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REAL ESTATE QUIET.

Eastern Man—"Anything stirring in real estate out your way this season?"

Western Man (gloomily)—"No-o, not even a landslide."

PRECAUTION.

Briggs—Does your wife laugh when you tell her a funny story?

Braggs—Oh, yes. I always tell her beforehand that it is funny.

A MODEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Mrs. Dearborn—Will my feet show?

Photographer—Oh, mercy no! I'm not going to make the picture as big as that!

THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

"I suppose Fred's letter is about the same silly thing as usual?"

"No, it isn't; he didn't mention your name once this time."

WAS DISAPPOINTED.

Wigwag—How does the political situation strike you?

Harduppe—I've been looking for one for the past twenty years, and it hasn't struck me yet.

NOT WALTZERS.

Mabel—I understand that there were only square dances at Mrs. Flippit's small and early.

Maude—Yes; there weren't men enough to go round.

A PROSPECT OF RETRIBUTION.

First Ball Player—They say this umpire's goin' to get married.

Second Ball Player—Is he? I hope he'll know how it is himself not to be let talk back.

HE WANTED TO GLIDE.

Odorous Oliver—Oh, dear, I wisht I wuz a snake.

Dingy Dick—Gosh! Whaffor?

"So's I could move 'thout havin' to git up."

NOT SAFE.

Miss Huggine—My father is very good at reading faces.

Mr. Kissam—Then I had better not print any kisses there.

WOMEN WANT TO KNOW.

TO WHOM CAN THEY TELL THEIR TROUBLES?

A Woman Answers "To Me"—Anxious Inquirers Intelligently Answered—Thousands of Grateful Letters.

Women regard it as a blessing that they can talk to a woman who fully understands their every ailment, and thus avoid the examinations, experiments and theories of incompetent physicians, whose sex deprives them of knowing by experience. The endless confidence placed in Mrs. Pinkham by American women, prompts them to seek her advice constantly.

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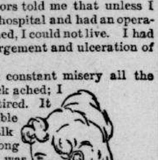
Here is testimony right to the point:

"The doctors told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb.



"I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was always tired. It was impossible for me to walk far or stand long at a time. I was surely a wreck. I decided that I would give your Compound and Sanative Wash a trial.

"I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, an used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have ever been in my life. My friends and neighbors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking."—MRS. ANNETTA BICKMEIER, Bellaire, Belmont Co., O.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE NOTED DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

And he said to a lad, 'Carry him to his mother.' And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother he sat on her knees till noon and then died."

There is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the luxuriance and splendor of a great house had been given the advent of a child. Even when the angel of life brings a new soul to the poor man's hut a star of joy shines over the manger. Infancy, with its helplessness and innocence, had passed away. Days of boyhood had come, days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of strange questions and curiosity and quick development. I suppose among all the treasures of that house the brightest was the boy. One day there is the shout of reapers heard afield. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of sickle or scythe. No sooner have the harvesters cut a swath across the field than the lad joins them, and the swarthy reapers feel young again as they look down at that lad, as bright and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem gleaning after the reapers. But the sun was too hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him.

I see the swarthy laborers drop their sickles, and they rush out to see what is the matter, and they fan him, and they try to cool his brow, but all is of no avail. In the instant of consciousness he puts his hands against his temples and cries out, "My head, my head!" And the father said, "Carry him to his mother," just as any father would have said, for our hand is too rough, and our voice is too harsh, and our foot is too loud to doctor a sick child if there be in our home a gentler voice, and a gentler hand, and a stiller footstep. But all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field there came a stronger reaper that way, with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one sheaf, but oh, what a golden sheaf was that! I do not want to know any more about that heartbreaking scene than what I see in just this one pathetic sentence, "He sat on her knees till noon and then died." Though hundreds of years have passed away since that boy skipped to the harvest field, and then was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed childhood has a charm always and everywhere. I shall now speak to you of childhood—its beauty, its susceptibility to impression, its power over the parental heart, and its blissful transition from earth to heaven.

The child's beauty does not depend upon form or feature or complexion or apparel. That destitute one that you saw on the street, bruised with unkindness and in rags, has a charm about her even under her destitution. You have forgotten a great many persons whom you met, of finely cut features and with erect posture and with faultless complexion, while you will always remember the poor girl who, on a cold, moonlight night, as you were passing late home, in her thin shawl and barefoot on the pavement, put out her hand and said, "Please to give me a penny?" Ah, how often we have walked on and said, "Oh, that is nothing but street vagabondism!" but after we got a block or two on we stopped and said, "Ah, that is not right!" and we passed up that same way and dropped a mite into that suffering hand as though it were not a matter of second thought, so ashamed were we of our hard heartedness.

With what admiration we all look upon a group of children on the playground or in the school, and we clap our hands almost involuntarily and say, "How beautiful!" All stiffness and dignity are gone, and your shout is heard with theirs, and you trundle their hoop, and fly their kite, and strike their ball, and all your wariness and anxiety are gone as when a child you bounded over the playground yourself. That father who stands rigid and unsympathetic amid the sportfulness of children ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. The waters leap down the rocks, but they have not the graceful step of childhood. The morning comes out of the gates of the east, throwing its silver on the lake and its gold on the towers and its fire on the cloud, but it is not so bright and beautiful as the morning of life. There is no light like that which is kindled in a child's eye, no color like that which blooms on a child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice. Its face in the poorest picture redeems any imperfection in art. When we are weary with toil, their little hands pull the burdens off our back. Oh, what a dull, stale, mean world this would be without the sportfulness of children! When I find people that do not like children, I immediately doubt their moral and Christian character. But when the grace of God comes upon a child how unspeakably attractive! When Samuel begins to pray, and Timothy begins to read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows himself invulnerable to temptation, how beautiful the scene! I know that parents sometimes get nervous when their children become pious, because they have the idea that good children always die. The strange questions about God and eternity and the dead excite apprehension in the parental mind rather than congratulation. Indeed, there are some people that seem marked for heaven. This world is too poor a garden for them to bloom in. The hues of heaven are in the petals.

There is something about their forehead that makes you think that the hand of Christ has been on it, saying, "Let this one come to me, and let it come to me soon." While that one tarried in the house you felt there was an angel in the room, and you thought that every sickness would be the last, and when finally the winds of death did scatter the leaves you were no more surprised than to see a star come out above the cloud on a dark night, for you had often said to your companion, "My dear, we shall never raise that child." But I scout the idea that good children always die. Samuel the pious boy became Samuel the great prophet. Christian Timothy became a minister at Ephesus. Young Daniel, consecrated to God, became prime minister of all the realm, and there are in hundreds of the schools and families of this country today children who love God and keep his commandments, and who are to be foremost among the Christians, and the philanthropists, and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills any one. A child will be more apt to grow up with religion than it will be apt to grow up without it. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Chirst does not cramp the chest or curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malarias floating up from the river of life. The religion of Christ throws over the heart and life of a child a supernal beauty. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I pass on to consider the susceptibility of childhood. Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. They will make an elaborate argument to prove that they think now just as they did 20 years ago. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion, and it is this determination of soul that so often drives back the gospel from a man's heart. It is so hard to make avarice charitable, and fraud honest, and pride humble, and skepticism Christian. The sword of God's truth seems to glance off from those mailed warriors, and the helmet seems battle proof against God's battleax. But childhood—how susceptible to example and to instruction! You are not surprised at the record, "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob," for when religion starts in a family it is apt to go all through. Jezebel a murderess, you are not surprised to find her son Jehoram attempting assassination. Oh, what a responsibility upon the parent and the teacher! The musician touches the keys, and the response of those keys is away off amid the pipes and the chords, and you wonder at the distance between the key and the chord. And so it is in life—if you touch a child the result will come back from manhood or old age, telling just the tune played, whether the dirge of a great sorrow or the anthem of a great joy. The word that the Sabbath school teacher will this afternoon whisper in the ear of the class will be echoed back from everlasting ages of light or darkness. The home and the school decide the republic or the despotism, the barbarism or the civilization, the upbuilding of an empire or the overthrowing of it. Higher than parliament or congress are the school and the family, and the sound of a child's foot may mean more than the tramp of a host. What, then, are you doing for the purpose of bringing your children into the kingdom of God? If they are so susceptible, and if this is the very best time to act upon their eternal interests, what are you doing by way of right impulsion?

There were some harvesters in the fields of Scotland one hot day, and Hannah Lemond was helping them gather the hay. She laid her babe under a tree. While she was busy in the field there was a flutter of wings in the air, and a golden eagle clutched the swaddling band of the babe and flew away with it to the mountain eyrie. All the harvesters and Hannah Lemond started for the cliffs. It was two miles before they came to the foot of the cliffs. Getting there, who dared to mount the cliff? No human foot had ever trod it. There were sailors there who had gone up the mast in the day of terrible tempest. They did not dare risk it. Hannah Lemond sat there for awhile and looked up and saw the eagle in the eyrie, and then she leaped to her feet, and she started up where no human foot had ever trod, crag above crag, catching hold of this root or that root until she reached the eyrie and caught her babe, the eagle swooping in fierceness all around about her. Fastening the child to her back, she started for her friends and for home. Oh, what a dizzy descent, sliding from this crag to that crag, catching by that vine and by that root, coming down farther and farther to the most dangerous pass, where she found a goat and some kids. She said: "Now I'll follow the goat. The goat will know just which is the safest way down." And she was led by the animal down to the plain. When she got there, all the people cried, "Thank God, thank God!" her strength not giving way until the rescue was effected. And they cried: "Stand back, now. Give her air!" Oh, if a woman will do that for the physical life of her child, what will you do for the eternal life of your boy and your girl? Let it not be told in the great day of eternity that Hannah Lemond put forth more exertion for the saving of the physical life of her child than you, O parent, have ever put forth for the eternal life of your little one. God help you!

I pass on to consider the power which a child wields over the parental heart. We often talk about the influence of parents upon children. I never hear anything said about the influence of children upon their parents. You go to school to them. You no more educate them than they educate you. With their little hands they have caught hold of your entire nature, and you cannot wrench yourself away from their grasp. You are different men and women from what you were before they gave you the first lesson. They have revolutionized your soul. There are fountains of joy in your heart which never would have been discovered had they not discovered them. Life is to you a more stupendous thing than it was before those little feet started on the pathway to eternity. Oh, how many hopes, how many joys, how many solicitudes that little one has created in your soul! You go to school every day, a school of self denial, a school of patience, in which you are getting wiser day by day, and that influence of the child over you will increase and increase, and, though your children may die, from the very throne of God they will reach down an influence to your soul, leading you on and leading you up until you mingle with their voices and sit beside their thrones.

The grasp which the child has over the parent's heart is seen in what the parent will do for the child. Storm and darkness and heat and cold are nothing to you if they stand between you and your child's welfare. A great lawyer, when yet unknown, one day stood in the courtroom and made an eloquent plea before some men of great legal attainments, and a gentleman said to him afterward, "How could you be so calm standing in that august presence?" "Oh," said Erskine, "I felt my children pulling at my skirts crying for bread." What stream will you not swim, what cavern will you not enter, what battle will you not fight, what hunger will you not endure for your children? Your children must have bread though you starve. Your children must be well clothed though you go in rags. You say, "My children shall be educated, though I never had any chance."

What to you are weary limbs and aching head and hands hardened and callous if only the welfare of your children can be wrought out by it? Their sorrow is your sorrow, their joy your joy, their advancement your victory. And, oh, when the last sickness comes, how you fight back the march of disease, and it is only after a tremendous struggle that you surrender. And then when the spirit has fled the great deep is broken up, and Rachel will not be comforted because her children are not, and David goes up the palace stairs, crying, "O Absalom, my son, my son, would to God I had died for thee; O Absalom, my son, my son!"

There is not a large family, or hardly a large family, that has not bent over such a treasure and lost it. In the family fold is there no dead lamb? I have seen many such cases of sorrow. There is one preeminent in my memory as pastor—Scoville Haynes McCollum. The story of his death has brought hundreds unto God. He belonged to my parish in the west. A thorough boy, 9 or 10 years of age. Nothing morbid, nothing dull about him. His voice loudest and his foot swiftest on the playground. Often he has come into my house and thrown himself down on the floor in an exhaustion of boisterous mirth, and yet he was a Christian, consecrated to God, keeping his commandments. That is the kind of childish piety I believe in. When the days of sickness came suddenly and he was told that he could not get well, he said: "Jesus alone can save me. Jesus will save me. He has saved me. Don't cry, mamma. I shall go right straight up to heaven." And then they gave him a glass of water to cool his hot lips, and he said: "Mamma, I shall take a draft from the water of life after awhile, of which if one drink he shall never get thirsty again. I lay myself at Jesus' feet, and I want him to do just what he thinks best to do with me." In those days "Rest For the Weary" was a new hymn, and he had learned it, and in a perfect ecstasy of soul in his last hour he cried out:

"In the Christian's home in glory
  There remains a land of rest.
There my Saviour's gone before me
  To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

"Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,
  Shout your triumphs as you go!
Zion's gates are open for you,
  You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest for the weary.

"There is rest for you, papa; there is rest for you, mamma." And then putting his hands over his heart, he said, "Yes, there is rest for me." And then, he asked them to read "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures and leadeth me beside still waters," and he cried out: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory!"

Only 10 years old. And then he said, "Now I wish you would just turn this bed so I can look once more on the foliage and see the sun set." And they turned the bed. And he said, "I do so wish that Jesus would hurry and come and take me." They said to him, "Why, are you not willing to await the Lord's time?" "Yes," he said, "I am; but I would rather Jesus would come and hurry and take me." And so, with a peace indescribable, he passed away.

Oh, there is nothing sad about a child's death save the grief in the parent's heart! You see the little ones go right out from a world of sin and suffering to a world of joy. How many sorrows they escape, how many temptations, how many troubles! Children dead are safe. Those that live are in peril. We know not what dark path they may take. The day may come in which they will break your heart, but children dead are safe—safe forever. Weeping parents, do not mourn too bitterly over your child that has gone. There are two kinds of prayers made at a child's sick bed. One prayer the Lord likes; the other prayer he does not like. When a soul kneels down at a child's sick bed and says: "O Lord, spare this little one. He is very near to my heart. I don't want to part with him, but thy will be done"—that is the kind of a prayer the Lord loves. There is another kind of prayer which I have heard men make in substance when they say: "O Lord, this isn't right. It is hard to take this child. You have no right to take this child. Spare this child. I can't give him up, and I won't give him up." The Lord answers that kind of a prayer sometimes. The child lives on and lives on and travels off in paths of wickedness to perish. At the end of every prayer for a child's life say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

The brightest lights that can be kindled Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those there who speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we tarry. If I could count up the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day to mention their names. A great multitude before the throne. You loved them once, you love them now, and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling you upward. Ah, yes, they have gone out from all these families, and you want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it. It has been whispered in your ear, O father, O mother, O brother, O sister. Toward that good land all Christians are bearing. This snapping of heartstrings, this flight of years, this tread of the heart reminds us that we are passing away. Under spring blossoms and through summer harvests and across autumnal leaves and through the wintry snowbanks we are passing on. Oh, rejoice at it, children of God, rejoice at it! How we shall gather them up, the loved and the lost! Before we mount our throne, before we drink of the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration, we will cry out, "Where are our loved and lost?" And then how we shall gather them up! Oh, how we shall gather them up!

In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again,
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away.
When these short years of pain are past
We'll meet before the throne at last.

A THRILLING STORY BY J. B. GOUGH.

A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the doorstep, clapping his hands, exclaiming:

"Papa's come home!"

He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered and fell in the hall. The minister said to me:

"I could give you his name, if necessary. I spent the night in the house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked down the hill. There was his child—dead! There was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep!"

A man but thirty years of age asleep with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave!

"Mr. Gough," said my friend. "I cursed the drink. He had told me I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed: 'What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy?;'"

"You cannot see him."

"'Stand out of the way! I will see my boy!'"

"To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek: 'Oh, my child!'"

That minister said further to me: "One year after he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended the funeral."

The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston!

Now tell me what rum won't do! It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious and God-like in a human being. There is nothing that drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneakish or hellish. We are united, comrades, are we not, to fight this monster, rum, till the day of our death?

A GRATIFYING FACT.

It is only a natural deduction from other facts that the drink habit is falling off, says the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Citizen. One of these is the common practice of railroad and other corporations to require not merely temperance, but total abstinence on the part of their employes. This at once withdraws from the saloons the patronage of a large body of men, most of them young men, who are the best patrons of such places when they patronize them at all. The Christian Endeavor movement, which has had such wonderful success in gathering young men to its banner, is another potent enemy of drink, and withholds from the saloons many thousands yearly.

Still another adverse influence is that of society. There is plenty of drinking done in society, and society smiles on it, but, all the same, when a man's character is under discussion in society the admission that "he drinks a little now and then" always counts against him. That is really the meaning of the screened doors and frosted windows of the saloons. It is not reputable for a man to be seen drinking, and this consideration has its influence in restraining the habit.

It is tolerably plain, then, that the use of intoxicating liquor is on the wane. It will be a long time before it will cease entirely, if it ever does, but each succeeding generation is soberer than the one before it. In time, perhaps in a comparatively few years, drink will become the dissipation of the few instead of, as now, the vice of the many.

"HARMLESS CIDER."

A few months ago two boys rode to a country store. One of them bought and drank four glasses of "harmless cider." They then went to a country church, disturbed the congregation, who were holding a social, and starting home, overtook others.

The boy, only nineteen years old, who had drank the cider, began to quarrel with another young man, and before the others realized what was taking place, had killed him; and he was a son of a widow. The boy, only nineteen years old, was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years. So two homes are made desolate by four glasses of cider.

Not until the anguish of that widowed mother's heart as she sat listening for the bounding step of her boy and heard instead the tread of those who bore the lifeless form of her boy, can be estimated, can we know the cost of four glasses of cider.—Watchtower.

When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide'll turn.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Cattle for Three Centuries.

About the close of the sixteenth century the usual weight, gross, of the average four-year-old bullock, fattened and ready for slaughter, was less than eight hundred pounds. The figures given are based on the custom of guessing gross weights, which was a necessity of those times. The "critter" in those days simply "growed" as a rule. No intelligence was exercised in selection of the best of the animals for propagation of their species. In the wild state the strongest sires predominated, and the cows were the survivors of the rigors of storms and the ravages of wild beasts. Working for their living left little time or energy for storing up surplus flesh or fat. The cow was as much noted for her fighting qualities and her agility and fleetness as for any disposition to provide for the human wants in supplying meat, milk, butter, etc.

Only as civilization advances do people give the proper attention to development of the full quota of domestic traits. It took centuries to teach men that cattle could be improved by care and food. Just as the horse has degenerated by neglect into the hardy miniature specimen of his kind now surviving as a pony, so, on the other hand, has the mighty bullock of the nineteenth century been developed at the age of four years into a ton's weight, by kindly thought and generous food of the intelligent people who has given the world the best of everything.

The time has come among the beef consumers when the mammoth blocks of tallow are considered out of keeping with present needs. The average table prefers a juicy, tender steak or roast taken from the carcass of the youngster when ripened and fattened at fifteen to eighteen months of age. It is found to be economy in feeding to stop the slow manufacture of the after growth of flesh beyond the limit of twelve to fourteen hundred pounds. It costs about $1 per hundred pounds more to grow the beef on the three-year-old, than on the short two-year-old. Money can be made by limiting work and feeding to the yearlings where grain is the principal food, provided one has pure breeding in the calves. The sire and dam have a part. —Farm, Field and Fireside.

Hypnotized the Bears.

J. E. Newsome is a Port Arthur Canadian and Alex Anderson comes from Pearl River. An Englishman named Atwell wanted to get a bear, and Anderson tried to gratify his desire. Atwell was the kind of a man who would like to kill a bear in a trap, so Anderson took two bear traps and a lot of bait up a gully near Ouimet, looking for a sign. The Englishman went looking for bears, and left Anderson to set the traps.

All of a sudden a big she bear appeared before Anderson at the foot of a tree between a couple of whose roots one trap was to have been set. Not having any gun Anderson, so Newsome says, determined that hypnotic force had to be used and that suddenly. Anderson looked the bear in the eyes and the bear paused; then Anderson made three passes with his hands. The bear leaned its head forward and its eyes bulged out. Having satisfied himself that the bear was properly influenced, Anderson yelled for Atwell, but Atwell was a good way off, and before he could arrive the bear's two-year-old and yearling cub came out of the tree at the same time. A yearling cub alone would be a pretty bad fighter at close quarters, especially with a hypnotized mother bear near by liable to come to at any momen, but a two-year-old cub and a yearling both at once made a mighty serious matter.

But Anderson was fully equal to the emergency. He managed to look at the bears' four eyes at once, and soon had them subjugated. Newsome says he would not have believed Anderson's tale only Anderson is now cross-eyed, which he wasn't before, owing to his looking both bears in the eyes at once.—Forest and Stream.

A Rats Fondness for Sparrows.

A rat that catches and eats birds is the latest novelty on the west side. Under a sidewalk at Twelfth and Loomis streets lives a rat. From the size of the rodent and his gray hair whiskers it is evidently an old resident in the neighborhood. Unlike some other rat it does not depend on cheese and bread for its living, but prefers a nice, juicy sparrow.

On the corner stands a building occupied as a saloon, and in front of the saloon is a watering trough, where teamsters allow their horses to slake their thirst. The teamsters also find the place a very convenient one to feed their horses while they sample the proprietor's free lunch and lager beer. As a result the pavement is thickly strewn with oats pushed out of the feeding sacks by the hungry horses.

An army of sparrows has been attracted to the place, and each morning the pavement is covered with the little fellows eating their breakfast.

The rat, having cultivated a taste for sparrows, now has one for breakfast every day. Hangers-on around the place have come to watch the maneuvers of the rat every morning. Soon after daylight the sparrows make their appearance, and the rat slyly crawls out of its hole. After looking around to see that the coast is clear, the rat selects a plump sparrow, and while the bird is busy filling its crop the rat makes a spring and secures its prey.

The bird is dragged under the sidewalk and nothing more is seen of the rat until the following morning, when he comes out for a fresh victim. So expert has the rat become that those who have seen it say it can catch and kill a bird as cleverly as a cat.—Chicago Chronicle.

Forms of Animal Life.

Humboldt estimates that the number of animals of the mammalia kind (those that suckle their young) is about 500; of birds, 4000; of insects, 44,000; of reptiles, 700; or in all about 50,000. To Europe belong 80 of the mammalia, 400 birds and 30 reptiles. In the Southern Hemisphere, more particularly in South America and Africa, birds are five times more numerous that the mammalia. In all countries it has been noticed that birds and reptiles increase in number toward the equator.

HOW GUNPOWDER IS MADE.

The Part That Each of the Three Ingredients Play.

Gunpowder then steadily developed as mechanic skill constructed better and better weapons in which to use it, until to-day it has reached a perfection of manufacture for various purposes which allows its effects to be foretold in any weapon, even to the time it takes a grain to burn, and to the distance it will drive a shot.

Roger Bacon's gunpowder was made of saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal. Saltpeter is chemically called niter, and is a natural product found bedded in the earth in different parts of the world, chiefly in India and China. Sulphur, too, is found in a natural state in many volcanic countries, like Sicily while, as is well known, charcoal is made from wood or woody substances by heating them almost to a burning heat in an airtight vessel, thus driving off everything in them but carbon.

Saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal are still the only ingredients of the gunpowder in common use, although a new gunpowder made of different materials is undergoing sucessful experiment. A mixture of saltpeter and charcoal alone would form an explosive ; and sulphur is added chiefly to make it plastic, or capable of being pressed into cakes and shapes. All these ingredients have to be purified by the most careful chemical skill before they are combined. Then an exact proportion of each has to be measured out according to the kind of powder to be made.

For the gunpowder generally used you would find in every hundred pounds, if you could separate the ingredients, seventy-five pounds of saltpeter, fifteen pounds of charcoal, and ten pounds of sulphur;but it would be almost impossible to separate the ingredients, for they are not merely mixed together as you might mix pepper and salt, but they are ground and rolled and stirred and pressed together by special machines until they are almost sufficiently united to form a single new substance.

This mixing process is called "trituration," and the powder is thus made into the form of big flat cakes, called press-cake, and then broken up, and screened into grains of special sizes, or ground to the fine powder used for shot guns and revolvers. The large grained powders are still further stirred together until the grains become highly glazed, and these are called cannon powders. A lighted match may be held to a grain of cannon powder and it will be found impossible to set it on fire, but once ignited it flashes off very suddenly and violently—St. Nicholas.

NEW YORK'S FOOD SUPPLY.

Enough Always on Hand to Withstand a Four Months' Siege.

"If the city of New York and the neighboring district," writes John Gilmer Speed in July Ladies' Home Journal, "were to be besieged or in some other way entirely cut off from the outside world, and therefore deprived of the food supplies which in normal times come in daily in great quantities, how long would it be before the pinch of hunger would be felt? That is a very hard question to answer, for the reason that there are such inequalities of purchasing capacity in New York society that some go hungry in times of greatest prosperity from lack of means, while the great majority eat more than is good for them. Undoubtedly the number of those who always go hungry would be increased after two or three days of a siege, and then day by day this number would increase until the public authorities would feel compelled to take possession of the food supplies and distribute them among the people. With the exception of milk and some other things the supply of meat, poultry, hardy vegetables and fruits would last for two months at the present rate of consumption. If all the supplies were taken charge of at the beginning of the siege—and this could easily be done—the food within New York could be made to last for four months at least. The siege of Paris lasted only four months. Before two months had passed, high and low, rich and poor, had learned what hunger was. And, as is well known, the French are the most thrifty and economical people in the world. In the arrangement and disposition of food the Parisians are specially distinguished. But the food supply in New York could be made to last as long as the Paris siege lasted, and the people would still be comfortable."

New Use for Glass.

By a new process glass is made to appear like wood with a very high polish. It is used in windows, and gives a peculiarly subdued and agreeable light. The glass is put through what might be called a veneering process, being coated with a liquid that represents the wood which it is desired to imitate. The color, after drying, is varnished over and slightly heated. Sometimes shadings are applied to bring out the tint, then the glass is again varnished and thoroughly dried, and is fit for use.

Montana mines yielded $47,115,000 of minerals last year.

Hair-splitting on a legal technicality this time in Minnesota. The crime al-this time in Minnesota. The crime was leged was forgery, and the indictment charged the defendant with having fraudulently and feloniously uttered and disposed of a forged instrument then knowing the same to be forged. That would appear to the lay mind to be sufficiently definite. But it happens that the statute, in defining forgery, makes the crime to be the uttering of a forged document "as true." The words "as true" were omitted from the indictment, and this, in the opinion of the Supreme Court, was a fatal defect.

The Bicycle in Society.

Lady Jeune, wife of a great London lawyer, and one of the leaders of fashion in the British metropolis, has recently inaugurated the bicycle dejeuner for ladies. The guests ride to her mansion on bicycles; store them in charge of the butler, and, after the menu is enjoyed, ride off together, headed by Lady Jeune, to show themselves in Rotten Row, which has come to be called Routine Row because of these bicycling displays.

A Wonderful Phenomenon.

The man who should pass through life without experiencing a twinge of indigestion, might be fitly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for that truly national complaint, as well as for fever and ague, debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

It is said to be possible to draw platinum wires so fine that two of them twisted could be inserted in the hollow of a human hair.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, }
LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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The births exceed the deaths throughout the world by over 1,500,000 a year—an average of three a minute.

Never Once Failed.

"TETTERINE cured me of a very annoying case of itching piles in a few days. I have sold a good many boxes for the common itch, and it has never once failed to cure. It is all that is claimed for it." T. L. BEDSOLE,
Tallahatta Springs, Ala.

It cures all itches.
1 box by mail for 50c. in stamps.
J. T. SHUPTRINE, Savannah, Ga.

The most effective way to capture a whale is to spear it with an electrical harpoon, when it is at once shocked into unconsciousness.

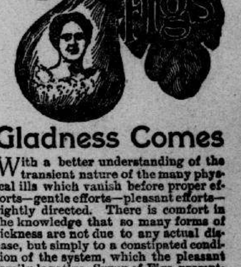
"Penny wise and pound foolish" are those who think it *economy* to use cheap soda and rosin soaps, instead of the good old Dobbins' Electric Soap; for sale by all grocers since 1865. Try it once. Be sure, buy genuine.

Several prominent citizens of Charlestown, Mass., have urged that the Bunker Hill Monument should be illuminated with electricity.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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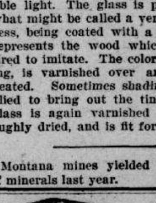

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