WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1899.

DURING a recent discussion of war defense, Edison declared that, with a head of water and a handful of men, he could defy an army. He would surround his fort by an immense electric plant, supply his man with hose, and, when the enemy came within his circuit, play streams of water on them which would make them the connecting link in a powerful current and mow them down by

According to the latest fashion news from London ladies will ween the hair high this season and the hat will be perched on top thereof. The crown will be loftier than during the summer and has already grown an inch or more skyward. In addition to all this, upstanding ostrich tips and antennæ will be favorite styles of trimming. This is bad news for theater-goers, but the day of retribution is near at hand A public senti-ment is growing that will in time cause a lady to remove her hat while in the theater or be considered illmannered. The sex are demanding so many of man's rights and functions they must also assume some of his duties and give up a few of their petty and annoying tyrannies.

THE aunouncement that Li Hung Chang is insane will not greatly agitate America, but in far Asia it is momentous news. Had Bismarck in the plenitude of his power suddenly lost his mind the fact would have been no more startling to Europe than the insanity of Li Hung Chang is to Eastern Asia. Li Hung Chang must be ranked among the most re-markable and influential statesmen of the century. He has long been the first political subject in China and the virtual ruler of the country. As Prime Minister of the country.
As Prime Minister of the empire and
at the same time Vicercy of one of
its chief provinces, his power has
been almost absolute. He was the most intelligent, sagacious and progressive of the nation's great men and singularly free from the common egotism and prejudices of his countrymen. Hence he was hospitable to foreign ideas. He was quick to per-ceive that the "foreign devils" of ceive that the Toreign devise of America and Europe excelled the Chinese in the useful arts, and as much as was possible he appropriated to the advantage of the Chinese foreign industrial inventions and meth-He appreciated the wonderful advantages of railway transportation, and it has been reported that he was and it has been reported that he was personally desirous of establishing a railway system in China, but this was more than he was able to accomplish in the present stage of Chinese civiliant was a complete the present stage of Chinese civiliant was a complete the complete that the He employed Americans and Europeans freely in the Chinese army and navy, with the result of greatly improving both branches of the service. His misfortune obscures the bravest and most intelligent native genius in the Chinese Empire, and it will prove a calamity of world-wide consequences if the reactionary sentiment against which he was the chief barrier shall become ascendant.

Those persons who think that extravagance, like charity, should begin at home, will derive much satisfaction, believes the New York Times, from the theory advanced by Henry Clews, the famous Wall street speculator, that the cholera scare may yet be worth a great many millions of dollars to this country. "Asiatic cholera is a disease naturally foreign to our country," said Mr. Clews to the writer. "It is epidemic only in foreign lands. The recent cholera scare is therefore likely to impel people on this side foreign traveling and sight-seeing and 'do'their own country instead of undertaking the dangerous tour of Europe. If Americans can be made to realize leave their own country is to incur the danger of getting cholera ballii into their system, the aforesaid cholera scare will have served a good purpose and be a great gain to this country. I do not hesitate to say that the army of American travelers abroad each year spends at least \$100,. 000,000. If this amount can be cut down one-half that sum, which should be done to restrain our national extravagance within the bounds of son, in mense advantages would ac

AN OLD SONG WITH A NEW TUNE.

> The e's a saying old and rusty, But good as any new-Never trouble trouble Till trouble tr ubles you."

Trouble's like a thistle. That hangs along the way; It cannot fail to w und you Some other bitter day.

But why not welk around it? That's just what you can do; Why should you trou le t:ouble Before it troubles you?

Trouble is a bumble bee. It keeps you always vered; It surely means to sting you The next time-or the next.

But bless you, bees think only Of breakfast dipped in dew; Keep right ahear; the trouble Will never trouble you.

O merry little travelers, Along life's sunny ways, When bumble bees and thistles Affright you at your plays,

Remember the old promise That your sorrows shall be few, If you never trouble trouble Till trouble troubles you.

THE TOMB-BLOSSOMS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

A pleasant, fair-sized country village, a village embossed in trees, with old churches, one tavern, kept by a respectable widow, long, single-storied farm houses, their roofs mossy, and their chimneys smoke-black, a village with grass and shrubhery, and no mortar, nor bricks, nor pavements, nor gas—no newness; that is the place for him who wishes life in its flavor and its bloom. Until of late, my residence has been in such a place.

Man of cities! What is there in all your balls and theatres, compared with the simplest of the delights we country folks

simplest of the delights we country tolks enjoy.

Our pure air, making the blood swell and leap with buoyant health; our labor and our exercise; our freedom from the sickly vices that taint the town; our not being racked with notes due, or the fluctuations of prices, or the breaking of banks; our manners of sociability expanding the heart and reacting with a wholesome effect upon the body-can anything which citizens possess balance these?

One Saturday, after paying a few days'

anything which citizens possess balance these?

One Saturday, after paying a few days visit at New York, I returned to my quarters in the country inn. The day was hot and my journey a disagreeable one. I had been forced to stir myself beyond comfort and dispatch my affairs quickly, for fear of being left by the cars. As it was I arrived panting and covered with sweat just as they were about to start. Then for many miles I had to bear the annoyance of the steam engine smoke, and it seemed to me that the vehicles kept swaying to and fro on the track with more than usual motion, on purpose to distress my jaded limbs. Out of humor with myself and everything around me, when I came to my travel's end, I refused to partake of the comfortable supper which my landlady had prepared for me and rejoining to the good woman's look of wonder a such an unwonted event, and her kind inquiries about my health, with a sullen silence, I took my lamp and went my way to my room. Tired and head throbbing, in less than half a score of minutes after I threw myself on my bed, I was steeped in the soundest slumber.

When I awoke every vein and perve felt fresh and free. Soreness and irrita-

y of the half a score of minutes after I threw myself on my bed, I was steeped in the sounders slumber.

When I awoke every vein and perve felt fresh and free. Soreness and irritation had been swept away, as it were, with the curtains of the night and the accustomed tone had returned again. I rose and threw open my window. Delicious! It was a calm, bright Sabbath morning in May. The dewdrops glittered in May. The dewdrops glittere

Continuing my gaze I saw that the figure was a woman. She seemed to move with a slow and feeble step, passing and repassing constantly between two and the same graves which were within half a rod of each other. She would bend down and appear to busy herself a few moments with the one, and then she would rise and go to the second, and bend there and employ herself as at the first. Then to the former one, and then to the second. Gecasionally the figure would pause a moment, and stand back a little, and look steadfastly down upon the graves, as if to see whether her work was done well. steadfastly down upon the graves, as if to see whether her work was done well. Thrice I saw her walk with a tottering gait and stand midway between the two and look alternately at each. Then she would go to one and arrange something and come back to the midway place, and gaze first on the right and then to. the left, as before. The figure evidently had some trouble in suiting things to her mind. Where I stood I could hear no noise of her footfalls, nor could I see accurately enough to tell what she was doing. Had a superstitious man beheld the spectacle he would possibly have thought tacle he would possibly have thought that some spirit of the dead, allowed the

Had a superstitious man beheld the spectacle he would possibly have thought that some spirit of the dead, allowed the night before to burst its cerements and wander forth in the darkness, had been belated in returning, and was now perplexed to find its coffin-house again.

Curious to know what was the woman's employment, I undid the simple fastenings of the gate, and walked over the rank, wet grass toward her. As I came near I recognized her as an old, a very old inmate of the poorhouse at Delarer. Stopping a moment, while I was yet several yards from her, and before she saw me, I tried to call to recollection certain particulars of her history, which I had heard a great while past. She was a native of one of the West India Islands, and, before I, who gazed at her, was born, had with her husband come hither to settle and gain a livelihood. They were poor; most miserably poor. Country people, I have noticed, seldom like foreigners. So this man and his wife, in all probability, met much to discourage them. They kept up their spirits, however, until at last their fortunes became desperate. Famine and want laid iron fingers upon them. They had no acquaintances, and to beg they were ashaned. Both were taken ill; then the charity that had been so slack came to their destitute abode, but came to late. Delarer died, the victim of poverty. The woman recovered after awhile, but for many months was quite aninvalid, and was sent to the almshouse, where she had ever since remained.

This was the story of the aged creature before me; aged with the weight of ecventy winters. I walked up to her. By her feet stood a large, rude basket, in which I beheld leaves and buds. The I two graves which I had seen her passing between so often were covered with flowers—the earliest, but sweetest flowers of the season. They were fresh and wet and very fragrant—those delicate soul offer.

between so often were covered with flowers—the earliest, but sweetest flowers of the season. They were fresh and wet and very fragrant—those delicate soul offerings. And this, then, was her employment. Strange! Flowers, frail and passing, grasped by the hand of age, and scattered upon the tomb! White hairs, and pale blossoms, and stone tablets of death!

"Good morning, madam," said I,

quietly.

The withered female turned her eyes to The withered female turned her eyes to mine and acknowledged my greeting in the same spirit wherewith it was given.

"May I sak whose graves they are that you remember so kindly?"

She looked up again, probably catching from my manner that I spoke in no spirit of rude inquisitiveness, and answered:

"My husband's."

A manifestation of a fanciful taste, thought I this tomb-ornamenting which

A manifestation of a fanciful taste, thought I, this tomb-ornamenting which she probably brought with her from abroad. Of course, but one of the graves could be her husband's, and one, likely, was that of a child who had died and been laid away by its father.

"Whose else?" I asked.

"My husband's," replied the aged widow.

which it was.

Thus thought I; and, strangely enough, such imagining marred not in the least the sunny brightness which spread alike over my mind and over the landscape. Involuntarily, as I mused, my look was to the top of the hill. I saw a figure two cast to the top of the hill. I saw a figure two could some one beside myself recovery she had looked forward to the

be out so early, and among the tombet What creature odd enough in fancy to find pleasure there, and at such a time? Continuing my gaze I saw that the figure was a wonan, she seemed to move with a slow and feeble step, pusseling and repassing constantly between two and the same graves which were within half a rod of each of the result of the result of the remained in her soul that at least the charman of her hones and intertons.

termined in her soul that at least the remnant of her hopes and intentions should not be given up.

Every Sunday morning, in the mild season, she went forth early and gathered fresh flowers and dressed hoth the graves. So she knew that the right one was cared for, even if another shared that care. And lest she should possibly bestow the most of their testimony of love on him she knew not, but whose spirit might be looking down invisible in the air and smiting upon her, she was very careful to have each tomb adorned in an exactly similar manner. In a strange

on him she knew not, but whose spring might be looking down invisible in the air and smiling upon her, she was very careful to have each tomb adorned in an exactly similar manner. In a strange land and among a strange race, it was like communien with her own propile to visit that burial mound.

"If I could only know which to bend over when my heart feels heavy," thus finished the sorrowing being as she rose to depart; "then it would be a happiness. But, perhaps, I am blind to my dearest mercies, God in His great wisdom may have meant that I should not know what grave was his, lest grief over it should become too common a luxury for me, and melt me away."

I offered to accompany her and support her feeble steps; but she preferred that it should not be so. With languid feet she moved on. I watched her pass through the gate, and under the arch; I saw her turn, and in a little while she was hidden from my view. Then I carefully parted the flowers upon one of the graves, and sat down there, and leaned my face in my open hands, and thought. What wondrous thing is woman's love! Oh, Thou, whose most mighty tribute is the Incarnation of Love. I bless Thee that Thou didst make this fair disposition in the human heart, and didst root it there so deeply that it is stronger than all else, and can never be torn out! Here is this aged wayfarer, a woman of trials and griefs, decrepit, sore and steeped in poverty, the most forlorn of her kind, and yet, through all the storm of misfortune and the dark cloud of years settling upon her, the memory of her love hovers like a beautiful spirit amid the gloom; it never deserts her, but abides with her while life abides. Yes, this creature loved; this wrinkled, skinny, gray-haired croue had hear to swell with passion, and her pulses to throb and her eyes to sparkle. Now nothing remains but a lovely remembrance, coming as of old, and stepping in its accustomed path, not to perform its former object, or former duty—but from long habit. Nothing hut that! Oh! is not that a great deal?

And the buried man-he was happy to

ing but that! Oh! is not that a great deal?

And the buried man—he was happy to have passed away as he did. The woman—she was the one to be pitied. Without doubt she wished many times that she were laid beside him. And not only she, thought I, as I cast my eyes on the solemn memorials around me; but at the same time there were thousands of others on earth who panted for the long repose, as a tired child for the night. The grave—the grave—what foolish man calls it a dreadful place? It is a kind friend whose arms shall compass us round about, and while we lay our heads upon his bosom no care, temptation, nor corroding passion shall have power to disturb us.

Then the weary spirit shall no more be weary; the aching head and the aching heart shall be strangers to pain; and the soul that was fretted and sorrowed away its little life on earth will sorrow not any more. When the mind has been roaming abroad in the crowd, and returns sick and tired of hollow hearts and of human deceit, let us think of the grave and of death and they will seem like soft and pleasant music. Such thoughts then soothe and calm our pulses; they open a peaceful prospect before us. I do not dread the grave. There is many a time when I could lay down and pass my immortal part through the valley of the shadow, as composedly as I quasiff water after a truesome walk. For what is there of terror in taking our rest? What is there here below to draw us with such fondness? Life is the running of a race—a most weary race, sometimes. Shall we fear the goal merely because it is shrouded in a cloud?

I rose and carefully replaced the parted in the fate of the aged woman, that they in the fate of the aged woman, that they in the fate of the aged woman, that they in the fate of the aged woman, that they in the fate of the aged woman, that they in the fate of the aged woman, that they in the fate of the aged woman, that they in the fate of the aged woman, that they in the fate of the aged woman, that they

ward.

If there be any sufficiently interested in the fate of the aged woman, that they wish to know further about her, for those I will add that ere long her affection was transferred to a region where it might receive the reward of its constancy and purity. Her last desire—and it was complied with—was that she should be placed midway between the two graves.

The Pulse-Beats of Animals.

When a healthy horse is enjoying perfect reat his pulse heats at the rate of forty times per minute, that of an ox fifty-two times, while in sheep and hogs the average cardiac pulsations are seving the average cardiac pulsations. intry-two times, while in success and more the average cardiac pulsations are seventy-six per minute. As a rule arterial pulsations may be felt wherever an artery crosses a bone or is otherwise forced outward too near the surface. In horses the pulse-beats are usually examined on the chord which crosses over the bone of the lower jaw, just in front of the large, rounded "hinge curve." In cattle the pulsations may be taken by placing the hand at the middle of the fifth rib; in horse by placing the finger on the bony ridge above the eye. In sheep there is but one recognized way of making pulse axaminations by pincing the hand on the left aid, where the

oked the import materity by neficial effects and were with translat action, but now that you canly know that tyrup of file-well receipt your habitat confined with not buy offer has which act for a time, but flushy into a yeter has been a system.



Worst Case of Scrofula th

Doctors Ever Saw Completely Cured by HOOD'S SAL SAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 to 5 years old I had a crois ous sore on the middle finger of my left has which got so bad that the doctor cut the per off, and later took off more than the hand. That he sore broke out on my so came out on my neck and face on both also nearly deatering the sight of one era shee my right arm. Doctors and it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula ay ever saw. It was simply awfull he are ago I began to take Hood's Sararana. grears ago I began to take Hood's Saranjah Gradually I found that the sores were been ning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ke he tles, ten de lagt Just think what arter I got for had, in stresses! A thougan per cent

Before, I could do no work. I known what to say strong enough to express my published to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my publicure." G. W. Tunnen, Farmer, Galway, K. I.



Biliousness.

Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, herb burn or dyspepsia, constipation. Poor Digestion.

Distress after eating, pain and bloating in its stomach, shortness of breath, pains in the best

Loss of Appetite, A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed on to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tirel sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, deblift

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Bight doctors treated me for Heumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that Hook into the Stomrch distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took if. I am today ust Flower and took it. I am to day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health.

Mrs. Sarah J Cox, Defiance, O.



Books on "Blood and Skin Di Druggists Sell It.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

FARMERS SENE PRODUCE

portant Work Fet Remains

ANTI-OPTION . BI

at Spesial Order for the The Free Coinage Bill-Appro ans for the Current Year Likel

was little Discussion.

Washington, Nov. 14.—On Mon.

5, three weeks from to-day, the ingress will meet in final session. Interest which has centred are probable make-up and action of tongress, sight has been lost for so of the important work yet rem tancompleted on the calendar of tongress.

i Congress:

Dae of the first matters to be brought for the Senate will be the Washi sti-Option bill, which has alread the House, and which has alread the House, and which has about the second secon

seed the House, and which has ab at it has a clear majority in favor or assge in the Senate.
The title of the bill is "H. H. 784'; t defining 'Options' and 'Futures, sing special taxes on dealers the id requiring such persons engage illing certain products to obtain ite of for other purposes."
Its provisions are so sweeping that ould practically, it is charged, shu

In provisions are so sweeping that build practically, it is charged, shu is chicago wheat pit, the New Orl pton exchange, and other institut like character. A strong opposit is developed to the bill in the Ser at there was a still atronger moves in favor.

Mr. Washburn, of Minnesota, who

Mr. Washourn, only consented to still in charge, only consented to stide so as to allow of an adjourn (Congress when August had far anced, on condition that is shout ade the first special order for the saiou, and should be fought out

site, and solve the solve to be done, enate has a number of other imposuse bills on its calendar. These numbered hitherto in the Committe Insuce, but a determined effort was to bring them out and to send p to the President for his action. Gooss may possibly be given an camity to reconsider its action and to ity to reconsider its action and to the Senate's Free Coinage of i . The silver men will try to

hill the silver men win try so his about. The appropriations for the cur will probably evoke little discurrent in one important respect. Say of the Treasury Foster, to who are requires that all estimates about prior to the meeting of Conbander and the superportations which Corban siready intimated informally been estimates will simply be a due on of the appropriations which Corban siready agreed to be necessary for fear, and that no recommendation be made for any increases of expens

rof force.

The one exception upon which a liceussion may be looked for, is that the Sundry Civil bill which mak ropriation for expenses of United ourts, commissioners, marshals leputy marshals. Mr. Allison staths Senate, when reporting the Sivil bill for this year, as agreed uponference, that the reductions make House would inevitably resulteficiency.

the House would inevitably result deficiency.

The Senate wished to appropriate 500 for Fees and expenses of States marshals and deputies. The cut the amount down to \$4675,00 stuck to that figure. The Senate Missioners; the House knock \$45,000. The Senate appropriated 500 for fees of clerks, etc.; the Hodwell House knock \$45,000. The Senate appropriate down to \$475,000.

Ampt to appropriate for deficulty the fees of the feed will assuredly it to appropriate to the feed will assuredly it to appropriate to the feed will be appropriate to the feed of the feed will be appropriate to the feed of the feed will be appropriate to the feed of the feed will be appropriate to the feed of the feed of

attending to his duties as member International Monetary Conferen Hale of Maine will be acting ch of the Senate Committee on App

JUDGE COOLEY DEAD.

d Prominent Iowan Expires in Ne of Paralysis.

New York, Nov. 14.—D. M. Co
Dubuque, Iowa, Judge of the S
Court of that State, is dead at ti
dence of his daughter, Mrs. J. F
Lus, No. 211 West End ave

Calysis,
Judge Cooley was born at Suge
N. H., in 1825. He was Indian Co
sioner under President Grant, an
everal terms as a Republican Se
the lows Legislature. A few y
he was made judge of the Suprem
For 2h weather the Resident

Fled for Life from the Flar SHENANDOAR, Pa., Nov. 14.—A gration started in one of the Philad Reading company's houses at Indicolliery on the outskirts of Shen day morning and destro double tenements occupied by eat that mine. Many narrow escaded by occupants who were comflee for their lives and in many clay nothing but their clothing.

To Support Quey for Re-elec PHILADZLERIA, Nov. 14.—Ti
Bepublican State Senators of 1
pula met in the office of Senator
A Porter and resolved to
Latthew S. Quay for re election
United States Senate Senator
triands in the Philadeliphia dele
the House of Representatives will
abid a caucus and pled to thems