

Mind Reading.
You can read a happy mind in a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the quondam bilious sufferer or dyspeptic relieves by Heister's Stomach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative also provides happiness for the bilious, the rheumatic, the weak, and those troubled with inaction of the kidneys and bladder.

A 45% Barmy ruby, the largest ever cut, was sold in London the other day for \$40,000.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life.
If you want to quit tobacco easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take Heister's, the wonderful wonder, that makes weak men strong, makes gray hair black, restores your own strength, and restores you to your own vigor. Under absolute guarantee to cure. Book and sample free. Address: Heister's Bitters, Chicago or New York.

Eyes
Ears and nose are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pains between them, they are roaring, buzzing, noise in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe source, with its constant, uncomfortable discharge. All these disagreeable symptoms may be removed by the use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla
The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

HOW TO REMOVE RANK FLAVOR.

In reply to the question, "How can I remove rank grass taste from milk and butter," the Dairy Editor of the Prairie Farmer gives the following bit of experience, which may be helpful to some of our readers who have pastures that are full of weeds. He says: "I am spending a few weeks in Iowa, and studying, as usual, dairy problems. Here in Woodbury County is located Goodrich Brothers (one of whom is Professor D. Witt Goodrich, who are in the creamery business. They have spent a great deal of time in investigating and trying to get rid of the disagreeable flavor caused by the cows eating weeds. The milk from many of the patrons whose cows were pastured on the bottom lands had such a disagreeable flavor that the butter could hardly be eaten. Last year they tried pasteurizing the milk, but this did not entirely remove the trouble. They have continued their experiments this season, and have, as they think, succeeded in discovering a method of entirely removing these objectionable flavors from the butter.

The milk, as it is received at the factory, is carefully examined, and any that is weedy or strong flavored is set aside and run through the separator by itself. After separation they add to the cream two gallons of water to one of cream, and in this water has been dissolved saltpetre in the proportion of a teaspoonful to three gallons. The water is hot, and in this way they raise the temperature of the cream to 100 degrees. They immediately run the diluted cream through the separator, same as if it was whole milk. They now have a cream without the least particle of weedy flavor in it. The cream is then cooled, turned in with the rest, and all ripened together. The result was a perfect butter, without any disagreeable flavor."

Commenting on the above, the editor of the Elgin Dairy Report says: "Here is an opportunity that will enable our practical creamery men to make the same experiments for themselves when they find they have this same trouble, which occurs more or less every year when cattle feed on rank grass and weeds. We give this for the benefit of our readers of that class, and will say that it certainly will do no harm to try it, even if it accomplishes no good."

"One of our creamerymen in southern Illinois had the same trouble, and asked our advice on this matter. The plan we proposed was for him to heat the milk to 100 or 180 degrees before running it through the separator, and diluting it with about one-quarter water at the same time. He did this and found the result was good. Very little, if any, of the bad flavor remained. The cream was cooled immediately, and ripened by means of a starter."

"The principle practically is the same as the one used by the Goodrich Brothers. If any creamerymen are troubled that way, you would advise them to undertake one or the other of the plans and see if it will work well with them.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

The legal bushel of the United States contains 77.6274 pounds of water.

The cubit was the length of the forearm.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstruations, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, womb trouble, flooding, nervous prostration, headache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of Womb Troubles are dizziness, faintness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble as sure as the sun shines. That Bearing-down Feeling, causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. It is wonderful for Kidney Complaints in either sex.

REV. DR. PALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sermon Delivered in Washington.

Subject: "The Paganry of the Woods."

Text: "We all do fade as a leaf."—Isaiah liii, 6.

It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of His Bible and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Chappellin, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on the pyramids and temples. After much labor he deciphered them and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness and power of God are written in characters all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them. There are Scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world.

These know but little of the meaning of the natural world who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas, and not from the actual things themselves. Some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them, and the face of nature has such a flush and sparkle and life that no human description can reach the things which he has sat at summer evening tide at the edge of a wood and listened to the cry of the whippoorwill.

There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumac than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, I was in the mountains of Colorado. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Croesus and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant 2000 miles long. Let artist stand back while I describe to you the scene. A great spectacle was never kindled before my eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes there was an indescribable array of color. There were no crimson and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into scarlet and saffron. Here and there the trees looked as if they had been scorched by fire, and the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfused, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped in many places, and in some places they were as if they had been kindled in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch until the clouds of color seemed to be making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood with its arms outstretched, and the leaves of the forest were hills over which there seemed pouring catarrhs of fire, tossed up and down and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines, and in some places, a rushing stream, as though it was rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest appeared to follow. If God's arm of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Missouri would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of diving glory had backed its way to the tip-top of the Alleghenies, and then it had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

Most persons peering from this text find it a vein of sadness. I find that I have felt the same. The string of harp strings of sadness and this gospel of joy.

"We all do fade as a leaf." First—The foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which week before last felt the frost have day by day been changing in tint and will for many days yet cling to the bough waiting for the first of the autumnal change. Along the banks of the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No; deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of the leaf were as if they were a string of sadness and this gospel of joy.

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Now I am going to quit thinking about politics for a day or so at least. For my wife has forewarned me that it is the right time to take up the plants and bulbs and pot them and put them in the pit. She is very careful about the kind of soil I plant them in, and so I have to take the wheelbarrow, which is the unicycle now, and get some leaf mold from the corners of the fence. Then I have to get some fertile from the barn yard and mix with it and some sand to go on top. She bosses it all very kindly, and I have nothing to do but the work. I like that. It relieves me from responsibility. If a plant dies in the pit I can say, "I fixed it just as you told me." She has given the heater call to one of the children and now the old cow is lowing all the day long and the calf is bleating all his new home and my wife is so sorry for both that she wants them brought together again. I believe she sympathizes more with the cow than the calf, for she says that children soon get weaned from their mother, but the mother never forgets her child. That is so with human beings, but not so with animals. Their affection is strong, but their memory is weak. In a few days that cow will forget she ever had a calf. Providence has arranged all these things. It is astonishing how many little things there are to do about the house and home. It took all the day yesterday to put down the carpets for the winter. They were shaken and beaten thoroughly

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THE SAGE CAN SEE NO OBJECTION TO BEING A PLUTOCRAT.

Household Duties Engage His Attention at Present.

It seems to me that the demagogues are underrating the intelligence of the people when they denounce a candidate because he is rich or because he owns some stock in a national bank. That is all that I have seen charged against Mr. Sewall, Seaborn Wright, who was the choice of the populists, spoke honestly and frankly when he said: "I regret to say that I have no stock in a national bank." I don't suppose there is a reputable Populist in the country who would refuse to own some of it if he could get it fairly. This effort of the demagogues to excite in the poor envy and hatred of their more fortunate fellow citizens is shamefully disgusting. If a man acquires wealth honestly he should be commended for it. Abraham was rich and so was Joseph and Laban and Job and Solomon, and Joseph of Arimathea, who laid the body of Christ in his own tomb. Every man who is any account is trying to better his condition and would get rich if he could. So I don't believe that the Populists are opposed to Sewall because of his wealth, and when I hear any of their leaders say they are, it is my opinion they are lying. They talk glibly about plutocrats and some of them, seem to think that wealth and Plutus and hell are all mixed up together. The fact is that Plutus, who was the god of wealth, was a very different person from Pluto. For a long time he gave riches to the good only, but Jupiter did not like that and smote him with blindness so that he could not tell the good from the bad, and ever since then everybody has had an equal chance to get his favors. Mythology says he was elbowed and slow in movement when approaching a man to give him money, but when he took it away his feet took wings and he fairly flew away. They must have gotten that idea from the scriptures which say riches take wings and fly away. Plutus was a good hearted, clever, generous god, and I don't like to hear him slandered. The boy with the cornucopia was his mark, his ensign, and I never see that picture but what I think of him and wish he would come this way and empty his horn of plenty. I would like to feel the feeling of a plutocrat before I die.

But the long ago will soon be over and it will be a great relief to us all, whether we lose or win. Once I heard Bob Taylor, who was running against his brother, make a speech, and in closing he urged his hearers to vote for him, but said he: "If you can't conscientiously do so, then vote for my brother Alf." If Bryan is not elected it will be a grain of comfort to know that some of my good neighbors are gratified. If I possibly can I am going to rejoice with those who rejoice. But there are some signs that I do not like. Who is backing up this anarchist, Lauterbach, in his treasonable utterances? He says that if there is not one way to prevent Bryan being president there is another. Does he mean to have him counted out by bribery as Mr. Tilden was? Has he got the scheme fixed, and is it to be done with Hanna's barrels of money? I read sometime ago a boast that \$10,000 apiece would buy every election manager in Chicago. That would take only a million to buy 100 managers, and they say they have got ten millions at their command. Is it possible that so good, so honorable a man as McKinley would consent to such iniquity? I don't believe it. Maybe the conspirators have plotted a scheme through the courts to get a bill of injunction and let Cleveland hold over pending the litigation. I wish I did know what Lauterbach means to do in case Bryan is elected. It is getting very close now, close in time and close in count. The betting is about even. Two months ago it was fifty to one on McKinley. From time to time it dropped to ten to one, and then five to one and three to one and two to one, and now is about even and few takers. I know a New York man who writes for a Republican paper and scurrilous Bryan actually, but says in a letter to me, "It looks now like he is going to be elected."

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last spring, when taken up, but my wife wanted them shaken again. The furniture had all to be taken out and the books in the bookcase dusted, and the old sofa mended. The paper matting and a lot of newspapers had to be spread on the floor before the carpets were put down. The window glass were washed and everything renewed and brushed up for the coming winter. That is all right, and I am glad that is all done, for it is a power of work. I didn't do much of it, for now I am like the clown in the circus who always gets there just too late to help move the things out of the ring; but I had the back fence to fix up. The old cow had broken it down to get to her calf, and I had to go after her and drive her home. I used to have boys to do these things, but they are all gone and I am the only boy left on the premises now. It is hard, but it is fate, and I am not complaining. The old mare is 25 years old and can hardly travel, the old dog lies in the piazza and can hardly wag his tail, the big old oak in the back yard is dying at the top and man cannot escape the common infirmity. The poet says that "man was made to mourn," but I do not think so. He is born to trouble, but he needn't mourn about it. Let him fight the battle of life bravely.—Bill Arr. in Atlanta Constitution.

More than one-fourth of the population of New York are depositors in the savings banks.

Throughout New England it is said that many of the workmen in the city factories ride bicycles to and from their homes. Real estate in the suburbs of the larger towns gains in price considerably from this cause.

An American woman tells an English paper that her American sisters love Englishmen because they are a mystery; an American man can be read through and through in five minutes, but an Englishman is a mystery for a lifetime.

One of the greatest works accomplished by the late Gail Hamilton was that of beginning the present era of child literature. Until she started the magazine called Our Young Folks, children had nothing to read that represented their own day and generation. The magazines of that day contained nothing interesting to the small boy or girl, and their reading world was confined to books like Mother Goose and the Arabian Nights, St. Nicholas and the Round Table are later developments of the idea carried out by Gail Hamilton in Our Young Folks.

Says the Cleveland Plain Dealer: The extravagant offers of American managers are turning the heads of the vaudevilliers. Where they get \$25 per week in London they ask \$300 per week to play in America. Dan Leno, a very clever low comedian, who gets the highest salary on the English vaudeville stage, \$625 per week, and does his turn in five different halls each night, is coming to America to do one turn each night, for which he will receive \$1500 per week and his fare both ways. The same is true in other fields of the business. The craze has spread into all the details of theatricals. Americans are regarded as an easy prey to foreign performers and managers.

A pirate publisher of Chicago recently collected