Feminine Ingenuities.

Of the multifarious uses of the hairpin, some at least, are well known. They are suggested by a French traveler's description of a pin which the Indian women of Peru wear as a fastening for their shawls. Its head is in the shape of a spoon. In fact, it is a spoon and a shawl pin in one.

It is odd, the Frenchman says, to see a woman pull out the pin, letting her shawl drop from her bare shoulders, and proceed to use it for eating her soup or porridge. After the repast she passes the bowl of the spoon carefully between her lips two or three times, gathers up her shawl, and fastens it in place.

The same women use their slippers instead of pocket-books—a point in which they may be said to have the advantage of their North American sisters, who, having no pockets, or none within comfortable reach, are compelled to carry their purses in their hands.

The money of Lima consists of bank-notes, which go very well into the bottom of a slipper. As to the effect upon the bills, perhaps the least said the better. There is an old saying that money always smells sweet.

Madge—Oh, dear, it's so hard to decide. Alice—What? "Why, whether Charlie ought to save his money to build us a home in the spring or take the money to go sleigh riding this winter.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tracing up a man's ancestors is nothing compared with tracing the neighbor who last borrowed the rake last summer.

Gentle Annie.

Gentle Annie was the girl who went forth when the spring-time came to gather wild flowers,—daisies along the hillsides, and forgot her rubbers. She came back with wet feet, followed by the worst case of neuralgia she ever had. Fortunately she was told and had long known that for any kind of neuralgic affection St. Jacobs Oil is the most remarkable remedy ever used. All the year round any one subject to such attacks should not fail to have it in the house. For all aches and pains which at all times beset us there is nothing to equal it. Nerve pains especially are brought on by sudden changes of temperature, but the great remedy, applied promptly, will surely cure.

A man doesn't look as pretty at a piano as a girl; but, as a rule, he sounds prettier.

STRONG NERVES

Depends upon pure, rich, red, nourishing, strength-giving blood. The nerves derive their sustenance from the blood and when they are weak it is because they do not receive the nourishment needed. The true cure for nervousness will not be found in opiate or sedative compounds. These only allay the symptoms and do not permanently cure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause by purifying and enriching the blood, giving to it just those qualities which are demanded for the proper support of the nervous system. Hundreds of people who once suffered from nervousness, write that they have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and nervousness has disappeared. This was because Hood's Sarsaparilla purified their blood. Read the following:

Weak and Worn Out

Close confinement causes thin, depleted blood, and that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives pure blood, appetite and strength. A well known telegraph operator writes as follows:

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Rich Red Blood

"I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and am continuing with it regularly. It does everything that is claimed for it. It is an excellent blood purifier. When I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was troubled with impure blood, boils and pimples broke out on my body, but now they have entirely disappeared. Hood's Sarsaparilla is an excellent medicine for that tired feeling. It puts new life into weak and tired out people." MILTON S. BETTIGER, 2371 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

By purifying the blood, it gives nerve, mental, digestive and bodily strength.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Gates of Heaven."

TEXT: "On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; on the west three gates."—Revelation xxi., 13.

The Cashmere gate of Delhi, where converged a heroism that makes one's nerves tingle, the Lucknow gate, still dented and scarred with sepoy bombardment, the Madeline gate with its emblazonry in bronze, the hundred gates of Thebes, the wonder of centuries, all go out of sight before the gates of my text.

Our subject speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbor and seeing the merchantmen coming up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from the topgallants, you immediately make up your mind that those vessels come from foreign ports, and you say: "That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana," and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I am now speaking no weather-beaten merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkhead have ever come. There has been a vast emigration into that city, but no emigration from it, so far as our natural vision can descry.

"There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer. "I have stood in high towers with a mighty teleseope and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon, but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shining streets, no massive wall. There is no such city." Even very good people tell me that heaven is not a material organism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to be taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what Christ said, and He ought to know, "I go to prepare"—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment, but "I go to prepare a place for you." The resurrected body implies this. If my foot is to be reformed from the dust, it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed, it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be rekindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply that the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You may say if there be material organisms then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments, but I answer, Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the Garden of Eden? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms?

Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds and glided from star to star until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds, and he peers out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than our solar system in which there are 50,000 worlds moving. And Professor Lang says that by a philosophic reasoning there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine, so that I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we cannot see into the land where there is no darkness at all and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacle. As a conquering army marching on to take a city comes at nightfall to the crest of a mountain from which, in the midst of the landscape, they see the castles they are to capture and rein in their war chargers and halt to take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night, so now, coming as we do on this mountain top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good, long look at the gates of the great city. "On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates, and on the west three gates."

In the first place, I want to examine the architecture of those gates. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an ornamental gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonary, the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary, the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into stone. Gates of wood and iron and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mohammedan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets His hand to the work and for the upper city swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inspiration. With the nail of His own cross He cut into its wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and of gladness to come. There is no wood or stone or bronze in that gate, but from top to base and from side to side it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks, and another piece from the Persian gulf, and another from the island of Margarette, but one solid pearl picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gaslight. But, oh! the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday.

Julius Cæsar paid 125,000 crowns for one pearl. The Government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl larger than a pear. Cleopatra and Philip II. dazzled the world's vision with precious stones. But gather all these together and lift them and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An almighty hand hewed this, swung this, polished this. Against this gateway, on the one side, clash all the splendors of earthly beauty. Against this gate on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. Oh, the gate, the gate! It strikes an infinite charm through every one that passes it. One step this side of the gate and we are paupers. One step the other side of the gate and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. Oh, gate of light, gate of pearl, gate of heaven, for our weary souls at last swing open!

When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong
And streets of shining gold?

Oh, heaven is not a dull place! Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls."

In the second place I want you to count the number of those gates. Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to have one expensive gateway, and the others are ordinary, but look around at these entrances to heaven and count them One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it, all the earth and all the heavens! Twelve gates!

I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectarianisms! If a Presbyterian is bigoted, he brings his Westminster assembly catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world, "You go through there or stay out." If a member of the Reformed Church is bigoted, he makes a gate out of the Heidelberg catechism, and he says, "You go through there or stay out." If a Methodist is bigoted, he plants two posts, and he says, "Now, you crowd in between those two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episcopalian may say: "Here is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate. Go through it or stay out," or a Baptist may say: "Here is a water gate. You go through that, or you must stay out," and so in all our churches and in all our denominations there are men who make one gate for themselves and then demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious views. O, small souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly I will not go in that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says, "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer book." I say, "My brother, then use the prayer book." Here is a man who says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say, "Let me plunge you." Anyhow, I say, away with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are twelve gates and they are twelve pearls.

The fact is that a great many of the churches in this day are being doctrined to to death. They have been trying to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are keeping on discussing that subject when there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the offing, and instead of getting into a boat and pulling away for the wreck, they sit discussing the different styles of oarlocks. God intended us to know some things and intended us not to know others. I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but came away more perplexed than when I went. The only result of such discussion is a great fog. Here are two truths which are to conquer the world: Man, a sinner; Christ, a Saviour. Any man who adopts those two theories in his religious belief shall have my right hand in warm grip of Christian brotherhood.

A man comes down to a river in time of freshet. He wants to get across. He has to swim. What does he do? The first thing is to put off his heavy apparel and drop everything he has in his hands. He must go empty handed if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you when we have come down to the river of death and find it swift and raging we will have to put off all our sectarianism and lay down all our cumbrous creed and empty handed put out for the other shore. "What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian church into one kind of church? Would you make all Christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms?" Oh, no. You might as well decide that all people shall eat the same kind of food without reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your ancestry, your temperament, your surroundings will decide whether you go to this or that church and adopt this or that church polity. One church will best get one man to heaven and another church another man. I do not care which one of the gates you go through if you only go through one of the twelve gates that Jesus lifted.

Well, now I see all the redeemed of earth coming up toward heaven. Do you think they will all get in? Yes. Gate the first, the Moravians come up; they believed in the Lord Jesus; they pass through. Gate the second, the Quakers come up; they have received the inward light; they have trusted in the Lord; they pass through. Gate the third, the Lutherans come up; they had the same grace that made Luther what he was, and they pass through. Gate the fourth, the Baptists pass through. Gate the fifth, the Free Will Baptists pass through. Gate the sixth, the Reformed Church passes through. Gate the seventh, the Congegationalists pass through. Gate the eighth, the German Reformed Church passes through. Gate the ninth, the Methodists pass through. Gate the tenth, the Sabbatarians pass through. Gate the eleventh, the Church of the Disciples pass through. Gate the twelfth, the Presbyterians pass through. But there are a great part of other denominations who must come in, and great multitudes who connected themselves with no visible church, but felt the power of godliness in their heart and showed it in their life. Where is their gate? Will you shut all the remaining host out of the city? No. They may come in at our gate. Hosts of God, if you cannot get admission through any other entrance, come in at the twelfth gate. Now they mingle before the throne.

Looking up at the one hundred and forty and four thousand, you cannot tell which gate they came in. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one glassy sea, one doxology, one triumph, one heaven! "Why, Luther, how did you get in?" "I came through the third gate." "Cranmer, how did you get in?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh McKail, the martyr, how did you get through?" "I came through the twelfth gate." Glory to God, twelve gates, but one heaven!

In the third place, notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look. They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine, but a distinct announcement. On the north three gates, on the south three gates, on the east three gates, on the west three gates. What does that mean? Why, it means all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the north three gates. That means mercy for Lapland and Siberia and Norway and Sweden. On the south three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan and Algiers and Ethiopia. On the east three gates. That means salvation for China and Japan and Borneo. On the west three gates! That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference how dark skinned or how pale faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them. Those plucked bananas under a tropical sun. These shot across Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mexican plateau, from Roman campania, from Chinese teafield, from Holland dyke, from Scotch Highlands they come, they come. Heaven is not a monopoly for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor castle, built only for royal families. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it, and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it this way, and then he measured it that way, and whichever way he measured it it was 1500 miles, so that Babylon, and Tyre and Nineveh and St. Petersburg and Canton and Pekin and Paris and London and New York and all the dead cities of the past and all the living cities of the present added together would not equal the census of that great metropolis.

Walking along a street, you can, by the contour of the dress or of the face, guess where a man comes from. You say: "That is a Frenchman; that is a Norwegian; that is an American." But the gates that gather in the righteous will bring them in irrespective of nationality. Foreigners sometimes get homesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss, coming to the high residence of heaven, will not long any more for the Alps, standing amid the eternal hills. The Russian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest field he left now that he hears the hum and the rustle of the harvests of everlasting light. The royal ones from earth will not long to go back again to the earthly court now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who once lived among the groves of spice and oranges will not long to return now that they stand under the trees of life that bear twelve manner of fruit.

While I speak an everlasting throng is pouring through the gates. They are going up from Senegambia, from Patagonia, from Madras, from Hong Kong. "What," you say, "do you introduce all the heathen into glory?" I tell you the fact is that a majority of the people of those climes die in infancy, and the infants all go straight into everlasting life, and so the vast majority of those who die in China and India, the vast majority who die in Africa, go straight into the skies—they die in infancy. One hundred and sixty generations have been born since the world was created, and so I estimate that there must be 15,000,000 children in glory. If at a concert 2000 children sing, your soul is raptured within you. Oh, the transport when 15,000,000 little ones stand up in white before the throne of God, their chant drowning out all the stupendous harmonies of Dusseldorf and Leipsic. Pour in through the twelve gates.

Oh, ye redeemed, banner lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp! Crowd all the twelve gates. Room yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank. Let the trumpet of invitation be sounded until all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the glens echo it. Let missionaries tell it in pagoda and colporteurs sound it across the western prairies. Shout it to the Laplander on his swift sled. Hallo it to the Bedouin careering across the desert. News, news! A glorious heaven and twelve gates to get into it! Hear it, O you thin blooded nations of eternal winter—on the north three gates! Hear it, O you bronzed inhabitants panting under equatorial heats—on the south three gates!

But I notice when John saw these gates they were open—wide open. They will not always be so. After awhile heaven will have gathered up all its intended population and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut. Hindustan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All these gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all the other nations that have called on God. The captives all freed. The harvests all gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang. It is done! It thunders! The twelfth gate shut.

Once more I want to show you the gatekeepers. There is one angel at each one of those gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace or castle or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day, and if there were no defenses before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after awhile, and all the abandoned of hell would be up after awhile, and heaven, instead of being a world of light and joy and peace and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that, while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of those nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves and liars and whoremongers and defrauders, and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there, he would pull up the golden pavement. If a house burner should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the seabeach. Only those who are blood washed and prayer lipped will get through. Oh, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to get through, and you had not a pass written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gatekeeper would, with one glance, wither you forever.

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. Do you know what that password is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say: "Let me in; let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed colleges, I built churches and was famous for my charities, and having done so many wonderful things for the world I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up, and they try to get through. They say: "We were highly honorable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us. We were honored on earth, and now we come to get our honors in heaven." And a voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another crowd advances and says, "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we come up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers, "I never knew you."

After awhile I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever and anon cry, "Amen, amen!" This one stands at the gate and says: "Let me in, I was a wanderer from God. I deserve to die. I have come up to this place, not because I deserve it, but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus." The gatekeeper says, "That is the password, 'Jesus! Jesus!'" And they go in and surround the throne, and the cry is, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

I stand here this hour to invite you into any one of the twelve gates. I tell you now that unless your heart is changed by the grace of God you cannot get in. I do not care where you come from, or who your father was, or who your mother was, or what your brilliant surroundings—unless you repent of your sin and take Christ for your living Saviour you cannot get in. Are you willing, then, this moment, just where you are, to kneel down and cry to the Lord Almighty for His deliverance?

You want to get in, do you not? Oh, you have some good friends there. This last year there was some one who went out from your home into that blessed place. They did not have any trouble getting through the gates, did they? No, they knew the blessed password, and, coming up, they said, "Jesus!" and the cry was, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in." Oh, when heaven is all done and the troops of God shout the castle taken, how grand it will be if you and I are among them! Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city.

VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts of the States.

The publication that Prof. Richard M. Smith had determined to retire from the chair of Greek at Randolph-Macon College, at Ashland, and from the Methodist Church because his views on certain questions are not in line with those of that church, while a surprise to the general public, is not so to the patrons of the school. For the past twelve months it had been talked among those who had boys at the college that Dr. Smith was not orthodox. Dr. Lafferty in talking over the matter said he had what Jeremy Taylor called a "sore conscience." He has had great difficulty in deciding the question as to where the divinity began and the manhood led off in Christ's character, and he is also in doubt as to the extent of future punishment. But Dr. Lafferty also says that he is one of the best and purest men he ever knew, and that there is absolutely nothing to be said against his life and character. It will be remembered that Dr. Smith also had extreme views on the State debt question and issued a pamphlet in which he urged individuals to come forward and pay it. It is said that he figured out to a dollar what his own part of the debt would be and ascertaining the amount to be $1,200, actually donated that sum to a charitable object. He has now accepted a position at Bethel Academy, in Fauquier county.

A letter from Marlington, Pocahontas county, W. Va., states that when Jailer Siple went to feed the prisoners in the county jail two of them, Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland, negroes, seized him, locked him in their cell and escaped. The two men are from Ohio, and are charged with robbery. They have not been recaptured.

The argument in the Jacob Modin case, charged with the murder of his wife on February 9, was closed at Danville. The jury was out one hour and five minutes, and returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The counsel for the defense entered a motion for a new trial.

Robert H. Pannill, who has been in jail for several weeks in Lynchburg, charged with aiding and abetting Walter G. Hamner in embezzling funds from the First National Bank, was admitted to bail, and upon the proper securities being furnished was released. Judge Paul at the last term of the United States Court in Lynchburg, fixed the bail at $10,000. Efforts had been recently made to give bail, but without success. Pannill's relatives met in Commissioner Tinsley's office and, with Mr. Jack Lee and Mr. Howell Featherstone as attorneys, furnished to the satisfaction of the commissioners securities to the amount of $10,000.

The Presbytery of the Chesapeake opened its spring session at the Presbyterian Church in Leesburg. Presbytery was organized by the election of Rev. J. N. Campbell moderator, and Mr. Shields and K. Kemper secretaries. The opening sermon was delivered by Rev. A. B. Carrington. Business sessions of the presbytery were held at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. each day, with preaching at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.

Canada is opposed to taking joint action with Russia, Japan and the United States to further protection of the Bering sea seals

EVOLUTION EVEN HERE.

The Dog's Bark Has Become More Expressive as His Culture Advanced.

The most curious imitations which we find in dogs is as to the measure of expression to which they have attained. Among the savage forefathers of the modern dog the characteristics of all their utterances was, to a great extent, involuntary, and once begun the outcry was continued in a mechanical manner.

The effect of advancing culture on the dog, however, has been gradually to decrease this ancient undifferentiated mode of expression by howling and yelping, and to replace it by the much more speech-like bark, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. There is some doubt whether dogs possessed by savages have the power of uttering the sharp, specialized note which is so characteristic of the civilized form of their species.

It is clear, however, that if they have the power of thus expressing themselves they use it but rarely. On the other hand, our high-bred dogs have to a great extent lost the power to express themselves in the ancient way. Many of our breeds appear to have become incapable of ululating. There is no doubt but the change in the mode of expression greatly increases the capacity of our dogs to set forth their states of mind.

If we catch a high-bred dog—one with a wide range of sensibilities which we may may find in breeds which have long been closely associated with man—we may readily note five or six varieties of sound in the bark, each of which is clearly related to a certain state of mind. That of welcome, of fear, of rage, of doubt, and of pure fun are almost always perfectly distinct to the educated ear, and this, although the observer may not be acquainted with the creature. If he knows him well he may be able to distinguish various other intonations—those which express impatience, and even an element of sorrow. This last note verges toward a howl.

A WAR ECHO.

EVERY HONORABLE VETERAN DESERVES A PENSION.

And the Lone Limb is not the Only Reason for a Government Reward Either.

(From Journal, Lewiston, Me.)

Samuel R. Jordan has just given the *Journal* an account of his life, which in view of his extremely hard lot for the past few years will be read with interest.

"I am 48 years old and have always lived in New Portland. I enlisted in the army in 1862 as a private in Company A, 28th Me. Volunteers. My army experience injured my health to some extent, although I worked at blacksmithing some part of the time, when suddenly, several years ago, I was prostrated with what able physicians pronounced Locomotor Ataxia. At first I could get around somewhat, yet the disease progressed quite rapidly until I had hardly any feeling in my legs and feet, they felt like sticks of wood and I grew so much worse that I could not move for three years without help, as my neighbors and friends could testify. I employed several physicians in my vicinity, and elsewhere, and they all told me that medicines would not help me, that they could do nothing to effect a cure, and that in time I should become entirely helpless. I became discouraged. I was a great care to my wife and friends. Shortly after I met an old army comrade, Mr. All. Parlin, a resident of Madison, Maine, and he incidentally mentioned how he had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a severe case of rheumatism and a spinal and malarial trouble, that he had suffered with consequent of his army life, and been greatly benefited by their use. By his earnest recommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel prickly sensations in my legs and a return of strength so I could move them a little. After a few weeks I began to feel a marked improvement in my condition. I soon was enabled to walk around a little with the help of crutches. After taking for some time I can now walk without crutches, my general health is much improved and I have regained my old-time vigor. I can walk about and enjoy life once more, for which I feel very thankful, and this happy result is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

"Your days are numbered," says the blotter to the calendar.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

China invented gunpowder, but it was so long ago that she forgot what it was for.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

The man who becomes a successful hyocrite has to work at it every day in the week.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Sheriff's advice to a merchant—"Don't advertise and I'll do the rest."

Not Sick Enough for the Doctor,

but a little out of sorts. Ripans Tabules would serve in your case. It is well to have them on hand for just such occasions.

Pneumatic saddles are more comfortable if ridden half-pumped.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

The best "dress improver" is a good figure.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

In the bright lexicon of the grocer, even all spice is admitted until it is not all spice.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

It is very hard to admit that a man younger than yourself has more sense.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength
—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

Absolutely Pure

The Mere Money Getter.

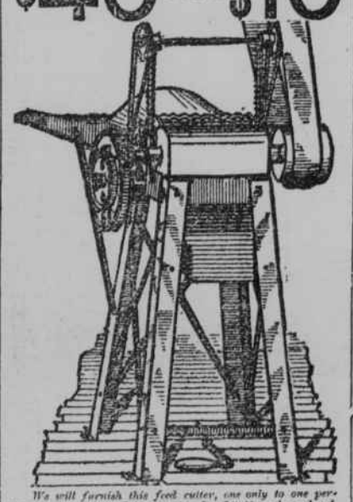
There is not in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune only to the basest uses—whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his real iniquity.

These men are equally careless of the workingmen, whom they oppress, and of the State, whose existence they imperil. There are not very many of them, but there is a very great number of men who approach more or less closely to the type, and just in so far as they do so approach, they are curse to the country. The man who is content to let politics go from bad to worse, jesting at the corruption of politicians, the man who is content to see the maladministration of justice without an immediate and resolute effort to reform it, is shirking his duty, and is preparing the way for infinite woe in the future.

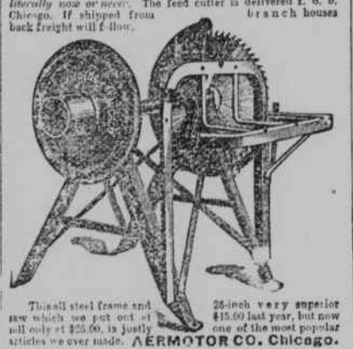
Hard, brutal indifference to the right, and an equally brutal shortsightedness as to the inevitable results of corruption and injustice, are baleful beyond measure; and yet they are characteristic of a great many Americans who consider themselves perfectly respectable, and who are considered thriving, prosperous men by their easy-going fellow-citizens.—Theodore Roosevelt, in The Forum.

The Aermotor all Steel Feed Cutter Worth

$40 FOR $10



We will furnish this feed cutter, one only to one person not later than July 1, 1895, for $10.00 cash, and address of ten neighbors and acquaintances of the sender known personally by him to be responsible and influential men in their localities who need and are likely to buy something in our line this year. After July 1, money sent in on this offer will be returned to sender and no attention will be paid to inquiries or letters concerning this offer. It is literally now or never. The feed cutter is delivered f. o. b. Chicago. If shipped from branch houses back freight will follow.



This all steel frame and saw which we put out at $10 will only set $25.00, is justly one of the most popular articles we ever made. 26-inch very superior $15.00 last year, but now AERMOTOR CO. Chicago.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS
in Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Cannot Compete with Africa.

J. Ross writes in the Engineering and Mining Journal that since the diamond discoveries in South Africa the Brazilian diamond-mining industry has fallen so low that the annual output is now not over $150,000, when thirty years ago it was upwards of $2,500,000. Brazilian diamonds are so much smaller than the African that it does not pay to mine them against African competition.

"Do you think a girl ought to learn to cook before she gets married?" asked the practical man. "Yes," replied his dyspeptic friend. "Either that, or else she ought to be willing not to try."—Washington Star.

The Door of Life.

The fear of pain and the dangers of parturition fill many a woman's breast with dismay. There is no reason why childbirth should be fraught with danger and distress. It is a natural function, and should be performed in a natural way without undue suffering. Nature never intended that women should be tortured in this way.

Taken during gestation Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its dangers to both mother and child, by preparing the system for delivery, thereby shortening labor, lessening pain and abbreviating the period of confinement.

My heart is very sad to-night,
Unrest is in the air,
I cannot tell just what it is,
Dyspepsia or despair.

It is dyspepsia,
and
'A • Ripans • Tabule
will dispel it.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

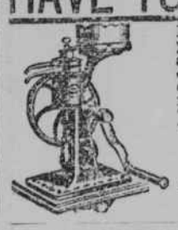
SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by sample to the trade who can sell on sight to every business man or firm; liberal salary, money advanced for advertising and expenses; permanent position. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. CO., D 47, Chicago, Ill.

200 SAMPLES FLOWER SEED Free We will send to any address our collection of Flower Seed—more than 200 annuals—also a copy of *Woman*, when 10c. to cover postage and packing is enclosed with the request for the seed. Show this to 5 friends, send 50c. and get 6 collections, &c. WOMAN PUB. CO., RICHMOND, VA.

ENG.-6

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS?



If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a Separator, and you need the BEST,—the "Baby." All styles and capacities. Prices, $75. upward. Send for new 1895 Catalogue.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.,
Branch Offices: ELGIN, ILL. General Offices: 74 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

A GREAT COUGH REMEDY.

Perhaps you may think that Scott's Emulsion is only useful to fatten babies, to round up the angles and make comely and attractive, lean and angular women, and fill out the hollow cheeks and stop the wasting of the consumptive, and enrich and vitalize the blood of the scrofulous and anæmic persons. It will do all this—but it will do more. It will cure a

Hard, Stubborn Cough

when the ordinary cough syrups and specifics entirely fail. The cough that lingers after the Grip and Pneumonia will be softened and cured by the balsamic healing and strengthening influences of this beneficent food-medicine, namely, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

*Refu