DR. TALMAGE'S GENIUS.

Dr. Talmage has a genius for doing things on a gigantic scale. For many years he has now held spell-bound, Sunday after Sunday, the largest audience in the Protestant world. His church is the largest church edifice in America. *The Christian Herald*, published at the Bible House, New York City, and edited by Dr. Talmage, has the largest circulation of all the weekly religious newspapers of this country. Last winter it placed an order for 25,000 Bibles, directly circulating Oxford Teachers' Bibles, which is said to have eclipsed in size and amount of work done on a single order before. In less than six months every one of these 25,000 Bibles were given away to new subscribers to *The Christian Herald*, thus adding the largest number of subscriptions ever secured by any religious publication in the same time. Another large order for Oxford Teachers' Bibles has just been cabled to London and one of these should be in the hands of every man, woman and child. Send your name and address and $2 to T. De Witt Talmage, Bible House, and you will receive each week for your subscription to *The Christian Herald*, the Rev. F. B. Clark, founder of The Christian Endeavor Society, heartily commends to the young people connected with that organization, and an Oxford Teachers' Bible, specially helpful to young people, with 40,000 references, subject-index; in short, equipped being the active Christian requires for an intelligent comprehension of Bible truth.

There are more Germans than Irish in the United States.

The human brain weighs one thirty-fifth of the whole body.

A cow with seven legs is owned in Athens, Ga. The seven legs limbs grow from the top of her shoulders.

Syrup of Figs

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N. J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without getting relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy, and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Church, New Jersey, M.E. Conference; April 25, '90.

A Safe Remedy.

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"DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

25 Cents Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma are quickly relieved. Consumption in its early stages, and a specific in advanced stages. Sure to Cure Lame Back and Side, and Pain after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large Bottles for sale at druggists, 25 cents.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied into the nostrils, is quickly absorbed, effectually cleans the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. Allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste and smell.

CATARRH THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 Pure.

THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER X. CONTINUED.

"You understand, I hope, Miss Thorne, that not a word which is said in this room is to go farther. You have said you can keep secrets. None but you and Carden understand this matter, and the servants will never learn anything by listening. Not a syllable to my nieces! If they know they would worry me into a fever with a book once a week." "Oh, you have my confidence, shared by not a soul in the world but Carden, and only known to you and myself. Not a word of hint or that you will never repeat a word I tell you." "

For a moment I paused.

"Well, I hesitate, that is enough," he said. "I shall be sorry to lose you; but I must have some one who can keep their own counsel."

"I give my promise," I said slowly, "I think it is unfair to your nieces; but I will keep your secret to respect your wishes."

"Faithfully and entirely? I trust you, remember. As to my nieces, I did not ask your promise; but I am much obliged by it. Now will you move?"

"I beg your pardon," I answered; "I will ask only one thing more. I have given me no commands, Mr. Gascoigne, as to what I should do when I am not with you. You have forbidden me to go nowhere, to know no one."

"Not allude to acquaintance with my nephew. I give no commands, Miss Thorne. Every one may do exactly as they choose for themselves; I merely act by their choice. I should be very glad to go out with Cady Martin Pomeroy when Hilda is not inclined to do so. I think, in her husband's absence, she may be dull, and Hilda does not enjoy it; but this is entirely at your pleasure. Except during the hours when I require your services, you are at liberty to do as you like."

Then I moved my pawn, and the game proceeded.

CHAPTER XI.

Notwithstanding my conversation with Mr. Gascoigne, when Annis next invited me to go with her to Gabriel's Walk, I refused.

"Viola," she cried, "you must not refuse me! What can I do? Hilda says she will not help me and longer, and I cannot go by myself. I thought you were to be my friend!"

"Are you sure it is a friend's part to go with you?"

"Yes," she said; "I am not afraid of my uncle. I would not give up Ulric for all the castles and all the riches in the world. You do not think he suspects anything? He has not forbidden you to go with me, has he?"

"No, he has not forbidden me. I would not do anything for which I feared discovery. If I go, Annis any one who chooses may tell Mr. Gascoigne, so far as I am concerned."

"Then you will come. I knew you could not be so cruel! I promise happiness, Viola, you shall not suffer; when Ulric and I are married, you shall live with us and be my companion."

Still I hesitated.

"You have another sister," I said—"Lady Martin. Would she not go with you to meet your cousin?"

"I have not asked Gwendoline," answered Annis. "But I know she would refuse. She says I am a fool to throw away my life by getting married. Gwendoline is proud! She does not know how good Ulric is. But she herself is married, so her real reason must be fear of angering uncle Richard."

So I went with Annis—not that day only, but often afterwards. Sometimes Ulric was alone, and we would all walk and talk merrily together. Sometimes, and more frequently, his brother Gilbert came with him. Was it not natural then that we should leave the lovers, and should ramble together by the lake and the park-side?

How I loved that gloomy dark water, with the wild untended evergreens by its bank, and that low stone wall, with its gray lichens and soft green moss, and the little postern-gate on one side of which only was liberty to us all!

We watched the first buds of spring-time open on the overhanging tree that shadowed the lane, the soft drooping catkins of the willow, about which the bees clustered thick, and the sallows as they changed from close blackberry-like heads into hanging clusters, and the bursting green sheath of the chestnut, and the soft pale leaves of the lime. It was in that lane that the thrushes and blackbirds sang their sweetest, and a nightingale had its home in the copse by the waterside. There the first violets opened its scented flowers, and the earliest primrose was pulled to be placed in my dress. I have that primrose still. Theirs never were found flowers so sweet as those that grew in Gabriel's Walk; there never were heard birds' songs so sweet as those we listened to that spring.

"What is the meaning of the song
That rings so clear and long,
Thou nightingale amid the copse,
Thou poet of the cloud?"

I seemed to be living two lives through that sweet springtide at St. Gabriel' Grange. One life was formed of the strange monotonous hours spent in Mr. Gascoigne's room, the other of those in the company of Lady Martin Pomeroy and her sisters, and those walks with Annis.

One day I met Gwendoline in the hall, in her brown homespun walking-dress, and noticed that she was alone.

"Shall I go with you, Lady Martin," I asked, "if Miss Fairphai is not ready?"

"Hilda is not inclined for walking," she answered quickly. "I thought you would go with Mr. Gascoigne at this time."

"He does not want me this afternoon, I can be ready in a few minutes. Shall I come with you?"

"Why doesn't he want you?" she said sharply. "Am I never to go without a keeper? You can tell him, Miss Thorne, that I am taking my maid."

As she spoke, Matilda appeared from the inner hall, and her black eyes glanced impolently at me as she passed. I liked this French maid of Lady Martin's less and less; the bold stare of her eyes was at variance with the servility of her manner. She was not very young, and she always dressed with unpromotable neatness, and was unquestionably clever at her business. Annis rightly contrasted Lucy, fresh-faced country-bred Lucy, with her round rosy cheeks and respectful frankness, with this yellow-skinned, crafty-looking Frenchwoman.

I remember that night Mr. Carden was at the Grange, and I wondered whether my prejudices were growing strong through seclusion in the old house, because I disliked more than ever his condescension and his easy talk. For six days had gone on and I saw more of this man, my antagonism grew firmer. The idea that Mr. Gascoigne's interests were confided to him was hateful to me, and he never lost an opportunity of reminding me that everything I knew and more besides was known to him, that we were in league as the old man's informers, while I felt certain that he, his sister, Independence, was but another word for lies. I knew that he and Mathilde had met more than once as he was leaving the Grange, and I presumed she was also a spy, either in the service of Mr. Gascoigne or Mr. Carden—perhaps both. I thought Mr. Gascoigne had a hatred of everything foreign, and would not, I thought, with all his eccentricity, sink so low as to encourage the falsebearing of a servant.

I said nothing of what I saw. Anything was preferable to taking part in the deceit, and to me insupportable to see Annis encouraged to meet Ulric over the fire, carbonated gifts and the opinions of Mr. Gascoigne. I could not do anything to Ulric without breaking my promise to my employer.

As I look back, I almost wonder how I bore those dreary evenings, the perpetual chess of which I was sick, and which seemed to have absorbed almost all the faculties and senses of the old man, and I began to think sometimes would take all mine also. Unchanged, my thoughts and my mind for hours, while Gascoigne sat in his chair, figures of those who were to be checkmated in the game of life—my friends. Once and again it seemed to me even yet that I must go back into that wainscoted parlor, and sit down by the Queen Anne chess-table, in the high-backed chair, and watch the thin white hands of my master poised over the ivory pieces, and the fire in the great hearth with the history of Joseph on the tiles, the green tapestry, and the shining armor, and the dark treacherous face of Crawford Carden.

In those days a nervous dread of him crept over me. I shrank from the touch of his hand, and detested the sound of his voice.

"I fear," he said softly one night, as he paused from his at the door to go his whole way through the Grange, "that Mr. Gascoigne is getting angered with his nieces, Miss Hilda and Miss Annis. Poor girls! We must be careful, Miss Fairphai. It is no wonderful that they should not always do what is wise. Do you think the old gentleman is angry with them?"

"I know nothing," I answered. "What right you have to speak in this way of the Miss Fairphais I do not understand."

"Perhaps you are wise, my dear Miss Thorne. We cannot be too cautious how we speak, lest we might be heard. We who have nothing to conceal must be careful for the sakes of those who have much."

He laid sinister emphasis on the last sentence; but I was not afraid. I did not believe he, with all his craft, knew of the meetings by the lake in Gabriel's Walk, nor did I greatly care.

My worst fear I found against for long; but at last it had to be acknowledged. Crawford Carden was in love with me. It rolls round me, to make me a victim of his handsome face, his flattery, his fair speeches, his soft voice. He was a gentleman, bold, audacious, unscrupulous. I was a young ignorant girl. If my heart had been still free and stirless, if I did not love Gabriel Grange, I cannot be sure that his constant efforts would not have been successful, and I might in different circumstances have been brought to fancy myself in love with him, lonely as I was, and seeing him night after night in the presence of the old man whose old man who reposed his strange secrets in us. In love with him! Ah, Heaven help the woman who should love Crawford Carden!

Why should he trouble to entangle me? Was it merely *pour passer le temps*, or only the desire to flirt with the woman who came in his way, heightened perhaps by the antagonism he must have perceived in my manner?

I believed then his plot was to insinuate himself into Mr. Gascoigne's favor, and supplant the Fairphai brothers, as he had already helped to oust the two young men, one of whom was now his partner.

I was safe from all his compliments and his snares, because I had given away my heart to one worthy of its devotion. I had learned to love Gabriel Grange, and under the shadows of the old Grange grew darker and the whispers of coming evil louder, he stood out brighter and stronger in an atmosphere of sunshine and truth and beauty, and, while I was with him, the haunting figure of Carden and the whispers of the old oak room faded and died away.

Yet these two men, different as night and day, were partners. In Carden's business Gilbert had invested all the fortune he had. I chafed and fretted at the thought, but that was, woman-like, all I could do. Gilbert, in his young trusting light-heartedness, laughed at my prejudice, and, so far as knowledge went, my fears were groundless.

There was never a spring like that spring, never a lady June like that one in which my love unfolded as I could not help but love Gilbert Gascoigne; and, looking back now, why the days had grown so bright, why life was so sweet, and why Annis and I danced the love gray well and the narrow lane, I learned that he loved me.

"How can you care for me?" I said to him. "What is there in me to inspire love?"

There was none like him in the whole world; but what was I that I could be worthy of him?

"You are the dearest and best and loveliest woman on earth to me, Viola!" he answered.

"But I am not lovely, like Hilda, nor clever, nor rich. I wish I were!"

"Dear, I do not want you like Hilda. I do not want you different from what you are; and I would not change your dark eyes and your frank face for all the golden hair and all the heiresses in Louisiana. I cannot live without you, Viola! Look up and tell me that you care a little bit for me."

And I told him falsely that I did love him.

"I do not think you could deceive me," he said, his earnest eyes on my face. "There is truth in your eyes." And I looked up suddenly and asked him a question.

"If you should find—any time—that I had deceived you—that I had concealed anything from you, would you cease to love me?"

It was a passing thought of Crawford Carden which rose up in my mind. Even then the memory of him seemed to bring a foreboding of evil that he, Gilbert's partner, might do us.

"I can trust you," he said, smiling.

"There was no foolish or mystery or secrecy about my love. It was loyal and upright and true. I was to tell Mr. Gascoigne of my engagement that same afternoon, and was to tell Annis on my home until the few days had passed in which the marriage was to take place, if I might be made, "I am not a rich lady, Viola," he said; "but we shall have enough, and it will not take me long to get a house at Norbury ready for my bride."

As for Annis, when I told her, she was in an ecstasy of commotion, and cried and laughed, and said that that we would both be married on the same day and be sisters ever afterwards.

CHAPTER XII.

It chanced that I had no opportunity that day of revealing my engagement to Mr. Gascoigne. It was not that I let my chances slip, though in truth I trembled not a little at the thought of the confession I had to make. I was not afraid of his wrath and anger from him. He had trusted me, he might say, and in this way I had rewarded the trust—secret use I made with the purpose he had bidden never again to set foot in the Grange, and a promise to marry him—I, penniless Viola Fairphai, said companion and amanuensis? What was that I should wed his nephew, descendant of all the great and noble Gascoignes? Who was that I should defy my employer?

If I had not cared for Mr. Gascoigne, it might have been different. I knew Hilda Fairphai would be angry—though how angry I never dreamed then—but her anger would rebound from me. In all these days there had grown within me an affection for the eccentric, solitary old man. I pitied him so truly—pitied him for his weak health, for his strange fancies, and his reliance on such a staff as Crawford Carden. It seemed to me a miserable life spent in those dark rooms over the Grange, with the player scarcely knew whether it were the ivory pieces or the fates of his nephews and nieces he was playing with.

Yet he appeared to find pleasure in it; and they told me that since my coming he had brightened up and improved in health and spirits. He had little thought or sympathy for me; I must always be in my place at the fixed hour, always ready to read aloud, or sing, or play at cards as he chose. But he liked to have me in the room. He was always courteous in manner, and kindly, if abrupt, in words. Sometimes he would go out on fine days in his bath-chair, with his man-servant; but still he preferred that I should walk by his side and talk to him.

Poor old bachelor as he was, he had spent his life in loneliness, and given sympathy of every one, and, above all, of those who might expect any share in his heart or his money; he had quarrelled with nearly all his kinsfolk, and these beautiful girls whom he had to some measure adopted, perhaps in the hope of a brightened home, had gone their ways in the wholesome selfishness of their youth, never dreaming what solace they might have brought to the cankered heart of the aged man.

So it was partly thought of him that made me shrink from revealing my secret. He was used to me, even fond of me, I fancied, in his dry cold way, and he could not have many years left on this earth. It seemed cruel to let him know that one another had deceived him, that he was right in thinking himself justified to set a watch over all.

I had been reading to him that afternoon from *Armadale*, for, after the *Times*, he liked to hear a novel, especially those with terrible plots which baffled attention and ingenuity to follow, and he would not hear me stop till too fine came. When I replied to his compliments, I felt the crimson rise in me, and he told them he was too tired to their company, and sent only a quiet game with Miss Thorne.

I thought, as they turned away, the Hilda's haughty face had a harder set, as that he covered the pieces, we were merrily, contentedly, and happily. I was enjoying with my own fears, and doubts, and did not better greatly then, but I remember, even after years, when I learned that Hilda Fairphai was hating me with a bitter jealousy because I had gained the favor of the uncle she had neglected and the heart of the man she loved.

When they were gone, I learned the reason. Mr. Gascoigne's indignation. Crawford Carden was expected. On this evening, of all others, I felt that I could not face his cruelty eyes, that I could not listen to his compliments, which were becoming more free and more familiar each week, and more odious.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Keeping Correct Time.

A simple method of keeping correct time where access to standard time is inconvenient is thus explained by the Locomotive: Select two fixed points for a range of observation. If a westerly wind be chosen which faces any building anywhere more than twenty-five to thirty feet distant, we have as good a post of observation as we can desire. Drive a nail or stick a pin into the weather jamb, or, if anything more substantial is wanted, fix a thin piece of metal with a very small hole in it to sight through, in any convenient place in that jamb. Note down the time any star sets or sinks below the roof of the adjacent building, or whatever may be the material of the more remote sight. Then choose some well defined star, the brighter the better, and with your time piece set right (to start with) watch for the moment of the butting of the star against the range of your sights. The exact time, as well also as the date of the observation, should be recorded, then, to find out at any subsequent time how much your watch has varied from correct time, observe the same star, and recollect that it was just 3 minutes and ,55.90944 seconds earlier on any given night than it did the preceding night. That if the first observation was taken some night when the star set at 9 hours, 15 minutes and 25 seconds, and a tour second observation, taken just a week later, it set at eight hours 47 minutes and 52 seconds, we would know that our watch had lost 7 minutes, 33 seconds, had set at 8 hours 45 minutes and 52 seconds, we would know that our watch or clock had gained 7 minutes during the week. And similarly for any other variation. If the time at which it had set had been 8 hours 49 minutes and 52 seconds, we should see that our watch, had gained two minutes, and so on." If the location of our sights admits of it we should select a star ninety degrees, as nearly as possible, from the pole star, for its apparent motion will be greater than that of stars near the pole, and the liability of error will be diminished. If a suitable selection can be made the error need be not more than three or four seconds, and it will not be accumulative.

A Land Without Graves.

That vast region of country lying between Turkestan and Siberia, known as Mongolia, presents this striking contrast to the middle kingdom, that while the latter appears like a boundless cemetery, the land of the Tartars has not a grave or memorial stone. The Mongols are living in a state of expectation of returning to their old home far off to the southwest, and they want nothing to keep them from undertaking the great emigration. The intensity of the desire to be led back to the land of their fathers is most suggestive of the prayers and wailings of the Jews because of the desolation of Palestine and their agony of longing for its restoration. When they are punished enough and reduced to a remnant, they say, then will their Messiah return from heaven and bring back their dispersion. What becomes of the bodies of the dead in this graveless land? You can read an exact description of the condition of things in Mongolia today as foretold in the prophecy of Jeremiah over two thousand years ago: "They shall die of grievous deaths; they shall not be lamented, neither shall they be buried, but they shall be as dung upon the face of the earth. And they shall be consumed by the sword and by famine, and their carcasses shall be meat for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the earth." Although this describes a state of things begun in Palestine it does not end there. The Mongol puts the corpse on a cart or other conveyance, to be dragged with great speed by horses on to the plains, and when it is thrown there the dogs and wolves may make a repast. Both Chinese and Mongols explain the difference between customs in this way: Earth to earth, flesh to flesh—that is the Chinese whose bodies are fed by the grains of the earth, return to it as a natural recompense; while the Mongol, who lives on the animal kingdom, must, as a natural result, feed the animals in return.—Ex.

A Case of Rheumatiks.

I stopped at a cabin stuck away in the pine forest, about five or six miles from anywhere to ask for a drink of water, and finding the man in bed with his face all pinched up, I naturally asked if he had met with an accident.

"Oh, no," replied the wife as she handed me the gourd. "He 'un has done got rheumatiks."

"Not rheumatism in the head?"

"Reckon it's mostly that, sah."

"I never heard of such a case," I continued, as I approached the bed.

"Howdy, stranger?" said the man as he sat up. "Rheumatiks jiks like this are pretty common around yere."

"Why, man you have been pounded! Both of your eyes are blackened! You don't call this rheumatism, do you?"

"Dis is what I dun call it, I had pains and aches and I bought two quarts of moonshine whisky. Sim Fayson fixed in the wood a tree that pains and aches, and him cum over to help drink it.

"And you got drunk?"

"Reckon we enjoyed it."

"And had a fight?"

"Reckon we did."

"And that's what you call rheumatism?"

"Stranger, look here," answered the man, as he got one leg out of bed, "I'm a gentleman. I'm you go for to declare that I drunk that moonshine fretly if it wasn't to cure the rheumatiks? The old woman and me her agreed on it. I had one quart get it to run out right near other way, and now if you've got pipe and tobacco I'll jump out of bed again like quill commodity till the mule lay down."—Detroit Free Press.

To Stop Coughing.

The majority of coughs are unnecessary. Nature induces the cough for the purpose of getting rid of some foreign substance in the throat, it may be mucus, the result of catarrh, or some foreign substance which has been inhaled. A cough is not necessary when not induced by the causes named. Not a few cases of chronic coughs are simply the result of habit. The eminent Dr. Brown-Sequard once made the following suggestions about how to stop a cough: "Coughing can be prevented by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped in the same manner. Pressing also in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside is also a means of stopping coughing. And, I may say, the fact I have immense power, too. There is a French surgeon who used to say, 'never he entered the wards of his hospital. The first person who coughed he deprived of food to-day.' It is certainly rare that a patient who coughs in my presence does not stop coughing."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Character is capital.

Loafers are never busy.

Whoever is out of patience is out of his soul.

Where the sun does not come, the doctor does.

Harsh words to a child sometimes kill an angel.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.

What a man cannot believe can never at bottom be of true interest to him.

Silence is often the wisest, safest, most unprofitable or dangerous destination.

It is said that friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

Germany stands at the front in electrical science, although the United States is far ahead of any other country in the practical use of electricity.

A French scientist has perfected a device for obtaining oxygen from sea water by electricity, and carrying it to any part of a vessel to use as a disinfectant.

A mixture of powdered aluminum and chloride of potash will give a brilliant white light if given to smoke, and is thus far better than magnesium for photographic purposes.

Recent results at the Texas experiment station concerning the value of cottonseed meal in the dairy ration show that when the cream is extracted by the centrifugal method a much larger amount of the butter-fat is extracted, and in the gravity method the character of food plays a very important part on the amount of butter that can be obtained from the milk.

French glass manufacturers have found out a new method of utilizing waste glass. Any fragments of the broken material of various colors are mixed together, after having been reduced to a suitable size, and then placed in molds lined with asbestos, or some other resisting material, and fired—a coherent mass being thus produced, capable of being dressed and cut into blocks, which are, of course, irregularly colored, and these blocks may be used as artificial marble.

The reporter is, of all men, the most hard worked; his life is all excitement, and he has to work all unseasonable hours; he, of course, suffers with colds and cough but he is always wise enough to carry at once a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The world uses 3,000,000 steel pens every day.

"Reader therefore unto Caesar, the things which are Caesar's" and Caesar's is the fact that is delighting the civilized world. This is that pain will no more walk the earth. It is being fast killed out with salvation oil.

A doll that writes letters on a slate is a recent invention of a German machinist.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on Varicocele tells all about it, and what all men want to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 38b, New York.

Two hundred and fifty tons of hops will be picked this season from a single ranch in Washington.

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

The United States is the first nation in the world's history to have three cities of over 1,000,000 each.

SALVATION OIL TRADE MARK KILLS ALL PAIN. 25 C A BOTTLE

Nuremberg watch in the form of an acorn was a tiny pistol which serves as an alarm.

The Earl of Dudley holds the largest life insurance ever effected, the amount being $6,000,000.

A Boston lady has invented a spoon for measuring medicines by which a dose can be administered without spilling.

The San Francisco Bulletin tells of an engine which has been used in quarries near Fowler, San Diego county, the spread of whose wings is estimated to be fully twelve feet, from tip to tip.

Dr. Gatling's newest and most terrible invention in big guns has proved to be a success. All the inventor's hopes are hearty and expects to live to see his engines of destruction do execution in the next European war.

Western Washington loggers tell of an immense log recently floated down the Snoqualmie river, which five oxen had difficulty in hauling. It was a fir log, thirty-two feet in length and eighty inches in diameter at the largest end.

The cost of the tunnel under the Thames, about four miles below London bridge, is to be $4,855,000. It is to be 1,200 feet in length and 36 feet in diameter, with the crown only 9 feet below the bed of the river at its deepest part.

When Currier Downing of Ripley, Me., left home seven years ago he had not heard of an acorn in the door-yard. When he returned to the other day he found that his parents had protected an oak tree that had in circumference, with branches extending forty feet.

The garms of yellow fever, it is thought, may be conveyed from tropical countries by the pet birds exported in so large numbers. Recent cases of the disease in Marseilles could be traced to no other source than a pair of parrots from the Australian islands.

A floating island in Sadange pond, which is about a mile in length, near Jacksonville, Vt., covers about one-third of the pond and is about two feet in thickness. It bears cranberries and drifts from one part of the pond to another, according to the direction of the wind.

An alchemist, when experimenting in earths for crucibles, found that he had invented porcelain, and a watchmaker's apprentice, while holding a spectacle glass between his thumb and forefinger, noticed that through it the neighboring buildings appeared large, and thus discovered the adaptability of the lens to the telescope.

While a Georgia angler was indulging in his favorite sport he hooked a flat fish. He jerked it so hard that the fish went about fifteen feet above his head and lodged in the branches of a big limb. Before he had a chance to let go the pole it was nearly jerked from his hand, and then he discovered that a large snake had seized and swallowed the fish and hook and was making off with much difficulty. He reeled the fish in and killed it. It measured seven feet nine inches.

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

Lewis's Family Medicine
Moves the bowels each day. A pleasant herb drink.

A Baltimore maiden is turning pink.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

Fish fertilizers contain phosphoric acid.

LADIES and gents, I can't compete for something the Queen of Pacific. R. H. Ball, S.F., Cal.

Grain does not hurt cows on dry pasture.

Best Positives secured with competent Instructor. Sample free. Address, P. O. Box 1, Phila., Pa.

Cats continue growing until they are a year old.

A. M. FRIENT, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says "Ball's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Have sold quantities of it, and never any one who takes it is disappointed in it, they say."

Twenty-two Kansas newspapers are edited by women.

Man on banana peel pretty dern slippy. Until he slips on it himself he don't think so. It takes but a moment for him to decide. That he slips on it most needs is Cuticlin.

Threatens of bankrupt Egypt was the $50,000 last year.

PETS.—All Druggists Twenty 50 cents Cuticura Soap, the great Skin Beautifier, Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Pur