The World's Inn.

The above Chicago hotel, under the capable management of Mr. Chas. E. Leland, is having the patronage it deserves. It is not a fire trap, but is built of steel and fire-proof tile, combining absolute safety with reasonable prices. Its location—southwest corner Midway Plaisance (60th st.) and Madison ave.—is unsurpassed, as it faces the Fair Grounds. Is accessible by steam, cable and elevated lines. Write or telegraph in advance of your coming for accommodations, or look The World's Inn up when you arrive. You will not be disappointed.

DINER—"Isn't this meat rather tough?" Waiter—"There's no denying that, sir, but then we serve extra strong toothpicks with it."—Boston Transcript.

The Death Roll Is Largely Swelled

By persons careless of imperilled health, who "poon, pooh!" their minor ailments, believing, or pretending to believe, that nature will effect a change. Nature does effect a change, but it is in the wrong direction. She thus avenges a disregard of her appeals. Don't emit, if you are at all unwell, to recuperate by the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a signal remedy for dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, malaria, rheumatism, biliousness.

THE Elizabethan ruff will be in vogue in the fall, and the fellow who attempts to kiss a fashionable girl will "get it in the neck."—Philadelphia Record.

Shooting Pains

All over my body and swelling of my limbs have caused me great suffering. In the spring I was completely worn out and ate hardly enough to keep me alive. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the swelling has subsided, the shooting pains are gone, I have good appetite, am better every way." MRS. A. J. OMAN, 34 Newman St., So. Boston. Get Hood's.

MRS. OMAN.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills Cure Sick Headache, 25c.

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SWAMP-ROOT

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And Made Life More Enjoyable

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—"It affords me pleasure to give you a recommendation for Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, of which I have taken 3 small bottles. It has nearly removed the effect of the Rheumatism of about 7 years standing, also a severe weakness of my back and kidneys of about 10 years' standing and has helped a severe attack of inflammation of the bladder, which I am sure SWAMP-ROOT will entirely cure me of in a short time. I purchased the medicine of S. G. Stone, the Druggist here in Butler, Ind." March, 7, '93. W. R. Chilson.

W. R. CHILSON.

RHEUMATISM! RHEUMATISM!

Swamp-Root Cures.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"For the past twenty years I had been troubled with Rheumatism and doctored a great deal without realizing any benefit. Two years ago my attention was called to Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, which was highly recommended to me. I thought I would try a bottle and I used fourteen bottles. It has done me more good than all the Doctors and all the other medicines I had ever taken in the past twenty years. The past year has been one of comfort in place of suffering. A great many are using your SWAMP-ROOT in Van Wert. Yours respectfully, Feb. 19th, 1893.

MRS. CALVIN FARLEY, Van Wert, Ohio.

SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Blood Medicine.

SWAMP-ROOT At Druggists, 50c. or $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" and Consultation Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

U & O Ancintment Cures Piles. Trial Free. At Druggists 50c.

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THERE IS NO HEAVEN

For a Good Christian on Sunday and a Worldling for Week Days.

You Can't Get on Your Knees on Sunday Alone and Stand on Your Head the Balance of the Week—Continual Worship is the Only Right Thing.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in selecting a topic for Sunday, chose one of practical value to all classes, viz: "Week-day Religion." The text is from Proverbs iii., 6: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him."

There has been a tendency in all lands and ages to set apart certain days, places and occasions for especial religious services, and to think that they formed the realm in which religion was chiefly to act. Now, while holy days and holy places have their use, they can never be a substitute for continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man can not be so good a Christian on the Sabbath that he can afford to be a worldling all the week. If a steamer start for Southampton, and sail one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? Just as soon as a man will get to Heaven who sails on the Sabbath day toward that which is good and the other six days of the week sails toward the world, the flesh and the devil. You can not eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence all the rest of the week.

Genuine religion is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts, is not an attack of chills and fever—now cold until your teeth chatter, now hot until your bones ache. Genuine religion marches on steadily, up steep hills and along dangerous declivities, its eye ever on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose, so far as God may help me, to show you how we may bring our religion into ordinary life, and practice it in common things—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.

And in the first place, I remark: We ought to bring religion into our ordinary conversation. A dam breaks and two or three villages are submerged, a South American earthquake swallows a city, and people begin to talk about the uncertainty of human life, and in that conversation think they are engaging in religious service, when there may be no religion at all. I have noticed that in proportion as Christian experience is shallow, men talk about funerals and death-beds and hearses and tombstones and epitaphs. If a man has the religion of the Gospel in its full power in his soul he will talk chiefly about this world and the eternal world, and very little comparatively about the insignificant pass between this and that. Yet how seldom it is that the religion of Christ is a welcome theme? If a man full of the Gospel of Christ goes into a religious circle and begins to talk about sacred things all the conversation is hushed and things become exceedingly awkward.

As on a summer day, the forests full of song and chirp and carol, mighty chorus of bird harmonies, every branch an orchestra—if a hawk appears in the sky, all the voices are hushed, so I have sometimes seen a social circle that professed to be Christian silenced by the appearance of the great theme of God and religion. Now, my friends, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exhilarant mood. It is more refreshing than the waters, it is brighter than the sunshine, it gives a man joy here, and prepares him for everlasting happiness before the throne of God. And yet, if the theme of religion be introduced into a circle, everything is silenced—silenced unless, perhaps, an aged Christian man in the corner of the room, feeling that something ought to be said, puts one foot over the other and sighs heavily and says, "Oh, yes; that's so."

My friends! the religion of Jesus Christ is not something to be groaned about, but something to talk and sing about, your face irradiated. The trouble is that men professing the faith of the Gospel are often so inconsistent that they are afraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life. We can not talk the Gospel unless we live the Gospel. You will often find a man whose entire life is full of inconsistencies filling his conversation with such expressions as, "we are miserable sinners," "the Lord help us," "the Lord bless you," interlarding their conversation with such phrases, which are mere canting, and canting is the worst kind of hypocrisy. If a man have the grace of God in his heart dominant, he can talk religion and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being repulsed by it, will be attracted by it.

Do you know that when two Christian people talk as they ought about the things of Christ and Heaven, God gives special attention, and he writes it all down. Malachi iii., 16: "Then they that feared the Lord talked one to the other, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written."

But I remark again: We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary employments. "Oh!" you say, "that's a very good theory for a man who manages a large business, who has great traffic, who holds a great estate; it is a grand thing for bankers and for shippers, but in my thread and needle store, in my trimming establishment, in my insignificant work of life, you can not apply those grand gospel principles." Who told you that? Do you not know that a faded leaf on a brook's surface attracts God's attention as certainly as the path of a blazing sun, and that the moss that creeps up the side of the rock attracts God's attention as certainly as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar, and that the crackling of an alder under a cow's hoofs sounds as loudly in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration, and that the most insignificant thing in your life is of enough importance to attract the attention of the Lord God Almighty?

My brother, you can not be called to do anything so insignificant but God will help you in it. If you are a fisherman, Christ will stand by you as He did by Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. Are you a drawer of water? He will be with you at the well curb when talking with the Samaritan woman. Are you a custom-house officer?—Christ will call you as He did Matthew at the receipt of custom. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank, and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars. And there are men who profess the religion of Jesus Christ who do not bring the religion of the Gospel into their ordinary occupations and employments. There are in the churches of this day men who seem very devout on the Sabbath who are far from that during the week.

A country merchant arrives in this city, and he goes into the store to buy goods of a man who professes religion, but has no grace in his heart. The country merchant is swindled. He is too exhausted to go home that week; he tarries in town. On Sabbath he goes to some church for consolation, and what is his amazement to find that the man who carries around the poor-box is the very one who swindled him. But never mind—the deacon has his black coat on now, and looks solemn, and goes home talking about that blessed sermon! Christians on Sunday, Worldlings during the week.

That man does not realize that God knows every dishonest dollar he has in his pocket, that God is looking right through the iron wall of his money safe, and that the day of judgment is coming, and that "as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." But how many there are who do not bring the religion of Christ into their everyday occupation! They think religion is for Sundays.

Suppose you were to go out to fight for your country in some great contest, would you go to do the battling at Troy or at Springfield? No, you would go there to get your swords and muskets. Then you would go out in the face of the enemy and contend for your country. Now, I take the Sabbath day and the church to be only the armory where we are to get equipped for the great battle of life, and the battlefield is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "Antioch," and "St. Martin's," and "Old hundred" are not much if we do not sing all the week. A sermon is of little account if we can not carry it behind the counter and behind the plow. The Sabbath is of no value if it lasts only twenty-four hours.

"Oh!" says some one, "If I had a great sphere I would do that; if I could have lived in the time of Martin Luther, if I could have been Paul's traveling companion, if I had some great and resounding work to do—then I should put into application all that you say." I must admit that the romance and knight errancy have gone out of life. There is but very little of it left in the world.

The temples of Ronen have been changed into smithies; the classic mansion at Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks; the muses have retreated before the emigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and a Vermonter might go over the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains and see neither an Oread or a Sylph. The groves where the gods used to dwell have been cut up for firewood, and the man who is looking for great spheres and great scenes for action will not find them. And yet there are Alps to scale and there are Hellesponts to swim, and they are in common life. It is absurd for you to say that you would serve God if you had a great sphere. If you do not serve Him on a small scale, you would not on a large scale. If you can not stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer the small troubles.

Suppose a soldier should say, "This is only a skirmish, and there are only a few enemies—I won't load my gun; wait until I can get into some great general engagement." That man is a coward, and would be a coward in any sphere. If a man does not serve his country in a skirmish, he will not in a Waterloo; and if you are not faithful going out against the single-handed misfortunes of this life, you would not be faithful when great disasters, with their thundering artillery, came rolling down over the soul.

This brings me to another point. We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into all our trials. If we have a bereavement, if we lose our fortune, if some great trouble blast like the tempest, then we go to God for comfort; but yesterday in the little annoyances of your store, or office, or shop, or factory, or banking house, did you go to God for comfort? You did not.

My friends, you need to take the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into the most ordinary trials of your life. You have your misfortunes, you have your anxieties, you have your vexations. "Oh!" you say, "they don't shape my character. Since I lost my child, since I have lost my property, I have been a very different man from what I was." My brother, it is the little annoyances of your life that are souring your disposition, clipping your moral character, and making you less and less of a man.

You go into an artist's studio. You see him making a piece of sculpture. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" With his mallet and his chisel he goes click, click, click! and you can hardly see from stroke to stroke that there is any impression made upon the stone, and yet the work is going on. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue; I must make it this way stroke by stroke." And he continues on by week and month until after awhile every man that enters the studio is fascinated. Well, I find God dealing with some man. He is shaping him for time and shaping him for eternity. I say, "O Lord! why not with one tremendous blow of calamity shape that man for the next world?" God says, "That's not the way I deal with this man; it is stroke after stroke, annoyance after annoyance, irritation after irritation; and after awhile he will be done, and a glad spectacle for angels and men."

Not by one great stroke, but by ten thousand little strokes of misfortune are men fitted for Heaven. You know that large fortunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money, and the largest estate of Christian character is sometimes entirely lost by these small depletions.

We must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may destroy a temple. A queen got her death by smelling of a poisoned rose. The scratch of a sixpenny nail may give you the lock-jaw. Columbus by asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent came to the discovery of a new world. And there is a great connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings. Do you not suppose that God cares for your insignificant sorrows? Why, my friends, there is nothing insignificant in your life. How dare you take the responsibility of saying that there is? Do you not know that the whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one violet? I say, "What are you doing down there in the grass, poor little violet? Nobody knows you are here. Are you not afraid nights? You will die with thirst; nobody cares for you; you will suffer, you will perish." "No," says a star, "I'll watch over it to-night." "No," says the sun, "I'll warm it in my bosom." And then the wind rises and comes bending down the grain, and sounding in palm through the forest, and I say, "Whither away, O wind! on such swift wing?" and it answers, "I am going to cool the cheek of that violet." And then I see pulleys at work in the sky, and the clouds are drawing water, and I say, "What are you doing there, O clouds?"

They say: "We are drawing water for that violet." And then I look down into the grass and I say: "Can it be that God takes care of a poor thing like you?" And the answer comes up: "Yes, yes. God clothes the grass of the field, and He has never forgotten me, a poor violet." Oh, my friends, if the heavens bend down to such insignificant ministry as that I tell you God is willing to bend down to your case, since He is just as careful about the construction of a spider's eye as He is in the conformation of flaming galaxies.

Plato had a fable which I have now nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king, and did his work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet, and did his work.

After awhile Ulysses came and he said, "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah! the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work, and for a common reward." A good fable for the world, and just as good fable for the Church.

But I remark again: We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary blessings. Every autumn the president of the United States and the governors make proclamation, and we are called together in our churches to give thanks to God for his goodness.

But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We take most of the blessings of life as a matter of course. We have had ten thousand blessings this morning, for which we have not thanked God. Before the night comes we will have a thousand more blessings you will never think of mentioning before God.

We must see a blind man led along by his dog before we learn what a grand thing it is to have one's eyesight. We must see a man with St. Vitus' dance before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of our physical energies. We must see some soldier crippled, limping along on his crutch, or his empty coat-sleeve pinned up, before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of all our physical faculties. In other words, we are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can wake us up to an appreciation of our common blessings.

We get on board a train and start for Boston and come to Norwalk bridge, and the "draw" is off, and crash goes the train. Fifty lives dashed out. We escape. We come home in great excitement, and call our friends around us, and we all kneel down and thank God for our escape while so many perished. But to-morrow morning you get on a train of cars for Boston. You cross that bridge at Norwalk. You cross all the other bridges. You get to Boston in safety. Then you return home. Not an accident, not an alarm. No thanks. In other words, you seem to be more grateful when fifty people lose their lives and you get off than you are grateful to God when you all get off and you have no alarm at all. Now, you ought to be thankful when you escape from accident, but more thankful when they all escape. In the one case your gratitude is somewhat selfish; in the other it is more like what it ought to be.

TRINIDAD'S LAKE OF PITCH.

An Enormously Valuable Tropical Possession of the Queen of England.

Beyond any doubt Lake Trinidad is the most valuable lake in the world. It is an absolutely inexhaustible mine of wealth, and in these days of asphalt the revenue from the lake shows so startling and rapidan annual increase that it can be a question of only a few years when the present lessees (from Queen Victoria, who owns the bulk of the lake) will rank among the world's million aires. Columbus discovered Trinidad on his third voyage, in the year 1498, and as every schoolboy knows who studies his western hemisphere, the island lies off the Venezuelan coast about 600 miles north of the equator. There is no reason to doubt that what is now an island belonging to her majesty of England was centuries ago part and parcel of the South American continent. The action of the sea has created narrow breaks in what was once the neck of a peninsula, and these are indeed so narrow that getting safely into the gulf must always prove a difficult undertaking for skippers unfamiliar with the lay of the rocks and varying depths of the channel.

The famous lake lies about a mile from the beach, and is reached by a road through a typical forest. Monkeys, parrots and snakes of the deadliest kind are here in abundance. The roadbed is asphalt unadulterated. A sudden break in the forest discloses the lake. The surface is dotted here and there with little clumps of foliage which form shelters from the sun's terrific heat for naked Coolie pickaninnies whose mothers, equally minus clothing, are washing the household linen in the pools that abound on the lake. Fine, sinewy Negroes, wearing only a waisteloth, lack but a spear to become formidable savage warriors. The lake's surface during the rainy season is at times completely submerged, when the work of digging is, of course, more complicated; but in the dry season it looks for all the world like a vast baseball diamond covered with elephant hide. This seems the one and only simile which covers the case. In some places the asphalt is firm and hard, in others the foot sinks to the instep, and in the center of the lake the pitch bubbles, sulphurous fumes arise, and a threatening, sizzling hiss betokens the existence of subterranean fires. Many of the natives believe that here is the capital of his satanic majesty's dominion.

When the pitch is brought alongside the receiving vessel it forms a compact, spongy mass that resists every thing but a pick. Baskets holding a quarter of a ton are passed up and down over the vessel's side, filled by the lighter men and emptied into the hold, the asphalt then appearing in irregular blocks about the size of an adult watermelon. It presents fissures and holes like those in a sponge. Once in the vessel the asphalt again forms a compact mass and becomes a by no means popular cargo with the average skipper. A vessel loaded deep with asphalt may hold the fine trade wind for four or five days, during which time she of course "lists" to leeward. Then it is that the asphalt "lists," too, and when the trade wind is gone so also is the vessel's perfect balance. Such a cargo is a great strain upon the timbers, and knowing mariners would think twice before they would willingly breast a Cape Hatteras gale in an any way old vessel carrying "pitch."—Boston Herald.

KENTUCKY STATE NEWS.

G. B. SMITH, a young man about 22 years of age, went into Gertie Collins' house of ill-repute, at No. 730 West Green street, Louisville, the other night, and informed the inmates by writing that he had lost his speech. When seen by a reporter he wrote that he left the card room of the Farmers' home, where he had been playing, and boarded a car coming down town. He noticed that he had lost his speech. Only a few hours before Smith had registered an oath that he hoped he would be stricken dumb if he did not do a certain thing. He broke his oath, and when the affliction came terror struck his heart. He refused to go home, and preferred to remain in the room of one Maggie Smith, in connection with whom the oath is said to have been made. The case creates excitement among superstitious people.

DAVID B. HAYES, a wealthy and respected citizen of Louisville, was found dead by the L. and N. railroad track near Highland park early the other morning. A deep gash on the top of his head and a cut in the back of his neck, besides several bruises about the face and body, told the story of his death.

THE twelve-year-old son of Mr. Peter Sweets, of Uniontown, was scalded to death the other evening in an unusual way. He was hauling slop from the big distillery in Uniontown, and just as he was leaving the wagon in some way was overturned, emptying the hot slop on the young fellow and almost burying him beneath the boiling stuff. His suffering was intense and his cries heartrending. Medical assistance was obtained as soon as possible but without avail. He died after hours of horrible suffering.

PENSIONS granted to Kentuckians, the other day: Increase—Joseph H. Wilson, Ira, Christian county; Charles G. Case, Elm Grove, Bracken county; James T. Carter, Caneyville, Grayson county; John Witham, Seventy-Six, Clinton county; Washington M. Brown, Somerset, Pulaski county; Richard W. Williams, Morton's Gap, Hopkins county; Luke Long, Wallin's Creek, Harlan county; John McFarlan, Rowena, Russell county; Jacob F. Baker, Factory, Butler county; Samuel Heath, Carrollton, Carroll county; Peter W. Weaver, Powerville, Bracken county. Original, Widows, etc.—Charlotte Parish and Hannah Campbell, Louisville, Jefferson county.

LITTLE Charlie Pheips was cut in two by the cars while stealing a ride at Richmond.

THE following fourth-class postmasters were appointed a few days since: Moses Wilfner, Audubon, Henderson county, vice A. W. Howard, resigned; S. T. Green, Bee Springs, Edmonson county, vice Frederick Meredith, removed; C. L. Sisk, Dalton, Hopkins county, vice F. H. Bell, removed; W. T. Crofton, Deer Lick, Logan county, vice W. C. Turner, resigned; Fernander May, Delaware, Daviess county, vice L. P. Coomes, resigned; Martha L. Johnson, Elva, Marshall county, vice J. C. Barnes, resigned; G. P. Burke, Proctor, Lee county, vice J. N. Smith, removed; J. R. Woolridge, Tar Hill, Grayson county, vice G. H. Pearl, resigned.

SUIT was filed in the Crittenden county circuit court by Jasper L. Pulliam against W. H. Brantley for the betrayal of his daughter, Ollie Pulliam. The plaintiff prays for $10,000 damages. All of the parties connected with this scandal are prominent people that belong to the farming class. This is the fifth suit of the kind that has been filed at this term of the court.

IN Todd county Tom Biven and Mae Lear became involved in a quarrel over fifty cents that the former claimed Lear owed him. Lear denied it and threats were exchanged, when Biven drew a knife and plunged it into his opponents left breast. The blade penetrated to the heart. Lear fell and instantly expired. Biven escaped and is still at large.

PROF. CHAS. RAINER, of Milwaukee, was horribly stung by an infuriated rattlesnake at the Lexington fair. Rainer claims to have the snake under his control, and while handling it inside the show tent in some way aroused the reptile's passions. He will recover.

THE residence of Sid Dunnington, at Paris, was destroyed by fire the other night. It is a total loss, including contents. The family narrowly escaped. Loss, $2,500; insurance, $1,000.

EARLY the other morning about thirty horsemen rode into New Castle, and, walking up to the jailor, told him that they had a prisoner. They were after a Negro named Leonard Taylor. Securing their man, they took him about a quarter of a mile out on the road, to Franklinton, and strung him up to an oak tree. The lynching was conducted with as much order as was possible. Those who took part in it were evidently reputable citizens of the county, and so sure were they that they were acting for the good of the community that they only took partial precautions to conceal their identity, being apparently satisfied that little effort would be made to uncover them. The crime which aroused the party into acting was the brutal and unprovoked assault upon an Italian boy peddler. It occurred at Franklinton, a little place seven or eight miles from New Castle. The Negro struck the boy over the head, fracturing his skull. He was brought to Louisville, which was his home, and the people at Franklinton learned that he had died.

CHAS. JONES, a painter, of Hopkinsville, was struck upon the head by a falling platform, while at work, and received injuries that it is thought may result fatally. Congestion of the brain is feared.

THE railroad commission, composed of C. C. McChord, Charles Poyntz and Urey Woodson, have begun their annual inspection of all roads in the state, pursuant to making their annual report.

NEAR Trenton Pinkney Humphreys, aged 30 years, and his mother, Eliza Humphreys, aged 65 years, were shot and killed by William Meadows. Family quarrel.

MARTIN TURNER was fatally shot by Joseph Rush, a farmer, at the home of the latter, near South Louisville, a few days ago. Turner was after his wife, who had deserted him and taken up her residence with Rush.

DURING a fight at Gray's station Jesse Ledford shot and fatally wounded John Phipps. Whisky was the cause. Ledford escaped. He is being pursued.

REV. GEO. HUNT, died at Lexington, after a long illness. He was eighty-six years old, and for years a Baptist preacher. He was a brother of Joseph D. Hunt, president of the Northern Bank of Lexington.

AT an early hour the other morning John Welsh stabbed Matt Kelley just above the heart with a stilletto, at Lexington. Kelley will probably die. Welsh was arrested and locked up.

DURING a quarrel between Alex. Bradley and his wife, at Moorehead, he cut her on the right hand and nearly cut her hand off. They parted about a month ago, and the quarrel was over his child. They had a quarrel about three weeks ago, and Bradley was put under a $500 peace bond, which he has now broken. Bradley also had a hand in the Rowan county war, which took place there six years ago.

THE MARKETS.

	CINCINNATI, Sept. 4.	
LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 2 50
Select butchers	3 75	@ 4 00
HOGS—Common	4 75	@ 5 35
Good packers	5 40	@ 5 70
SHEEP—Choice	2 75	@ 3 50
LAMBS—Shippers	4 00	@ 4 85
FLOUR—Winter family	2 10	@ 2 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@ 58
No. 3 red		@ 55
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@ 41¼
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@ 26¾
Rye—No. 2		@ 50
HAY—Prime to choice		@ 13 00
TOBACCO—Medium leaf	10 00	@ 12 00
Good leaf	15 00	@ 16 75
PROVISIONS—Mess pork		@ 15 50
Lard—Prime steam		@ 7 75
BUTTER—Choice dairy	16	@ 17
Prime to choice creamery	26½	@ 27
APPLES—Per bbl	1 75	@ 2 00
POTATOES—Per bbl	2 25	@ 2 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Fair to fancy	2 45	@ 3 45
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 1 hard		@ 70
No. 2 red	68⅝	@ 69
CORN—No. 2 mixed	45	@ 46¼
OATS—Mixed	30	@ 30½
PORK—New mess	15 00	@ 15 50
LARD—Western steam		@ 8 42
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Winter patents	3 20	@ 3 80
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@ 63¼
No. 2 Chicago spring		@ 63¼
Corn—No. 2		@ 37¾
Oats—No. 2		@ 23½
PORK—Mess	15 50	@ 15 55
LARD—Steam	8 05	@ 8 10
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	4 50	@ 4 88
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2		@ 66¼
Corn—Mixed		@ 46½
Oats—Mixed		@ 30
LARD—Refined		@ 11 00
PORK—Mess		@ 16 00
CATTLE—First quality	3 75	@ 4 37½
HOGS—Western	6 50	@ 6 60
INDIANAPOLIS.		
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2		@ 67
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@ 39½
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@ 24½
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—Winter patent		@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@ 56
Corn—Mixed		@ 40½
Oats—Mixed		@ 35
PORK—Mess		@ 10 00
LARD—Steam		@ 9 00

LONELINESS OF THE PACIFIC.

Out in the Vast Trackless Deserts of the Rolling Deep.

An item in the press stating that the City of Peking in her recent trip sailed 1,640 miles without meeting a single sail, is cited as showing the loneliness of the Pacific ocean. In the summer of 1860 I left San Francisco, says a traveler, on a sail-vessel (formerly from Baltimore) for Panama, distance 4,000 miles, and on the entire route, which lasted forty-three days, we never saw a sail. Loneliness is no word for it, especially when we lay becalmed in the tropics, with our vessel floating as helplessly about as a chip on a mill-pond, the ground swell keeping up the monotonous roll of the vessel from side to side all day and all night, and day after day each roll being accompanied by a flap of the sails and a creaking of the rigging that might have passed for the flap of the wings and the wail of lost spirits.

When we read about Noah and his ark we are apt to think that he must have had a lonely time, but then he was out only forty days, and besides, with all the animals, etc., on board, he had plenty to occupy his time and attention, and if he wanted amusement to while away the time, he had only to start a sparring match between his monkeys and parrots. True, there is no report of any such proceeding on his part, but that is doubtless because there was no modern newspaper reporter on board. I tell you a man can not realize what loneliness or comfort is until he has made some such trip, and if he wants to complete his education in that line he should preface it with a tramp of 2,000 miles over the mountains and across the deserts amid wolves and wild Indians as thousands of '49-ers did.—Washington Star.

SOUTH DAKOTA HOT SPRINGS.

The United States Sending Its Sick Soldiers There to Be Cured.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that the United States Government is sending many of its sick soldiers to the Hot Springs in South Dakota—especially the chronic cases, for treatment. The Burlington Route has an increasing traffic for Hot Springs, South Dakota, as the efficacy of the waters become more generally known. Dr. Jennings, the physician in charge of the detail of soldiers from Fort Leavenworth, in his third weekly report of the progress of the veterans gives instances of cures that seem almost miraculous. Some have already gone home cured, others are ready to go, and from the rapid manner in which the others are regaining health they will all soon be able to go home cured. The following is condensed from the report:

Joseph F. Kulpe, chronic rheumatism; steady improvement.

Ira D. Chamberlin, chronic rheumatism, neuritis of the anterior crural; steady improvement.

Thomas Concanon, hemorrhoids, chronic rheumatism; steady improvement. About well.

T. W. Jones, general rheumatism and heart weakness; steady improvement.

E. F. Kingsland, general muscular rheumatism; steady improvement.

Rosella Randall, sciatica, mental derangement, neurithenia, improvement in general condition.

John Walsh, chronic rheumatism, heart disease; improvement.

P. Hudson, hemiplegia, mialgia, articular rheumatism; steady improvement.

A. Longacres, locomotor ataxia; some improvement.

A. Mueller, arthritis deformans, chronic rheumatism, general cystitis; slight improvement.

D. B. Derby, general paralysis; much improved.

C. S. Gifford, diabetes; improved.

M. Shea, arthritis deformans, hemorrhoids, chronic constipation; slight improvement.

John Mahoney, chronic rheumatism, weak heart, spinal irritation, sciatica, and chronic cystitis. Fast improvement.

Henry De Wolf, chronic rheumatism, hemorrhoids, chronic diarrhea; improvement, sent home well.

Clark Eldridge, spinal irritation, neurithenia, irritable heart, very weak, chronic constipation; general improvement.

Andrew J. Arnett, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism in shoulders, blind; no improvement, incurable, sent home.

Eri N. Nichols, heart disease, chronic rheumatism, lumbago, cystitis; improved; almost well.

P. Somers, chronic rheumatism; articulate; improved, almost well.

James Hanson, chronic rheumatism, constipation; steady improvement, almost well.

Henry De Wolf and Andrew J. Arnett have been sent home, over the Burlington Route, for the following reasons: Andrew J. Arnett, incurable; locomotor ataxia, blind. Henry D. Wolf as cured and to care for Arnett.

All the men are doing well, and those that were not expected to get any relief on account of age, shattered constitution and incurable conditions are, I am pleased to say, benefited and feeling much better than when they came here, with the exception of the case returned, Andrew J. Arnett. The bathing at the Catholicon has been stopped on account of the long distance from the home, and the effects of such change are already apparent. The best route to the South Dakota Hot Springs is via the Burlington Route, which reaches all points in the Black Hills.—Burlington Hawk Eye.

—Not Needed.—Agent—Can I sell you a little contrivance to keep your necktie down behind? Banger—You might last week, but I don't need it now. Agent—Have you found something better? Banger—You bet. I've just become engaged.—Truth.

—"That was a very novel experience Jaggs had last night when he reached home." "Couldn't find the keyhole for an hour or more, eh?" "No, he was perfectly sober and had no trouble at all."—Inter Ocean.

—Mamma—Robbie, isn't that the nickle I gave you to put in the contribution box? Robbie—Oh, no. I put that one in and this is a great deal newer one that I took out of it.—Inter Ocean.

—"Now we have money enough to send our minister away for two months' vacation." "Isn't that a long holiday?" "Yes, but then we feel as though we deserve it."

—Briggs—What did you tell your wife when you got home so late Tuesday night? Braggs—I told her she was the sweetest woman in the world.—Indianapolis Journal.

"German Syrup"

Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardiner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy—Boschee's German Syrup—for lung diseases. ④

Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking pow