in Melrose time an' again. Besides, it's my opinion that with Kate Davis along—" (Here Miss Kidder dropped her voice decorously and simpered as though she were a girl of eighteen.) "It's my opinion the' was somethin' besides pickin' blackberries goin' on. It's really disgraceful the way she runs after him. I don't want to say any thing against Mr. Fosdick, of course, but I do think that such ridiculous stories told by a minister tend to bring disgrace on the cause of religion; I really do, Mrs. Johnson; an' I think Mr. Fosdick ought to be warned to show more respect for his sacred calling."

"Well, p'r'aps you're right, Miss Kidder. It does sound perfectly ridiculous, when you come to think ser'ously of it. But the' ain't no sort o' doubt but what he said it. I myself heard him say he never see the berries so thick in his life, so that they picked 'em from the carriage, an' at the same time he showed a great heapin' basket of 'em that he took to Miss Warner, an' she's made such a parade about. She says they picked em' all out o' the carriage as they drove along; so we've got it jest straight, an' it's a monstrous tall story.

"Still, Miss Kidder, I don' know as I see what you're going to do about it. Mr. Fosdick's a reel nice young man, an' when he ain't runnin' 'round with the teacher he does well by the parish. You don't exactly want to accuse him o' lyin' about a few blackberries."

"The truth is of more consequence than a great many blackberries, Mrs. Johnson," replied Mrs. Kidder, severely. "An' for one I know just what I shall do. I shall bring the matter up in the ladies' prayer-meeting on Tuesday, where we can talk it all over deliberately an' see just how much there is to it. Then, if the ladies think it proper to proceed, the deacons' wives an' some of the influential members can move in the matter. We'll do every thing properly and give no occasion for sneers about 'gossipin' women!' Oh, I jest despise that phrase!" and Miss Kidder gave her boot a vicious tap upon the floor of her little shop.

Meanwhile Harold Fosdick was as happy as a newly-accepted lover with a good digestion ought to be. Melrose was Fosdick's first parish, and it had proved sadly disillusionizing. A year ago he had come out of the theological seminary fired with a generous enthusiasm to serve his fellows and to inculcate the gospel of His Master by teaching love rather than theology. He had heard much of the decayed churches, the intellectual and spiritual poverty of the hill towns of New England, and he had resolved to give three years of his youth to warming one such community into spiritual life.

He had found his efforts so far fruitless. Free from self-consciousness and full of missionary zeal, he found himself measured by standards of whose very existence he had been ignorant. Preaching as earnestly and directly as he was able, working constantly by personal contact with the people, he found to his dismay that no one expected his work to bear fruit. Deacon Wadsworth told him that Melrose was too small for a revival; there were not enough young people. The deacon added pointedly that the pastor's true field lay in keeping the people sound in the doctrine. "You're a young man yet, Mr. Fosdick, and perhaps you don't understand the parish as well as you will in a year or two. I highly approve of practical sermons myself, and you've given us some very able ones, but at the same time I allow that there may be too much of a good thing and that every body in the parish ain't of my mind. If you preach so much about works and bearin' one another's burdens an' the like, some folks will think you're squintin' towards a raise in your salary; others will say that you are hittin' at some one, and your influence will be very much weakened."

This is but a sample. Fosdick found his personality of much more interest to the people than his preaching. His movements were matters of village gossip; his parish calls, the reading circle he had formed, and even the prayer meeting were fields for undisguised social rivalry. It seemed at times that not a human being was better for his year's work. The sympathy of a bright, intelligent girl, who by some chance was teaching the village school, was of course most attractive. Miss Davis appreciated his plans, and she showed a practical tact in helping on their execution, for which Fosdick was deeply grateful. Youth, association and sympathy did their appointed work. But, quickly as Fosdick and Miss Davis discovered the meaning of their interest in each other, their neighbors were before them. Before Fosdick had breathed one conscious word of love he found his attachment the latest village joke and the probabilities of his marriage freely commented upon.

From a drive in the early days of his engagement, Fosdick brought home that basket of blackberries which proved the turning point of his experience. He found one of the little-used mountain roads fringed, and in many places almost overgrown with luxuriant blackberry vines, bending under a burden of fruit. Stray branches reached far over the roadway, and the young people feasted without leaving their seats. At a mountain farm-house, Fosdick bought a great basket of the fruit for Mrs. Warner, with whom he boarded, and returning showed the great heap of gleaming berries to Mrs. Johnson, a parishioner whom they met in the highway. He did not mention that he had bought the berrries, fearing that even that slight purchase might be made the subject of discussion. He did describe the large yield in terms that appealed to Mrs. Johnson's housewifely instincts, and in doing so mentioned the ease with which he and Miss Davis had picked berries from the carriage, little dreaming that he had planted a seed which would outstrip Jack's bean stalk in growth.

Mrs. Warner took good care not to hide her minister's thoughtfulness under a bushel. Her neighbors were given ample opportunity to admire her jars of jam. By the time she had told the story of her prize for the dozenth time the good woman had come to believe that the minister had picked the berries with his own hand. Certainly the other members of Fosdick's congregation so understood it, and a direful commotion ensued.

The ladies' prayer-meeting proved a sorry affair; it soon divided into two camps, one rallying about Mrs. Meacham, to whom Miss Kidder had committed her view of the case, and the other following the lead of Mrs. Warner, whose zeal for the minister was not seconded by the best judgment or by skill in debate. Mrs. Meacham was the wife of the richest man in Melrose, a woman of fine presence and of experience in public discussion. She felt a slight personal pique at the young minister which was warmed into open wrath by some pointed personal allusions of Mrs. Warner's, and Mrs. Meacham pushed the matter farther than she otherwise would have done. The meeting took no official action, but when it dispersed, with the sweet strains of "Naomi" ringing in the ears of the participants, it carried into every home in the parish the charge that their pastor was a willful and reckless liar.

When Fosdick heard of the discussion the carnal man in him triumphed over Divine grace, and he raged furiously. When Sunday came, and the little church was crowded, Kate Davis' heart sank as she saw Harold walk quickly and defiantly into the pulpit, his face flushed and his eyes shining. The opening prayer seemed a strangely perfunctory performance, and Kate's face paled as she heard the text:

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Kate had been conscious, without looking at the Meacham pew, that Mrs. Meacham was sitting erect in the stern dignity of her jetted black silk; that Mr. Meacham, with his seldom-worn silk hat on his knee and his lips angrily closed, indicated outraged dignity in every fiber, while Miss Meacham, in white, represented injured innocence. Kate looked at this array as Harold repeated his text slowly, and alas! angrily; and she saw Mr. Meacham rise, followed by his wife, his daughter, two sons and some toddling grandchildren, and march slowly out of the church.

The excitement could hardly have been greater had the choir gallery fallen. Harold's face paled and then flushed a deeper scarlet as he waited for the commotion to subside. Then he painted a denunciation of the sin of lying, with a review of the events of the fortnight, that burned with indignation and rankled with injustice and un-Christian wrath. Only a very angry man could have preached that sermon. Before its close, Miss Kidder, Deacon Wadsworth and his wife, and the entire Johnson family, withdrew.

The church was divided from that hour. Deacon Wadsworth requested the pastor to resign. Harold refused, but expressed his willingness to submit the matter to a council, if the church chose to call one. But the supporters of the minister proved to be in a majority, and no meeting was called. Mr. Meacham was not, however, to be easily balked. He declared that never again would he listen to Mr. Fosdick's preaching. So he set up the altar of his faction in the town hall and hired an unsettled minister of the region to preach each Sunday. Rivalry sprang up between the congregations, and the members did not scruple in their methods of securing attendance. People who had not seen the inside of a church for years were recruited for one camp or the other, and "Sunday clothes" were distributed as premiums to sundry persons who declared their inability to attend for the lack of such garments.

The situation was becoming intolerable to Fosdick. He had refused to resign when Kate begged him to do so. Now she had left the village, and he missed keenly the comfort of her presence and the reinforcement which she gave to the higher motives by which he sought to govern his life. He found himself daily called upon to sympathize with pettiness and to approve of questionable tactics employed for the advantage of "his side," and he felt himself rapidly deteriorating under the pressure. The whole struggle had become hateful, but retreat was daily becoming more difficult. In the midst of his struggle came this letter from his old mentor at the Seminary:

"MY DEAR BOY: The only courage that counts in meeting temptation is the courage to run away. Leave Melrose as soon as possible. Stay not on the order of your going, but go at once. You must be growing daily worse under the influence of such a struggle, and the parish must be deteriorating also. The thing to be done is to stop the corrosion of the quarrel as soon as possible. Of course it would be better if you could leave a reunited parish behind you, but it is rarely possible to do the ideal thing with the frailities of human nature, and this wound will heal more quickly with the foreign substance removed.

"The only place known of at present for you is a mission in the lower part of this city. The work needs the unselfish Christian devotion of which I know that you were capable a year ago. These people need help. You need restoration to your better self. Pray, and come."

Fosdick was moved by this as he had not been for months. With the letter still in his hand, he found himself on a grassy knoll far above Melrose. He pondered the problem till late into the night. The calm beauty of the valley under the glow of the harvest moon helped to bring him rest and humility. He watched the lights of the little village disappear one by one, with a kindliness stealing into his heart which he had not felt for months. As he thought humbly and penitently of the strife and discord he had planted—in his present mood he could accept all the blame of which he had previously repudiated any part with scorn—in place of the Christian love and quickened Christian living which he had hoped to awaken, it seemed as if no sacrifice could be too great to repair the mischief that had been wrought.

Suddenly he saw a light flicker among the village houses. It disappeared and broke out again with greater brilliancy. Fosdick ran with all his strength down the mountain side. Entering the street he ran shouting toward the red light that now seemed the central spot in the sky, until he reached a house whose roof was in flames, while not an inmate seemed stirring. All his faculties were absorbed by the progress of the spreading flames, and he crashed his way through a glass door, and up the stair-case revealed by the lurid light from above, without having become conscious of his surroundings, of the house or of aught but the danger. Among the voices that responded to his cries were those of children, and Fosdick made his way to them. The firelight fell through a window upon a bed where two children sat crying, too much frightened to run away. He caught them in his arms and ran to the hall below. Here he found Mr. and Mrs. Meacham, trying in an uncertain way to open the door. There was no time for explanations, and as Fosdick caught the key he cried: "I have the children safe. Are the others all awake?"

"Yes, they will be right down," Mr Meacham replied; but Mrs. Meacham threw up her arms, exclaiming: "Get the baby! she is in the crib in the room with the others. Quick! the fire's falling through the roof," she cried, as Fosdick sprang back up the stairs.

The hall was now thick with smoke and he missed the door. There were no cries to guide him this time, and when he reached the child the walls were ready to break into flames. The varnish on the stair rail was crackling on his return, and he did not dare to carry the child through the blaze. Dashing to a front window, he called to the people below, holding little Alice far out into the reviving air. Almost instantly a mattress was raised and the baby was safely below. A moment later Fosdick crashed into a sturdy lilac bush, and the roof fell.

The embers of the Meacham house smoked in solitude a few hours later. People were discussing the fire in little groups as they entered their houses, rejoicing in the escape of little Alice, and praising Fosdick's bravery. Fosdick and the baby lay unconscious in a house across the way, while Mrs. Meacham wandered about the room wringing her hands. Mr. Meacham stood speechless over the baby's bed, and his son's slender wife, almost a nonentity at other times, knelt, feverishly waiting for her darling's returning smile. It came at last, and soon after Fosdick opened his eyes and joined, though weakly, in the general rejoicing. Mr. Meacham hesitated for a moment, then coming over to Harold's bed, he held out his hand, exclaiming:

"Mr. Fosdick, I can't hold hard feelings toward a man who is ready to risk his life for me or mine. A man who can do that is good Christian enough to preach to me. The first Sunday you are able to go back to the pulpit you will find me in my pew, and I hope to listen to your preaching in it for many years to come."

A fortnight later the two congregations had been united. The church was crowded and the text was: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

A year later there was a wedding in the little church and Meachamites and Fosdickites were mingled so indiscriminately in the pews that the sharpest eye was unable to trace a party line.

Miss Kidder alone remained obdurate. "I always did say," she declared, "that Mr. Fosdick lied about them blackberries, an' I ain't goin' to switch 'round just because he pulled a baby out o' the fire an' then run away. Not that I wonder at the Meachams. They worship the ground little Alice treads on, an' if it hadn't been for Mr. Fosdick they wouldn't have had her now. But I've said I like the new minister best, an' I do, an' I don't believe in palaverin' over this weddin' an' pretendin' I'm the best friend they've got. Oh, I shall go, I s'pose, in a back pew an' see what the bride's dress is like. But I won't dress up, an' I won't go to Miss Warner's ridiculous reception, so there!"—Hamilton Ormsbee, in Drake's Magazine.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

A Misconception That Has Done a World of Harm in the Past.

There is a grave misconception in the minds of many persons concerning the "new education." It is supposed by some that the "new education" only gives boys such things as they like to learn. Their diet, according to this theory, should be plum-cake and jam, made spicy to the palate and easy to masticate, and it has been supposed that oral teaching and object lessons were resorted to because it was an easy way to get knowledge into the mind of the child. This misconception has done a world of harm in the past; it is not likely to do so much in the future, because now the principles of the "new education" are more clearly understood. Oral teaching and object lessons are given not because knowledge is thus more easily gained, but because the mode of obtaining that knowledge is more in accordance with nature's system. There are many persons in the school-room who have untrained judgments, but who desire to employ the new modes of teaching. They often require no work from the pupil, or enforce no discipline, and give no punishments. Such persons will fail, because they are ignorant. There is work before the pupil; there is work before him all the way from his infancy to old age. The best school-rooms are those that have the most work done; but that work should be done wisely and easily, with little friction and with the least outlay of mental power; there is such a thing as educational machinery. Many teachers are inventive, and discover methods of teaching which, like machinery in the physical world, reach ends with the least outlay of power. This misconception of the "new education" is not so likely to do harm as it once did; still it is worth while to call attention to it. The time has passed when any thing new passes current under the name "new education." The people, as well as teachers, are beginning to realize that there are principles with practices based upon them.—School Journal.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Parsley and celery are excellent for flavoring soups, and when they are not at hand such seeds as celery, carrot-seed, etc., may be substituted with good results.

—To make genuine cream pies, take three cups of rich cream and sweeten to taste; one small tablespoonful of flour, and a little salt and nutmeg. Bake it without an upper crust.

—The upper part of a fine, white cotton stocking is excellent for making a bath-bag. Fill this with about equal parts of barley and bran. Throw it into the bath and allow it to remain until the water feels soft and smooth to the touch. It has a fine effect upon the skin.

—An antiseptic is a substance which prevents decay in material that is liable to undergo decomposition. Sugar, salt, vinegar, alcohol, smoke, heat and cold are familiar domestic examples; while in surgery we have carbolic acid, corrosive sublimate, boracic acid and various other substances in common use.—The Housekeeper.

—One reason, and that a chief one, why these faultfinders are so dainty, is that they continually overeat; nothing "tastes good" to their jaded palates. If they would take a crust of bread and a bit of cheese for lunch, and spend the day mountain-climbing, they would be glad of the supper considered so lacking; the situation would at once improve.

—German Potato Balls.—Take one pint of mashed potatoes and add to them, while hot, an ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of onion-juice; add sufficient flour, about three tablespoonfuls, to hold the potatoes together. Form them into balls, dip them in beaten egg, drop them at once in smoking-hot fat, drain and serve.—Troy Times.

—In regard to the care of canary birds, the food should consist of canary and rape seed mixed with a little green food now and then and also pieces of sweet apple. Hard-boiled eggs are good for them, and a piece of cuttle fish should always be kept in the cage. Keep the perches and cage clean and give plenty of fresh water for drinking and bathing. Gravel paper is nice for the bottom of the cage.—N. Y. World.

—Risen Cake.—Take three pounds of flour, one and a-half pounds of loaf sugar, a teaspoonful of cloves, one of ginger, one of mace, all finely powdered. Mix in four tablespoonfuls of good yeast and twelve eggs. Stir all together, and if not too stiff add a little milk. Set to rise. When light knead in a pound of butter; have ready two pounds of stoned raisins, mix in the cake, pour in a mold, set in the oven and bake. When done let stand in the pan until thoroughly cold.

MARVELS OF HYPNOTISM.

Experiments Which Are Baffling to the Ordinary Comprehension.

The end I have ever held before my eyes, then, and which I hope I have never lost from view, is this: To study the hypnotic phenomena according to a strictly scientific method and for this purpose to employ processes purely physical and which can always be compared with one another, so that the results obtained by me may be rigorously tested by all observers who shall use the same processes under the same conditions. Take one example from among a thousand. I present to a woman patient in the hypnotic state a blank leaf of paper and say to her: "Here is my portrait; what do you think of it? Is it a good likeness?" After a moment's hesitation she answers: "Yes, indeed, your photograph; will you give it to me?" To impress deeply in the mind of the subject this imaginary portrait I point with my finger toward one of the four sides of the square leaf of paper, and tell her that my profile looks in that direction; I describe my clothing. The image being now fixed in her mind I take that leaf of paper and mix it with a score of other leaves precisely like it. I then hand the whole pack to the patient, bidding her go over them and let me know whether she finds among these any thing she has seen before. She begins to look at the leaves one after another, and as soon as her eyes fall upon the one first shown to her (I had made upon it a mark that she could not discern) forthwith she exclaims: "Look, your portrait!" What is more curious still, if I turn the leaf upside down, as soon as her eyes rest upon it she turns it over, saying that my photograph is on the obverse. I then convey to her the order that she shall continue to see the portrait on the blank paper even after the hypnosis has passed. Then I awaken her and again hand to her the pack of papers, requesting her to look over them. She handles them just as before when she was hypnotized, and utters the same exclamation: "Look, your portrait!" If now I tell her that she may retire, she returns to her domitory, and her first care will be to show to her companions the photograph I have given her. Of course, her companions, not having received the suggestion, will see only a blank leaf of paper without any trace whatever of a portrait, and will laugh at our subject and treat her as a visionary. Furthermore, this suggestion, this hallucination, will, if I wish, continue several days; all I have to do is to express the wish to the patient before awakening her.

The foregoing experiment has been made hundreds of times by me and by others, and the fact can easily be substantiated; their objectivity is as complete as could be wished in researches of this kind. Hypnotism is directly amenable to our means of investigation, and must needs be an integral part of the known domain of science; to that goal our efforts ought to be directed.—Dr. J. M. Charcot, in Forum.

A RICH MAN'S WHIM.

The Charming Box Parties Given by a New York Millionaire.

You have read a line or two announcing the death of Harvey Kennedy and telling you that he was a very rich old Wall street broker. But nothing has been printed as to the Friday night sight his demise will take away from the Metropolitan Opera-House. Mr. Kennedy was a widower. He showed no inclination to remarry, yet he was very fond of young ladies, and his method of getting their society without paying particular attention to any single one was ingenious and genial. He had a carriage built to hold eight persons. It was a cross between a fine private coupe and a big public stage. Two big, prancing horses drew it, and a liveried coachman sat high on the front seat. The other portion of Mr. Kennedy's outfit was a box for one night a week at the opera. He hired it from Cyrus W. Field at $175 a night, and was sub-tenant at that price all through last winter and during the present season until his sudden death. For each Friday night he invited six young ladies to go with him to the opera. His guests were chosen from among all his acquaintances and not often was the same girl entertained twice. For each party he also secured a matron as a chaperone, and he himself made the eighth person in the party. To every lady he sent a huge bouquet of the costliest roses, tied with a very long and wide satin ribbon exactly matching her dress, or at least harmonizing with it in color. To be exact about this he usually obtained a scrap of the chief material in each instance and these samples were delivered to the florist, who obtained ribbons for the eight bouquets to suit. Every Friday night the Kennedy barouche would start from his own quarters—he had lately lodged in the Union League Club—with the host alone within it. His first call would be at the house of the chaperone and thence they would go the rounds of six honored domiciles, finally bringing up at the Metropolitan with the always-envied load. Mr. Kennedy was a handsome old man, large of stature, with a ruddy, beaming face and snow-white hair. It was an odd spectacle to see him in his box surrounded by a bevy of vivacious girls handsomely costumed and profusely decked with roses of his providing. After the opera was over he always took the party to one or another of the most fashionable restaurants, where he treated them to a magnificent supper. The cost of this weekly entertainment could not have been less than $500. Mr. Kennedy died of heart disease. Now, how many of my readers will fail to remark that, of course, no old widower's heart could stand such a complex strain as that?—From Clara Belle's Letter.

A BIG SNAKE STORY.

How the Cribo of St. Lucia Swallows Serpents Larger Than Itself.

No part of the West Indies is so rich in snake stories as St. Lucia. Froude tells how this fer de lance hunts his human prey by creeping along a garden path until the guileless tourist falls foul of him, when in the flash of the eye the fierce beast has stabbed him with fangs that never do less than kill. Coleridge, a nephew of the poet, who visited the island in 1825, gives the gentle reader a shudder by saying that not even on horseback is the inquisitive traveler safe from a savage monster known as the wood slave, whose bite is as deadly as that of Froude's horror and whose instincts are no less desperate. Neither of these gentlemen had seen any snake in St. Lucia; no more have I. But it will never do to leave the island without something on this subject more authoritative than the yarn of an engineer sergeant.

I therefore take pleasure in assuring prospective travelers to this place that in 1844 St. Lucia was pronounced to be "infested by countless reptiles," and this from the pen of one who had resided thirteen years in the place, Mr. Breen. But his snake story differs materially from those of both Froude and Coleridge in that he appears to know neither fer de lance nor wood slave, but tells of a ubiquitous "yellow serpent," whose bite, however, may be effectually cured if promptly attended to, and from what I learned in Castries I am disposed to back the statement of the thirteen-year residenter as against those of the two gentlemen first quoted, though the one be a historian and the other the son of a Bishop. This yellow serpent, however, has an enemy called the cribo, who is both aggressive and powerful, and attacks his yellowship at sight and without provocation. Mr. Breen says that the yellow serpent in these combats usually comes off second best, and that the cribo is so clever that when he is through with the fight he rolls about on the leaves of a plant called pied poule, which operation not only counteracts any evil effects from the other's bite, but acts as a tonic for more fight of the same kind, so that ultimately the cribo is sure to gain the victory, which he signalizes by swallowing his victim whole, commencing with the head.

Sometimes the cribo is called upon to swallow an adversary longer and bigger than himself, an operation that might discourage one less fruitful in resources. The work is accomplished in this wise: The cribo swallows as much as the cubic contents as his skin permits, whereupon he goes to sleep until time nerves him for a second effort. He then sucks in what is needful to keep himself distended, and thereupon once more seeks rest and sleep—repeating these operations until the apparently-impossible task is accomplished—namely: swallowing more than himself.—Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

UNDERPAID MINISTERS.

Why, Despite Constant Financial Worry, They Live Longer Than Other Men.

Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is more exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations who wondered at the dullness of the sermons, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood, and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality, because they can not afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five or six hundred dollars a year—the average less than that—their struggle well depicted by the Western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last remittance; until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year; and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothing." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable, some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint and cheerfulness of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life-insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.—T. D. Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

—Almond icing is made with the whites of four eggs, one pound of sugar and one pound of sweet almonds. Blanch the almonds by pouring boiling water over them, and pound in a morta to a paste. Add the almonds to the icing and flavor with a little rose wate

PECULIARITIES OF PEOPLE.

EDISON, the wizard of electricity, now declines to see visitors at his Menlo Park laboratory. He is a very busy man, and he can not understand why his valuable, golden time should be sacrificed to people who simply call to "pay their respects."

MANY people will sympathize with Mr. Gladstone in his fondness for liking to lie a-bed in the morning. He says: "I hate getting up in the morning, and I hate it every morning." He will not permit himself to think of current matters in politics after he goes to bed.

FEW people know that the poet Whittier is color-blind, and has been so for years. He has just passed his eighty-second birthday and seems to be in fairly good health. The weaknesses of age are upon him, however, and he rarely writes for more than half an hour at a time.

The Old, Old Story.

A little cough; a feeling ill;
A headache oft; a daily chill;
A slower walk; a quickened breath;
A frequent talk of coming death.
No strength to rise from day to day;
From loving e es he fades away.
Now lifts no more the weary head.
The struggle's o'er; the man is dead.

Such is the fatal progress of consumption. How often is repeated the old, old story. Yet not half so often as it was before the knowledge came to mankind that there was a discovery in medical science by which the dread disease could be arrested in its early stages and the patient restored to health. This wonderful remedy, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

THOUSANDS of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

WHILE the true American does not believe in a King he will bet his last cent on four of them.—Terre Haute Express.

A Representative American Institution.

The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is to-day recognized by the traveling public, and also quite generally by its competitors, as being in many respects the representative Trunk Line leading from the Atlantic seaboard. The merit of this distinction rests largely upon unsurpassed natural advantages, supplemented by a liberal and progressive policy.

It is the aim of the Central's management to provide for the patrons of this line the best service attainable, and to this end all the resources of this great company are intelligently directed. A splendid roadway, admirable train service, and magnificent equipment, are features which place the New York Central in the foremost rank among the railroads of the United States.

WHEN a man succeeds in overcoming his disposition to talk too much he writes too much.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

THERE is one thing every "bud" must have, and that's a blow out.—Boston Herald.

THERE is probably no article made for the public which so nearly *sells itself* as Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. Every bottle used makes a permanent friend and herald for the medicine. In these days, when every sensational device is used in advertising, this medicine only needs to be known to sell on its merits. A few doses will destroy all Malaria in the system. Sent by mail for one dollar.
Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa.

THAT opera manager performed quite a feat who borrowed a tenner from the base.—Hotel Gazette.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equitable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon

A WOMAN is never so badly in love that she does not try to find out the cost of her engagement ring.

IF you wish to do the easiest and quickest week's washing you *ever* did, try Dobbins' Electric Soap next washday. Follow the directions. Ask your grocer for it. Been on the market 24 years. Take no other.

THE conceit of some people is so strong that they admire their mistakes because they make them.—Atchison Globe.

"'BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES' are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

LIFE-INSURANCE agents can make life a burden.—Fort Worth Gazette.

FOR a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

SILENCE is golden, but when a crowd of people get together they like to dissipate it.

BEWARE of imitations—"Tansill's Punch."

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 27.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	$ 3 25	@	4 30
Butcher steers	3 00	@	3 30
Native cows	1 80	@	3 00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 50	@	3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70	@	71
No. 2 hard	64	@	64½
CORN—No. 2	22	@	22¼
OATS—No. 2	18¾	@	22
RYE—No. 2	38½	@	38¾
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	1 85	@	2 00
Fancy	1 45	@	1 50
HAY—Baled	4 00	@	7 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	15	@	22
CHEESE—Full cream	8	@	8½
EGGS—Choice	11	@	12
BACON—Hams	10	@	10½
Shoulders	5	@	6½
Sides	7	@	8
LARD	6½	@	6¾
POTATOES	20	@	40

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 40	@	4 50
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	3 40
HOGS—Packing	3 50	@	3 90
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 60	@	5 00
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@	4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red	77	@	77¼
CORN—No. 2	26	@	26¼
OATS—No. 2	20	@	20¼
RYE—No. 2	41½	@	42¾
BUTTER—Creamery	20	@	24
PORK	9 90	@	10 00

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 90	@	4 55
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 50	@	4 90
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 40
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	76	@	76¼
CORN—No. 2	29	@	29½
OATS—No. 2	20½	@	21
RYE—No. 2	44¼	@	44½
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@	23
PORK	9 75	@	10 80

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Common to prime	3 50	@	4 96
HOGS—Good to choice	3 15	@	4 20
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	83½	@	87
CORN—No. 2	37¼	@	37½
OATS—Western mixed	27	@	30
BUTTER—Creamery	13	@	24½
PORK	10 25	@	11 00

After Pneumonia

And attacks of la grippe, typhus fever, scarlet fever or diphtheria, the patient recovers strength slowly, as the system is weak and debilitated, and the blood poisoned by the ravages of the disease. What is needed is a good reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has just the elements of strength for the body, and vitality and richness for the blood which bring back robust health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage by A. H. Dixon & Son, cor. of John and King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for **CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.**

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Tutt's Pills FOR TORPID LIVER.

A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces

Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.

There is no better remedy for these common diseases than Tutt's Liver Pills, as a trial will prove. Price, 25c.

Sold Everywhere.

To cure Billiousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70: Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans." St. Louis, Mo.

SALVATION OIL TRADE MARK KILLS ALL PAIN 25 C A BOTTLE

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your cough for 25 c.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

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NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.