An Aged Jewess.

A Jewess named Caroline Levy, now in the Bethnal Green infirmary, proves in a curious way that she is 110 years old. She was born in 1786, and since 1848 has drawn a pension from Baroness Rothschild's aged widows' charity fund, which is strictly confined to widows over 60 years of age. Before granting pensions the trustees make careful investigations as to the age of the applicants, and on their books it is shown that Mrs. Levy proved to their satisfaction that she was 62 years old forty-eight years ago.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

No man ever criticises his wife's cooking until they have been married some time.

To convince a fool against his will is on a par with arguing with a mule not to kick.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

A man gets so that an alarm clock has no more effect on him than his conscience.

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to everyone, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Chinese Quail in Maryland.

Frank T. Redwood is interested in the increase of wild fowl in this country, and has an idea that Chinese quail may be successfully introduced. A friend brought him six of these birds a year ago. They were liberated in Talbot County, and flew off in the woods as naturally as though in China. But that was the last ever seen of them. They have disappeared entirely, so far as Mr. Redwood or his friends have been able to discover. Mr. Redwood is still firm in his faith that this species of bird will flourish in America, and to this end has arranged to have twenty pair brought over from China and let loose in the woods of Maryland. —Baltimore American.

Rats!

A hungry rat, after searching Endres Bros.' shoe store on High street, Hamilton, Ohio, in vain for something to eat, gnawed a hole in the lead water pipe on the second floor, flooding the stock.

BACKACHE.

A Very Significant Indication of Organic Derangement.

The back, "the mainspring of woman's organism," quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in loins, and weight in lower part of body, blues and "all gone" feeling, that nature requires assistance, and at once. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for twenty years has been the one and only effective remedy in such cases. It speedily removes the cause and effectually restores the organs to a healthy and normal condition. Mrs. Pinkham cheerfully answers all letters from ailing women who require advice, without charge. Thousands of cases like this are recorded.

"I have taken one-half dozen bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has relieved me from all pain. I cannot tell you the agony I endured for years; pains in my back (Oh, the backache was dreadful!) and bearing-down pains in the abdomen extending down into my limbs; headache and nausea, and very painful menstruations. I had grown very thin, a mere shadow of my former self. Now I am without a single pain and am gaining in flesh rapidly."—MATTIE GLENN, 1561 Dudley St., Cincinnati,

A quarter spent in HIRES Rootbeer does you dollars' worth of good.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Bad Company."

TEXT: "Walk not thou in the way with them."—Proverbs i., 15.

Hardly any young man goes to a place of dissipation alone. Each one is accompanied. No man goes to ruin alone. He always takes some one else with him. "May it please the court," said a convicted criminal when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him—"may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessing of good parents and in return promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise I should have been saved this shame and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me like a vulture; threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. I who once moved in the first circles of society and have been the guest of distinguished public men am lost, and all through bad company."

This is but one of the thousand proofs that evil associations blast and destroy. It is the invariable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with moral distemper if shut up with iniquitous companions. In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that instead of being reformed by incarceration the day of liberation turned them out upon society beasts, not men.

We may, in our places of business, be compelled to talk to and mingle with bad men, but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people is engaged in carrying on a courtship with a Delilah whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epidemic. I will let you look over the millions of people now inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man who after one year has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars' reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Go with the corrupt and you will become corrupt. Clan with burglars, and you will become a burglar. Go among the unclean, and you will become unclean. Many a young man has been destroyed by not appreciating this. He wakes up some morning in the great city and knows no one except the persons into whose employ he has entered. As he goes into the store all the clerks mark him, measure him and discuss him. The upright young men of the store wish him well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction, and even then have some delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young men of the store at the first opportunity approach and offer their services. They patronize him. They profess to know all about the town. They will take him anywhere he wishes to go—if he will pay the expenses. For if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place where they ought not, the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is paid for, or the champagne settled for, the bad young man feels around in his pockets and says, "I have forgotten my pocketbook."

In forty-eight hours after the young man has entered the store the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly, and, at his stupidity in taking certain allusions, say, "My young friend, you will have to be broken in," and they immediately proceed to break him in. Young man, in the name of God I warn you to beware how you let a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such a one slap you on the shoulder familiarly, turn round and give him a withering look until the wretch crouches in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in His own scabbard, and no human arm can wield them, but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers of city life will not wonder why I give warning to young men and say, "Beware of evil companions."

I warn you to shun the skeptic—the young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old fashioned religion, and turns over to some mystery of the Bible, and says, "Explain that, my pious friend, explain that." And who says: "Nobody shall scare me; I am not afraid of the future. I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it." Yes, he has got over it, and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over it too. Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion, such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion which was the strength of your father in his declining years and the pillow of your old mother when she lay a-dying.

Alas, a time will come when this blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash no spendor in the eyes of Death as he stands over the couch waiting for his soul! Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow, and the dying man will say, "I cannot die; I cannot die." Death, standing ready beside the couch, says: "You must die. You have only half a minute to live. Let me have it right away—your soul!" "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings and these pictures. Take them all." "No," says Death. "What do I care for pictures. Your soul!" "Stand back!" says the dying infidel. "I will not stand back," says Death, "for you have only ten seconds now to live. I want your soul." The dying man says: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. O, God?" "Hush," says Death. "You said there was no God." "Pray for me," exclaims the expiring infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death. "But three more seconds to live, and I will count them off—one, two, three!" He has gone! Where? Where? Carry him out and bury him beside his father and mother, who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died singing, but the young infidel only said: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room."

Again, I urge you to shun the companionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store and office and shop who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are away and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with idlers.

Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand and very faultless apparel, and have a high sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it you will in his presence be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterward your respectability, and last of all your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shoplifters and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit, they seldom go to look in at the busy carriage factory or behind the counter where diligent clerks are employed, but they go among the groups of idlers. The play is going on at the theatre, when suddenly there is a scuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in, and leaning over has tapped on the shoulder of a young man, saying, "I want you, sir." He has not worked during the day, but somehow has raked together a shilling or two to get into the top gallery. He is an idler. The man on his right hand is an idler, and the man on his left hand is an idler.

During the past few years there has been a great deal of dullness in business. Young men have complained that they have little to do. If they have nothing else to do they can read and improve their minds and hearts. These times are not always to continue. Business is waking up, and the superior knowledge that in this interregnum of work you may obtain will be worth $50,000 of capital. The large fortunes of the next twenty years are having their foundations laid now by the young men who are giving themselves to self-improvement. I went into a store in New York and saw five men, all Christians, sitting round, saying that they had nothing to do. It is an outrage for a Christian man to have nothing to do. Let him go out and visit the poor, or distribute tracts, or go and feed the Bible to the sick, or take out his New Testament and be making his eternal fortune. Let him go into the back office and pray.

Shrink back from idleness in yourself and in others if you would maintain a right position. Good old Ashbel Green at more than eighty years of age was found busy writing, and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." He answered, "I keep busy to keep out of mischief." No man is strong enough to be idle.

Are you fond of pictures? If so, I will show you one of the works of an old master. Here it is: "I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth and thy want as an armed man." I don't know of another sentence in the Bible more explosive than that. It first kisses softly, like the fuse of a cannon, and at last bursts like a fifty-four pounder. The old proverb was right, "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil."

A young man came to a man of ninety years of age and said to him, "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and pointing to some large trees full of apples, said, "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind, and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure seeker. I believe in recreation and amusement. God would not have made us with the capacity to laugh if He had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. God hath hung in sky and set in wave and printed on grass many a roundelay, but he who chooses pleasure seeking for his life work does not understand for what God made him. Our amusements are intended to help us in some earnest mission. The thundercloud hath an edge exquisitely purpled, but with voice that jars the earth it declares, "I go to water the green fields." The wild flowers under the fence are gay, but they say, "We stand here to make room for the wheatfield and to refresh the husbandmen in their nooning." The stream sparkles and foams and frolics and says: "I go to baptize the moss. I lave the spots on the trout. I slake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I rock in my crystal cradle muckshaw and water lily." And so, while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and never works.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business it is to play ball, skate or go a-boating. All these sports are grand in their places. I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirits for our regular toil. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who make it their life occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have fallen overboard from the yacht. There are men whose business fell through the ice of the skating pond and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the song of skates, in the soaring of a well-struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands to catch it, and so far from laying an injunction upon ball playing or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of Church and State.

But the life business of pleasure seeking always makes in the end a criminal or a sot. George Brummel was smiled upon by all England, and his life was given to pleasure. He danced with the peeresses and swung a round of mirth and wealth and applause until, exhausted of purse and worn out of body, and bankrupt of reputation, and ruined of soul, he begged a biscuit from a grocer and declared that he thought a dog's life was better than a man's.

Such men will come into your office, or crowd around your anvil, or seek to decoy you off. They will want you to break out in the midst of your busy day to take a ride with them. They will tell you of some people you must see, of some excursion that you must take, of some Sabbath day that you ought to dishonor. They will tell you of exquisite wines that you must taste, of costly operas that you must hear, of wonderful dancers that you must see, but before you accept their convoy or their companionship remember that while at the end of a useful life you may be able to look back to kindnesses done, to honorable work accomplished, to poverty helped, to a good name earned, to Christian influence exerted, to a Saviour's cause advanced—these pleasure seekers on their deathbed have nothing better to review than a torn playbill, a ticket for the races, an empty tankard, and the cast out rinds of a carousal, and, as in the delirium of their awful death they clutch the goblet and press it to their lips, the dregs of the cup falling upon their tongue will begin to hiss and, uncoil with the adders of an eternal poison.

Again, avoid as you would avoid the death of your body, mind and soul any one who has in him the gambling spirit. Men who want to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar or at the table back of the curtain covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack and winks at the unsuspecting traveler—providing free drinks all around—but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings.

This sin works ruin, first, by unhealthful stimulants. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his opium, the Persian by chewing hasheesh, the trapper in a buffalo hunt, the sailor in a squall, the inebriate in the bottle and the avaricious at the gaming table. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and hurls it back in a terrific reaction is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that like a rough musician in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument. God never made man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement. No wonder if, after having failed in the game, men have begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the side of the table. The man was sharp enough when he started at the game, but a maniac at the close. At every gaming table sit on one side ecstasy, enthusiasm, romance—the frenzy of joy, on the other side, fierceness, rage, tumult. The professional gamester schools himself into apparent quietness. The keepers of gambling rooms are generally fat, rollicking and obese, but thorough and professional gamblers, in nine cases out of ten, are pale, thin, wheezy, tremulous and exhausted.

A young man, having suddenly inherited a large property, sits at the hazard tables and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime sweat and shakes it and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim, kicking him out, a slavering fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccoughs, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice or startling warning or wife's entreaty can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him, a giant is aroused within, and though you bind him with cables they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times round with chains they would snap like rusted wire, and though you piled up in his path heaven high Bibles, tracts and sermons, and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap, like a roe over the rocks, on his way to perdition.

A man used to reaping scores of hundreds of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say, "What is the use of my trying to make these $50 in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at Billy's?" You never know a confirmed gambler who was industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time not actively engaged in the game in idleness, or intoxication, or sleep, or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the capenter's saw and cut the band of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society. Any trade or occupation that is of use is ennobling. The street sweeper advances the interests of society by the cleanliness effected. The cat pays for the fragments it eats by cleaning the house of vermin. The fly that takes the sweetness from the dregs of the cup compensates by purifying the air and keeping back the pestilence. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes. I recall that sentence. He does make a return, but it is disgrace to the man he fleeces, despair to his heart, ruin to his business, anguish to his wife, shame to his children and eternal wasting away to his soul. He pays in tears, and blood, and agony, and darkness, and woe. What dull work is plowing to the farmer when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest! Who will want to sell tape, and measure nankeen, and cut garments, and weigh sugars, when in a night's game he makes and loses, and makes again and loses again, profits of a season? John Borack was sent as mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for $87,000. It was found that he had lost in Lombard street, London, $20,000; in Fulton street, New York, $10,000, and in New Orleans $30 0. He was imprisoned, but afterward escaped and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our cities and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comfort and immortal souls.

The whole world is robbed. What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If men fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates, but where in the Bible or society is there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest oozes there a balm that can soothe the gamester's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of His children are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness and to cool the heated brow of the laborer whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble, he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it and gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage, went back, put up his horses and carriage and town house and played. He threw and lost. He started for home and on a side alley met a friend, from whom he borrowed ten guineas. He went back to the saloon, and before a great while had won £21,000. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? No one. Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamesters have their accomplices and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platina, so that doublets come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men who have come into the play, and this accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wealthy when they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, haggard wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned.

In a gaming house in San Francisco a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace and won $22,000. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed, favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul! Foul" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols, and the uproar is silenced, and the bank has won $95,000. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it. But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds that are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling, with its needy hand, has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game, has written the counterfeit's signature, emptied the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder, it blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. Have nothing to do with gamblers, whether they gamble on large scale or small scale.

Cast out these men from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man accosted a Christian Quaker with, "Old chap, how did you make all your money?" The Quaker replied, "By dealing in an article that thou mayst deal in if thou wilt—civility." Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Say no as it you meant it. Have it understood in store and shop and street that you will not stand in the companionship of the skeptic, the idler, the pleasure seeker, the gambler.

Rather than enter the companionship of such accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of heaven are the music. Clusters from the vineyards of God have been pressed into tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests. While standing at the banquet to fill the cups, and divide the clusters, and command the harps, and welcome the guests, is a daughter of God on whose brow are the blossoms of paradise and in whose cheek is the flush of celestial summer. Her name is Religion.

A FATAL JOKE.

A Young Barber of Poughkeepsie Loses His Life in a Singular Manner.

Fred Palmer, a barber, 24 years old, died at the home of his parents in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., from blood poisoning, the result of a practical joke.

While Palmer was sleeping on a couch in the rear of a barber shop kept by his friend, Clarence Wagoner, last Thursday morning, Wagoner and some friends sewed a strip of cloth attached to a brass ring around Palmer's ankle, running the thread through and under the skin. Palmer cut the bandage off as soon as he awoke. The following day he became seriously ill and the leg swelled enormously. His condition did not improve and the young man died in great pain. It is supposed that the black dye of the thread produced blood poisoning.

MIKADO MAY VISIT US.

A Report in London That the Japanese Emperor is to Make a Journey.

The London Chronicle states that it learns on excellent authority that the Mikado contemplates a tour of America and Europe.

It would be interesting to know if this alleged projected trip of the Mikado has been prompted by the tour of Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, which is said to include on its programme a visit to the United States.

Such an unconventional thing as a tour of the world by a monarch of high rank would be entirely in keeping with the character of the enlightened ruler of the Japanese, to whose remarkable freedom from hereditary conservatism and warm welcome of all the civilizing influences of the age, is due the wonderful advance of his country in all the arts that make a nation great.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

HOUSE.

128TH DAY.—The House passed the Barthaldt-McCall bill to restrict immigration by imposing an educational qualification. The Carliss amendment applying principally to Canadians was so adopted.

129TH DAY.—So much of the time of the House was occupied in considering the President's veto of a bill to pension Francis E. Hoover, a private in the Sixty-fourth O. V. I., and in listening to a personal explanation from Mr. Grosvenor relative to a newspaper misrepresentation of his position on the subject of reciprocity, that the time for debate on the Phillips Commission bill was extended. The bill provides for the appointment by the President of a non-partisan commission of twenty-one, seven representatives each from labor, agriculture and business, to collate information and consider and recommend legislation to meet the problems presented by labor, agriculture and capital.

130TH DAY.—In the House the conference report on the river and harbor bill, which set forth an agreement on all the items save that relating to the Santa Monica and San Pedro harbors, California, was made the basis of a very bitter attack on the bill by Messrs. Hepburn and Dockery.

131ST DAY.—The time of the House of Representatives was devoted wholly to the consideration of conference reports. The final report of the River and Harbor bill, carrying the compromise proposition relative to the rival Santa Monica and San Pedro harbors, Cal., was adopted without division.

SENATE.

128TH DAY.—The Senate defeated a proposition by Mr. Gorman for the issue of $100,000,000 of 3 per cent treasury certificates to meet prospective deficiencies. This was followed by the defeat of another proposition by Mr. Peffer, of Kansas, for the issue of greenbacks to meet the appropriations made by the fortifications bill, which was passed.

129TH DAY.—The Senate had an hour of much excitement, with a resort to obstructive tactics and several heated personal controversies. The early portion of the session had been given to the routine of agreeing on conference reports on appropriation bills. At five o'clock Mr. Butler (Pop.), of North Carolina, moved to take up his bill prohibiting the further issue of interest-bearing bonds. Mr. Hill immediately moved an adjournment, securing a yea and nay vote, in order to gain time. The motion to adjourn was defeated, whereupon Mr. Chandler followed with a motion for an executive session. For an hour roll-calls and calls of the Senate followed in quick succession. As a further means of delay Mr. Hill secured the reading of a lengthy conference report which had been presented, and Mr. Chandler secured the reading of several long routine documents sent over from the House. Irritated by these delays, Mr. Allen (Pop.), accused Mr. Hill of a lack of good faith, to which the New York Senator angrily retorted that Mr. Allen's statement was false. The colloquy was brief, but very sharp and full of feeling.

130TH DAY.—The Butler bill to prohibit the issue of bonds was before the Senate. Mr. Hill attacked the bill as a barefaced attempt at repudiation, by an indirect cutting off of the only means existing for redemption of the greenbacks.

131ST DAY.—The day in the Senate was consumed by the "Filled Cheese" bill, and the second installment of the speech of Mr. Allen (Pop.), of Nebraska, on the Butler bill, to prohibit the issue of bonds without the authority of Congress. On the ground that the "Filled Cheese" bill was a revenue measure, several amendmenes to raise revenue were offered, but all failed.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Mayor Walbridge, of St. Louis, will be the Decoration Day orator at Kirksville, Mo.

Viscount de Santa Thryso, the new Minister from Portugal to the United States, is on 32 years old.

"Satan" Davis and "Skinny" Phillips are two citizens of Green Ridge, Mo., whose names frequently appear in the local papers.

Rev. L. B. Stateler, Montana's first Protestant pastor, who had labored more than 30 years for the cause of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died recently at Willow Creek.

Professor Alexander Agassiz, the distinguished naturalist, and his son, Max Agassiz, with two professors of Harvard College, Dr. W. McN. Woodsworth, and Dr. A. G. Mayer, were passengers by the mail steamer Monowai for Sydney, N. S. W., on its last trip.

Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, founder of the New York School of Applied Design for Women, who is now in London at the invitation of Princess Christian, to assist in establishing a school of design in connection with the South Kensington School, reports the most gratifying results concerning the work.

Alexander Pittinger, of Shelby, Mich., who voted for William Henry Harrison and every Whig and Republican President since, thinks he will have some especial claims on the next President if it be McKinley or Allison. He was born in the same county and State as the former, and in the same town as the latter, with whom he was a schoolmate.

A touching scene at the funeral of Christian Bennett, at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., occurred recently, when Emma Ywba, an aged Indian woman, who has for years been without support of any kind, save that received by charity, passed down the room and gazing steadily into the casket murmured: "Oh, my son, Bennett," and then with streaming eyes lifted her hand and pointing heavenward, muttered a prayer in the Indian language. The dead man had never refused to help the old woman, and she had practically lived on his bounty.

TEN PEOPLE KILLED.

Tornadoes Spread Death and Devastation in Oklahoma Territory.

A disastrous tornado and waterspout passed over Guthrie, causing great damage. At Edmond twenty houses were demolished and two persons, Harvey Rich and his daughter, were killed.

At White Eagle, thirty miles north, three tornadoes formed within an hour and swept toward the Osage county. Twelve houses were demolished and forty or fifty head of stock were killed in the vicinity of White Eagle.

At Black Bear, John Rodgers and wife were killed by falling timbers, while a farmer named White was killed and all the members of his family fatally injured by their house being blown down on them.

At Cushing five persons were killed. They are Harris McIntyre and daughter, Julia and Jennie Wilmer, Peter Davis and son, Frank Davis.

The storm came up from the south and traveled north, where it collided with another storm coming from the west.

It is reported that $75,000 damage was done to property and stock in the Osage county.

Eight tornadoes have occurred within a radius of fifty miles in this section within five days.

HANGED A BOY.

The Victim Was Found Alive but Death May Ensue.

A dispatch from Ottumwa, Ia., says: Because James Sparbuck, 12 years of age, taunted them, Mike Evans and Fred Doud, fastened a chain around his neck, tied one end to a board and threw their victim over a fence.

The child was found before death ensued, but it is thought he cannot recover. Evans and Doud are in jail.

A Senator's Amusement.

Senator Brice wears out one eyeglass string a day when he is in his seat. He has a great fashion of taking off his eyeglasses and twisting the end of the string around his finger, then he lets the glasses swing out full length, to the confusion of any passing Senator, often, and with a rotary motion sets the string to winding round his finger. When it is wound up he proceeds to unwind it, and that seems to be his sole amusement.

A Fortune in a Boudoir.

Charles T. Yerkes' New York mansion is to be a regular palace. Mrs. Yerkes' boudoir is being finished regardless of expense. The decorations alone will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000. One of the special features is the perfumed wood used for paneling in every available form. When finally completed and furnished with its rare hangings, tapestries, rugs and French cabinets it will be a fairy domain.

An Accurate Diagnosis.

Children are, after all, your true impressionists, with undimmed perspicacity in taking original views of things. Small and hungry Julia climbed to her seat at the tea table the other evening and exclaimed in most eager, delighted, caressing tones: "Oh, gelatine! We are going to have gelatine—I just like gelatine—but, mamma, what makes it so nervous?"

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

The trouble with cute children is they soon outgrow it and become impudent.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

When two discourse, if one's anger rise, the man who lets the contest fall is wise.

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

There is no more dangerous disease than wanting to get rich in a hurry.

Take Care of Your Watch.

The mechanism of the human body reminds one very much of the mechanical construction of a fine watch, the wheels, cogs and screws answering to the muscles, and the delicate springs are what may be likened to the nerves. One cannot move without the other, and yet the action of each is separate and distinct. So it is with the nerves and muscles of the human body. The ailments of the muscles are distinct from the ailments of the nerves, and, like the mechanism of a watch, if exposed to sudden change of heat and cold, they get out of order and for the time are useless. Especially is this so at this season of the year, when from exposure, negligence or want of care, the nerves are attacked and neuralgia in its worst form sets in. But like oil to the works of a watch so is St. Jacobs Oil to the nerves thus deranged. It is acknowledged by thousands to be the best and most permanent cure for this most dreaded disease; hence it is well to look after the human watch as well as the one in the pocket.

Wit, like cutlery, needs whetting occasionally.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

Some people marry bad luck and others inherit it.

More diseases are produced by using brown soap than by anything else. Why run such terrible risks when you know that Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap is absolutely pure? Your grocer has it or will get it for you. In red wrappers only.

The man who never kicks is pretty sure to be kicked.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

The best memory is the one that knows how to forget judiciously.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that annot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

No man likes to hear his wife talk of what she will do after he is dead.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. A. W. Burch, an attache of the Rome, N. Y., *Sentinel*, writes September 5th, 1895: "In conversation with one of our merchants a few days ago, I learned that his wife, who had been in very poor health, was regaining her health and strength, and that she attributed her recovery to Ripans Tabules. I requested an interview, which was granted, and the lady cheerfully gave me the inclosed testimonial: 'For a long time I have been interested in the advertisements of Ripans Tabules, which I have seen in the Rome *Sentinel* and the leading magazines. The advertisements seemed to be honest and I grew to believe them. I tried to obtain some of the Tabules, but found that none of the druggists in this city kept them. I was determined to give them a trial, and at last procured a box by sending to Utica. I had suffered from indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and distress in my stomach after eating. I began by taking a Tabule after my breakfast and supper and experienced immediate relief, and in a few days the distressing symptoms had entirely disappeared. Now when I eat anything that usually disagrees with me I take one Tabule and avoid unpleasant consequences. I have also found in them a very agreeable relief for constipation. (Signed), MRS. C. H. RUDD, 429 Liberty St., Rome, N. Y.'"

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

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