[illegible] FOR THE FAIR SEX.

[illegible] OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

[illegible] a Klondike Baker.—Massaging the Face.—Women Who Defy Fashion's Demands.—Mrs. Astor's China Set, Etc.

She Is a Klondike Baker.

Mrs. J. A. Nelson of Hailey, Idaho, went to the Klondike last spring and opened a bakery, which, it is said, pays her a profit of $75 to $100 a day. She bought a claim which is paying well. Mrs. Nelson is an energetic woman who emigrated to Idaho ten years ago, married, and has helped her husband develop mining property there.

Massaging the Face.

Massage is a great science, and belongs essentially to wise hands. Therefore, if one cannot afford proper treatment, use your own steamer or bowl of hot water but once a week, then rub the muscles of the face with a rotary motion upon the forehead and cheeks, and, if you have wrinkles, rub in the opposite direction. Keep greasy compounds away from your face, excepting they are prepared by persons whom you know thoroughly understand their business. Then buy only what suits your particular case. Use only the best soaps and powders, and, excepting your baths, diet and treat the face regularly as directed.

Women Who Defy Fashion's Demand.

The National Council of Women, while in session in Washington a few days ago, devoted the greater part of one afternoon to the discussion of dress reform. Women who are making that part of woman's life a study, averred that the movement toward more rational views in dress was becoming pronounced, although, like all reforms, it could only be accomplished slowly. The most striking changes consisted of the short skirt as an athletic and rainy day costume, modification of the lacing habit, and the growing sentiment against the use of birds and their plumage on hats. The council recommends the disuse of mourning, but as yet sees no great progress in this line of dress reform. Beauty, comfort and modesty were laid down as essential parts of a woman's costume.

Mrs. Astor's China Set.

Mrs. William Astor recently paid for a mere set of china thirty thousand American dollars. There are two hundred and twelve pieces in all, each of which is worth almost its weight in gold. This thirty thousand dollar set of china, originally intended for royalty, was made in the famous Royal Meissen factory in Dresden, and a sample was sent to Mrs. Astor when she was in Paris a year ago. She ordered the china at once, with instructions to add the Astor crest and her own monogram. Though the dishes reached America last summer, they have been seen only by the guests at Mrs. Astor's first formal dinner given a few weeks ago. Mrs. Astor has added to her already large retinue a woman whose sole duty it is to care for these valuable dishes. The china is rich cream-white in tint, with a slightly scalloped edge. Close to the rim, traced in glittering gold, is the star-scattered Astor crest. Below the crest and encircling each plate is a band of gold, then a band of brilliant red, bordered by another gleaming gold line, and then, still further down in the plate, directly under the crest, are the golden letters, "C. A." (Caroline Astor), wrought into an artistic monogram. The soup dishes are large and deep, measuring ten inches in diameter. The plates are slightly smaller in size. The platters are oblong in shape and are square at the ends. Not one of the two hundred and twelve pieces is ever allowed to touch another, so brittle are these wonderfully costly plates. A china closet has been specially built to hold them, and each dish is always put in a niche of its own.

American Girls in Cuba.

The Americans are naturally the wonder and amazement of the Santiago natives. The entire nervous system of the city is daily being shocked by the new sights and the new events since America took possession. The people here are accustomed to a very formal way of speech and action. They walk as if every step were studied, and the more enlightened talk with the utmost preciseness. The free and easy going way of the visitors is astounding to them. The American comes out with his hearty laugh, not caring who is around, and the dainty senoritas look at one another in wonderment.

An American girl is the most interesting of all sights to them. They watch her in silent amazement from the time she appears in view until she has turned the corner. They seem to think the American woman the most wonderful of all earthly objects. The Santiago ladies, no matter how hot the day, always dress in black when they appear on the Plaza de Arma at "la tarde" for the usual evenings promenade. The other evening an American girl was there in a blood red costume, made of some kind of thin, flowing gauzy material. She promenaded with [illegible] United States officers, and the [illegible] at midnight would not have attracted more attention. But the thing which threw the whole city into a commotion was the appearance of a young American girl on the plaza riding a wheel and wearing a white costume with a white skirt. Such a thing as a girl's riding a wheel was never before dreamed of in Santiago. This fair American cyclist was doubtless out for the purpose of having a little fun and she succeeded in astounding the natives with an event they would talk about for a lifetime under usual conditions.—Chicago Record.

Ribbon Girdles Doomed.

The dressmakers no longer countenance the use of ribbon girdles and collars on their new toilets. They insist that it is neither tidy nor becoming to finish off a dress so, and that the collar especially should be a fixed and rather elaborate detail of a costume. They have opened a season of collars that are high as ever, with ruffs and lappets back of the ears, and often very big bows in front. A crush velvet stock is not good taste; it has been superseded by a stiffened band of silk laid in tiny perpendicular tucks, having pointed projecting bits set on and resting directly behind the ears. All the girdles are narrow folds of velvet drawn to a slight point in front, often through a tiny bright buckle or just folded over at the ends, and made fast with invisible pins. Make ready, say the milliners, for a season of small hats raised off the face and in shape but slight departures from the toques in velvet that have prevailed all winter. One feature of the straw hats is delicate tulle trimming. By this is not implied the gilded tulle toques that very smart personages are already wearing, but simple straw shapes showing pretty big rosettes of tulle with hearts of small flowers.

The New Shirt Waist.

If you are all wise women you take advantage of the mark down sales of wash silks, which make the prettiest and coolest shirt waists imaginable. It takes but four yards of material to make the simple shapes, and good fitting patterns are to be had for a mere song. The cutting and fitting is a simple matter, and the sewing is nothing worth mentioning. These waists are very easy to launder, and a real blessing in hot weather, and all finished they cost no more than good cotton ones.

The styles of last year will not be out of date when shirt waist weather comes in. This is a point in favor of the economical women. The extravagant one will lay in a supply of white cambric and lawn waists, with tucked sleeves and fronts, and perhaps little tucked caps on the shoulder and cuffs falling over the hand. She will have one with little revers to turn back, showing a finely tucked shirt bosom. Her gingham waists will show the new yoke cut in three pieces, the middle one longer than the other two.

The stiffly starched collar will be the exception rather than the rule. Its place has been taken by the pique stock, which can be treated in any number of pretty ways. The four-in-hand, though, will not be among them. Big bows and long ends will be the ruling fancy. Wide spotted ribbons, lengths of soft silk and white lawn are fitting materials for the new ties. A long strip of white barred cambric four inches wide, made with a stock, and one end slipping through a band and tied in front in a short butterfly bow, with two long ends, is a favorite fashion. For the few women who cling to the starched collar there is a pretty style in oriental silk, narrowly folded about the collar and flaring broadly to form a butterfly bow, with pointed ends, dropping nearly to the belt.—Philadelphia Times.

Seen in the Stores.

Gold purses outlined with a fringe of pearls.

Superb petticoats of allover Battenberg lace.

Blue foulards with white figures everywhere.

Roman stripe bayadere ribbons for neckwear.

Many light grey felt fedoras, with long soft nap.

Many plaid dress goods in bold designs for skirts.

Black cloth tailor made gowns showing pipings of white and silver.

Much liberty silk neckwear and bows with long ends and ruches.

Very fancy hose in plaids, small checks, embroideries and lace ideas.

Shirt waists of Irish cream lace to be worn with taffeta or satin skirts.

New and delicate bereges with glossy finish, showing cross lines of satin.

Fine white nainsook dresses showing many narrow frills on the skirt edged with valenciennes or some other dainty lace.

Separate bowknots in delicate lace, rich embroidery, jet and fancy braids, to be used in any unconventional form of trimming.

Displays of summer costumes, nearly all of which are either finished with a belt and bow of white satin ribbon or with a belt and long sash ends.

Newly opened assortments of stock collars with long ends attached to be tied four-in-hand, in which large white dotted [illegible] are conspicuous.

DISCOURSES OF THE DAY.

A TIMELY SERMON BY THE REV. DR. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Subject: "The Christian Home"—A Place For the Genesis and Rounding Out of Character—The Family Circle a Haven of Refuge From the World's Storms.

TEXT: "Let them learn first to show piety at home."—I Timothy v., 4.

During the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel and the watering places, and the ocean steamers are thronged, but in the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. "Let them learn first to show piety at home."

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to show piety at home." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach 3000 into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailor of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain, but the all absorbing question with you and with me ought to be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me now and here to do?"

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the work stand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the alter. In that household discord never sounds its war-whoop, and deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, peace hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life is a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is and he will tell it is want looking out of a cheerless fire-grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Fagots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak now of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place, home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he was a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous, and genial and good natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia and went off for a few days of recreation and rest and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript, but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper he again picked up his gun and his pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will blow as long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm. Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have $400,000 or $500,000 of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from the fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico—a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap, and our head on the knapsack we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to march to the action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day seated by the still campfire of the home circle! Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk aleak we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the drydock. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The doorsill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim, no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marching, with no harbor from the storm, with no place of rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home!

Further, home is a political safeguard. The safety of the State must be built on the safety of the home. Why cannot France come to a placid republic? MacMahon appoints his ministry, and all France is aquake lest the republic be smothered. Gambette dies, and there are hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are fearing the return of a monarchy. The Dreyfus case is at this moment a slumbering earthquake under Paris. France, as a nation, has not the right kind of a Christian home. The Christian hearthstone is the only hearthstone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the State. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the State adhere. No home means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those babels of iniquity which would overpower and destroy the home! The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sail will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defense. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are our best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments to safety and triumph. No home, no republic.

Further, home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrolable display of indignation will be fuel to this disposition of twenty or thirty or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and the "Children Amid Flowers," and the "Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle and garrulous streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the month with mud foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming bird's trill nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, and you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes whose inmates I confront the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon His name. Oh, parents, when you are dead and gone and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you!

Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children! What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or pointing it with a groan.

One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me, in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep—I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered about looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there. And I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum, or a monument, or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on [illegible] made me, "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the broad streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome, welcome," the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven, and I looked around and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded. "All here!" And while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home, home, home!"

Eads Dead In His Cabin.

HELENA, Mon., March 6.—The body of E. H. Eads, a brother of the famous engineer, James Buchanan Eads, who designed and constructed the Eads jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, was found Saturday evening in his cabin up Mile Mining gulch, eight miles from Elliston. Eads was 70 years old and evidently had died from exposure or some natural cause. He lived alone in the mountains a short distance from the summit of the Maine range, where he had prospected for gold a number of years.

A Warship Offered.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—To show the depth of the sympathy felt by the United States government with the British government and the family in the loss of the late Lord Herschell our government has proffered the use of a United States warship to convey the remains of Lord Herschell to England. The particular vessel has not yet been selected, but it will be one of the ships now at Havana attached to the north Atlantic squadron if the British embassy cares to accept the offer.

Smallpox Care In Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, March 6.—A case of smallpox has been discovered in a big downtown apartment house in which nearly 400 people are living. The victim is an attorney, and he was the roommate of Frederick L. Taft, assistant county solicitor. The sick man was sent to the smallpox hospital, while Mr. Taft was committed to the detention house, and all the inmates of the building were quarantined in the apartment house.

French Embassador Returns.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Among the passengers who arrived on La Champagne last night were M. Jules Cambon, embassador from France to the United States; Messrs. Maltmayer, G. David and Captain de la Fajolle. La Champagne has on board 446,575 francs in specie consigned to various banks and bankers in New York.

Tornado In Tennessee.

ATHENS, Tenn., March 6.—A terrific tornado passed over a portion of Madisonville and Monroe county last night, with disastrous results. Early in the evening a strong wind arose, and several hours later a cyclone about 70 yards wide struck a portion of Madisonville, killing three persons, wounding 10 or 12 others and completely destroying 12 or 15 houses and several barns.

Colorado Wants Women to Vote.

DENVER, March 4.—Governor Thomas has signed the joint resolution which provides for an official communication from the governor and legislature to the other states in the Union in favor of woman suffrage.

Speaker Nixon [illegible]

ALBANY, March 6.—Speaker of the Assembly S. Fred Nixon arrived in this city yesterday from his home at Westfield, Chautauqua county, where he has been suffering from an attack of pneumonia for the past [illegible] weeks. He is looking on the whole well for one who has experienced that period of suffering. He will preside at the session of the assembly for the first time since his illness on Tuesday morning.

Still the Wages Go Up.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6.—Wages of all day laborers in the tin plate plants of the Newcastle district have been advanced from 5 to 10 per cent. The advance will affect between 1,200 and 1,500 men. The Reese Hammond Brick Manufacturing company, at Jeannette, has advanced the wages of its 250 employees from 5 to 20 per cent, and the Williamsport Nail company has made a 10 per cent advance.

Attempted Assassination.

NEWARK, N. Y., March 4.—Henry Lemunyon, a well known resident of Sodus Point, had a narrow escape from being assassinated last night. While standing near a window in his home, some unknown party fired a bullet at him. A search was made for the would be murderer, but he could not be found. Lemunyon says he knows of no one who could have attempted to kill him.

Quay Loses Three Votes.

HARRISBURG, March 4.—Three of Senator Quay's supporters, Yates and McHaush of Philadelphia and Mackay of Lackawanna, flopped yesterday. This is the first break that has occurred during the two months of the fight. The Quayites who seceded gave their ballots to Rice and Huff. Yesterday's ballot showed Quay 18 short of a majority.

To Prohibit Six Day Cycle Contests.

ALBANY, March 4.—Among the bills reported favorably in the senate yesterday was one introduced by Senator Foley to prohibit six day bicycle contests. The bill as reported is amended to provide that no contest shall be held in which the riders are permitted to ride more than 12 hours in 24.

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"[illegible] is Difficult."

The first step in Spring should be to cleanse Nature's house from Winter's accumulations. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this work easily. It is America's Greatest Spring Medicine. It purifies the blood, as millions of people say.

It makes the weak strong, as nervous men and women gladly testify. It cures all blood diseases, as thousands of cured voluntarily write. It is just the medicine for you, as you will gladly say after you have given it a fair trial.

Bad Blood—"Although past 70 years of age I am thoroughly well. It was three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla that made me so after spending over $60 in medical attendance. My trouble was a raw sore on my ankle." MRS. LOUISA MASON, Court Street, Lowell, Mass.

Running Sores—"After worrying four months I gave my children Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured them of running sores. Hood's Pills cured me of dyspepsia and constipation." MRS. KATE E. THOMAS, 31 Governor St., Annapolis, Md.

Consumptive Cough—"Five years ago I had a consumptive cough which reduced me to a skeleton. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did and recovered normal health. I have been well ever since." MATILDA BRIDGEWATER, Cor. Pearl and Chestnut Sts., Jeffersonville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Boy's Essay on Hornets.

A hornet is the smartest bug that flies anywhere. He comes when he pleases, and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everybody who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing.

When a hornet stings a feller he knows it, and never stops talking about it as long as his friends will listen to him. One day a hornet stung my pa (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not do any pastoral visiting for a month without talking about that hornet.

Another way a hornet shows his smartness is by not procractinating. If he has any business with you he will attend to it at once, and then leaves you to think it over to yourself. He don't do like the mosquito, who comes fooling around for half an hour singing, "Cousin, cousin," and then when he has bled you all he can, dash away yelling, "No kin." A hornet never bleeds you; but if he sticks you, you will go off on a swell.

I don't know anything more about hornets, only that Josh Brillings says: "A hornet is an inffamible (Josh was a poor speller) buzzer, sudden in his impreshuns, and rather hasty in his conclusions, or end."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The broker who sells short and waits for a fall often gets a hard one.

The doctor's patients seldom decline with thanks.

[illegible] a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. Children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains; the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

The Japanese are said to be the cleanest people in the world.

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

Bullets of stone were used as late as 1514.

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-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Europe, which have about 400 members. Of these 27 families 18 are German.

Wipe Out.
It is the specific virtue of penetration in St. Jacobs Oil which carries it right down to the Sciatic nerve in the cure of Sciatica, and the effect is to soothe the nerve and wipe out the pain.

The topaz was the second stone in the breast of the Hebrew high priests.

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.

Recruits for the Chinese army are not accepted unless they can jump a ditch six feet wide.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer best medicine ever tried for Colds.—L. C. HAMMOND, 22 Colden St., Newburgh, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1897.

A small rent in a reputation soon becomes a large hole.

Loaded Down.
The air is loaded down with pains and aches, and some systems take them in like a sponge. St. Jacobs Oil rubbed in will take the pain away and leave a cure.

The oldest letter in the world is in the British Museum.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Nothing succeeds like the success of some people's failures.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c

If all the tunnels of the world were placed end to end they would reach a distance of 514 miles.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggist refund money.

A man who forgets a favor seldom forgives an injury.

Coughs Lead to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

THE constantly recurring monthly suffering gives women the blues!

How hopeless the future appears, month after month the same siege with menstrual pain!

Comparatively few women understand that excessive pain indicates ill-health, or some serious derangement of the feminine organs.

DESPONDENT WOMEN.

A million women have been helped by Mrs. Pinkham. Read what two of them say.

MRS. LIZZIE COLEMAN, of Wayland, N. Y., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For years I suffered with painful menstruation and falling of womb. The bearing-down pains in my back and hips were dreadful. I could not stand for more than five minutes at a time when menstruation began. But thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my sufferings are now a thing of the past. I shall gladly recommend your medicines to all my friends."

MISS C. D. MORRIS, 5 Louisburg Square, Boston, Mass., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has helped me wonderfully. I was troubled with headache, backache and that weak and tired feeling. I cannot say enough in praise of your medicine for it has done me so much good. I shall recommend it to all my friends who suffer."

Despondency is a disease. Nervousness and snappishness come with it. Will power won't overcome it. The feminine organs are connected by nerves with the brain and all parts of the body. These organs must be healthy or the mind is not healthy.

All low-spirited or suffering women may write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and receive her advice free of charge. Don't wait until your life is wrecked by neglect and suffering. Get [illegible]

[illegible]

Grinders Opposed the Fire Department Even After Its Worth was Proved.

In every community there are chronic growlers, always finding fault with the existing condition of things, and no better satisfied with attempts that are made in the line of improvement.

A Western village has been sorely scourged by fire, its principal business portion having been burned twice. There was no fire department, the citizens apparently being of the opinion that it would be too expensive.

Among them was a man of the name of Grinders, who, while invariably grumbling at the lack of enterprise displayed by the business men of the place, opposed any and every attempt to organize a fire department. "We are taxed too heavily already," he said.

But after the second disastrous fire there was such a clamor for better protection that the town trustees purchased a chemical engine, with hooks, ladders and the usual paraphernalia, provided a room, and a volunteer company was organized.

"It's a waste of money," said Grinders. "It will be twenty years before there's another big fire. Mark my words. Lightning doesn't strike three times in the same place. You'll see."

Several years passed without any real occasion for the services of the new fire department. The company, it is true, turned out in response to several false alarms, and always made a creditable display when on parade, but Grinders was irreconcilable.

"Look at it!" he exclaimed. "Five hundred dollars thrown away—absolutely thrown away! I told you we shouldn't have any more fires, but you wouldn't listen to me."

One day, however, a fierce blaze broke out in one of the stores in the rebuilt business district. The fire company was promptly on hand, and by strenuous exertions put out the flames before much damage was done. The work of the "fire boys" was creditable in the highest degree, and it was the general opinion that they had saved the town from a third calamity.

"What do you think of our fire department now, Grinders?" asked one of the exultant merchants—the one, in fact, in whose store the fire had started.

"Humph!" growled Grinders. "How much did you lose?"

"Only about thirty-five dollars," replied the merchant. "Mostly empty boxes. The boys put out the fire before it got into my goods."

"H'mph!" growled Grinders again. "Five hundred dollars to put out a thirty-five dollar fire!"

And after that he grumbled worse than ever.

Humor of the Insane.

"I was sitting in my office the other day," said the superintendent of the insane asylum at Parlor City, "when one of the patients, a harmless fellow who is allowed to have the freedom of the building and grounds, came in, pale with indignation, and said that he had a complaint to make.

"'What is it, your Highness?' I said, for it was the Prince of Wales I was talking to.

"'Are the rules of the palace to be observed or not?' he demanded. 'I want to know whether our rules can be broken with impunity.'

"'Certainly not, your Highness,' I said; 'what is it?'

"'I was coming down the corridor this morning,' he said, 'and in a rack on the wall I saw a dozen red pails, marked "For fire only." Now, is that right or not?'

"'It is,' I said. 'The sign is correct.'

"'Well, then,' he said. 'John (referring to a keeper) must be punished. As I stood there he came along and filled the pails with water.'

"'He shall be executed at once,' I said, and the Prince bowed with great seriousness and walked out of the room.

"This incident illustrates a trick which few people know anything about," continued the superintendent. "That is, that there is more unconscious humor about a lot of lunatics than there is genuine humor among sane people. Some of the things that my patients say and do are funnier than any of the things I read or hear from the outside world. I tell you, life isn't so prosaic as you'd think in an insane asylum."—New York Sun.

Five Lives for One Rifle.

One of the terms of the "pacification" of the Philippine islands required the surrender of all the arms held by the insurgents to the Spaniards. It is believed that this condition was faithfully fulfilled, so that before Aguinaldo's arrival in Cavite there were no modern firearms in the hands of the natives except such as they had captured in hand to hand fights with the Spanish troops. Yet by the time Aguinaldo was ready to move across the bay into Cavite province the rebels had taken 479 Mauser rifles from their oppressors. How was it done? Well, every rifle so captured meant that from one to five Filipinos had been killed in the savage onslaught of half naked men armed only with machetes upon disciplined troops armed with the best magazine rifles. When a small body of Spanish soldiers would be on the march through some narrow defile in the swamps they would suddenly find a hundred rebels swarming around them, and the sharp home-made blades of the natives would cut down from ten to twenty of the Spaniards before the latter could get their rifles at work. If the Filipinos succeeded in getting away with half a dozen Mauser rifles from the men whom they had cut down in their first onslaught they were satisfied, even though the bodies of a dozen of their companions were thrown contemptuously into the swamp after the Spaniards had repelled the attack.—Chicago Record.

A FAMOUS BLUNDERER.

Some Bulls Made by France's Popular Simpleton.

M. Calino, the popular French simpleton, who performs in the humorous literature of France much the same function that the traditional Paddy does in English literature, has been made the subject of a grave study, in which his innocent stupidities are carefully analyzed. He is nothing more or less than a harmless blunderer and complacent lack-wit found in all ages and countries. In France his sayings reflect, however, something of the picturesqueness which is characteristic of the nation.

Calino's blunderings, it seems, began at an early age. He had not craft enough to tell a lie that would hold water for a moment. One day at school he got into a fight with a companion, and came home with a gash on his forehead.

"How did you get that cut?" asked his father.

"What cut, papa?"

"Why, that great gash on your forehead."

"I bit myself there, papa."

Later in life Calino delievered himself of the following bit of wisdom:

"As for me, I don't care so much for the sun as I do for the moon. You see, the sun only comes after it gets daylight, when we could see just as well without it, but the moon's some use—it shines at night."

Early one morning, when Calino was out with his gun, he saw a robin in the garden of his friend Camille. He aimed at it, but it dropped below the top of the wall. Then Calino went into the house, crept upstairs softly, stole into Camille's bedroom without waking Camille, who was in bed, pointed his gun out of the window at the robin and fired—bang!

Camille leaped out of bed in wild confusion and alarm:

"W-w-why-w-w-what's the matter?

"Oh, did I wake you up?" said Calino. "I pulled the trigger just as softly as I could."

One Sort of Victory.

A newly formed battery in the Far East has been called the "Petropavlovsk Battery," in memory, as it is explained, of the "victory of Russian sailors over the combined English and French squadron at Petropavlovsk in 1854." As a matter of fact, the Russian ships never attempted to meet the allied squadron, but, taking advantage of a fog, quietly slipped out of harbor and got away just in time before the enemy's four or five small ships entered the roads. The attack resulted in the abandonment of Petropavlovsk as the Russian Pacific naval station in favor of Vladivostock. The news of this attack was sent by an American vessel to the latter port; and, indeed, it was owing to the unhappy ill-feeling then existing between the United States and England that the attacking squadron failed to get from the American commercial agents settled on the coast the information which would have inevitably led to the capture of the Russian squadron and the probable destruction of Petropavlovsk.—Moscow Correspondence London Standard.

An Uncomfortable Superstition.

A very uncomfortable superstituion prevails in the Minich Province. Whenever a pigeon-house is to be made the fellaheen consider that the pottery used in its construction should be baked by the help of a human body. A pigeon-house was to be erected in the beginning of this month at the village of Beni Soomrook, in this province, and this necessary preliminary of its construction was not forgotten. A young child was first caught, and, in spite of his struggles, was put into an oven and burnt alive while the pottery was baked with the aid of this human holocaust. Two men, one of them a potter by trade, have been arrested on suspicion of having taken part in this old custom.—Egyptian Gazette.

Peat Paper.

It is not generally known that peat may be used for textile purposes and also for paper making. The exhibits at the Vienna exhibition last year demonstrated this fact conclusively. Peat straw may also be used for many purposes, such as fertilizing, packing, etc. When used for textile purposes it must be woven without the use of oils or water. Coats, hats, carpets, rugs, ropes, matting and pillows are some of the articles which have been made and which have been found useful. It is also a valuable substitute for absorbent cotton, possessing antiseptic properties as well.—Chicago News.

Riding in the wind and dust roughens the face and often causes painful chapping and cracking of the skin.

Those who are so affected should use a pure soap. Ivory Soap is made of vegetable oils that are soothing in their nature; it can be used freely even on tender faces, for there is nothing in it to irritate or injure.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 44/100 PER CENT. PURE.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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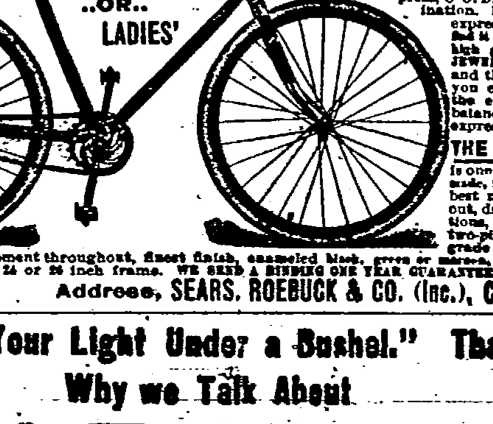

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