

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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GEMS CAN NOT WIN THE HEART.

Gems can not win the heart. Though pure and bright. May be their light. Can they true joy impart? Ah, no! Like a hidden, deep mysterious strings Are never touched by these cold, glittering things.

What though the diamond's blaze May lovely seem, And like a glorious dream May be its sparkling rays? They never light the waves which onward roll, The surging waters of the struggling soul!

Give, says the lonely heart, Not jewels from the mine— For these I do not prize— In these I have no part. Richer and dearer are the gifts I crave, Withhold them not—my life they'll bless and save.

Affection's tender care, Love shining in the eyes Of those whose love we prize, These make our path so fair; These are the gifts I crave; gold can not buy These jewels; these alone can bless and satisfy. —N. Y. Ledger.

"OLD CUPOLA."

A Terrible Struggle for Life with a Desperate Madman.

NEVER see a heading in a daily paper concerning a prize-fight or wrestling match, or look upon the cupola of a blast furnace, without experiencing the most intense nervous excitement. And I will tell you why. The early years of my manhood were spent in Pittsburgh as a molder in one of her oldest stove foundries.

And happy days they were—full of hard work and honest pride in my young wife, my strong arm and my skill in throwing a pattern.

That that's neither here nor there. What you wish to know is the story of the struggle that well-nigh ended in my being thrown alive into the blast. I was on the night force then and was just approaching the foundry one evening in early fall as "Old Cupola," as we called the tall, red-headed Scotchman who tended the blast cupola, was starting up the incline plane, that in those days led to the cupola room, with his wheelbarrow loaded with pig iron.

Close behind him was a stretch of new wall that the masons had just put up, and left without "tying." Just then a strong breeze sprung up, and I saw that the wall was beginning to topple. I yelled to the man to get out of the way, but he did not hear me, on account of the wind, and the next breeze tumbled the upper part of the wall pell-mell upon him, as I supposed, but on reaching the spot I found that, as he had been close to the wall, most of the bricks had been blown over him.

His head seemed badly crushed, and as soon as I could give the alarm I hit the strap of a horse that was hitched in front of a saloon opposite the foundry, and in five minutes returned with a doctor.

They had carried "Old Cupola" into a railroad boarding house near by. The doctor directed me to sponge the blood from Cupola's head.

I suppose the water revived him; at least he "came to," and I was the first man he set eyes on.

Whether or not that had anything to do with the numb of my strength I don't know. You must be the judge of that. When the doctor had finished "patching" him up, he said that the only serious wound was across the top of the man's head, where the edge of a brick had left a long dent or crease; but that the brain did not seem to be in the least affected, and unless something like brain fever set in, he couldn't see why "Cupola" wouldn't pick right up again. And he did.

I used to drop in and see him occasionally and take some little fish or dainty that Martha, my wife, would fix up.

His head seemed as clear as a bell, and he mended a sight faster than even the doctor had any notion of, on the start.

He was always very thankful for all the little things that my wife sent, and more than that, he seemed to take a great liking to me. He was very re-

luctant to trip him or impede his movements by twisting my legs about his own. His strength seemed infinite. There was but one chance left me—that of swinging the furnace door shut with my free hand, as he would grab me close to it and thrust me in.

With his second stride his foot struck a "pig" that had spilled from the barrow and we fell together to the floor, writhing, pitching and plunging like reptiles! He could have crushed me in his grasp, strangled me, beat my brains out or killed me in a dozen ways, but he was bent on throwing me alive into the molten metal.

Just as he had freed himself from the grasp that I had secured by reaching my free arm about his neck and clutched into his month I gave a wild cry.

A rush of footsteps up the incline plane told me that help was at hand.

The seconds between the time when that sound reached my ears and that of the appearance of the men in the door way seemed endless.

One of the lads had a lantern. "Shut the furnace door quick!" cried, as they rushed forward to where we were.

As they did so "Old Cupola" sprang to seize them.

But "click" went the furnace door, and strong hands, fresh from the struggle, pinioned him from behind and dragged the "Fifth Angel"—as he was ever after called—from his station at the mouth of the bottomless pit.

The shock resulted in brain fever, and for weeks I was unconscious or distracted.

I have never fully recovered, and from that day to this I have not looked into a furnace door.

Do you wonder that I cannot endure the sight of a blast-furnace cupola or bear to read of trials of strength between man and man?—Forrest Crissey, in Chicago Graphic.

"Do you quarrel with your neighbor yet about his hen coming over in your garden?" "No; we're all over that now." "Buried the hatchet?" "No, better still; buried the hen."

of the blast, shining squarely into his face.

"Throw a few more 'pigs' in," said I, "and then you may knock off."

He started to reach down to his wheelbarrow, to pick up a "pig," but suddenly drew up and clapped his hands to his head.

By this time I had stepped to the opposite side of the barrow, and just had it on my tongue's end to ask him what was the matter. But I never got the words out—for the next second it gave such a yell as I never expect to hear again. Then he held up both hands, like a preacher saying the benediction, and shouted: "Then the fifth angel sounded!" Here he seemed to forget something, and flourished his right hand in a circle, as though finishing the sentence with the gesture instead of words. Then his eyes seemed to shoot fire like the flames and sparks that leap out of the cupola, when the blast door is opened.

"Ah! Devils! Dogs!" he screamed, "I've think 't scape the fifth angel who 's about the key 't the bottomless pit? 't Hell! Ah! 't smoke 't a furnace!"

As he said those last words he made a grand flourish and pointed to the open door of the blast. I caught the idea that was in his crazy brain. He thought the blast was hell and he was going to put me into it.

All this happened in about three seconds. I looked about for something with which to defend myself. There was nothing.

It must be a single-handed struggle between man and man. He was naturally of a wiry, powerful build, and the handling of the heavy iron "pigs" and wheeling them up the inclined plane for so long had developed the muscles of his arms and legs, until their cords were like cables. Luckily I had left my coat below and only had on a molder's flannel shirt and belted pants. With the wickedest laugh that ever broke from human throat, he jumped clear over the barrow for an animal.

This sent him sprawling over my head, and for a minute he was floored. But it was only for a moment, as my impetus had carried me against the wheelbarrow and I stumbled.

He was up again and at me before I had hardly regained my feet. "Dog! Sorcerer! Murderer!" he cried. "There's nae 'scapin' me. It's my ain

bluid is on your han's an' my ain een saw 't!" This time I braced for a blow at his head, but he deftly knocked it off and grappled me around the waist. I had read when a boy an account by an African hunter, of his falling into the grip of an orang-outang.

The story impressed me deeply, but I never expected to experience the awful sensations which he described.

As the long arms of the maniac gripped about me, binding my left arm down against my side, crushing my breast and face against his own, that incident flashed across my mind.

But as the demoniac held me, eye to eye with himself—his frothing lips pressing my own and the lurid light of the scorching, molten mass, into which he was struggling to pitch me, falling full upon his face, showed me all the glories of consuming madness that devils in his frenzied eye. I would gladly have exchanged places with the hunter in the clutches of the infuriated man-beast, for the beast lacked the dreadful idea of hell that burned in the brain of the lunatic who would, in a moment, plunge me into as awful a hell as imagination can picture!

I reached my right arm over his left shoulder and about his neck and gripped his throat, but it did not hinder him.

Nor could I trip him or impede his movements by twisting my legs about his own. His strength seemed infinite. There was but one chance left me—that of swinging the furnace door shut with my free hand, as he would grab me close to it and thrust me in.

With his second stride his foot struck a "pig" that had spilled from the barrow and we fell together to the floor, writhing, pitching and plunging like reptiles! He could have crushed me in his grasp, strangled me, beat my brains out or killed me in a dozen ways, but he was bent on throwing me alive into the molten metal.

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THE FARMING WORLD.

ROLLING IN STALL.

A Device That is Sure to Cure Horses of This Vicious Habit.

Some time ago I noticed a half-humorous account of the experience of two elderly ladies in buying a horse which had the bad habit of rolling in its stall. Invariably when the horse attempts this he gets "cast." Having had some experience with an animal so inclined, and having successfully solved the question how to prevent the occurrence, I will explain my plan.

Properly to use the device requires a stout leather halter with a metal ring securely fastened to the top directly between the animal's ears. A stout leather strap is firmly fastened overhead, so



that it will hang about where the head of the animal would be when lying down. To the end of the strap a good snap is fixed. The strap should be put long enough to allow the horse's nose to touch the floor when the snap is hooked in the ring at the top of the halter.

With this arrangement the animal can lie down comfortably but cannot lay its head on the floor, and consequently cannot get cast. This tie was originated through necessity. It may not be new but I have yet to meet the person who ever used it. I have imparted the knowledge to many, but I think it has never been published. It invariably cures a horse of rolling.—Eugene Starkweather, in Country Gentleman.

POULTRY SELF-FEEDER.

A Device Especially Suitable for Use on the Farm.

Some poultry keepers, especially farmers, do not like the idea of feeding their flocks. It is a tedious task to do a day. Probably a self-feeder would suit such persons. To make one make two crosses, the same as for a saw horse, only of smaller timber. Fasten one sideboard so it rests on the bottom of the crosses. Leave a half inch space between the lower edge of the one and the first one on top. Nail a strip six inches wide to the edge of the lowest sideboard to catch the grain as it drops through and a strip to the other edge to keep the grain from working off. Put in end pieces and use a hinged cover on the top. One can be made to hold several bushels and fifteen or twenty fowls need be fed but once or twice during the winter. While most people would prefer to feed but little and often the self-feeder is a much better way than the once a day or every other day plan. The fowls soon get used to this style of feeding and after the first few days do not gorge themselves to the extent they will if fed once a day. Moreover, it does not take as much grain to winter fowls as it does by other styles of feeding.—J. H. Andrews, in Farm and Home.

SELECTING A STALLION.

Suggestions to Those Contemplating the Purchase of One.

In selecting a stallion, say an exchange, first look at his legs; if they are not up to the standard don't look any further at that horse, for a horse without legs is no horse. The legs should be large, flat, bony, free from flesh and puff of any kind, and the fore legs straight at the pasterns, not yet set too far back—a fault with some draft horses. A good flat foot, with the ability to lift it up and place it straight forward the proper distance, is a desideratum. Next, look at the back. It should be short, straight and closely coupled. Next, the head. Requisites—broad between the eyes and ears; clear, mild eye, not showing much white; jaw thin. If the horse be full between the eyes, head sloping backward, and a narrow poll, that horse has no intelligence, and will breed that way. Shoulders should be large, sloping up to the neck; wide rump; long hips, not punched up in a knot like your fist doubled up. Wide between the forelegs. Thin throat latch. Neck long and enlarging to the point where it is set on shoulders. If the horse possesses the necessary individual merit, his breeding may be looked up. But though the horse had a pedigree a mile long, don't breed to him unless he has individual merit.

COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS.

They Should Be Scattered Over the Surface as Early as Possible.

One of the principal advantages in using commercial fertilizers is, that if of a good quality they are usually more readily soluble. In order to be of immediate benefit to the growing plants it is necessary that the plant food be soluble.

On the average farm it is difficult to get manure enough from the stock, and if the fertility of the soil is to be kept up and at the same time good crops made, it will be necessary to use some green crops as a manure, and with some crops it will be found an advantage to use more or less commercial manures. This is perhaps more especially the case with land that has been cropped for several years without manuring.

A better ground and yield of wheat is often secured by broadcasting 200 or 300 pounds of good fertilizer. Care should be taken to scatter as early as possible over the surface. This work can be done at any time now with good results.

Commercial fertilizers are well adapted to grass lands, especially when well-rotted barn manure is hard to get. With meadows, the garden and the potato patch it is not advisable to use fresh or coarse manure, and when well-rotted manure cannot be had readily commercial fertilizers can be used to good advantage.

With meadows and all small garden crops the better plan is to apply broadcast and then work into the surface. There is no necessity for working deep into the soil.

With potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage and the class of plants that are usually grown in hills, the more economical plan is to apply the fertilizer in the hill.—St. Louis Republic.

FEEDING FOR EGGS.

What Kinds of Food Will Produce the Best Results.

A correspondent of the California Cocker in relation to feeding laying fowls comments the following:

There has been very great complaint in some sections about the hens not laying as they should. I think every case can be accounted for. I was recently called in to see a lady's flock of eighty-eight hens that were looking, to say the least, fine, yet she said she was not getting as many eggs from them as I was from a pen of eight that were always confined in a yard 8x20, with a tight house 3x5, and hers had free range. I purchased a dozen from her and after killing a couple I found that her hens had not sufficient food to produce eggs.

While this I believe to be generally the cause of failure of eggs, yet it is not always; some feed too high, and not that food which will produce eggs. I have been for some time experimenting on what kind of food will produce best results, and have found the following by far the best: Bran or barley in the morning, scalded with milk; give all they will eat up clean. In this, we have what is generally acknowledged to produce the greatest per cent. of the white of egg, and very little fat.

At noon feed wheat or screenings. In this we have the lime for shell, and also a good per cent. of the yolk. Give all they want, and if you have an ash or manure pile mix a little in for them to scratch after.

At night give a liberal feed of corn and do not be afraid of making too fat. I do believe, contrary to the opinions of some, that corn will produce eggs, and lots of them, especially in winter.

Feed beef scraps every other day (cooked), and plenty of bone meal, with a liberal supply of green food every day.

Hens fed in this manner may lay, if they are any good at all; if not, get rid of them. An old saying, and a true one, is that a hen properly fed must lay or get fat. Of course, this will not apply through moulting time.

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"CALICO CHARLIE."

The Dubious Prospect Before Mr. Wisdom's Successor.

The appointment of Hon. Charles Foster, of Ohio, as secretary of the treasury, was a surprise, and it was not designed to have any significance. Mr. Foster himself has taken care to deprive it of any meaning by announcing in advance of his departure for Washington that he is "in accord with the policy of the administration." As ambiguous utterances, silence when speech was demanded, and forgetfulness of unequivocal statements when made, have characterized the "policy of the administration," Mr. Foster has put himself on ground that cannot be supported or assailed because his position is masked.

In his personality and factional standing in his party in his own state, Mr. Foster resembles Warner Miller more closely than any republican we have in mind. Since the ascendancy of Foraker, which was brought to an end only a year ago, Mr. Foster has been an eclipsed Ohio politician. Last year, to be sure, he was nominated for congress and the canvass which he conducted was a much more remarkable one than that which Maj. McKinley succeeded in making for himself in the election in Ohio. But in spite of this momentary burst into prominence Foster is as essentially a political "lack number" as is Warner Miller. Probably that was why President Harrison chose him. Mr. Foster, by no effort of the imagination, can be regarded as a possible candidate for the republican nomination for president in 1892.

The new secretary of the treasury will enter upon the discharge of his duties under the most embarrassing conditions. He becomes part of an administration which has just been condemned by the people in tones of more positive emphasis than they have used before in many years. Furthermore, the fiscal policy of the administration has been the chief cause of popular complaint, and it is that policy which Mr. Foster will be forced to defend. He goes into office as a congress, controlled by his party, is about to expire—a congress more thoroughly obnoxious to the American people than any which has assembled since the close of the war, and his first recommendations will be addressed to a congress entirely out of sympathy with those views which Mr. Harrison will force upon his secretary of the treasury. His "duty" to his party will compel him to present doctored statements of the country's receipts and expenditures; it will force him to recommend schemes to benefit individuals at the expense of the country, and Harrison himself will demand that the patronage of his great department be used to promote the re-nomination of a president who enjoys a small degree of popularity than any president whom this generation recalls.

The prospect before Hon. Charles Foster is thus a dubious one. Virtually a political bankrupt, he is summoned to a task which calls for a larger amount of political capital and a larger amount of brains than any republican in sight seems to command. For the next two years business will almost turn upon his word, and for the general welfare, it is to be trusted that he will prove equal to the position. But he is merely a politician of the Warner Miller brand, with the additional Ohio faculty of always keeping in office.—Albany Argus.

A DANGEROUS METHOD.

Effect of the McKinley Bill Upon the Powers of the President.

The attempt of the McKinley bill is to vest the president with absolute power in treaty-making, freeing him from the constitutional restriction under which a treaty negotiated by the executive department must have the advice and consent of the senate before it has any validity as law.

This attempt is the more dangerous because of the skill with which it is made. The method of treaty-making which has thus far prevailed, which is the only method contemplated or authorized by the constitution, involves the entering into a formal contract between the powers, which on the part of the United States must be approved by the senate after it has been drawn. Were it otherwise, an act of Mexico, of Brazil, of Guatemala, of the Canibal Islands, could be given the effect of "the highest law of the land" over the United States by the mere consent of the president.

This is exactly what is now being attempted. Under the plan of the McKinley bill the arrangements are made between the powers as in case of a treaty, except that the senate is ruled out. The act of a foreign government has only to be confirmed by the proclamation of the president of the United States to have the force of a treaty binding the United States.

This, at least, is what has been attempted. No one in the least familiar with our system of government will believe, however, that the congress has the shadow of authority to delegate to the executive department power either to make laws or to supersede the operation. Under the constitution special privileges to one country over another can only be granted by treaty, and every such treaty must be approved by the senate before it has any force.

Congress, if it pleases, can pass an act saying that hereafter any law of the United States may be suspended by the proclamation of the president, and that the presidential proclamation ratifying the act of a foreign country shall have the effect of a treaty binding the United States. The theory is embodied in the clause of the McKinley bill under discussion, but it has no force as law, because the constitution of the United States cannot be altered or set aside by mere act of congress. When the president issues his proclamation pretending to suspend a law of the United States and purporting to give the enactment of a foreign power the force of law over the United States it is not only without constitutional warrant, but is in direct, plain and open transgression of express constitutional limitations. It has, therefore, nothing of the validity of law, though it may have the practical effects of it through the persistence of the executive department in an unlawful course.—St. Louis Republic.

REPUBLICANS IN TROUBLE.

Obligations Incurred by Their Platform of 1888.

We believe the democratic party will be found, after a thorough discussion, to be in substantial agreement with Mr. Cleveland in this matter, as it was when it was in office and when the 1888 platform was adopted. The republican party, not the democratic, is the parent of the silver heresy, and we see no reason for fearing that the peo-

ple will be permitted to forget that fact. In the "republican" platform of 1888 these memorable words occur: "The republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, and condemns the policy of the democratic administration in its efforts to demonetize silver."

"That was a bid for the vote of the silver-torn, for confounding and irreconcilable elements. Looked at as a matter of political expediency, the democratic position, to which Mr. Cleveland urged his party to adhere, is one of ideal strength. But the people, it is suggested, may be deceived, and then what? Well, first of all, it is the duty of democrats to assume that the people will not be deceived, and secondly to be true to their own principles even if for a time deception prospers.—Brooklyn Citizen.

—Tin deposits have been discovered in Mexico in the strictest confidence, now, your cross-croak, so help you Peter honor, the discovery is due entirely to the wisdom and beneficence of William McKinley, Jr.—Chicago Times.

—The republican papers treat the mugwumps as if they had been unfaithful to their party and as if Mr. Cleveland was the one correspondent to whom they all collectively make love. The mugwumps, however, claim to be right to no party and have as much right to love Mr. Cleveland as anybody else.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Mr. Harrison—What's this "reciprocity" idea of yours, Jim? I don't exactly catch on to it.

—Mr. Blaine—I'll give you an illustration. I worked for you in '88, now you turn in and work for me in '92. That's reciprocity.

—Mr. Harrison—Humph! I don't think much of the scheme.—Life.

—The anxiety of the republicans to "believe the senate counts" is stimulated by the reflection that the relief contemplated will create eighteen fat offices for Mr. Harrison to distribute among his partisans, chiefly congressmen who have been repudiated by the people for their zeal in the service of the monopolists.—N. Y. World.

—The democracy of the country accept with enthusiasm Grover Cleveland's leadership, not because of his personality, although he has many qualities that endear him to men of character and intelligence, but because he represents in his own person, as no other American does, the aspirations of the people to greater liberty and better government.—Evansville (Ind.) Courier.

—The republicanism of the administration—excepting, of course, that exemplified by the secretary of state—is not the sort which commends itself to the masses of the party. There is nothing robust or inspiring in it. It calls up no recollection of preceding administrations save by way of contrast, and at the expense of the present regime. No republican shouts when the name of the head of the government is mentioned. The name of no cabinet official—always with the exception referred to—excites any enthusiasm. This is bad for the party. It is also without precedent. The administration needs a tonic and needs it "bad."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.).

—Mr. Quay's Denial.

Mr. Quay and his friends cannot suppose that his defense in the senate will of itself avail to exonerate him. He makes an explicit denial and explanation. But all that he says he could as readily have said long ago, when the charges were made. The delay admits of no favorable interpretation. He cites Alexander Hamilton, but Hamilton did not allow years to pass before his complete explanation. He answered promptly and conclusively, and at a cost inconceivably painful, disposed of factually and forever of the charges against his official honesty. The value of Mr. Quay's defense depends wholly upon his word. It is a simple denial. But his previous course and long delay and the method of his defense have not encouraged confidence in his simple statement. When charges so very grave and circumstantial are made against a public man he cannot set them aside by silence, or by calling them only by a statement so fortified by acknowledged fact and affidavit that no doubt remains, or by a summary suit for libel, which will force the publication and establishment of the facts.—Harper's Weekly.

—Jug-Handle Reciprocity.

Mr. Blaine's jug-handled reciprocity does not seem to work as well as he anticipated. There was a great shout of triumph among the Blaine organs when the treaty, so called, with Brazil was announced. It turned out that the rejoicing was very premature, Brazil not having yet agreed to the proposed plan. The government of the new republic is friendly enough in the matter, but the merchants of Rio, Bahia and Pernambuco are not quite so ready to break off their friendly and profitable commercial relations with Europe. They have most emphatically protested against the ratification of the treaty. They probably know, as everybody else knows, that they can always sell their coffee to us for cash, in spite of Mr. Harrison and the foolish Aldrich provision of our beautiful tariff. They also know that they can buy what they want cheaper from Europe than they can from us, while our producers are handicapped by a most oppressive tariff. The Blaine trumpet was sounded a little too soon.—Albany Argus.

Now Is the Time

to purify your blood and fortify your system against the debilitating effects of spring weather. At no other season is the bitter so offensive, the drowsy dizziness so treacherous, the nervous tired feeling so prevalent. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to build up the system, purify the blood, cure skin diseases and break down every kind of tired feeling and create a good appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfeeling, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating.—August Flower the Remedy.