His Recreations.

"While it is true," the voice on the veranda was heard saying, "as Phillips Brooks so finely expressed it in substance, that toleration is merely the result, whereas tolerance is the spirit that causes it, yet it is also true, as Heine so happily observes—"

"Ticklowell," called out his mother. "I told you to go out of doors and amuse yourself."

"That is what I am doing, mamma," replied the little Boston boy.—Chicago Tribune.

Impertinent Question.

"I maintain," she said, raising her voice, "that the old and oft-repeated assertion that women talk more than men has no foundation whatever in fact!"

"Then, why," asked the man in the case, "is our common language universally called 'mother tongue?'"

Cures Blood Poison, Cancer, Ulcers, Eczema, Etc.—Medicine Sent Free.

If you have offensive pimples or eruptions, ulcers on any part of the body, aching bones or joints, falling hair, mucous patches, swollen glands, skin itches and burns, sore lips or gums, eating, festering sores, sharp, gnawing pains, then you suffer from serious blood poison or the beginnings of deadly cancer. You may be permanently cured by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.), made especially to cure the worst blood and skin diseases. It heals every sore or ulcer, stops all aches and pains and reduces all swellings. Botanic Blood Balm cures all malignant blood troubles, such as eczema, scabs and scales, pimples, running sores, carbuncles, scrofula, etc. Especially advised for all obstinate cases that have reached the second or third stage. Druggists, $1. To prove it cures, sample of medicine sent free and prepaid by writing Dr. Gillam, 12 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice given.

The average savings bank deposits in this country is more than $400; in all European countries it is about $100.

PUTNAM'S FADELESS DYE produces the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff. Sold by all druggists.

Palms never live more than 250 years. Ivy has been known to live 450, chestnut, 800; oak, 1600, and yew, 2880 years.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh), that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars sent free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The people who claim that marriage is a failure are usually the people who never tried it.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The British teach singing to the Boer children in the concentration camps.

AT SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.

"Stratford-on-Avon."

"I am finishing a tour of Europe; the best thing I've had over here is a box of Tetterine I brought from home."—C. H. McConnell, Mgr. Economical Drug Co., of Chicago, Ill. Tetterine cures itching skin troubles. 50c. a box by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it.

Baltimore pays about $300 a year for its display of flags on the municipal buildings.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville. O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma.

And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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TEETH AND BREATH

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Gold Medal at Buffalo Exposition.
McILHENNY'S TABASCO

Manufactured with Thompson's Eye Water

"DREAMS"

Dr. Talmage Says They Are the Avenue Through Which God Has Marched Upon the Human Soul.

Proof of Immortality—Warned by God.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage discusses a much talked of subject, and one in which all are interested. The text is Joel ii, 28: "I will pour out My spirit upon all flesh. Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

In this photograph of the millennium the dream is lifted into great conspicuity. You may say of a dream that it is a nocturnal fantasia, or that it is the absurd combination of waking thoughts, and with a slur of intonation you may say, "It is only a dream," but God has honored the dream by making it the avenue through which again and again He has marched upon the human soul, decided the fate of nations, and changed the course of the world's history. God appeared in a dream to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage; in a dream to Jacob, announcing by the ladder set against the sky full of angels, the communication between earth and heaven; in a dream to Joseph, foretelling his coming power under the figure of all the sheaves of the harvest bowing down to his sheaf; to the chief butler, foretelling his disimprisonment; to the chief baker, announcing his decapitation; to Pharaoh, showing him first the seven famine struck years, under the figure of the seven lean cows devouring the seven fat cows; to Solomon, giving him the choice between wisdom and riches and honor; to a warrior, under the figure of a barley cake smiting down a tent, encouraging Gideon in his battle against the Midianites; to Nebuchadnezzar, under the figure of a broken image and a hewn down tree, foretelling the overthrow of his power; to Joseph, of the New Testament, announcing the birth of Christ in his own household, and again bidding him fly from Herodic persecutions; to Pilate's wife, warning him not to become complicated with the judicial overthrow of Christ.

We all admit that God in ancient times and under Bible dispensation addressed the people through dreams. The question now is, does God appear in our day and reveal Himself through dreams? That is the question everybody asks, and that question I will try to answer. You ask me if I believe in dreams. My answer is, I do, but all I have to say will be under five heads.

Remark the First—The Scriptures are so full of revelation from God that if we get no communication from Him in dreams we ought, nevertheless, to be satisfied.

With twenty guidebooks to tell you how to get to New York or Pittsburg or London or Glasgow or Manchester do you want a night vision to tell you how to make the journey? We have in this Scripture full direction in regard to the journey of this life and how to get to the celestial city, and with this grand guidebook, this magnificent directory, we ought to be satisfied. I have more faith in a decision to which I come when I am wide awake than when I am sound asleep. I have noticed that those who give a great deal of their time to studying dreams get their brains addled. They are very anxious to remember what they dreamed about the first night they slept in a new house. If in their dream they take the hand of a corpse they are going to die. If they dream of a garden it means a sepulcher. If something turns out according to a night vision, they say: "Well, I am not surprised; I dreamed it." If it turns out different from the night vision, they say, "Well, dreams go by contraries." In their efforts to put their dreams into rhythm they put their waking thoughts into discord. Now, the Bible is so full of revelation that we ought to be satisfied if we get no further revelation.

Sound sleep received great honor when Adam slept so extraordinarily that the surgical incision which gave him Eve did not wake him, but there is no such need for extraordinary slumber now, and he who catches an Eve must needs be wide awake! No need of such a dream as Jacob had, with a ladder against the sky, when ten thousand times it has been demonstrated that earth and heaven are in communication. No such dream needed as that which was given to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage, when we have the records of the county clerk's office. No need of such a dream as was given to Pharoah about the seven years of famine, for now the seasons march in regular procession and steamer and rail train carry breadstuffs to every famine struck nation. No need of a dream like that which encouraged Gideon, for all through Christendom it is announced and acknowledged and demonstrated that righteousness sooner or later will get the victory.

If there should come about a crisis in your life upon which the Bible does not seem to be sufficiently specific go to God in prayer, and you will get especial direction. I have more faith ninety-nine times out of a hundred in directions given you with the Bible in your lap and your thoughts uplifted in prayer to God than in all the information you will get unconscious on your pillow.

I can very easily understand why the Babylonians and the Egyptians, with no Bible, should put so much stress on dreams, and the Chinese in their holy book, Chow King, should think their emperor gets his directions through dreams from God, and that Homer should think that all dreams came from Jove, and that in ancient times dreams were classified into a science, but why do you and I put so much stress upon dreams when we have a supernal book of infinite wisdom on all subjects? Why should we harry ourselves with dreams? Why should Eddystone and Barnegat lighthouses question a summer firefly?

Remark the Second—All dreams have an important meaning. They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. The eyes are closed, the senses are dull, the entire body goes into a lethargy which in all languages is used as a type of death, and then the soul spreads its wing and never sleeps. It leaps the Atlantic Ocean and mingles in scenes 3000 miles away. It travels great reaches of time, flashes back eighty years, and the octogenarian is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul before it has entirely broken its chain of flesh can do all this, how far can it leap, what circles can it cut when it is fully liberated? Every dream, whether agreeable or harassing, whether sunshiny or tempestuous, means so much that, rising from your couch, you ought to kneel down and say: "O God, am I immortal? Whence? Whither? Two natures. My soul caged now—what when the door of the cage is opened? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave?" Oh, this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming! Immortal! immortal!

Remark the Third—The vast majority of dreams are merely the result of disturbed physicial condition, and are not a supernatural message. Job had carbuncles and he was scared in the night. He says, "Thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me with visions." Solomon had an overwrought brain, overwrought with public business, and he suffered from erratic slumber, and he writes in Ecclesiastes, "A dream cometh through the multitude of business." Dr. Gregory, in experimenting with dreams, found that a bottle of hot water put to his feet while in slumber made him think he was going up the hot sides of Mount Etna. Another morbid physician, experimenting with dreams, his feet uncovered through sleep, thought he was riding in an Alpine diligence. But a great many dreams are merely narcotic disturbance. Anything that you see while under the influence of chloral or brandy or hasheesh or laudanum is not a revelation from God.

The learned De Quincey did not ascribe to divine communication what he saw in sleep, opium saturated, dreams which he afterward described in the following words: "I was worshiped, I was sacrificed, I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia. Vishnu hated me. Sceva laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, that made the crocodiles tremble. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with the cancerous kiss of crocodiles and lay confounded with unutterable slime, among wreathy and Nilotic mud."

Do not mistake narcotic disturbance for divine revelation. But I have to tell you that the majority of the dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelation. Late suppers are a warranty deed for bad dreams. Highly spiced salads at 11 o'clock at night, instead of opening the door heavenward, open the door infernal and diabolical. You outrage natural law, and you insult the God who made those laws. It takes from three to five hours to digest food, and you have no right to keep your digestive organs in struggle when the rest of your body is in somnolence. The general rule is eat nothing after 6 o'clock at night, retire at 10, sleep on your right side, keep the window open five inches for ventilation, and other worlds will not disturb you much. By physical maltreatment you take the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream, and you lower it to the nether world, allowing the ascent of the demoniacal. Dreams are midnight dyspepsia. An unregulated desire for something to eat ruined the race in paradise, and an unregulated desire for something to eat keeps it ruined. The world during 6000 years has tried in vain to digest that first apple. The world will not be evangelized until we get rid of a dyspeptic Christianity. Healthy people do not want the cadaverous and sleepy thing that some people call religion. They want a religion that lives regularly by day and sleeps soundly by night. If through trouble or coming on of old age or exhaustion of Christian service you cannot sleep well, then you may expect from God "songs in the night," but there are no blessed communications to those who willingly surrender to indigestibles. Napoleon's army at Leipsic, Dresden and Borodino came near being destroyed through the disturbed gastric juices of its commander. That is the way you have lost some of your battles.

All dreams that make you better are from God. How do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? It does not take a very logical mind to argue that out. Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. The dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustine, the Christian father, gives us the fact that a Carthaginian physician was persuaded of the immortality of the soul by an argument which he heard in a dream. The night before his assassination the wife of Julius Caesar dreamed that her husband fell dead across her lap.

Furthermore, I have to say that there are people who were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring and put it upon his finger and said to him: "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered. If you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw overboard that ring, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire, and the air was was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure another personage came through the dream and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring that ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you lest you lose it again." And John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air, and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the one who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

A German was crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and in his dream he saw a man with a handful of white flowers, and he was told to follow the man who had that handful of white flowers. The German, arriving in New York, wandered into the Fulton street prayer meeting, and Mr. Lamphier, the great apostle of prayer meetings, that day had given to him a bunch of tuberoses. They stood on his desk, and at the close of the religious services he took the tuberoses and started homeward, and the German followed him and through an interpreter told Mr. Lamphier that on the sea he had dreamed of a man with a handful of white flowers, and was told to follow him. Suffice it to say that through that interview and following interviews he became a Christian and is a city missionary, preaching the gospel to his own countrymen. God in a dream!

John Hardonk, while on shipboard, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called except his own name, and that these people, this crew, were all banished, and in this dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. If you do not believe these things, then you must discard all testimony and refuse to accept any kind of authoritative witness. God in a dream!

Rev. Herbert Mendes was converted to God through a dream of the last judgment, and many of us have had some dream of that great day of judgment which shall be the winding up of the world's history. If you have not dreamed of it, perhaps tonight you may dream of that day. There are enough materials to make a dream. Enough voices, for there shall be the roaring of the elements and the great earthquake. Enough light for the dream, for the world shall blaze. Enough excitement, for the mountains shall fall. Enough water, for the ocean shall rear. Enough astronomical phenomena, for the stars shall go out. Enough populations, for all the races of all the ages will fall into line of one of two processions, the one ascending and the other descending, the one led on by the rider on the white horse of eternal victory, the other led on by Apollyon on the black charger of eternal defeat. The dream comes on me now, and I see the lightnings from above answering the volcanic disturbances from beneath, and I hear the long reverberating thunders that shall wake up the dead, and all the seas, lifting up their crystal voices, cry, "Come to judgment!" and all the voices of the heaven cry, "Come to judgment!" and crumbling mausoleum and Westminster abbeys and pyramids of the dead with marble voices cry, "Come to judgment!" And the archangel seizes an instrument of music that was made only for one sound, and thrusting that mighty instrument through the clouds and turning it this way, he shall put it to his lips and blow the long, loud blast that shall make the solid earth quiver, crying, "Come to judgment!"

Then from this earthly grossness quit,
Attired in stars, we shall forever sit,

[Copyright, 1901, L. Klopsch.]

Lightning Superstitions.

It is well known that lightning plays some truly remarkable tricks, and the recent thunderstorms in France have called attention to the different ways the French peasants have of preserving themselves from its disastrous effects. Some, like the ancient Romans, believe that a skin confers immunity from lightning, and it is reported that the peasants of the Cevennes twist the cast-off skins of snakes round their hats to preserve themselves from danger. Some believe that silk will do the trick, and the idea that a garment made of silk exerts some influence upon the matter is rather borne out by a catastrophe which once occurred in a church at Chateauneuf-les-Moutiers, when two out of three priests who were officiating at the altar were severely injured during a storm, while the third, who was dressed in silken garments, remained quite untouched. Some believe in sleeping on a pile of mattresses heaped in the center of the room; some retire into the cellar of their houses, and many farmers at the commencement of a storm immediately proceed to put all their milk out of doors, knowing from experience that thunder turns milk sour.

EARTH'S HOT INTERIOR

CAN IT BE UTILIZED AS A SOURCE OF POWER?

Professor Mendenhall Thinks So—Increasing Temperature With Depth—Modern Scientists Don't Think the World's Centre is a Molten Mass.

By all odds the greatest amount of mechanical power generated to-day for industrial purposes comes from burning coal. And inasmuch as the unmined supply of that material has its limitations and is likely to be used up inside of a couple of centuries, if not sooner, engineers and philosophers have begun to cast about for other resources. The substitutes for coal which are generally suggested are falling water, the wind, sunshine and the waves and tides. But Professor T. C. Mendenhall, in Cassier's Magazine, makes a somewhat novel addition to the list. Referring to the interior heat of the earth, he says that it "is worthy of most serious consideration as a possible and reasonable source of power. Its importance will be greatly enhanced when we are able to transform heat directly into electricity on a large scale and with economy, avoiding the great waste which necessarily accompanies the use of the steam engine; and this must soon come about."

The earth is a globe nearly 8000 miles in diameter, and except for a thin shell, is probably hotter than any furnace yet devised by human skill. Estimates differ as to the thickness of this crust. Temperature increases with descent, in mines and oil wells, at an average rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty or sixty feet. Assuming that the mean for the earth's surface is something like fifty degrees above zero, the boiling point of water (212 degrees) would be reached at a depth of about 8000 feet. And it is believed that between thirty and fifty miles down the heat is sufficient to melt the hardest known substances—clay, lime, carbon and the like. It would probably not be wide of the mark to say that at this distance temperatures of 5000 and 6000 degrees exist.

The old notion was that the interior of the earth was molten, and the phenomena of volcanoes tended to strengthen that belief. Modern writers, however, incline to the theory of "potential plasticity." That is to say, they think that the heat there is adequate to melt the most refractory materials, but that melting does not actually take place owing to the pressure of superincumbent weight.

A moment's reflection will satisfy one that if this source of energy should ever become available, it would vastly transcend in value wind power, water power, sun power and tide power. Even the coal deposits of the earth, consumed and unconsumed, would be inconsiderable in comparison. Were the internal heat drawn off by artificial means—the conversion into other forms of energy for man's use—the cooling of the globe, which is already going on, would be accelerated, and the earth would be reduced to the cold, dead condition of the moon a little sooner than otherwise. Thus the very existence of the human race might possibly be abbreviated a few thousand years by climatic changes. Still, if the great heat reservoir here under consideration were once tapped in a satisfactory manner, it would be a practically inexhaustible bank account to draw upon.

Professor Mendenhall outlines no plan for utilizing the earth's heat beyond a suggestion that it might be converted directly into electricity without the intermediate use of steam. There is much to commend this idea. If it is necessary to go down 8000 feet in order to make water boil, it would be necessary to go down 2000 more to generate steam at a useful pressure, say 150 to 200 pounds to the inch.. To be sure, were some more volatile substance than water employed to produce the motive vapor, a lower temperature would suffice. This in the principle of a new motor in Germany which just now threatens to work a revolution in power generation. It takes the exhaust of a condensing steam engine, at a temperature of about 150 degrees, vaporizes therewith some sulphur dioxide, and thus gets more than a third as much power as the principal engine develops. This heat would otherwise be wasted. A sulphur dioxide engine might be run successfully, so far as temperature conditions alone are concerned, at a depth of a mile, which has more than once been attained by oil wells.

The principle of the thermo-electric couple is very simple. When a change of temperature occurs at the junction of two slips of dissimilar metals an electric current is excited in them. Many inventors have tried to turn that phenomenon into account. Clamond built up a hollow cylinder out of alternate layers of tin and an alloy containing antimony, and heated the interior with a gas flame around a perforated earthenware tube. Harry Barrington Cox, of Hartford, a few years ago constructed a somewhat similar battery, which could be run with a gas jet and be left alone for a month at a time. The Postal Telegraph tested it and found that it would work a telegraph wire. For some reason these and other thermo-electric batteries have thus far failed to generate currents cheaply, but many persons besides Professor Mendenhall expect to see the secret discovered some day. Comparatively little more invention would be required to adapt it to the particular service which he suggests.

A Distinguished Family.

The four sons of Charles Darwin have all made their mark as scientists. George Darwin is a famous mathematician, Horace Darwin is an authority on physics, Major Leonard Darwin is honorary secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, and Francis Darwin is a distinguished botanist.

Say For a Good Voice.

A good voice is so highly esteemed in Jewish houses of worship, says London Tit-Bits, that during the recent high festivals the Spitalfields Great Synagogue paid the Rev. Leon Schlosberg, of Wina, in Russia, £250 and all his expenses to officiate at services lasting over three weeks.

CURIOUS FACTS

In some parts of Peru hens' eggs are used as currency.

A German war authority shows to his own satisfaction how 100,000 German troops could be landed in England.

The Charlestonians are calling their exposition grounds and buildings the Ivory City on the banks of the Ashley.

The law of New Hampshire requires that town lines shall be resurveyed and marked at least once in seven years.

The Boston Journal has discovered and printed the names and residences of 818 couples in New England who have been married fifty or more years.

Fully $200,000 was expended by the Tammany Hall organization in New York City during the recent canvass for lithographs, posters, banners, sandwich signs and handbills.

The trading stamp has been tried in Australia, with the result that hostile legislation has either been enacted or is likely to be, the Government of Victoria having recently introduced a bill prohibiting their use.

The old courthouse in Williamsburg, Va., where Patrick Henry made his famous speech on the Stamp act, is still in existence. It is used for judicial purposes, and every Saturday morning petty offenders are tried there.

Sleepy grass is found in New Mexico, Texas and Siberia. It has a most injurious effect on horses and sheep, being a strong narcotic or sedative, and causing profound sleep or stupor lasting twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

Something of a sensation has been aroused in England by the feats of a young woman animal tamer, who enters cages of lions and treats them as familiarly as she would the family cat. It is said that she never uses a whip.

Harry M. Winslow, a sixteen-year-old schoolboy of Providence, R. I., is six feet four inches in height, and if there is another schoolboy in the United States taller than he, he would like to have a chance to look up at him. He weighs 147 pounds, and is rather slim.

One of the curiosities of an English residence of nobility is a weeping willow made of copper, and so dexterously fashioned that at a distance it resembles a real tree. It is actually a shower-bath, for, by pressing a secret button, a tiny spray of water can be made to burst forth from every branch and twig, to the discomfort of any who may be under it.

Fighting the Fever.

Dispatches from Berlin, Germany, state that unique precautions are about to be inaugurated by the Prussian State Railway authorities to prevent the spread of typhoid fever. Practically every station will be turned into a quarantine, and every station master made a health officer. In addition to orders to maintain scrupulous cleanliness throughout the depot premises, the station masters are instructed to furnish the physician, who will henceforth accompany every through train, a detailed report of any typhoid cases in their towns, or any symptoms of possible cases. If fever conditions are found to exist the station master must furnish freshly boiled water for the use of passengers and the train crews. He must also maintain tanks of sterilized water conspicuously marked for the use of the traveling public. The regular stationary drinking fountains must be sealed up until the town has been declared free from fever. The medical authorities who have framed these new regulations assert that railway travelers and railway coaches are among the most prolific disseminators of contagion.

Napoleon's Heart.

The doctor who swears he saw the heart of Napoleon Bonaparte preserved in alcohol in the British Museum will find, doubtless, many believers. If he said he saw it put back in Napoleon's body in the tomb in L'Hotel des Invalides, he would find more believers. The world, in fact, is ready to believe anything remarkable about the mighty Corsican. It is generally understood that his heart was extracted by the British physician at St. Helena with a view to its preservation. This physician used to tell how anxious he was while acting as custodian of so wondrous an organ. Having placed it in a silver basin half filled with water, and leaving two candles burning beside it in his chamber, he lay down to rest. Too nervous to sleep, he heard about midnight a rustling noise, then a disturbance of the water in the basin, followed by a sound of something falling with a rebound upon the floor. He sprang from bed in time to intercept a big rat in the act of dragging the heart of Napoleon to his hole. —New York Press.

School Children as Gardeners.

Scientific gardening is taught in the national schools of Sweden and in the seminaries for the education of national school teachers. There is a school garden in nearly every rural school district in the Kingdom. The garden is placed near the schoolhouse, and the children receive practical instruction in the cultivation of plants, berries, flowers, herbs, and fruits, the management of hotbeds, greenhouses, and so forth. The parishes are required to furnish the necessary ground for the gardens, and trees and shrubs are annually given to the children to be planted at their homes.

A Peculiar Custom.

In Venice when anyone dies it is the custom to fix a placard before the dead person's house, as well as in adjacent streets, as a sort of public notice, stating his name, age, place of birth and the illness from which he died; affirming also that he received the Holy Sacraments, died a good Christian and requesting the prayers of the faithful.

Unexpected Advice.

Some time ago a man presented himself before the Liverpool magistrates with the following tale:

"Me name is Patrick O'Conner an' I lives at —— street, an' I kapes hens in my cellar, but the water pipes is burst, an' my hens are all drowned."

"Well, my good man, we can do nothing for you; you had better apply to the water company," was all the advice he got.

A few days later the same man appeared with precisely the same tale.

"You were here a few days ago, and we advised you to go to the water company. Did you do so?"

"I did, yer honors."

"And what did they say to you?"

"They told me to kape ducks!"

Authoritative.

"Is Bliggins still at the door?" asked Maj. Munchspud.

"Yes, sir," answered the butler. "When I told him you were not at home he said he didn't believe it."

"You go and tell him I say it's so."

Brooklyn, N.Y., Nov. 29—Garfield Headache Powders are sold here in large quantities; this shows that people realize the value of a remedy at once harmless and effective. The Powders are of undoubted value in curing headaches of all kinds and in building up the nervous system. Investigate every grade of remedies offered for the cure of Headaches and the Garfield Headache Powders will be found to hold first place. Write Garfield Tea Co. for samples.

New Orleans, La., a city of nearly 300,000 population, consumes less than 15,000,000 gallons of water daily.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

The fellow with a poor memory seldom forgets his troubles.

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

Tact is a way of getting what you want without letting others know you want it.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOMAS ROBBINS, Maple St., Norwich, N.Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Love of a man for himself never grows less.

Strange as it may seem, a bore is a man who never comes to the point.

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It never fails. It acts like magic. Instantaneous relief from pain always follows. It has cured thousands of cases which had been given up as incurable. One trial will convince any sufferer that St. Jacobs Oil

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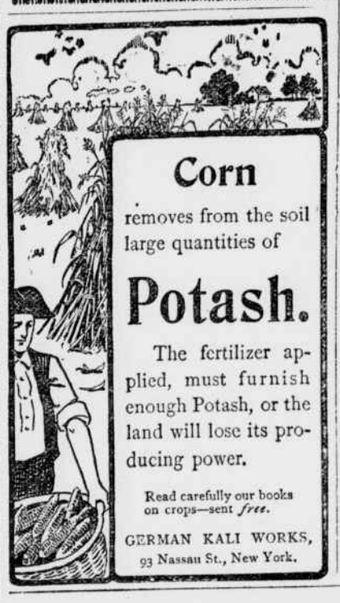

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AN OPEN LETTER

Address to Women by the Treasurer of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas City, Mrs. E. C. Smith.

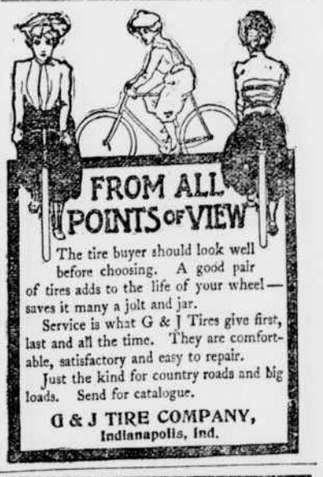
"MY DEAR SISTERS:—I believe in advocating and upholding everything that will lift up and help women, and but little use appears all knowledge and learning if you have not the health to enjoy it.

MRS. E. C. SMITH.

"Having found by personal experience that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is a medicine of rare virtue, and having seen dozens of cures where my suffering sisters have been dragged back to life and usefulness from an untimely grave simply by the use of a few bottles of that Compound, I must proclaim its virtues, or I should not be doing my duty to suffering mothers and dragged-out housekeepers.

"Dear Sister, is your health poor, do you feel worn out and used up, especially do you have any of the troubles which beset our sex, take my advice; **let the doctors alone,** try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound;** it is better than any and all doctors, for it **cures** and they do not."—MRS. E. C. SMITH, 1212 Oak St., Treasurer W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.—*$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.



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(except Present No. 129)

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delivered to us during the year 1902, taken from the following brands of our tobacco:

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