Piles!

Eczema is a local disease and requires local treatment. The irritated parts should be soothed and smoothed and not be made worse by dosing yourself and ruin your stomach just because you happen to have a little case of an itching eruption. Tetterine is the only simple, safe and certain cure for Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm and other skin troubles. At druggists or by mail for 50 cents in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail.—Bulwer.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A hundred years ago native oysters were sold in England at the price of a penny for five.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

Snails are becoming more popular in Europe every year as food.

A Medical Miracle.

Cancer, Tumor, Malignant Ulcer, Scrofulous Blood, Rectal Diseases, cured at home, without knife or plaster. Most difficult cases conquered. Write for free book and advice to Mason Medical Co., 121 W. 42d St., Dept. 21, N. Y. City.

I find nothing so singular in life as this, that everything opposing appears to lose its substance the moment one actually grapples with it.—Hawthorne.

What You Get

When You Buy Medicine is a Matter of Great Importance.

Do you get that which has the power to eradicate from your blood all poisonous taints and thus remove the cause of disease? Do you buy HOOD'S Sarsaparilla and only Hood's? If you do, you may take it with the utmost confidence that it will do you good. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

Warned Gould of the Cost.

Paul Gore, now clerk at the Auditorium Annex, was room clerk at the Grand Pacific for several years. He tells a story in connection with Jay Gould's first visit to Chicago. Mr. Gould had registered at the Grand Pacific, and was standing in the lobby with his hands in his coat pockets, looking like a countryman in town.

The little millionaire approached J. P. Vidal, who was clerk at the house, and modestly asked him what would be the best way for him to go to Lincoln Park. Vidal, not knowing who Gould was, gave him the necessary instruction as to street cars, etc. Gould heard him through and then said: "But could I not go in a carriage?"

"Yes, you can; but it is a little expensive," said Vidal.

"Well, as this is my first visit, I think I will try to stand the expense."

"All right, but to whom shall I charge the carriage?" asked the clerk.

"To Jay Gould," came the quiet answer. Vidal almost fell to the floor, but Gould got the carriage.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Origin of the Bedbug.

Doubtless there are many miserable people in the world who have asked themselves, as well as others where that little torment, the bedbug, comes from. Long ago this insect was known to come from wood, but why it should confine itself to the wooden parts of beds and the framework of old houses was somewhat of a mystery. One day a scientist found a bedbug in the stomach of a woodpecker, which he was engaged in dissecting. Pursuing his investigations further he found that bedbugs are plentiful on pine trees. Pine cones are often infested with them, and it is now the accepted belief that it is from the pine tree that the bedbug gets its origin. It should interest a good many people to know this, though it will not make close acquaintance with the parasite any more agreeable.

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

Mrs. Rosa Gaum Writes to Mrs. Pinkham About it. She Says:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done me. I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me; it has, indeed, helped me wonderfully. For years I was troubled with an ovarian tumor, each year growing worse, until at last I was compelled to consult with a physician. He said nothing could be done for me but to go under an operation.

In speaking with a friend of mine about it, she recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying she knew it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine, and after taking three bottles of it, the tumor disappeared. Oh! you do not know how much good your medicine has done me. I shall recommend it to all suffering women.—Mrs. ROSA GAUM, 720 Wall St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The great and unvarying success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in relieving every derangement of the female organs, demonstrates it to be the modern safeguard of woman's happiness and bodily strength. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

Every woman who needs advice about her health is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach." JOS. KREHLING, 1201 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

WRITE L. FULTON, Att'y, Denton, Tex., if you have money due you in Texas or South.

B N U 22

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

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Making the Best of Things"—Advice About Looking on the Bright Side—Blessings in Misfortune's Guise—Bereavements Fortify Our Spirit.

TEXT: "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii. 21.

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing maintopsail! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after awhile he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words, there are a hundred men looking for storm, where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object is to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over nineteen thousand people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over twenty thousand people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with Gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic years ago, or the long years of financial depression, you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man know of the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety? You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour toward these vortices of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your store-house, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children." My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with seventy thousand dollars' capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul, or be disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field; some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached thirty-five years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin-shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

As you sat this morning at your breakfast table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself, "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that scene of pathos I break with a pæan of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospects for heaven and the prospect for heaven of your children are mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So fond was he of this life that he decreed that first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be inclosed in a coffin of silver, and that should be inclosed in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown in over his body. And so he was buried, and the men who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with his treasures. Oh, men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins.

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this moral state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besolled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those 10,000 children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have gone on an excursion in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter good-byes; the more friends there the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends in heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a Prince to New York harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides; but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there, the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irritated faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When a man describes an object a mile off, and you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. I will tell you how you can make the worst of it. Brood over it; brood over all these illnesses, and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work, to tell you how to make the worst of it; it is my work to show you a bright light in the clouds.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the blow he gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore, which he speaks of when he says: "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." Jeremiah had enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it who read Lamentations? Paul—he had lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that stuck him. I gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily ailments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more those of the man who has an appetite three times a day, and sleeps eight hours every night.

From what I have heard I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and will have a higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry, "My head, my head! My foot, my foot! My back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No ophthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. The inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who are close by him!"

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are lovely or whether they are repulsive? You? You are too far off. I want to get a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you; I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demoniac, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free!—long after the lips could not speak, he looking and pointing upward.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted Himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains He ever made He hung around this planet, and all the flowers He ever grew He has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No. This world is not the best thing God can do; this world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of our year is called blossom week—called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we stand trembling and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine, and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the differences between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans, the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from lawns and gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blossom—from the arctics of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy.

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep ignorant and sinful and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah, and John Milton and Bourdalone. Keep our feet on the sharp cobblestones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hopples on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice."

We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians, and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say: "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say; "that we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves with dead angels under the furrow.

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. This world is as bright to me as to any living man, but I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! in the cold ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

"But," says some one, "it pains me so much to think that I must lose the body with which my soul has so long companioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new locket. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his, Payson will go to Portland to get his, President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours; and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body, then we will be the kind of men and women that the resurrection morning will make possible.

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving-day is coming, and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends, and lost their property, and lost their health, and lost their life, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

HOME WAS HER PARADISE.

Mrs. John M. Thurston Loved Her Family Afore All Else.

With the death of Mrs. John M. Thurston the most popular woman in Nebraska passed away. She had attained more prominence than any other Nebraska woman, and it was by no means due to the prominence of her illustrious husband. In fact, it is no secret that Senator Thurston owes as much of his political success to the advice and assistance of his wife as to any other one person's efforts.

Mrs. Thurston was an ambitious woman—ambitious for her husband's success in all he undertook. She had the mental capacity to aid him, and with her knowledge of men and measures took advantage of many little

MRS. THURSTON.

things to contribute to the Senator's political prosperity. The lady whose tender heart broke and ceased to throb in the presence of the awful misery of the Cuban mothers was related directly to a family whose history has been a part of the history of the nation. Mrs. John M. Thurston was the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Luther Poland. Martha L. Poland was the niece of Luke P. Poland, a Vermont statesman of much renown and a politician of great ability. He was Chief Justice and United States Senator from that State for many years. She was born in that State in 1848. Mrs. Thurston's parents removed to Omaha twenty-eight years ago. Her father was a prominent citizen. He died a year ago. Mrs. Poland, a beautiful, white-haired, gentle-faced woman, lives to-day at the Thurston mansion.

When Senator Thurston and Martha Poland married in Omaha twenty-five years ago last Christmas he was a struggling young lawyer. It was then that the fine mental training of Mrs. Thurston came to her husband's aid. She was his chief counselor and assisted him to prepare many of his law cases. Mrs. Thurston was not a society woman in the accepted sense, though she moved in the most select circles. She was too much busied in the welfare of her husband and family to think about the small affairs common to society folks.

The photograph of Mrs. Thurston accompanying this sketch was taken about the time of her marriage. She was strongly averse to sitting for a photograph, and this is probably the only likeness of her that was ever preserved. She was urged by her husband to sit for the photographer the day after her silver wedding, but refused on the plea that it required more time than she cared to give to the subject.

Loyal Denial.

The literal person is sure to furnish amusement so long as he inhabits this "terrestrial ball;" and that, it is safe to say, will be while the human race exists.

Mr. W. M. Shoemaker says, in his account of a voyage in southern seas, that one night, after leaving a harbor, one of the passengers, an Englishman, remarked on the fact that the vessel had listed materially to the port side.

"Oh," said a mischievous American, "that's because we have got rid of all those heavy English newspapers."

The loyal subject of the crown protested.

"Oh, I say, now," he cried, "they don't weigh any more than the New York Herald, don't you know!"

A Wyoming stock-raiser, dissatisfied with his surroundings and in haste to be rich, recently sold his land and started for the Klondike. A few months later a French mineralogist discovered near the despised ranch a mine of cobalt, a rare and valuable metal. The whole district promises to become a new center of wealth. It was upon land sold to enable the former owner to start for the gold mines of California, that the great oil wells of Pennsylvania were afterward found; and both these incidents accentuate the fact that we are continually within reach of important discoveries and great opportunities, missing them by a hair's breadth of impatience, failure to observe or lack of preparation.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

A Quick Cleaner.

Into a saucepan containing three quarters of a pint of water put a quarter of a pound of powdered glue, and dissolve the latter slowly over the fire. When it is quite melted, add half a pound of powdered whitening, and stir it in gradually. The preparation will now be complete, and may be applied to the doorsteps by means of a stiff brush. It will whiten them nicely, and will not wear off so easily as do the effects of the ordinary step-cleaning.

Olive Oil That Is Best.

In buying olive oil it must be remembered that it is not improved by age. Pure olive oil, properly kept, will retain its sweetness and freshness for about two years from the time it is made; but inferior qualities soon grow rancid. Importers say that fine oil retains its good qualities longer when exported in bottles than in tin cans or casks. Occasionally, new olive oil, when bottled early in the season, will deposit a little sediment consisting of minute particles of the fruit. This argues nothing against either the purity or excellence of the oil in question. The cloudiness of fine oil in winter under the influence of cold is of no moment whatever, as exposure to the heat causes the oil to resume its brightness.

Keeping Meat.

A scientist says meats ought never to be wrapped in paper, even while coming from the butcher's, much less should they be left in paper over night or when put away in the ice box. A half-sized sheet of paper will absorb half of the juice of a good steak if it has the opportunity, and thus destroy the most delicate and relishable portion of it. One housekeeper has a covered china dish that she sends to the market, and in this meats are placed. When she requires a large amount she often sends the porcelain-lined preserving kettle with a rack in the bottom and a piece of ice underneath. Of course this is not necessary in very cold werther, but during fall and spring people do not realize that meats deteriorate very rapidly upon exposure to the air. The temperature is so much cooler for them that they forget that chemical changes take place quickly even in moderately cool weather. A market basket fitted with an agate tray or basin is excellent for meats. An ordinary cover may be used, and in this way the steaks and joints will come to the table in a much better state than as though they had been allowed to give up their substance to a bit of manilla.

To Brighten Silverware.

Unless one is fortunate to have trained servants, the polishing of the silverware, if kept properly bright, must be superintended if not actually done by the mistress. The dining room silver is nowadays but a small part of that in use by the average household, for my lady's dressing table, and, for that matter, also that of her liege lord, is bravely decked out with this ware. Cleaning with powder is very laborious, but a good liquid polish almost makes play of this important work. A big bottle of the following should always be kept on hand: A pond of whiting is the first requisite, and five cents will buy this if the slight extra trouble is taken of buying it at a painters' supply establishment; that sold for four times this amount elsewhere is no better, and it will be a satisfaction to some of our readers to learn that a well known jeweler declares that ordinary whiting is preferred by him and others of his line of business to any other material for cleaning their goods.

Sift the whiting into a big bowl; add four ounces (eight tablespoonfuls) of spirits of turpentine, two ounces of spirits of wine, one of spirits of camphor and half an ounce of spirits of hartshorn; mix thoroughly; and when creamy pour into a big-mouthed bottle; shake before using, pour a little into a saucer, apply liberally with a soft cloth, and after allowing the articles to stand until dry, polish with a dry cloth and finish with a chamois skin. This liquid is of itself efficacious in cleaning, and thus violent rubbing is not required.

Ash-Lye Soap.

To set the leach, use a barrel without a bottom, prepare a board wider than the barrel on which to set it, cut a groove just around the outside of the barrel, make a groove from this to the edge of the board to carry the lye. Set two feet from the ground, tipped so the lye will readily run into a vessel below. Place bits of brick or stone around the inside of the barrel, and on them several sticks, inclining to the center. Cover with straw two inches and scatter over two or three pounds of lime. Put in the ashes and pack them down well (about a bushel at once), leaving a hollow in the center large enough to hold several quarts of water.

Soft Soap—Fill the hollow with boiling hot soft water (rain water is best). As it disappears add more boiling water, until the lye starts, when cold may be used. If the lye will bear up an egg, it is of the right strength. If not, reduce the quantity by boiling. Put the grease, soup bones, etc., in a kettle. When hot, add the lye, a gallon at a time; watch as it heats, as it sometimes runs over at first. Soap should boil from the outside rather than the middle; it will be less likely to boil over. Add lye from time to time and boil until it has united with the grease. To test, to a teaspoonful of soap add one of rain water. If it stirs up thick, the soap is done; if it becomes thinner, it must be boiled longer.

Hard Soap—To three pailfuls of good soft soap add a pound of resin, a pound of borax and two and a half quarts of salt, put in a kettle. When all have dissolved, stir well, bring to a boil, remove from the fire and put in a cool place for twelve hours or more. It will rise to the top, can be removed and cut into bars. This is excellent to keep the hands soft and is better the longer it is kept.—New England Homestead.

Lightning Amputates a Foot.

Lightning played some curious pranks during a recent thunder-storm. While the storm was at its height a bolt struck a barn on the place of Joseph Beckman at West Hampton, L. I. Beckman and his twelve-year-old son, Felix, were in the kitchen of their house, the father bending over the stove cooking their evening meal. The bolt glanced from the barn to the house and came down the kitchen chimney, striking Beckman. It took his right foot off at the ankle joint as if with a knife. It left no mark on his shoe or clothing. His son was stunned and the neighbors who came in found the boy had been made totally deaf.—New York telegram to the Chicago Tribune.

Undulating land is better for the growth of crops than a level soil.

REAL BROWNIES IN AMERICA.

Explorer Sullivan Finds a Tribe of Pigmies on Orinoco River.

Eben J. Sullivan, a South American explorer, claims to have discovered a race of living brownies near the head waters of the Orinoco River in the wilds of Surinam. In describing his find, Mr. Sullivan says:

"The queer child people are about four feet in height. Their skin from head to foot is a brilliant reddish brown, translucent in effect. Their legs are like pipestems, scarcely the size of a child's arm, while their arms are ridiculously small and thin, and their stomachs are big, out of all proportion to the body, and distended back as well as front.

Their faces are flat and flabby like those of Palmer Cox's brownies.

"I think they number 10,000 to 15,000. They are nomadic, moving over thousands of square miles. It was purely by accident that I came upon some of their roving bands. A traveler might have to search for months in the same region in order to find any of them. All those that I saw were in different parts of Surinam.

"In measuring these little folk I found none over four feet and eight inches, and the women were much shorter. They use the style of headdress so common among African tribes—that of shaping many designs by mixing mud with their hair; both men and women do this. Clothing in their village is worn only by adults, and then seldom more than a cloth over the loins. But they bedeck themselves with many brass and copper ornaments. They have tribal marks that sometimes cover the entire body and head. These are made by slits in the skin.

"They live in little houses called massougos, of mud or woven dried grass, entered by crawling on the hands and knees. I went into one and it seemed like a child's playhouse. There were queer little images, idols, fetich gods set up all about. They represented animals mostly and there were many ugly specimens of clay pottery. There were little fetich doctors in clay and many other things of the sort suggesting most depraved, superstitious ideas. They are, I believe, all pagans, though some of them seem to have an idea of a supreme spirit of power."

Literary Hacks.

A good word is spoken for the literary hack by Andrew Lang. Man cannot live by literature alone, he says, nor can the publishers. If he and his publishers were to get together and produce only works of scholarship they would both die in poverty. Mr. Lang prefers to live in comfort. He might have added that there is a justification for this position of his which has nothing to do with the butcher's bill, comments the New York Tribune. We refer to the value of good hack work to the world. Such work is of course despised by those who succumb to the cant of letters. But has it never occurred to those austere censors that they are perpetually admiring the mediaeval craftsman because he did just what the modern hack tries to do, he put good work into the trifles of his every-day occupation? Hack work is not necessarily bad. It can be magnificent. De Quincy was a sublime hack. Leslie Stephen is a hack. It is no dishonor to be a hack. The notion that the only men who are producing literature are secluded university dons is pure nonsense. Matthew Arnold wrote for the magazines. Everybody has written for the magazines since they were invented. How short-sighted it is to tell a writer that he is not a man of letters because he condenses an essay into a thousand words! How futile it is to tell him that he ought to retire to his study and write "a great work!"

Ministers Will Be Scarce.

During the academic year 1896-'97 the twenty-one German universities granted 2,371 doctors' degree, 1,187 of them in medicine, 829 in philosophy, 835 in law and 20 in theology. Erlangen seems to be the favorite place for the final examinations, 332 degrees having been taken there.

How Relief Came.

From Cole County Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo.

When la grippe visited this section, about seven years ago, Herman H. Eveler, of 811 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., was one of the victims, and has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. He is a well-known contractor and builder, a business requiring much mental and physical work. A year ago his health began to fail alarmingly, and that he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says:

"I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely.

"I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People extolled in a St. Louis paper, and after investigation, decided to give them a trial.

A Contractor's Difficulty.

"After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them.

"After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health and feel like a new man. I am now capable of transacting my business with increased ambition.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and anyone that is afflicted with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and general debility, will find that these pills are the specific. HERMAN H. EVELER."

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 24th day of May, 1897.

ADAM POURSZONG, *Notary Public.*

Mr. Eveler will gladly answer any inquiry regarding this if stamp is enclosed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure people troubled with the after-effects of the grippe because they act directly on the impure blood. They are also a specific for chronic erysipelas, catarrh, rheumatism and all diseases due to impure or impoverished blood.

Every noble work is at first impossible.—Carlyle.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

What has been done can be done again.—Disraeli.

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.

Conduct is three-fourths of life.—Matthew Arnold.

Sent free, Klondike Map

From Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Our only greatness is that we aspire.—Jean Ingelow.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DITTER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1895.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves.—J. G. Holland.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

Self respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.—John Herschel.

Quakers' Hats.

There has been told in various works the persecution to which, in commonwealth times, George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and his fellow Quakers were subjected because of their refusal to remove their hats in the presence of the civil magistrate; but the blame for this would seem to have lain upon the local justices rather than the central power. Cromwell perceived that it was easier for stupid or zealous magistrates to send Quakers to prison for this refusal than to get them out again, for Fox and his friends had almost to be implored to leave the jails into which they considered themselves to have been unjustly thrust.

It was this continual persecution of the Quakers, in the west of England particularly, that at length moved the council to emphatically interfere on their behalf. In November, 1657, a remonstrance, signed by five Friends, was presented to the council, specially complaining of the persecutions at Exeter; and Henry Lawrence, the president of the council, at once forwarded a letter to the justices of the peace, not only in Devon, but other counties, dealing with the matter.—Notes and Queries.

Better than Chewing Gum.

Mr. Lea, of Worcestershire sauce fame, left an estate of $5,350,000; his partner, Perrin, left nearly as much. They began life as druggists in a small way in an English country town.

Number of Tramps.

The estimate of the number of tramps in the United States varies between 40,000 and 60,000.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-