An Indian Contortionist.

There is an Indian yoga entertaining the people of London now who is said to be worth crossing the sea to behold. He is a Brahman, according to one of his admirers and celebrants; one of the old, old sect of cave worshipers, whose ancestors were practically intelligent men in times when ours ran wild in the woods and stained themselves with wood. His elaborate contortions take the shapes of flowers, fruits, animals and even buildings, and he is the master of no fewer than eighty-four definite postures, every one of which would be a painful impossibility to any ordinary contortionist.

A Pensioner of the War of 1812.

Mrs. Susan Slocum, of Newport, R. I., who has just celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of her birth, is one of the few pensioners of the war of 1812, her husband, George Slocum, having served as a drummer boy for the home guards who marched across the beaches and frightened off a British transport.

We never doubt the sincerity of a woman's religion after we have seen her at church with old clothes on.

Most women talk faster than they think.

The Strongest Fortification

Against disease, one which enables us to undergo unscathed risks from hurtful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the peerless medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You may possess this vigor in a higher degree than the trained athlete, although your muscular development may be far inferior to his. Vigor implies sound, good digestion and sound repose, two blessings conferred by the Bitters, which remedies malarial, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble.

The true Christian does a great many things he doesn't have to do.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The greatest man is the one who renders the greatest service.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and $1.00, at all druggists.

It takes some dark days to tell us what sunshine means.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

Some want the eye of faith, who reject the walk of faith.

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

The love of the beautiful is a gift that comes from God.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

The best pilot always steers his ship in deep waters.

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

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

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.

Something happens every day to convince a man that he lets people see too much of him to add to his popularity.

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Your blood with a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla and be strong and vigorous when the change to warmer weather comes.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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costs cotton planters more than five million dollars annually. This is an enormous waste, and can be prevented. Practical experiments at Alabama Experiment Station show conclusively that the use of

"Kainit"

will prevent that dreaded plant disease.

All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it.

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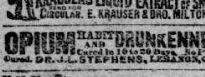

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sermon, Delivered in Washington.

Subject; "A Farmer's Counsel."

TEXT: "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."—Amos v., 8.

A country farmer wrote this text; Amos of Tekon. He plowed the earth and threshed the grain by a new threshing machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore tree and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd and stuttered, but before the stammering rustic the Philistines and Syrians and Phoenicians and Moabites and Ammonites and Edomites and Israelites trembled.

Moses was a law giver, Daniel was a prince, Isaiah a courtier and David a king, but Amos, the author of my text, was a peasant, and, as might be supposed, nearly all his parallelisms are pastoral, his prophecy full of the odor of new mown hay, and the rattle of locusts, and the rumble of carts with sheaves, and the roar of wild beasts devouring the flock while the shepherd came out in their defence. He watched the herds by day, and by night inhabited a booth made out of bushes, so that through these branches he could see the stars all night long, and was more familiar with them than we who have tight roofs to our houses and hardly ever see the stars except among the tall brick chimneys of the great towns. But at seasons of the year when the herds were in special danger he would stay out in the open field all through the darkness, his only shelter the curtain of the night heaven, with the stellar embroideries and silvered tassels of lunar light.

What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at 12 o'clock at night hark to the wolf's bark, and the lion's roar, and the bear's growl, and the owl's te-whit, te-who, and the serpent's hiss as he unwittingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He noticed some stars advancing and others receding. He associated their dawn and setting with certain seasons of the year. He had a poetic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinity rhythmic. But two rosettes of stars especially attracted his attention while seated on the ground or lying on his back under the open scroll of the mid-night heavens—the Pleiades, or seven stars, and Orion. The former group this rustic prophet associated with spring, as it rises about the 1st of May. The latter he associated with the winter, as it comes to the meridian in January. The Pleiades, or seven stars, connected with all sweetness and joy; Orion, the herald of the tempest. The ancients were the more apt to study the physiognomy and juxtaposition of the heavenly bodies because they thought they had a special influence upon the earth, and perhaps they were right. If the moon every few hours lifts and lets down the tides of the Atlantic ocean and the electric storms in the sun, by all scientific admission, affect the earth, why not the stars have proportionate effect?

And there are some things which make me think that it may not have been all superstition which connected the movements and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a meteor run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars in their course fight against Sisera? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruction of Jerusalem the moon was hidden for twelve consecutive nights? Did it merely happen so that a new star appeared in constellation Cassiopeia, and then disappeared just before Charles IX of France, who was responsible for the St. Bartholomew massacre died? Was it without significance that in the days of the Roman Emperor Justinian war and famine were preceded by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a year gave no more light than the moon, although there were no clouds to obscure it?

Astrology, after all, may have been something more than a brilliant heathenism. No wonder that Amos of the text, having heard these two anthems of the stars, put down the stout, rough staff of the herdsman and took into his brown hand and cut and knotted fingers the pen of a prophet and advised the recreant people of his time to return to God, saying, "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion." This command, which Amos gave 785 years B. C., is just as appropriate for us, 1897 A. D.

In the first place Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made the Pleiades and Orion must be the God of order. It was not so much a star here and a star there that impressed the inspired herdsman, but seven in one group and seven in another group. He saw that night after night and season after season, and decade after decade, they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, a sisterhood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time Hesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas," and Virgil wrote in his "Æneid" of "stormy Orion," until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going; order written, not in manuscript that they may be pigeon-holed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the dome of the sky, so that all Nations may read it—order, persistent order, sublime order, omnipotent order.

What a sedative to you and me, to whom communities and Nations sometimes seem going pellmell, and the world ruled by some fiend at haphazard, and in all directions maladministration! The God who keeps seven worlds in right circuit for 6000 years can certainly keep all the affairs of individuals and Nations and continents in adjustment. We had not better fret much, for the peasant's argument of the text was right. If God can take care of the seven worlds of the Pleiades and the four chief worlds of Orion, He can probably take care of the one world we inhabit.

So I feel very much as my father felt one day when we were going to the country mill to get a grist ground, and I, a boy of seven years, sat in the back part of the wagon, and our yoke of oxen ran away with us, and along a labyrinthine road through the woods, so that I thought every moment we would be dashed to pieces, and I made a terrible outcry of fright, and my father turned to me with a face perfectly calm and said: "De Witt, what are you crying about? I guess we can ride as fast as the oxen can run." And, my hearers, why should we be affrighted and lose our equilibrium in the swift movement of worldly events, especially when we are assured that it is not a yoke of unbroken steers that are drawing us on, but that order and wise government are in the yoke?

In your occupation, your mission, your sphere, do the best you can and then trust to God, and if things are all mixed and disquieting and your brain is hot and your heart sick get some one to go out with you into the starlight and point out to you the Pleiades, or, better than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see farther than Amos with the naked eye could—namely, 200 stars in the Pleiades, and that in what is called the sword of Orion there is a nebula computed to be two trillion two hundred thousand billion of times larger than the sun. Oh, be at peace with the God who made that and controls all that, the wheel of the constellations turning in the wheel of galaxies for thousands of years without the breaking of a cog, or the slipping of a band, or the snap of an axle. For your placidity and comfort through the Lord Jesus Christ I charge you, "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two groups of the text was the God of Light. Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star or two or three stars, but He makes seven, and, having finished that group of worlds, makes another group—group after group. To the Pleiades He adds Orion. It seems that God likes light so well that He keeps making it. Only one being in the universe knows the statistics of solar, lunar, stellar, meteoric creations, and that is the Creator Himself. And they have all been lovingly christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children. "He telleth the number of the stars. He calleth them all by their names." The seven Pleiades had names given to them, and they are Alcyone, Merope, Celæno, Electra, Sterope, Taygete and Maia.

But think of the billions and trillions of daughters of starry light that God calls by name as they sweep by Him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is God of light—natural light, moral light, spiritual light! Again and again is light harnessed for symbolization—Christ, the bright and morning star; evangelization, the daybreak; the redemption of Nations, sun of righteousness rising with healing in His wings. Oh, men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two archipelagoes of stars must be an unchanging God. There had been no change in the stellar appearance in this herdsman's lifetime, and his father, a shepherd, reported to him that there had been no change in his lifetime. And these two clusters hang over the celestial arbor now just as they were the first night that they shone on the Edenic bowers: the same as when the Egyptians built the pyramids from the top of which to watch them: the same as when the Chaldeans calculated the eclipses; the same as when Elihu, according to the book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis; the same under Ptolemaic system and Copernican system; the same from Calisthenes to Pythagoras and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely a changeless God must have fashioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the ups and downs of life and the flux and reflux of the tides of prosperity to know that we have a changeless God, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever!"

Xerxes garlanded and knighted the steersman of his boat in the morning and hanged him in the evening of the same day. Fifty thousand people stood around the columns of the National Capitol shouting themselves hoarse at the Presidential inaugural, and in four months so great were the antipathies that a ruffian's pistol in a Washington depot expressed the sentiment of many a disappointed office seeker. The world sits in its chariot and drives tandem, and the horse ahead is Huzza, and the horse behind is Anathema. Lord Cobham, in King James's time, was applauded and had $35,000 a year, but was afterward execrated and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. Alexander the Great after death remained unburied for thirty days because no one would do the honor of shoveling him under. The Duke of Wellington refused to have his iron fence mended because it had been broken by an infuriated populace in some hour of political excitement, and he left it in ruins that men might learn what a fickle thing is human favor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto the children's children of such as keep His covenant, and to those who remember His commandments to do them." This moment "seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the oriental night sky must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in midsky said to all the herdsmen and shepherds and husbandmen, "Come out and enjoy the mild weather and cultivate your gardens and fields." Orion, coming in winter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew, "Hoist sail for the sea and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm signal and said, "Reef sail, make things snug or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out." As the Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter.

Oh, now I get the best view of God I ever had! There are two sermons I never want to preach—the one that presents God so kind, so indulgent, so lenient, so imbecile that men may do what they will against Him, and fracture His every law, and put the pry of their impertinence and rebellion under His throne, and while they are spitting in His face and stabbing at His heart He takes them up in His arms and kisses their infuriated brow and cheek, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The other kind of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all fire and torture and thundercloud, and with redhot pitchfork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The sermon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of the Pleiades and Orion.

You must remember that the winter is just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to bind the rivers and snow to enrich our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cemeteries. "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at three degrees below zero to tone up the system. December and January just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life as much as we do the sunshine. There are more men ruined by prosperity than by adversity. If we had our own way in life, before this we would have been impersonations of selfishness and worldliness and disgusting sin and puffed up until we would have been like Julius Cæsar, who was made by sycophants to believe that he was divine, and the freckles on his face were said to be as the stars of the firmament.

One of the swiftest transatlantic voyages made one summer by the Etruria was because she had a stormy wind abaft, chasing her from New York to Liverpool. But to those going in the opposite direction the storm was a buffeting and a hindrance. It is a bad thing to have a storm ahead, pushing us back, but if we be God's children and aiming toward heaven the storms of life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons, typhoons and mistrals and siroccos of the land and sea are not unchained maniacs let loose upon the earth, but are under Divine supervision! I am so glad that the God of the seven stars is also the God of Orion! It was out of Dante's suffering came the sublime "Divina Commedia," and out of John Milton's blindness came "Paradise Lost," and out of miserable infidel attack came the "Bridgewater Treatise" in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the songs of consolation, and out of the sufferings of Christ came the possibility of the world's redemption, and out of your bereavement, your persecution, your poverties, your misfortunes, may yet come an eternal heaven.

Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds! Bible astronomy in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor; in St. John's Apocalypse, practically saying: "Worlds! Worlds! Worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of falling off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric iconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from chaos into order and the paroxysm of its demolition.

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent. "Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, the herdsman, "at the seven stars and Orion!" Do not let us be so sad about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Do not let us be so agitated about our own going off this little barge or sloop or canal boat of a world to get on some Great Eastern of the heavens. Do not let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this outhouse of a world, when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open their gates to let us in.

When I read, "In My Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar galleries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us shut up in these cramped apartments tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries may be the celestial home of the apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling place of angles cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illuminated for festivity!

Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimulates our expectation! How little it makes the present, and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our pious dead, that, instead of being boxed up and under the ground, have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds and welcome everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are many mansions! O Lord God of the seven stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy, of such a vision? I must obey my text and seek Him. I will seek Him. I seek Him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills of Tekoa.

I had studied it before, but the cathedral of Cologne, Germany, never impressed me as it did one summer. It is admittedly the grandest Gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in 1248, only a few years ago completed. More than 600 years in building! All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi, with precious stones enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of St. Agnes, with masterpieces of painting. Its spire springing 511 feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the chorus of all rich colors. Statues encircling the pillars and encircling all. Statues above statues, until sculpture can do no more, but faints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confessional. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendors of sunrise and sunset. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside, looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: "Great doxology in stone! Frozen prayer of many Nations!"

But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and knee, beside his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes as I said to myself, "There is a soul worth more than all the material surroundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrumbled. He is now a Lazarus in rags and poverty and weariness, but immortal, and a son of the Lord God Almighty. And the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear, and among the apostles whose sculptured forms stand in the surrounding niches he will at last be lifted and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the crucifix before which he bows and be raised in due time out of all his poverties into the glorious home built for him and built for us by 'Him who maketh the seven stars and Orion.' "

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—ay, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake or for any one's sake.—Drummond.

We should be stepping-stones to heaven, not stumbling-blocks. Christ revealed Himself as the way; and we, as "members of Christ," are part of that way.—J. L. Hurlbut, D. D.

YOUTHFUL VICTIMS OF ALCOHOL.

Three small boys, aged eleven, twelve and thirteen years, were found the other day in a vacant lot on Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, nearly dead from alcoholic intoxication. They were taken to the hospital. Physicians worked on them for a long time before they showed any signs of consciousness.

SALOON KEEPER RESPONSIBLE.

The Appellate Court of Indiana has held that a saloon keeper is responsible for the liquor sold to a youth who, while under the influence of such liquor, is killed. The case came from the Lawrence Circuit Court. In the trial court Adam Johnson sued Thomas Reath, a saloon keeper, for damages sustained by the loss of his son. The boy had become intoxicated by liquor sold by Reath. The court held that the saloon keeper is responsible although the liquor was sold by a bartender employed by him. The court held further that it is not necessary that the father in pleading the loss of support by such death of his son should be reduced to pecuniary straits.

CRIME AND LIQUOR.

The twenty-sixth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor by Horace G. Wadlin, Chief, contains some very valuable matter showing the relation of drink to crime. Only a few items we cull at present.

Of 26,672 convictions in 1895, 18,282, or 68.26 per cent., were for drunkenness in connection with other crimes, while 8440, or 31.64 per cent., were for other crimes only. For drunkenness the males have 15,543, the females 2032—in other words, the crimes of the males are about three-fifths drunkenness, of the females about two-thirds.

The total number of criminals, without regard to sex, who were addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, 25,137. The number of total abstainers, 1535.

A SALOON ON EVERY CORNER.

The editor of the Baptist Standard, after a visit to the spot where the awful dynamite bomb was thrown in the Chicago Haymarket, May 4th, 1886, which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty-eight, mangling and crippling many of them for life, writes:

"There, on that corner," said our informant, "was where the bomb fell." We looked, and were satisfied that he was telling the truth. It was such a place as the emissaries of satan would most probably choose for their infamous work. On the first corner was a saloon; on the next opposite, a saloon; on the corner across the bisecting street, a saloon; and on the corner opposite that, a saloon. There were no more saloons on the corners, because there were no more corners, but liquor halls were strung up along either side of the street, as if whisky-drinking were the principal occupation of the people of the vicinity.

WASN'T TRAINED TO DRINK.

It is lunchtime on a famous transatlantic "flier," a ship well-nigh 600 feet long, with engines of 20,000 horse-power and 1500 voyagers, writes Frances E. Willard in Union Signal.

"Here are your table tickets," said the steward, and a minute later I found myself seated at the captain's right hand. The distinction surprised me, for it was usually given to some famous politician, noted capitalist, or society leader. A teetotaler and temperance reformer is the last one to be thus honored, for the captain generally takes a glass of wine at dinner, and if he does not his guests are likely to do so.

But this time our captain was a strict total abstainer. And why not? He was bred in Maine from the age of five, was a Good Templar from his youth, and told me he "had never known the taste of liquor in his life." He was a noble specimen of mankind—over six feet high and well proportioned, weighing 280 pounds and carrying himself with gracious dignity.

We talked of his career. He had risen from "before the mast" until he had now been for years captain of a first-class "ocean grey-hound," and he told me that he owed it all to his clean habits. When he first began to rise, the ship on which he was an officer put into the port of San Francisco, and as it was "a great day" all the men were drinking, the captain leading on and asking him to "celebrate." "I did not know but it would cost me my chance," he told me, "but I could not go back upon my training, and I said, 'Captain, I never touched a drop in my life, and I can't begin now.' " Upon this the captain clapped him on the shoulder and said, "I wish to God that the same was true of me."

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Every saloon keeper has the devil for his business partner.

Wine is the most powerful of all agents for exciting and inflaming the passions.

Great Britain's drink bill last year would have paid the rent of all the houses in the country.

Whisky is not a tonic. It is probably an alterative; it certainly alters dollars to cents, virtue to crime and men to brutes.

Liquor selling requires less manhood, less mental ability, less honor, less heart, less everything, says the Pacific Ensign.

The saloon is the enemy of every mother. Every mother's son, for that reason alone, should be an inveterate foe of the saloon.

Of 611 paupers in the Edinburgh poorhouse, not one was an abstainer, and 407 admitted that their poverty was due entirely to intemperance.

Trying to make the world better, and doing nothing to destroy the saloon, is a good deal like trying to kill a snake by pinching the end of his tail.

Ten years ago there were 150,000 brewers in Great Britain. An evidence of what temperance agitation has accomplished is the fact that their numbers are reduced to 10,148.

ELECTRICITY TO DATE.

Not an Utterly Unknown Science..Some of Its Lines of Advance.

"We know fully as much about electricity as we do about light or heat." Thus William Baxter, Jr., in an article in Cassier's Magazine on "The Present Status of Electricity" begins by combating the common expression that we are just beginning to learn the A B C of electrical science. Because an electrician is unable to tell what electricity is does not prove that he knows little about it, theoretically or practically.

In considering the progress of electrical development we are inclined to notice only that which has taken place in the last fifteen or twenty years. This really represents only the application of the force in the transformation of energy on a large scale. The telegraph seldom is included in the list of electrical industries because it has been associated with the world's affairs so long that it has lost its identity as a thing electrical. In its many modifications the telegraph includes fire alarms, hotel annunciators, call bells, etc.

Electroplating and electrotyping have been of the greatest value to mankind. Electric welding and soldering machines have come into extensive use. Electric motors operate cranes, hoists, pumps and similar apparatus in large metal working establishments. In many places it is found advantageous to use separate motors for driving nearly all the large machines.

Light and power are regarded as especially the field of electricity. In this country $500.000.000 is invested in more than 10,000 electric lighting plants. Mines use electrical apparatus worth $100,000,000. The sum of $15,000,000 is invested in electric elevators.

Greater than all is electric railways, which are capitalized at more than $700,000,000. Seventy-five thousand trolley cars run over 12.00 miles of track. Ninety per cent. of all street and suburban railroads are electric.

The electric light and power industry represents an investment of about $1.500.000.000, without counting the value of the concerns which manufacture the machinery and supplies. Add to this $500,000,000 for the value of the telegraph, the telephone and the almost unlimited electrical manufactories, and the total investment of the electrical industry is found to be two billions of dollars. As two and one-half per cent. of the population of the nation make a living out of the electric light and power industry, and the dependent branches, it is likely that, by including the telegraph and telephone operators and other employes of these companies, and the vast army of workers in the countless electrical manufacturing establishments, the per centage will run up to 4 or 5.

Yukon Customs.

There were formerly many curious traits of character and queer customs that prevailed among the tribes inhabiting the upper Yukon country. Perhaps the most barbaric of all was in the treatment of the female infants, says the Alaska News. Just after the child is born she is intrusted to some one of the opposite sex of advanced age, who has selected her for his future wife. During the time before arriving at that age when she has become a wife, her male guardian, for such he now is, has to contribute a certain portion of his spoils of the chase to her support. If, before she arrives at that age, she displeases her lord, or he tires of supporting her, she is given no more food and is starved to death. Should a female be born and no man wants to provide for her and claim her as his future wife, then she is not allowed to live. All the male infants are, however, brought up, as they will make good hunters. Consequently, it is estimated that for every female there are a hundred males.

Curious as it may seem, the two sexes live separate a great portion of the time. Both men and women dress alike, and one unaccustomed to them is unable to distinguish one from the other unless very close by. During the winter these people travel together with dogs and sled, and in the summer by birch bark canoes. They also convert their dogs and even their squaws into pack animals, and it is a curious sight to see a long pack train of dogs loaded with from twenty to thirty pounds each, and the line broken here and there with a human being laboring under her pack of a hundred pounds. Their canoes are very diminutive in size and of inferior construction, and it is an impossibility for one not accustomed to their use to sit in them without upsetting. They are built to hold but one person, and then sitting flat in the bottom with knees curled under so as to occupy the least space possible.

These Indians are very moral in their habits and strictly honest. If one is hungry and finds a cache of provisions, he seldom molests it. But when he does, he always leaves full value in skins for what food he appropriates to his own use.

A New Danger to Firemen.

At a recent fire in the basement of a Chicago electric power house, the firemen had great trouble in getting at the blaze. They had to chop holes in the floor of the dynamo room before they could get a stream on the blazing pile of waste. Not waiting for the dynamos to be shut down, they crept through the black smoke and turned a stream on the flames. In an instant they were flung to the ground with great violence, and the hose was sent flying into the air. A heavy current had passed along the stream and had shocked them. Though unconscious when rescued, they quickly recovered. —Electrical Review.

Ships for Invalids.

A European ship-owning concern has placed an order for the construction of a large steamer, which is to be specially adapted and fitted for the needs of invalids who want fresh air and a favorable climate, says the Chicago News. For nine months of the year the vessel will cruise with its sick passengers, the other three months being spent in dock for disinfecting and repairing. The steamer, which is but the forerunner of a large fleet similar in purpose, is to be a floating palace of convenience and healthfulness.

Useful Baboon.

Certain wild animals can be trained to act very intelligently as servants of man, and even to exceed the dog in power of thought and action. Le Vaillant, the African traveller, says that he had a tame baboon which was not only sentinel, but hunter and purveyor of food and water. This monkey, by sheer force of brains, took command of the dogs which protected the camp, and used and directed them just as the older baboons command and direct the rest of the tribe.

By his cries, says Le Vaillant, he always warned us of the approach of an enemy before even the dogs discovered it. They were so accustomed to his voice that they used to go to sleep, and at first I was vexed with them for deserting their duties; but when he had once given the alarm, they would all stop to watch for his signal, and on the least motion of his eye, or the shaking of his head, I have seen them rush toward the quarter where his looks were directed.

I often carried him on my hunting expeditions, during which he would amuse himself by climbing trees, in order to aid us in the pursuit of game.

When he was thirsty he used to hunt about and discover some succulent tuber which was as effectual, under the circumstances, as watermelon. One might say that he was not more clever than a truffle-dog; but though the dog can find a root he cannot dig it up.

The baboon did both, having the advantage of hands; though he used these, not to extract the root, but to adjust his weight so as to use the leverage of his teeth to the best advantage.

He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth, pressed his four paws on the earth, on all sides of it, and then drew his head slowly back. The root generally followed.

If this plan did not succeed, he seized the root as low down as he could, and then throwing his heels over his head, turned a back somersault and came up smiling with the root in his mouth. It was easy to teach him that it was a part of his business to find these roots, and that his master must "go shares."

Haste Wastes Time.

A gentleman who had an impediment in his speech was dining in a restaurant, and was being served—a great favor—by the proprietor of the establishment. This man was a bustling, nervous person, with an exaggerated opinion of the value of his time.

Soup was served. The guest waited a moment, and at the first opportunity, began to say to the restaurant-keeper:

"I c-c-c-an't e-e-e-ea——"

"Well, what is it, sir?" asked the restaurant-keeper, impatiently.

"I-c-c-an't eat my soup——"

The man snatched up the plate of soup and was off after another, which in due time he brought; but again the guest began to murmur:

"I c-c-c-an't eat my soup——"

"Well, pray," asked the restaurant-keeper, "what may be the matter with this soup, that you are unable to eat it?"

"I c-c-c-can't ea-ea-eat my soup, I t-t-tell you," answered the guest, "w-w-withou-ou-out a sp-p-p-poon to eat it with!"

Then the restaurant-keeper comprehended that he would have saved time and temper if he had waited for his stammering guest to finish his sentence.

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Good clothes add to the charms of the woman in perfect health, but are ill-befitting those who through ignorance or carelessness have suffered the inroads of female diseases to stamp them as physical wrecks. It is unfortunate, but true, that some physicians allow women to suffer needlessly, because man can only work from theory, and at best only patch up, without removing the cause.

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"Such pains as I endured. My back ached, my feet and limbs were swollen, and it was almost impossible for me to stand; I could not walk any distance. I received your answer to my letter, and followed closely all your advice, and I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound for three months. Now I can work all day without pain. I have recommended the Compound to many of my friends, and gladly recommend it to all women in any way afflicted with female troubles."—LYDIA BATIE, 227 Spring St., Greensburg, Pa.

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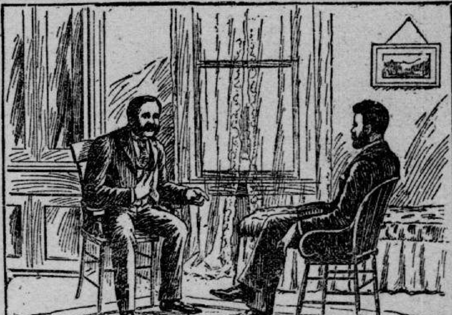

A gentleman residing in T street, N. W., Washington, D. C., asserts that he suffered for many years with dyspepsia, indigestion and biliousness. He tried every known remedy, consulted many physicians with the hope of getting cured or even relief, but nothing seemed to relieve him. After meals he would feel as if a ball of lead was lodged in his stomach, tired and listless, as though life was scarcely worth living. Finally he was attracted to the ad of

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