Valuable Franchise Secured.

franchise of easy digestion—one of can be secured by any person wise enough to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either to suppress growing dyspepsia, or to uproot it at maturity. Bilious, rheumatic and fever and gue sufferers, persons troubled with nervous-tess, and the constipated, should also secure he health franchise by the same means,

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., lays: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great ERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use, farvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bot-le free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs, Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the guns, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine. — W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch. Ille., April II, 1894.

Eat Naturally, have a good appetite, keep your blood pure and your nerves strong by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache. 25c

supplant the butter-worker—the but-ter-drier, which rids the granules of water without rolling or bruising them. In a recent issue of a London paper, Professor Sheldon goes on record quite stoutly against the practice of working butter, and commends warmly the work of the Bradford drier and molder. In the use of this invention the butter is churned as usual, washed in the granular state, and then "brined." Af-ter remaining in the brine half an hour, the granular butter is ladled out and put in muslin lined tin molds of any desirable size—for pounds, half-pounds or other weight packages. The filled molds are then placed around the inner eriphery of a wheel that is revolving gh speed, and the centrifugal mospray and also packs the butter in the mold without injury to the grain, so hat in two minutes' time the dried and molded butter is ready for the wrapper or package. The butter is perfectly granular, and breaks freely on slight ressure, being somewhat crumbly and on that account possessing—so it is claimed—an aroma and flavor that cannot be retained under the crushing of the rollers of the butter-worker .-American Farmer.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

'split" sunbonnet is made of striped and checked ginghams, and is delightfully quaint over round, serious

lars and revers of cheviot, serge and fannel suits is a thick linen canvas

bonnets for small girls are more than ever plentiful this season, as are also dainty frilled and lace-trimmed prons in all degrees of dressiness.

For everyday summer use there are the usual delicately figured and striped inen lawns, cambrics and percales come weal or woe, appear every

are matelot suits in the Russian crash that, with their long bell trousers and very low-neck blouses, have quite a

sional sailor sir. having frocks made for the small fry of the new madras ginghams, which, in delicate blue, green and pink stripes, are in weaves of extreme filneness.

Horrible Discovery at the Pole," The shouting "speshul edishun" newsboy is as well known in London as in Chicago. Recently when the Nansen North pole excitement was at its height pedestrians along a certain London thoroughfare were over whelmingly amused at hearing a ced youngster laden with papers and hurrying by call out earny: "Evenin' paper, speshul 'dish-'orrible discovery at the North

HEEDLESS WOMEN.

They Pay a Sad Penalty for Their Neglect.

If women only heeded first symp toms—nervousness, backache, head-ache, lassitude, loss of appetite and of appetite an sleep; palpi tation, melan-choly, "blues," etc., and the cause with

Lydia E. Vegetable pound, there would be much less suffering. But they are

careless, or their physician is to blame. and they drift into some distressing female disease. The Vegetable Com-pound at once removes all irregulari-ties of the monthly period: inflam-mation, ulceration and displacement of the womb, and all female troubles All druggists have it. Write to Mrs. m at Lynn, Mass., if you wish for advice, which she will give you

had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was suffering atly from an attack of female kness, and nothing I had tried ald give me relief; when by the sould give me relief; when by the advice of a friend I began the Compound. After using it two months I was a different girl, and now at the and of air I am entirely cured."—Mas, ARRIBETTELLARD, Patchogue, I.e. I.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

Subject: "Kindness for Another's

Texr: "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake? * * So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem, for he did eat continually at the king's table and was lame on both his feet."—If Samuel ix., 1 and 13.

Was there ever anything more romantic and chivairons than the love of David and Jonathan? At one time Jonathan was up and David was down. Now David is up and Jonathan's family is down. As you have often heard of two soldiers before going into battle making a covenant hat if one is shot the survivor will take charge of the body, the watch, the momentos and perhaps of the bereft family of the one that dies, so David and Jonathan had made a covenant, and now that Jonathan is dead David is lequiring about his family, that he may show kindness unto them for their father Jonathan's sake.

about his family, that he may show kindness unto them for their father Jonathan's sake.

Careful search is made, and a son of Jonathan by the exceedingly homely name of Mephiloosheth is found. His nurse, in his infancy, had let him fall, and the fall had put both his ankies out of place, and they had never been set. This decrepit, poor man is brought into the palace of King David, David gazes upon him with melting tenderness, no doubt seeing in his face a resemblance to his old friend, the deceased Jonathan. The whole bearing of King David toward him seems to say: "How glad I am to see you, Mephilocheth! How you remind mo of your father, my old friend and benefactor! I made a bargain with your father a good many years ago, and I am going to keep it with you. What can I do for you, Mephiloosheth? I am resolved what to do—I will make you a rich man. I will restore to you the conflecting property of your grand-lather Saul, and you shall be seated at my table among the princes." It was too much for Mephilosheth, and he cried out against it, calling himself a dead dog. "Bo still," says David; "I don't do this on your account; I do this for your father Jonathan's sake, I can never forget himself of his courtier apparel and gave it to me instead of my sling? Oh, I can never forget him I feel as if couldn't do enough for you, his son. I don't do it for your sake; I do it for your father Jonathan's sake." So Mephilosheth dwelt in Jerusalem, for he did eat continually at the king's table and was lame on both his foet."

There is so much gospoi in this quaintincident that I am embarrassed to know where to begin. Whom do Mephilosheth and David and Jonathan make you think of?

Mophibosheth, in the first place, stands for the disabled human soul. Lord Byron describes sin as titumphant in many intricate piots; Gavarni, with his engraver's knife, always shows sin as a great jocularity; but the Bible presents it as a Mephilosheth, lame on both feet. Sin, like the nurse in the context, attempted to carry us and let us fall, and

our souls increases as we go on in years.
When you started life you thought that man
was a little marred by sin and he was about
one tenth wrong. By the time you had gone
through the early experience of your trade or occupation or profession you be-lieve that man was about half wrong. By the time-you came to midlife you believed that man was three-fourths wrong. But within these past few years, since you have been so lied about and swindled and cheated,

peen so lied about and swindled and cheated, you have come to the conclusion that man is altogether wrong, and now you can say with the prayer book and the Bible, "There is no health in us." Now you believe with the prophet, "The heart is deceiful, above all things, and desperately wicked." Whatever you may have believed before, now you believe that Mephibosheth is lame on both feet.

ever you may have believed before, now you believe that Mephibosheth is lame on both feet.

Again, Mephibosheth in the text stands for the disabled human sou! humbled and restored. When this invalid of my text got a command to come to King David's palace he trembled. The fact was that the grandfu'her of Mephibosheth had treated David most shockingly, and now Mephibosheth says to himself: "What does the king want of me? Isn't it enough that I am lame? Is he going to destroy my iffe? Is he going to wreak on me the vengeance which he holds toward my grandfather, Saul? It's too bad." But go to the palace Mephibosheth must, since the king has commanded it. With staff and crutches and helped by his friends. I see Mephibosheth going up the staffs of the palace. I hear his staff and crutches rattling on the tessellated floor of the throneroom. No sooner have these two persons confronted each other—Mephibosheth and David, the king—than Mephibosheth throws himself flat on his face before the king and styles himself a dead dog. In the east when a man styles himself a dog he utters the utmost term of self-abnegation. It is not a term so strong in this country, where, if a dog has a fair chance, he sometimes shows more nobility of character than some human specimens that we wot of, but the mangy curs of the oriental cities, as I know by my own observation, are utterly detestable. Mephibosheth gives the utmost term of self-loathing when he compares himself to a dog, and dead at that.

know by my own observation, are utterly detestable. Mephibosheth gives the utmost term of self-loathing when he compares himself to a dog, and dead at that.

Consider the analogy. When the command is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to tremble. It says: "What is God going to do with me now? Is He going to destroy me? Is He going to destroy me? Is He going to the termble going to what are the termbling now because God has summoned him to the palace of divine grace. What are you trembling about? God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner. He does not send for you to hurt you. He sends for you to do you good. A Scotch preacher had the following circumstances brought under his observation: There was a poor woman in the parish who was about to be turned out because she could not pay her rent. One night she heard a loud knocking at the door, and she made no answer and hid herself. The rapping continued louder, louder, louder, but she made no answer and continued to hide herself. She was almost frightened unto death. She said, "That's the officer of the law come to throw me out of my home."

A few days after a Christian philanthrepistmet hay in the street and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent.

met her in the street and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent. Why didn't you let me in? Were you at home?" "Why," sherepiled, "was that you?" "Yes, that was me. I came to pay your rent." "Why," she said, "it I had had any idea it was you is a thought it was an officer come to east me out

of my home." O soul, that loud theocking at the gate to-day is not the sheaff cometo put you is jail; it is the best friend you ever had come to be your security. You shiver with terror because you think it is wrath. It is mercy. Why, then, tremble before the King of heaven and earth calls you to His palace? Stop trembling and start right away. "Ob," you say, "I can't start. I have been so lamed by sin and so lamed by ovil habit I can't start. I am lame in both the palace. If you wan't to get to the palace, you may get there. Start now. The Holy Spirit will help you. All you have to do is just to throw yourself on your face at the feet of the King, as Mephilosheth did. Mephilosheth's caniania comparison seems extravagant to the world, but when a man has seen himself as he really is and seen how he has been treating the Lord, there is no term wheemen cough to express his self condemnation. The last describe the mais utter loathing of himself. Mephilosheth's posituring does not seem too prostrate. When a soul is convicted, first he prays upright. Then the muscles of his neck relax, and he is able to bow his head. After awhile, by an almost superhuman elfort, he king, just like Mephilosheth. The first we would porthe at the spectacle. You would have no time to overhand other people. Your cry would be, "God be mereful to me, a sinner."

And again, Mephilosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul saved for the sake of another. Mephilosheth would nover have cot into the palace on his own assount. Why did David ransack the realm in family and the proceeds overy year? Why did King David make such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the through the way and the special of the sake of another. Mephilosheth wall have been a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the through the save and the proceeds overy year, why did King David make such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the through the process of the proyer. They are the

banquet, yet poor Mephibosheth goes in, lives there, and is every day at the table. Oh, what a getting up in the world it was for poor Mephibosheth! Well, though you and I may be worfully lamed with sin, for a string Langhan, and I hope we will.

all get in to dine with the King.

Before dining we must be introduced. If you are invited to a company of persons where there are distinguished people present, you are introduced: "This is the Senayou are invited to a company of persons where there are distinguished people present, you are introduced: "This is the Senator." "This is the President." Before we sit down at the King's table in heaven I think we will want to be introduced. Oh, what a time that will be, when you and I, by the grace of God, get into heaven, and are introduced to the mighty spirits there, and some one will say: "This is John Kinot." "This is John Milton." "This is Paul." This is John Milton." "This is Ameria Luther." "This is George Whitefield." Oh, shall we have any strength left after such a round of celestial introduction? Yea, we shall be potentates ourselves. Then we shall is town at the King's table with the sons and daughters of God, and one will whisper across the table to us and say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" And some one at the table to us and say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" And some one at the table will say: "How long will it last? All other banquets at which I sat ended. How long will this last?" and Paul will answer, "Forever!" and John Knox will say, "Forever!" and George Whitefield will say, "Forever!" and George Whitefield will say, "Forever!" and deorge Whitefield will say, "Forever!" and ere at the day when Jesus trod the wine that was tradden out from the red clusters on the day when Jesus trod the wine press zions. Wine already more than eighteen centuries old. And no one will deride us as to what we were in this world. No one will bring up our imperfections here, our sins here. All our earthly imperfections completely covered up and hidden. Mephibosheth's feet under the table. Ringly fare, Kingly vesture. Kingly one else, because he had been poor and crippled and despised and rejected. And that man who in this world is blind will better appreciate the light of heaven than we who in this world had good heaving. And that man who in this world sould bearing.

in this world had good eyesight. And that man who in this world was deaf will better appreciate the music of heaven than we who in this world had good hearing. And those will have a higher appreciation of the easy locomotion of that land who in this world were Mephilosheths.

10 my soul, what a magnificent gospel! It takes a man so low down and raises him so high! What a gospel! Come now, who wants to be banqueted and implaced? As when Wilherforce was trying to get the "emancipation bill" through the British aritament and all the British isles were anxious to hear of the passage of that "emancipation bill" when a vessel was coming into port and the captain of the vessel knew that the people were so anxious to get the tidings, he stepped out on the prow of the ship and shouted to the people tong before he got up to the dock, "Free!" and they dried it, and they shouted it, and they sang it all through the land, "Free, free!" So to-day I would like to sound the news of your present and your sternal emancipation until the angels of Gud horeving in the affiand watchmen on the battiansais, and believed.

It does not take the last drink to make runkard. Sometimes the first one suffices Doctor Speyer says that one-eighth of the asane in public asylums were sent there

insane in public asylums were sent there alcoholism.

About one-half of Norway is now under absolute prohibition; the other is likely to become so at the election of this year.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "you know the story in our reader about the king who never smiled again?" "Yes, dear." "Well, does it mean that he signed the pledge?"

The solons of Plainfield, N. J., have decreed that cider is an intoxicating beverage, and several people have accordingly been arrested for seiling it as a noxious liquor.

In the little German principality of Waldeck a decree has been proclaimed that a license to marry will not be granted to any individual who is in the habit of getting drunk.

Our futy as Christian women, says a fomale advocate of the cause, is to keep strong
drink from our children, teach them the
harm of drinking and prevent others from
tempting them to drink.

A Chicago writer gives the following reasons why there is now so much poverty,
crime and misery in that great city: "There
lives but one baker to every seventy families, one grocer to every seventy families, one grocer to every eventy families, and one liquor saloon to every thirty-five
families."

families."

In answer to letters of inquiry addressed to the wardens of the pentientiaries, these figures were received, showing the proportion of crimes caused by strong drink: Sing Sing, N. Y., ninety-two per cent.; Soston, Mass., eighty-five per cent.; Jackson, Mich. soventy-eight per cent.

what caused one son's fall.

The following incident, which is related by a writer in Onward, carries its own moral with it: A story is told of a father who was in the habit of taking every night a glass of whisky and water. Sometimes he took a piece of sugar out of the liquor and gave it to his little son, with the words: 'Here, Jack, have a bit of sugar, boy.'' The boy took it willingly, and though at first the taste of the whisky was unpleasant, he soon overcame this and began to like its flavor, till at last the father was persuaded by the boy to give him a sip out of the glass. One evening a sister of the boy was standing by, and the father offered her a piece of sugar from his glass. Fortunately at this moment the mother entered and said: 'No; stop. Whatever you give to the boy, I cannot allow you to give it to the girl. She shall not the mother entered and said: "No; stop, Whatever you give to the boy, I cannot allow you to give it to the girl. She shall not learn the taste of intoxicating drinks." Many years had passed away, and the father had grown old and bent, when he was called upon to perform a most unpleasant duty.

He had to visit his son in prison. How then the was the cone bright hanny how.

He had to visit his son in prison. How changed was the once bright, happy boy. His face haggard, his eyes sunken, dressed in the meager dress of the convict, he was led out to see his father. He did not welcome him, but looked at him angrity. "Ah," he said, "you see me in my shame and pucishment. You think me a bad son, but remember it was your fauit that I am thus placed. The sips out of your gluss led me to love drink, and that love has been the cause of my crime. I am here because I was taught by you to become a drunkard." The father felt the truth of what the son said. It was an arrow that pierced his heart. He houg his head in sorrow. He had no reply, Surely we should take warning and shun the beginning of evit.

A celebrated doctor of France has recently discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that ale chol in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains para-site life called bacilius potumania. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach, and then into your blood, and then, getting late the crimson canals of life, they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious inflatesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life, it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbider of alcohol in any shape feels vertige or rheumatism or nausea, it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only ing that will ever externinate them is abstinence from alcohol, and total abstinance, to which I would before God swear all men, young and old.

BALOONS IN SAN PRANCISCO.

San Francisco last year outranked any city of its size in the number of its saloons, having 6632. This year the revenue report show that the saloons have increased so that there are now a trific over 7000, or one saloon for every fifty persons in the city. The liquor license is low, and new saloons are being constantly opened, as no business promises surer profits. Nearly all the corner groceries sell beer and liquors, and the rule is that these places keep open until midnight. The result is that they are the greatest source of misery among workingmen's families, even outside the tenement districts, for the men spend their evenings and most of their wages in the grocery barroom. The increase in all rovenue over last year was \$500,000, the total being over \$2,000,000.

EVERY SHOT TELLS.

It is said that when a newly-enlisted soldier first faces gunpowder, he imagines every gun is pointed at himself, but the veteran experiences much less concern, having learned that to kill one man in battle a man's weight in lead must be shot away. It is not so with the shots fired by the alcohol flend; every one of these trils. The sun never sets upon a man who in Julges in strong drinks without leaving him in worse condition than did the setting sun of the day before. These shots may do their work slowly, but there are only a few drinking men, comparatively speaking, who are not being all the while undermined in physical, menial and moral strength by what they fondly fancy to be the best substitute known to man for the fabled waters of Lethe. EVERY SHOT TELLS.

TZETOTALEBS THE BEST OFF.

In a recent publication Mc. James Whyte, Secretary of the United King-lom Alliance, asserted and proved by statistics that intemperance was most rife among the well-to-doclasses, and that the adult male population of Great Britian, more than forty years of age, is deprived of the increased expectation of life due to sonitation and other beneficent circumstances. In commenting on the article, the London Times has admitted that it can not deny that tectotalers have an advantage in point of health.

Dr. Paul Garnier, of Panis, who has been making a special study of the children of habitual drankarls, comes to this conclusion: "There is a flaw in the very nature of these young wretches that the pyschologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotion; and when they do not become lunaties they show insensibility and pittlessness." Here is a temperance lesson of startling power.

DROWNED IN BEER.

Among the "moulks," or peasants, who were killed at the Czar's fatal coronation feast for the multitude were several who got drowned in the big vats of beer in their engerness to get at the beverage. What a slde light does this whole terrible business afford on the nobility of man in the civilized atmosphere of modern European monarchy!

—Pathfinder.

ALCOHOL'S TERRIBLE FORCE The man of giant frame groundes before the force of alcohol, for fix wasting breath destroys the finest physiques, "age the Index; under its influence youth loses its freshn"s and vigor and modes at a mether's tears and a bride's love; and old age, at its bidding, closes its earthly sarear a diagrase and side

MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL IN HIS OLD AGE.

The Philosopher Has Reached His Seventieth Mile Post.

"How many. miles to Milybright? "How many. miles to Milybright? Three score and ten." Now, since I have just passed my seventioth year on this mundane sphere, I can't keep that old refrain out of my mind. Three score and ten! It follows me about, and seems to say: "Your time is out, old gentleman. Every day you live now is dei gratia—a favor—an extra allowance that was not promised and is not deserved. Sc, be thankful and prudent, and don't drink too much ice water this hot weather." A young water this hot weather. A young man's majority is twenty-one, an old man's seventy. Twice he crosses the Rubicon, if he lives that long, and then comes another river—a dark one—and like Cæsar he may say, 'Jacta est alea'—the die is cast."

I was ruminating about this seventy years—this magical sacred number that is man's allotted age. Seventy learned men translated the Old Testalearned men translated the Old Testament 300 years before Christ, and seventy disciples were sent out by Him as missionaries to preach the gospel and establish His church. It was Moses who wrote that the days of our years shall be three score and ten, and yet he lived to be one hundred and twenty years—nearly twice the allotted age, and half of which was labor and sorrow—working with a vexatious and row—working with a vexatious and ungrateful people. It is curious how gradually the age of mankind dropped down from nine hundred to one hundred and twenty in the ten generations that succeeded Noah; then it dropped to seventy in the next ten, and there it stands. There has been no change for 4,000 years. The long suffering of

peased.
Well, of course these seventy years Well, of course these seventy years are not the fixed limit for any man or woman, but they are certainly the allotment of human longevity. But few go beyond it. The wagon breaks down all over. It can't be patched up any more. For several years it has been sent to the shop occasionally for repairs, and been doing light work, but the time will surely come when wheels and axles and hounds must all collapse. This is no misfortune nor fault nor penalty, but, as Judge Hammond used to say, "It is the law of this case," and there is nothing so very sad or horrible about it. It is just such a change as all nature is going through, and if a man lives right, he has no reason to lament its coming.

through, and if a man lives right, he has no reason to lament its coming. Every seed of tree or flower is a symbol of our own resurrection.

Old age has its rewards as well as its infirmities. Moses said that the young men shall stand up and honor the faces of the old men, and many of the promises are a good old age—a full sge—a ripe old age, as a shock of corn in its season. How considerate are the childripe old age, as a shock of corn in its season. How considerate are the children to their aged parents, and how loving are their grandchildren. They run our errands and comb my back hair and black my shoes and go to the postoffice. The years from seventy to eighty are not always years of labor and sorrow—sometimes they are the best of all. Sydney Smith said: "I am seventy-four years old, am at ease in my circumstances, in tolerable health, a mild whig, a tolerating churchman, much given to talking, laughing and noise. I am, upon the whole, a happy man—have found the world entertaining, and am thankful to providence for the part allotted me in it."

Much depends on a man's surround-

Much depends on a man's surround-

ings, but more depends on his philoso-phy. One poet says:
"The world is very lovely. Oh my God,

I thank Thee that I live." Another says;

"I would not live alway, I ask not to stay

And it was. He should have risen up according to scripture and tipped his hat to the poor old man. But she bears are extinct in that region, and

the doctor knew it.

Mr. Shakespeare is somewhat sarcastic himself, for he makes Prince

"Are you not written down with all the charters of old age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing corporosity? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with anticities.

tiquity?"
That is a vile slander upon the three score and ten of this generation. Look at the stalwart forms of many of Atlanta's notable men who have long since passed the Rubicon, such as Dr. Alex-ander, George Adair, Chess Howard, Redwine and Lawshe and big Jim Dunlap. "Big Jim" says he is just the age of Bismarck and Gladstone, the three greatest living cotogenarians—and there is no melancholy crack in his laugh. George Adair is still a Scotch Irishman from away back, and if he hadn't have fallen down stairs at the "Old Village School" show, would be taken for about three score and five. and no more. And Dr. Alexander is not even a sixty-five-year suspect. In fact, old age carries itself better now than it used to. People take more pride in their personal pp arance, especially the women. I was just thinking about a neighbor whose visits are always welcome—who comes with a smile and never says a bitter or a fool-ish thing. She is said to be old, but she still is beautiful, and sits in her she still is beautiful, and sits in her chair with the graceful ease of a young matron of the olden time. She has had trouble, but hides it in her heart, and is always calm and serene. Would that we could all grow old as gracefully and give as much pleasure to those around us.

But some folks are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and I am one of them about these times. The old cow wanted grass, and it has all dried up, and so she broke into my potato patch and eat off all the vines; and patch and so soe broke into my potato patch and eat off all the vines; and the Colorado beetles got into another patch and just cleaned up all the leaves before I found it out; and the dog scratched a bed between the madeira vines and the wall of the verands, and it hasent rained enough in nine weeks to run in the road, and my garden has dried up, and the city fathers won't let me irrigate any more because water is getting scarce. The penality is \$50 fine, but the mayor told me confidentially that I might irrigate on the sly, but I musent be caught at it. Like the hegro preacher told his congregation that they must never be cotched stealing chickens. So, now when I steal water I do it darkly, at dead of night, with one eye on the hose and the other on Sandy Wikle, the waterman.

But my comfort now is in nu and amusing our little grandchild. Her mother has gone off on a flahing Her mother has gone off on a fishing excursion for a few days to recuperate her health, and she gave me the child. I say gave her to me because she loves me better than anybody, and that makes her grandma jealous and flatters my vanity, and satisfies me that I am neither old nor ugly, nor is my voice broken nor a melancholy crack in my laugh. In fact, I can still sing "Hush, My Dear," and "Julianna Johnson" with sufficient melody to put the little darling to sleep. I can answer that old song, "What Can an Old Man Do But Die?" by saying that he can take care of the grandchildren while the mother has gone a fishing.—Bill Are, in Atlanta Constitution.

A Song of Sweet Days. eet are the days of the pastime, But they come no more to me; For the best time is the last time That brings my heart to thee!

To thee, my sweet, And may God greet
The time that you and I shall

Sweet are the days of pastime, Sweet with the morning's dew ; But the best time is the last time,

And may God greet
The time that you and I shall meet! -Frank L. Stanton.

HUMOROUS.

The trouble seems to be that when man has a good scheme, it is not his

First savage-Isn't she just too sweet for anything? Second savage-Yes. I'll trouble you for the sait.

Higgledy-Does happiness consist in having everything you want? Piggledy-No, it consists entirely in the ability to get more. "Why, he yawned three times while

I was talking to him." "Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something.' City Man-How far is your house

from the station? Suburbanite (hesitatingly) - Well; that depends on whether you are running to catch a Mr. Woodbie Passenger (in railroa

station at Poughkeepsie) - Here, you, what time does the next train go to New York? Mike-Be jabers; 'tis just gone, sor. "Oh, dear," said the girl with the

X-ray glance, as she looked at her bashful lover. "Here's Jack come again tonight and not brought his backbone with him."

A tramp begged for bread at a cookingschool door;
A girl gave him cake she had made just be-

The tramp took a bite; then said he, with a I asked you for bread and you gave me a

"Most extraordinary man.""In what way?" "I think he's the only man in the country who has a manufacturing

gun to make bicycles." Judge-Have you anything to say before the judgment of the court is passed upon you? Tough prisoner-Beggin' yer honor's pardon, hev ye heard the score, judge?

Our Bairnies-"Children, I hope you peeled the apples before eating them?" "Yes, mother, dear." "What have you done with the peelings?" "Ob, we ate them afterwards."

"A child," said the oracular young person, "can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer." "There's one satisfaction," said the man of family, "he can't ask very many of 'em without getting sent to bed."

Sunday-school teacher - Don't forget, my children, that you are all called upon to do penance. Of course you know what the word penane means? Bright scholar-Yes, sir! Pennants is what the league fellers play for.

"Just think, Mr. Wright," said the young woman who was trying to be pleasant, "all the children in the neighborhood are repeating that poem of yours that appeared in last month's magazine." 'That is flattering. Very." "Yes. They are using it for a counting-out rhyme, you know -dear little things."

The State Reformatory at Concord, Mass., is credited with permanently reforming fifty per cent. of those who have been its inmates during the twelve years of its existence.

England has minety-four universities and America three hundred, yet there are 2,738 more professors in the former than in the latter A MINISTER'S WIFE.

The Frank Statement of the Paster Bethel Church.

Da. WILLIAMS. - Dear Sir: - My wife !

ALFALFA FOR HOGS.

It will sustain life and produce some growth in shoats. It will not make from the make them fat, but it will keep them in condition to make good use of a little extra feed. One acre of good alfalfa, with a dividing fence in the middle, so that as soon as one part is eaten down the pigs may be changed to the other, will support twenty pigs from the middle of May till the first of October, or a little later, providing the land be properly irrigated and the work of done systematically. Counting upon alfalfa to furnish the sustenance motion, the addition of grain will produce good, heavy porkers, which will return a good profit, providing the price in November is four cents or upward. Alfalfa is also of great value in wintering brood sows. If the leaves which drog off in the mows, and which are unfit for horse feed, be saved and mixed with bran or slops, they will be eaten greedily with good results, making a valuable saving of other feeds.—American Agriculturist.

Couper, "the ex-prize fighter and author," who was one of the enrolled police force during the troubles at Johannesburg, formerly enjoyed a great reputation in South Africa, by defeating a local Goliath m Kimberley. Since then he has done a great deal for athletics in South Africa, and has written a book—an exceptional accomplisha book—an exceptional according to a prize fighter, but n prising in Couper's case, since well-educated man and, indeed, matters a complete contrast to the cepted type of "bruiser."



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding transient nature of the many ical ills which vanish before proforts—gentile efforts—pleasant of rightly directed. There is comit the knowledge that so many for sickness are not due to any actures, but simply to a constipated tion of the system, which the plamily laxative, Syrup of Figs, ply removes. That is why it is the remedy with millions of families, everywhere esteemed so highly who value good health. Its beneficets are due to the fact, that it effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction. plant of any description and hasn't be-



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