In a Lady's Autograph Album.

A valuable lady's album was recently offered for sale in London. It was the ordinary quarto volume, with embossed pages, gilt-edged, and nicely bound, like those with which our grandmothers used to victimize their friends years ago. It was an ordinary book, but it had extraordinary contributors. Among the writers might be found Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, William Macready, Mrs. Amelia Opie, Mrs. Howitt and W. M. Thackeray. The artists comprised Sir David Wilkie, Westall, Sir Edwin Landseer, Cattermole, Prout, John Leech, Sir John Tenniel and Thackeray. There were many sketches by the last-named, in which might be recognized some of the original designs for "Pendennis" and other of his books. After a spirited competition, the volume was knocked down at £180. —Tit-Bits.

Sierra Leone, Africa.

The settlement of Sierra Leone at one time consisted only of the peninsula terminating in Cape Sierra Leone, with an area of about 300 square miles. The colony, with its protectorate, now includes a large extent of country, estimated at 4,000 square miles. The capital, Freetown, possesses the best harbor in West Africa. The scenery of Sierra Leone is said to be very similar to that of the West Indies. The soil is fertile and there is an abundance of pure fresh water. Tropical fruits grow luxuriantly. Pineapples especially are produced very abundantly, while bananas, plantains, avocado pears, mangoes, limes and oranges are not only consumed locally, but are also exported to Gambia Goree and Senegal.

A Fortune From a Scare.

An inventive genius who suffered from attacks by stray dogs when riding his wheel, set his wits to work to devise something which would be an efficacious, and yet comparatively harmless, means of defense. As a result he has brought out and patented a pocket pistol which will shoot ammonia, water or other liquid. The most vicious dog cannot withstand a few drops of ammonia in his mouth or eyes, and yet there is no danger of actually injuring a valuable animal which might playfully annoy a rider. The weapon has proved so much of a success as a means of defense as well as fun-making, that the lucky inventor is realizing much money from his device.

The man who has never been in danger cannot answer for his courage.—Johnson.

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.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.—Montaign.

Salt Rheum

That Terrible Itching, Burning, Smarting, Swelling

Which ruins pleasure, interferes with work, prevents sleep—yields to the blood-purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured thousands of cases, it will cure yours. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills easy to take, easy to operate.

Longevity and the Brain.

Speaking at Selkirk, Sir James Crichton-Browne dwelt on the dangers to health involved in indolence and disuse of the brain.

The medical profession, he said, adapting itself to the needs of the times, had felt it incumbent upon it during the last decade to insist mainly on the evils of misuse of the brain, on the excessive strain not seldom imposed on it in these days in the fierce struggle of the race to be rich, and more especially on the over-pressure imposed on it in the name of education when in an immature state, but they were not less keenly alive to the correlative evils of the disuse of the brain.

Elderly persons who gave up business and professional men who laid aside their avocations without having other interests or pursuits to which to turn were in many cases plunged in despondency or hurried into premature dotage. He did not know any surer way of inducing premature mental decay than for a man of active habits to retire and do nothing when just past the zenith of life; and, on the other hand, he did not know any surer way of enjoying a green old age than to keep on working at something till the close.

It had been said that one of the rewards of philosophy was length of days, and a striking list might be presented of men distinguished for their intellectual labors which they had never laid aside, who had far exceeded the allotted span of human life. Galileo lived to 78, Newton to 85, Franklin to 85, Buffon to 90, Faraday to 76, and Brewster to 84 years. Sir James Crichton-Browne drew special attention to the great age generally attained by our judges.—London Lancet.

TWO GRATEFUL WOMEN

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Can Do My Own Work."

MRS. PATRICK DANEHY, West Winsted, Conn., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was very ill, suffered with female weakness and displacement of the womb.

"I could not sleep at night, had to walk the floor, I suffered so with pain in my side and small of my back. Was troubled with bloating, and at times would faint away; had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well, can do my work without feeling tired; do not bloat or have any trouble whatever.

"I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

"Cannot Praise It Enough."

MISS GERTIE DUNKIN, Franklin, Neb., writes:

"I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief.

"I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to several of my friends."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Self-Slaughter"—A Terrible Denunciation of Suicide—Assassination of Others a Mild Crime Compared With Assassination of Yourself.

TEXT: "Do thyself no harm."—Acts 16: 28.

Here is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and, according to the Roman law, a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be endungeoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years, and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment. The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not much confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural. Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's axe on the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

In olden times, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orator. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and three times after his wounds had been dressed, tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself, rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Lycurgus a suicide, Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of poison, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill that he was resuscitated. Times have changed, yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, misanthropy, are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of felo de se in the last two years than in any two years of the world's existence, and more in the last month than in any twelve months. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels towards the insane you may know from the way He treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which He hushed tempests either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. Great for science and great for God. He was an elder in St. John's Presbyterian Church. He came of the best Highland blood, and was a descendant of Donald Roy, a man eminent for piety and the rare gift of second sight. His attainments, climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stone mason, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spellbound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in "The Old Red Sandstone." That man did more than any other being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he stuck his tuning-fork on the rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and "The Testimony of the Rocks," proclaimed the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he toiled day and night, through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith, who at the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "Oh, For a Closer Walk With God," "What Various Hindrances We Meet," "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood"—William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life, and rode to the River Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at that very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke; and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope broke.

While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare that the man who, in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition. Shall I prove it? Revelation 21, 8—"Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelation 22, 15—"Without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers." You do not believe the New Testament? Then, perhaps, you believe the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say that all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in life, and made you the custodian of your life, and He made you the custodian of no other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike down assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust; it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep; it is treason to a natural law, and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God of the Bible looked upon this crime, I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bethshan. Here is the man who chased little David—ten feet in stature chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him, and when that servant declined, then the giant plants the hilt of his sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires—the coward, the suicide! Here is Ahitophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend, David, in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut out of a disgraceful life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech, pratically a suicide. He is with an army, bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in his cracked skull he commands his armor-bearer: "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post-mortem photograph in the Book of Samuel.

But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue of George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ on the part of some of His pretended apostles—a betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man by his hand hung up for the execration of all ages, Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of the earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to commit suicide if any man ever had, what with his destroyed property and his body all aflame with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it, a pestiferous wife and four garrulous people pelting him with comfortless talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in triumph: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have hurled themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections. There has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages and I challenge the universe. There never has been a case of self-destruction while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected Him.

You say it is a business trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity, which practically says: "If you don't like this life get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it." Infidelity has always been apologetic for self-immolation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter.

A man in London heard Mr. Owen deliver his infidel lecture on socialism, and went home, sat down, and wrote these words: "Jesus Christ is one of the weakest characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest possible deception," and then shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its natural bed. Where, then, can be the crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ordinary channel?" And having written the essay he loaned it to a friend, the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, were apologetic for self-immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people rushing out from this world into the next. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world; you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people in this country that it does not make any difference how you go out of this world you will land safely, the Potomac would be so full of corpses the boats would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of the suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rumble of a street car.

I have sometimes heard it discussed whether the great dramatist was a Christian or not. He was a Christian. In his last will and testament he commends his soul to God through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in a case of irresponsibility they say: "While this man was demented he took his life;" in the other case say: "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of future retribution, he committed self-slaughter!"

Have nothing to do with an infidelity so cruel, so debasing. Come out of that bad company into the company of those who believe the Bible. Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals He left, and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over bows his head—David Brewster, saying: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days." President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this religion, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees.

Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed by President Lincoln, will take the witness stand. "Chief Justice Chase, please to state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved as a lawyer and judge I would try the book as I would try everything else in the court-room, taking evidence for and against. It was a long and serious and profound study, and using the same principles of evidence in this religious matter as I always do in secular matters, I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teachings." "Judge, that will do. You may go back again to your pillow of dust on the banks of the Ohio." Next I put upon the witness stand a President of the United States—John Quincy Adams. "President Adams, what have you to say about the Bible and Christianity?" The President replies: "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue." "Chancellor Kent, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind." "Edmund Burke, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "I have read the Bible morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for such reading."

Young men of America, come out of the circle of infidels—mostly made up of cranks and imbeciles—into the company of intellectual giants, and turn your back on an infidelity which destroys body and soul.

Ahi Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God, angels and men, stand up, thou monster! Thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with uncleanness, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster, Infidelity. Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit, and sup on the sobs and groans of those thou hast destroyed, and let thy music be the everlasting miserere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life, through its abrasions and its molestations, should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourself as worse than others. Christ Himself was tempted to cast Himself from the roof of the Temple, but as He resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it, have gone songfully on their way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as He keeps the chronology of nations, your grave as well as your cradle. Why was it that at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock that night. The four hundred and thirty years were not up at eleven, and one o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow, and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to lead you up from earthly bondage. By His grace make not the worst of things, but best of them. If you must take the pills, do not chew them. Your everlasting reward will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Calus gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as had been a chain of iron. For the asking you may have the same grace that was given the Italian martyr, Algerius, who, down in the darkest of dungeons, dated his letters from "the delectable orchard of the Leoning prison." And remember that this brief life is surrounded by a rim, a very thin, but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep, and the aurora that lights up our northern Heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self-immolation or impenitency. All our sins slain by Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and from a couch divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. O God! Whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality!

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

TRUTH is the secret of eloquence.

It is not our failures that ruin us, but our fear and tardiness in making new beginnings after failure.

Forgiveness is the key that opens heaven.

There are few sermons neither too long nor too short.

The best-known remedy for laziness is to go to work.

The rich man who doesn't give will always remain poor.

Gray hairs and wrinkles won't mean anything in heaven.

If good resolutions could furnish wings everybody would fly.

Every bird is a sermon: "Your heavenly Father feedeth them."

The gift of silence is often more valuable than the gift of speech.

If Christ needed to retire for prayer, how much more do we?

Jesus would say to-day, "Beware of the starch of the churches."

You cannot tell by the size of the tree how the apples will taste.

The man who knows what "your Father" means seldom has the blues.

WHICH HEADGEAR IS WORSE?

The Honored Hood of 1498 or the Beautiful Structure of 1898.

About the time when Columbus was sailing "the ocean blue," as the readers used to say, the ladies of Spain and of other places were wearing the headgear shown in the left of the picture. It doubtless moves the observer to laughter now—that honored hood of 1498. "How absurd; how insane and unesthetic," every one will say. Compare it with the sane and beautiful structure on the right—the hat of 1898. Which will move the laughter of 2298 more—the hood, with its frightful inverted cornucopias or that huddled lot of feathers, flowers and velvet, which makes the outline of the wearer's head something too grotesque to exist outside of a nightmare? Indeed—not to leap four centuries ahead—which will be more comic in another decade?

1498. 1898.

UNIFORMS IN AFRICA.

The Natives Show a Love of Soldiers' Cast-off Garments.

"In the course of my travels in South Africa I have been greatly struck by the fondness of the natives for gaudy apparel, particularly uniforms. These are the cast-off uniforms of the various regiments that have been stationed in the country from time to time. Here at Durban one can see every day scores of natives dressed in most ludicrous fashion, partially clothed in military apparel, the coats usually having all the buttons, stripes, and the like complete. You will see a ragged, unkempt Kaffir leading a team of oxen, wearing a much soiled scarlet tunic, or a dark blue tunic with tattered yellow braid or gold lace, and woefully dirty; or else a stable jacket out at elbows, with the yellow braid or gold wire "lines" probably round his waist—no shoes, stockings or head-gear, and merely a cloth round his loins, or, at least, a ragged pair of breeches.

"The coolies, who are employed here so largely, are just as great offenders. All about the place one sees shops with large quantities of uniforms displayed for sale. It is not very long ago that the authorities at home woke up to the fact that it was derogatory to the dignity of the cloth to allow sandwich men and others to wear cast-off uniforms, and thus degrade the soldiers' garb. It was bad enough, in all conscience, to see the loafers in England wearing uniforms, but far worse is it to see dirty niggers and loafing Indians strutting about the streets partially dressed in our gallant soldiers' clothes. It is an insult to the whole British army, and a strong representation should be made to the colony that the wearing of military uniforms by civilians should be discontinued, and made a punishable offense, as in England."—Correspondence of the London Graphic.

AGRICULTURAL.

Strawberry Fields After Picking.

If the field is to be retained another year, mow the plants as soon as the fruit is removed, allow to dry and some day when there is a brisk wind turn over. This will destroy many fungous and insect pests in the foliage. With an ordinary plow narrow the rows to the desired width and keep the soil between them loose all summer by means of shallow cultivators.

Peach Leaf Curl Common.

This disease has been very prevalent during this season. In some cases it was quite serious, checking the development of the trees and injuring their vitality. The trouble is caused by a fungus which penetrates the tissues and causes abnormal thickening. The leaves and fruit finally drop off, new ones appear and the tree finally regains its natural appearance. Spraying with bordeaux mixture and cutting out and burning the affected branches is about the only means of controlling the disease.

Pumpkins Among Corn.

Where the big squash bug is plentiful it is often the only way that pumpkins can be grown to plant them at intervals through the corn field. In such places the vines escape the depredations of this enemy, though if the year be a good one for corn there are not likely to be many pumpkins. Usually, too, the vines begin to run before it is time to stop the cultivator going through the corn. By selecting a place in some out-of-the-way corner of the farm, where neither squash nor pumpkins have before been grown, the squash bug may be avoided for a year or two.

Advantage of Straight Rows.

When it comes to cultivating, it is easy to appreciate the advantage of planting the hills as nearly on straight lines each way as it is possible to make them. The cultivator can be run up close to the hill on each side, loosening the soil and making the corn grow rapidly from the first. Even if there is a variation of two or three inches one way or the other, it is impossible to do good work, for one side of the cultivator has to be tilted up so as to keep it from digging out or cutting off the corn or potato plants that were out of place. It is best, when first going through the field with the cultivator, to use very narrow blades for the cultivator, and turn from rather than towards the hill. The next cultivation should quickly follow and reverse this. A little quite loose soil thrown among the plants in the hill will smother all weeds and will also make all the corn and potatoes grow faster.—American Cultivator.

Ducks Must Bathe Their Heads.

In order to maintain health a duck, young or old, must have water; either in stream, tank or trough, deep enough for it to immerse its head in above the eyes. This it must have or it will take the sore eyes and perish. A shallow pan of water deep enough for them to crane their heads and necks down into, is little better than no water at all.

Bear this in mind: A duck must have water about its eyes daily or it will not thrive. But if a tank of sufficient depth is provided for the ducks to sink their heads into the water clear out of sight, then they can do without the pond or stream. When this is not done they gum-up about the eyes, become listless, sit about, and soon die. Young ducks that do not have water as above suggested drop off one by one until the whole flock disappears. Yet must say in conclusion that to allow the young ducks to go to the pond too early is also bad for them.

Hogs in Pasture.

The opinion seems to exist among swine raisers, who are beginning to learn the advantages of raising bacon hogs on the range, that this method should apply only to hogs raised to moderate weight. This is a mistake, for the most expensive and least healthful combination is dry corn with water or slops fed in a dry lot, while the opposite result is obtained when one-half the quantity of corn is fed and the pigs have grass or clover pasture. The value of corn meal for fattening pigs is conceded, but, on the other hand, it is poor food for growing pigs, although of value when fed as directed or in the season when green pasture is not obtainable, if fed with wheat bran or clover hay. No matter how low the price of corn may be, the green food is cheaper, especially when fed in pasture, besides being a better corrective of the system than the dry foods. It is a matter of record that swine raised on corn almost wholly are subject to diseases of various kinds, while those pastured and fed a half ration of corn are strong and healthy, and are rarely attacked by cholera.

Agricultural Notes.

A new virtue has been found for the crimson rambler rose. It is fine for cutting.

It is poor policy to try to make the feed in a steer's stomach take the place of a shelter over his back.

Sweet potato rot is prevented by applying with the fertilizer or in a drill, 300 pounds per acre of flour of sulphur.

Careful brooding, judicious feeding and plenty of fresh air and exercise mean strong, healthy chickens, and the most important point of all is brooding at the beginning.

We have no domestic birds that mature faster than ducks. Their appetite, so far from being an objection, is their good recommendation. They eat for a good purpose.

Crushed oats or wheat bran or the two together make excellent feed for growing colts and it is surprising how early in life they will begin to eat them if given a chance. Try it and see.

Push the young lambs. Don't worry about overfeeding them. Provide a creep where the little fellows may have constant access to ground feed, and their wondrous growth will please you.

An Illinois rose grower says the plague of fungi and insects on roses is not a serious one, and that he can keep them in check by the occasional use of kerosene emulsion. Nor are many sprayings necessary. The thing is to "be in time."

Buy fertilizers in as condensed a form as possible. It does not pay to buy those of low grade, for they contain less of the desired elements in proportion to their cost than do the higher grades, and the cost of freight and handling is all out of proportion to their value.

The subject of early pasture for a flock is important to be considered. Every farm flock should be provided with pasture as early in the season as possible. It greatly helps the milk, both in quantity and quality, and it saves the costly hand feeding which reduces the profit.

Stone in Her Stomach.

From the Gazette, Blandinsville, Ill.

The wife of the Rev. A. R. Adams, pastor of the Bedford Christian Church at Blandinsville, Ill., was for years compelled to live a life of torture from disease. Her case baffled the physicians, but to-day she is alive and well, and tells the story of her recovery as follows:

"About six years ago," said Mrs. Adams, "I weighed about 140 pounds, but my health began to fail and I lost flesh. My food did not agree with me and felt like a stone in my stomach. I began to bloat all over until I thought I had dropsy.

"I had pains and soreness in my left side which extended clear across my back and also into the region of my heart. During these spells a hard ridge would appear in the left side of my stomach and around the left side.

"These attacks left me sore and exhausted. All last summer I was so nervous that the children laughing and playing nearly drove me wild. I suffered also from female troubles and doctored with ten different physicians without receiving any help.

"My Husband Read."

"My husband having read in the newspaper of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, induced me to try them. I began taking them last November but experienced no relief until I had taken six boxes. I am now taking the eleventh box and have been greatly benefited.

"I was also troubled with nervous prostration and numbness of my right arm and hand so that at times I could hardly endure the pain, but that has all passed away. I now have a good appetite and am able to do my own work. Have done more this summer than in the past four years put together. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured me and I think it my duty to let other sufferers know it."

Hundreds of equally remarkable cases have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Gold Fish.

In a store where home aquarium supplies are sold there are, besides the usual varied assortment of glass globes, a number of larger tanks of various shapes and sizes, in which stock is kept for sale. The tanks themselves are, of course, sold if there is a demand for them.

Lying across the corner of the largest of these tanks is a little net, the hoop no more than five or six inches in diameter, and the handle about a foot long. This is to scoop up the gold fishes when they are sold. When a new outfit is sold complete the fishes are delivered in the globe or tank. It often happens, however, that the person already owning a globe wants to replace fish that have been lost, or to add to his stock, and he goes to the store where such things are sold and buys one or more gold fishes, just as he would buy any merchandise, except that instead of sitting down at a counter to make his selections, he bends over a tank and indicates among the fishes swimming about the ones he wants. As he makes his selections the dealer scoops them out with the little net, and as likely as not the purchaser carries the fish he has bought, a single fish or half a dozen, or whatever the number may be, right away with him in a tin pail.

Little gold fish of the commoner kinds can be bought for a few cents apiece. Some of the rarer varieties cost dollars.—New York Sun.

A Long Tramp Back.

Smith—Pshaw, man. You mustn't be daunted by trifles. The distance to the Klondike is no obstacle whatever.

Brown—I know that. It's not the distance up there that I'm thinking about.

Smith—What is it, then?

Brown—The distance from there here.

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.

Do your duty and do not swerve from it. Do that which your conscience tells you to be right, and leave the consequences to God.—B. R. Haydon.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.

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.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays; who deserves well, needs not another's praise.—B. Heath.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

He hazarded much who depends upon learning for his experience—Roger Ascham.

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

He who buys what he does not need will soon need what he cannot buy.—Haskell.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.

The golden age is not the age of gold, but the age of heart.—Emerson.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.—Zimmerman.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—MRS. M. G. BURNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. —Chesterfield.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.

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. 313

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

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

A REMARKABLE FEAT.

Splendid Record of Archibald Forbes in the Russo-Turkish War.

Archibald Forbes, the well-known correspondent, had many exciting experiences during war times. During the Russo-Turkish war the telegraph did not reach the position of the Russian army, which was 140 miles from Belgrade. Forbes conceived the scheme of having relays of horses placed along the road to Belgrade so that he could get the results of the battle to his paper with dispatch. The Turks carried Delgado in a fierce charge, and Forbes hurried to the town near by to begin his journey to the telegraph. No coach could be had, so, fearing to wait for one to be found, he mounted the rough post horse and began a horseback ride to Belgrade, 140 miles away. With sword and spur he urged the lazy coach horse along, changed at the next relay post, and at the next, and finally dashed into Belgrade, the first to reach that city. Stopping for one long draught of beer, he paid no heed to the demands of the people for news, but rode rapidly to the telegraph station, and sitting down began the story of the battle, while the telegraph operator ticked it off to the Daily News in London. For four hours he wrote, and when four columns had been sent he went into the next room, dropped down upon the floor and slept for twenty hours. In thirty hours he had witnessed six hours of hard fighting, ridden 140 miles of road, and written four columns of description of the battle. And the next day the Daily News in London told the world of the great battle six hours before its contemporaries.

Forbes had an exciting experience in the Franco-Prussian war. When the siege of Paris was raised he dashed into the city, and making his way through the streets was stopped by a mob of Parisian rioters, who thought he was a Prussian spy. Through the streets they dragged him, tearing his clothes, and when he was rescued he was a complete wre