Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion, or prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present, alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

The lady whose portrait heads this article is Mrs. Ida Coventry, of Huntsville, Logan County, Ohio. She had an experience which we will permit her to relate in her own language. It illustrates the foregoing. She writes: "I had 'female weakness' very bad—in bed most of the time, dragging down pains through my back and hips; no appetite; no energy. The family physician was treating me for 'liver complaint'. I did not get any better under that treatment so I thought I would try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I felt better before I used one bottle of each. I continued their use until I took six bottles of each. In three months' time I felt so well I did not think it necessary to take any more. In childbirth it does what Dr. Pierce recommends it to do—lessens the pain and perils to both mother and child and shortens 'labor'. I would like to recommend Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed to those who have never tried it; it surely is the best thing for cholera morbus, or pain in the stomach I ever used; it works like a charm. I try never to be without it."

The following is from Mrs. Harriet Hards, of Montpelier, Idaho: "I have enjoyed better health since I began treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for leucorrhea and uterine debility that I have for sixteen years. I am cured of my trouble, and now weigh one hundred and sixty-six pounds, whereas my weight for many years stood at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. With pleasure, I remain,"

Yours truly,

Mrs Harriet Hards

The following is from Mrs. M. A. McAllister, of Lim Rock, Jackson Co., Ala.: "I was in bad health; age was working upon me, and I had ulceration of the womb; could not get about. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it cured me; I felt ten years younger. I have not had any return of my trouble. I am the mother of thirteen children and I am fifty-three years old, have never seen a better woman's friend than your medicine. I have recommended it to my friends here, and it has never failed in any case, so let me thank you for the good it did me." Yours truly,

M A McAllister

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, general housekeepers, and over-worked and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific for all those chronic weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It cures weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, nervous prostration, hysteria, debility and sleeplessness. A Treatise (168 pages, Illustrated), on "Woman and Her Diseases," *sent sealed in plain envelope*, on receipt of ten cents to pay postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. It contains a vast number of testimonials with half tone, or phototype portraits of their authors and gives the full address of each.

A COLORED PREACHER.

A Vivid Word Picture of the Last Day and Its Startling Effect.

"The most wonderful sermon I ever heard," said a business man to a writer, "was delivered by a colored preacher in South Carolina, in a slave pen which was being utilized as a church shortly after the war. I happened to drop into the large gathering of colored people one night and was informed that a new preacher was about to be tried. The minister arose back of a pulpit that had been improvised from a barrel turned bottom upward, on which was a lighted candle stuck in a bottle. He began to read the bible, but stumbled at every word, spelling some throughout before pronouncing them. A man in the rear said: 'Go ahead with your sermon,' and the preacher ceased reading. He stood up at full length, and in the dim, flickering light of the lone candle looked more like an apparition than a man. His subject was 'The Judgment.' Here came in that wonderful imaginative quality for which the colored race is noted. In going about during the war he had become imbued with the military spirit, so he began by giving a vivid word picture of the hosts of heaven lying in their tents asleep the night before the judgment day. Then he worked up to a point where the bugle sounded to prepare for the descent upon the sinful world. He pictured the heavenly hosts hurriedly running out of their tents to form in line of battle with the great commander in front. Then he described the stillness that reigned when all was ready, awaiting the command to advance. By this time the whole congregation, including myself, were sitting with nerves strained, excited in the extreme, and as the preacher described the tramp, tramp, tramp of the mighty host approaching the earth I saw several members, terrified, get down under the benches. He then followed a courier coming from the distance, who reported 'Death on a white horse' as having appeared far away. When the preacher described the commander detailing a squad of his soldiers to 'go captu'e death,' a terrified moan came from the audience. Finally he brought the army of heaven down to earth just before daybreak, and had them resting on their arms, awaiting Gabriel's trumpet. He pictured at length how quiet everything was, and then putting his hand to his mouth he imitated the bugle call, which so terrified and completely unstrung his audience that the greater portion of it arose hurriedly and rushed out of the building. In all my life I have never heard of a sermon that had such a startling effect upon a congregation."

Sentimentalism.

Minnie—What made you speak to that poor beggar so sharply? Perhaps she was really deserving of help. Mamie—Maybe she was, but she interrupted me just as I was having a good cry over the poor thing in my novel dying on the rich man's doorstep.—Texas Siftings.

FROM OVER THE WATER.

Country roads in China are not bounded by fences.

By a recent order the minimum standard of height for recruits to the English foot guards has been fixed at five feet nine inches.

The original concession for the Jaffa-Jerusalem railway was obtained by a native of Jerusalem. It was built by a French company, while the engines and carriages, manufactured in the United States, run over rails made in Belgium, and the most remunerative part of the passenger traffic is drawn from British tourists.

Beecham's Pills will dislodge bile, stir up the liver, cure sick headaches, and make you feel well. 25 cents a box.

Silence is not golden at all times.

An ounce of slander requires a ton of cure.

Stump speeches mostly ain't sworn to.

Ask about the wonderful climate and resources of Southern California. There never was such an opportunity for home seekers. For information regarding this section address J. A. Allison, Brewster block, San Diego, California.

Dead men tell no tales; it is their epitaphs.

Virtue is its own reward, but it wears out fewer pocketbooks than vice.

EARLY CORN OVER 1 FOOT LONG.

Salzer illustrates in a colored plate a new early corn, a giant of its kind, and offers $300 in gold for the largest ear in 1894. In addition to this early Giant corn, which yielded in 1893 410 bushels per acre, he has over twenty other prolific field corns. He has the best fodder corn in the world. He is the largest grower of farm seeds, such as oats, barley, wheat, millet, potatoes, etc., in America. Fifty kinds of grasses and clovers.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It With 15c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive a large package of above Giant corn and his mammoth catalogue. W

Jack—I don't see why you keep me so long in suspense, Clara! Can't you say yes or no right out? Clara—Oh, you just wait until we're married, and you'll find I can speak out quick enough.

Abraham Lincoln's Stories.

An illustrated book, unmarred by advertising, containing stories and anecdotes told by Abraham Lincoln, many heretofore unpublished, will be sent free to every person sending his or her address to the Lincoln Tea Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

An American now in Lima, Peru, sends home a literal translation of a Lima newspaper's account of the last great football game in New York. The correspondent assures the editor and his readers that homicide is no infrequent feature of the sport, and bids American critics of the Spanish bull fight keep silence hereafter for very shame.

Rev. Mr. Gormly made some remarks at the Free Methodist revival meeting at New Brighton, Pa., about a young woman who recently died which caused a young man who had been a close friend to the girl to give the minister a sound thumping. Had it not been for the interference of others it is believed he would have killed him.

Young Mothers

We Offer You a Remedy Which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"Mothers' Friend"

Robs Confinement of Its Pain, Horror and Risk.

"After using one bottle of 'MOTHERS' FRIEND,' I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—MRS. ANNIE GAGE, Baxter Springs, Kas.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Book to Mothers mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

THE FLATTENED BULLET

It is a hot summer evening in July, 1795, and the setting sun is looming sullenly through the rolling smoke that covers the field of Kunersdorf.

The fiercest battle of the Seven Years' war has been fought and lost; and for the third time since the great struggle began the cause of Prussia seems wrecked beyond redemption.

Of 48,000 men who gathered around the standards of Frederick the Great this morning barely 3,000 remain together.

Marshal Soltikoff is scribbling on a drumhead his triumphant dispatch to the Empress Elizabeth: "Your majesty's enemies are 'anihilated,'" and Frederick himself, with despair in his heart and a hand clenched convulsively upon the little phial of poison which is his last resource against adverse fortune, is galloping wildly hither and thither in a fruitless effort to rally his beaten host.

Could anyone have shown to the despairing king at that bitter moment a vision of his "annihilated" Prussia as she should be a century later, with Russia courting her alliance, and France and Austria prostrate at her feet, he would have been sorely amazed; but for the time the greatness of her present peril hides the splendor of her coming deliverence.

And well it may; for one glance at the field of battle suffices to show that all is lost.

The batteries stormed so irresistibly this morning are once more crowded with white-coated Austrian grenadiers.

The dark blue mass of the Prussian column is ebbing back in a thousand scattered streams like a broken wave, the long white lines of the Austrian battalions overlapping it like wreaths of spray; while gray and shadowy in the background loom the vast masses of the Russian infantry, rallying for the second time with the stubborn courage of their race, to victory and to vengeance.

East in the field, as the swarming destroyers came raging on, stand two battalions of Prussian guards—a little islet of stout manhood in that roaring sea of ruin.

They are prepared to die, if die they must; but at least they will sell their lives dearly. And so they do.

Loudon's dragoons on the right, Batthyanni's hussars on the left, storm in upon them like a whirlwind, but all in vain.

Falling fast on every side, the indomitable handful still close sternly up to make up good their impregnable square.

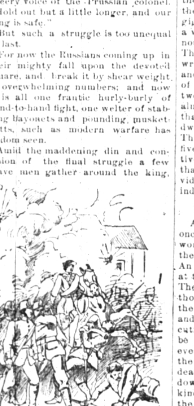
Firm as ever looms out the line of grim faces behind their hedge of steel, from which bursts ever and anon the flash and crack of the fatal musketry; while all around the gay dresses of the splendid horsemen swept down by scores at every volley strew the trampled earth far and wide.

"Courage, children!" cried the cheery voice of the Prussian colonel. "Hold out but a little longer, and our king is safe."

But such a struggle is too unequal to last.

For now the Russians coming up in their mighty fall upon the devoted square, and break it by shear weight of overwhelming numbers; and now it is all one frantic hurly-burly of hand-to-hand fight, one welter of stabbing bayonets and pounding musket-butts, such as modern warfare has seldom seen.

Amid the maddening din and confusion of the final struggle a few brave men gather around the king,



AND RECEIVES ONE OF THE BALLS FULL ON THE BREAST.

and hold the swarming assailants at bay while he mounts the horse of a staff-officer, his own having been killed.

At that moment a shower of bullets comes pelting into the midst of the little group.

A tall Pomeranian throws himself in front of the king, and receives one of the balls full on the breast.

Is he dead?

No—it has pierced his uniform, but beneath lies the steel case that holds his mother's miniature, against which the bullet flattened itself.

He staggers with the shock, but does not fall.

"Are you hurt?" asked Frederick, bending from his saddle to look at him.

"Not a whit, sire," answered the officer cheerily, holding up the flattened bullet.

"What's your name?"

"Captain Hasfeldt of the —th dragoons, if it please your majesty."

"Good," says the king. "I shall not forget you, Colonel Hasfeldt, if Prussia and I survive this day. Come, gentlemen, there is nothing more for us to do here."

And turning his horse he rides hastily off the lost battlefield.

Years have come and gone, and the Seven Years' war is over, and Prussia is safe, and Frederick, busied with the overwhelming labor of replacing the ruin which the great struggle has wrought—rebuilding burned villages, replanting ravaged fields, bringing order out of disorder, extending national trade, promoting national education—fails to notice the careworn look and increasing shabbiness of a certain Colonel Hasfeldt, who is on duty at the palace of Potsdam.

And in truth the veteran's look may well be anxious and his uniform faded.

Scanty as are his means, he has narrowed them still more by assisting his old comrades in their need, and now trouble after trouble has fallen upon him.

Money is short, his wife is ill, and he, in order to supply his wants has sold or pawned one by one what few valuables he possesses.

At last nothing is left but the old silver watch which has been his companion in so many battles, and over it he hesitates long, for he knows that the methodical king likes to see every officer with his watch about him, and he is fond of asking the hour.

But money must be had, and the watch has to go.

However, the chain is still left, and in order to keep it in its place, the veteran attaches to it the flattened bullet of Kunersdorf, which he still preserves as a relic.

Thus equipped, and with the same stately bearing as ever, but hiding a very sore heart beneath his torn uniform, the old man goes up to the palace.

Now, as ill-luck will have it, just as he comes up the steps the chain gets loose and drags out the bullet along with it.

He puts it hastily back, hoping that no one has noticed it; but unhappily there is at that moment looking out of an adjoining window the very last man whom he would have wished to see him—a French wit who is on a visit to the king.

Fond of mischief as a monkey, and rejoicing in every opportunity of making other people look foolish, the malidious jester looks upon this involuntary betrayal of poverty as a first-rate joke, and hurries off to tell the king.

"Your majesty," says he, "when Colonel Hasfeldt comes in just ask him what time it is, and you'll see something comical."

The king looked rather stern, perhaps feeling conscience-stricken at the sudden remembrance of his old servant's careworn face, and the little notice he had lately taken of him.

But just at that moment in came the colonel.

"Are you not a little late this morning, colonel?" asked Frederick. "Out with your watch, and let me see what time it is."

The old soldier saw in a moment by the Frenchman's spiteful grin the snare that had been laid for him, but he faced the trial like a man.

Without hesitating a moment he pulled out the flattened ball, and holding it up to the king, said quietly:

"This watch, sire, keeps but one time—it tells me that I must be ready at any hour to die for our majesty."

Frederick shot a glance at the malicious Frenchman, before which the latter recoiled as from a blow, and then taking off his watch, said with a look of emotion rarely seen on that iron face:

"Take this, my old comrade, as the gift not of your king but of your friend, and to-morrow you shall see that I have not forgotten the field of Kunersdorf."

And sure enough the very next morning Colonel Hasfeldt received a pension which made him comfortable for life.

Footprints in the Sands of Time.

Ages ago, in the geological time known to the scientists as the triassic period, the Connecticut river valley and, perhaps, the whole eastern portion of what is now the North American continent, was inhabited by a gigantic species of two and four-footed reptiles. At Portland in the famous brownstone quarries, scores of tracks of these creatures have been found and there are probably hundreds of them left in that remarkable ledge that will be unearthed by the geologists of the future. At first these tracks were attributed to a gigantic species of extinct birds, but a well-known writer on geology pronounced them the tracks of saurians. That they were amphibious all writers agree, but as to their bulk and height there is some difference of opinion. Some of the tracks are twenty inches from heel to toe and almost as broad, clearly proving that the animal or reptile was no dwarfish member of the vertebrates. Then, too, they are from three to five feet apart, which is proof positive that the creature was not less than twelve feet high; that is, providing he was a biped, as everything indicates.

An Old Colonial Horror.

At Freehold, N. J., a negro was once executed in a manner that would have made the torturers of the middle ages blush with envy. An old document in the clerk's office at that place tells the tale: "* * * Therefore the court doth judge that thou, the said Cæsar, shall return to the place from whence thou camest, and from thence to the place of execution, where thy right hand shall be cut off and burned before thy eyes. Then thou shalt be hanged by the neck till thou art dead, dead, dead; then thy body shall be cut down and burned to ashes in a fire kindled for that purpose, and may the Lord have mercy on thy soul."

Best of Them All.

"Col. Brown," remarked a chappie, "is the finest after-dinner speaker I know of."

"Why," said his friend, in some astonishment. "I never heard he had any ability in that direction at all."

"Well, he has; I've dined with him several times at various places, and after dinner he always says: 'That's all right, my boy, I'll pay for it.'"

A Logical Conclusion.

It was the first time she and Mrs. Gidding had ever met, but when the latter left, Mrs. Dotingby remarked:

"She has no children."

"How do you know?"

"Because she said my little boy was the dearest and most attractive child she had ever seen. No woman with children of her own would make such a remark."

Demonstrative Facts.

"Brudder Johnsing, does you beliebe dat good place whut we reads about am de land dat flows with milk and honey?"

"Go 'long wid you now! Dat big dipper an' dat little dipper bote plum full o' dat honey, an' I spec' dat great bear done got his livin' off dat sweet stuff."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Humor the Weak-Minded.

Eminent Specialist—Yes, madam, your husband is suffering from temporary aberration, due to overwork. The form of mania is quite common.

Wife—Yes, he insists that he's a millionaire.

Eminent Specialist—And wants to pay me $1.00 for my advice. We'll have to humor him, you know.

Wiped Out.

In August, 1888, Judge Barker of Bangor, Maine, mailed a $1 bill to a creditor. The debtor died two years ago under the belief that he had paid the debt. The letter has just been delivered by the postal authorities.

THE TRUST AFTER NOTABAC.

Estimated that a Half Million Tobacco Users Will be Cured in '94 by the Use of No-to-bac, Causing a Loss of Many Millions of Dollars to Tobacco Manufacturers.

It has been reported at Chicago that a large sum of money had been offered the proprietors of the cure for the tobacco habit called "no-tobac," which is famous all over the country for its wonderful effect. This offer, it is said was made by parties who desire to take it off the market and stop its sale, because of its injury to the tobacco business. Mr. H. L. Kramer, general manager of the notobac business, was interviewed at his office, 45 Randolph street, and when questioned, promptly said:

"No, sir. No-to-bac is not for sale to the tobacco trust. We just refused a half million from other parties for our business. Certainly notobac affects the tobacco business. It will cure over a half million people in 1894, at an average saving of $50, which each would otherwise expended for tobacco, amounts in round figures to twenty-five millions of money. Of course tobacco manufacturers and tobacco dealers' loss is the gain of the party taking notobac. "Does no-to-bac benefit physically? Yes, sir. The majority of our patients report an immediate gain in flesh, and their nicotine saturated systems are cleansed and made vigorous. How is no-to-bac sold? Principally through our traveling agents, we employ over a thousand. It is also sold by druggists wholesale and retail, throughout the United States and Canada. How are patients assured that no-to-bac will affect a cure in their case. We absolutely guarantee three boxes costing $2.50 to cure any case. Failure to cure means the money back. Of course there are failures but they are few, and we can better afford to have the good will of an occasional failure than his money. We publish a little book called 'Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away,' that tells all about no-to-bac, which will be mailed free to anyone desiring it by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., 45-49 Randolph street, Chicago.

Fruit Killed by the March Blizzard.

Chicago special: The cold wave brought with it a decided drop in temperature and snowfalls varying from occasional light flurries to quite heavy storms. At Mascoutah and Anna, Ill., the thermometer dropped 15 to 20 degrees, doing great damage to early fruits and vegetables, and some reports come in from widely separated points. All fruit is killed at Alton, where the thermometer fell from 72 to 20 degrees. At Decatur there was a heavy fall of snow, which drifted badly. Throughout Indiana the same conditions prevailed. The warm weather of a few days ago forced the buds and the blizzard froze them badly.

St. Louis special: The freezing weather throughout this section of the southwest was unprecedented for the month of March and is causing consternation among fruit and vegetable growers, who are heavy losers therefrom. Early vegetables had well advanced and fruit trees in many places had put forth buds as a result of the recent warm spell, but now the prospects for a good crop have fallen flat. In some places in Illinois, Missouri and southern Iowa the temperature has fallen ten degrees below freezing. Ice an inch thick formed in this city and as far south as San Angelo, Tex., it was a quarter of an inch thick. The cold snap caught the fruit orchards in full blossom and will, no doubt, cut the crop short.

Whitecaps Threaten Jews.

Troy, Ala., is excited over whitecap notices which have been received by prominent Jewish merchants of that town. The notices are confined to the Jews, nearly all of whom have received them. They are threatened with punishment if they do not leave by May 15. The citizens are highly indignant at the outrage. The governor has been notified of the warning and has instructed the officers of the law in the town to take precautions and to resist any outrages that may be perpetrated. The United States authorities have also been notified and will take precautions to prevent any disturbance.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati.			
Cattle—Good to prime	$3 25	@	$3 70
Lower grades	2 50	@	3 25
Hogs	4 45	@	4 70
Sheep and Lambs	2 50	@	4 25
Wheat—No. 2 red	55	@	55½
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	39	@	39½
Oats—No. 2 white	35½	@	36
Pittsburg.			
Cattle—High Grade	$3 00	@	$3 80
Hogs	4 75	@	4 95
Sheep and Lambs	2 40	@	4 40
Wheat—No. 2 red	60	@	61
Corn—mixed	42	@	43
Oats—No. 2 white	—	@	—
Toledo—Grain.			
Wheat—No. 2 spot	$ 56¼	@	$ 56½
No. 2 May	58½	@	58¾
Corn—No. 2	37½	@	37¾
Oats—No. 2 white	33	@	33½
Buffalo—Live Stock.			
Cattle—Mixed shipments	$3 20	@	$4 20
Sheep	3 75	@	4 50
Lambs	4 60	@	4 75
Hogs—Choice weights	4 80	@	4 90
Common and rough	4 65	@	4 75
Cleveland.			
Cattle—Choice	$4 10	@	$5 25
Common and medium	3 00	@	3 90
Sheep	2 50	@	3 50
Hogs	4 70	@	4 75
Wheat—No. 2 red	58	@	59
Corn—No. 2	41	@	42
Oats—No. 2 white	36	@	37
New York.			
Cattle—Natives	$4 00	@	$4 45
Hogs	5 00	@	5 35
Sheep—Good to choice	3 25	@	4 00
Lambs	4 00	@	5 25
Wheat—No. 2 red	60½	@	61
Corn	45	@	46
Oats—No. 2 white	37	@	37½
Chicago.			
Cattle—Steers	$4 00	@	$4 15
Common	3 25	@	3 75
Sheep—Mixed	3 25	@	4 00
Lambs	4 00	@	4 40
Hogs—Mixed	4 40	@	4 70
Wheat—No. 2 red	56¼	@	56½
Corn No. 2	35¾	@	36
Oats	32½	@	32¾
Mess Pork per bbl	10 90	@	10 95
Lard per cwt	6 75	@	6 80
Detroit.			
Cattle—Good to choice	$3 75	@	$4 00
Hogs	4 00	@	4 60
Sheep and Lambs	2 75	@	4 00
Wheat—Red spot No. 2	57	@	57
White spot No. 1	57½	@	57¾
Corn—No. 2 spot	37½	@	37¾
Oats—No. 2 white spot	35	@	35
Hay—Timothy	10 50	@	11 00
Potatoes	45	@	50
Butter—Dairy per lb	17	@	18
Creamery	21	@	22
Eggs, fresh, per doz	12	@	12½
Live Poultry—Fowls	8	@	9
Chickens	9	@	10
Ducks	10	@	11
Turkeys	8	@	9

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

New York, March 26.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says.—It is perplexing to be obliged to report that business grows larger in volume and at the same time not more profitable. Uncertainty does not diminish, but has rather increased, in the judgment of many commercial bodies, which have urged the president to veto the seigniorage bill. Prices of commodities do not rise, but are on the whole 1.5 per cent lower than the previous week, though then the lowest ever known in this country, and are 12.9 per cent lower than a year ago. More mills are at work, though the proportion of productive force unemployed is still from a fifth to a third in different branches of industry, and many mills are stopping because their orders have run out, even while a large number are starting with orders enough for a time. The starting of four furnaces by the Illinois Steel Co. and one other at Pittsburg increases the output of iron, and some large sales have been made at the lowest prices yet reported, with indications of continued demand for structural work, especially at the west. The demand for cotton goods is fairly large, but with reduction in prices of some grades, and the accumulation of print cloths continues. Sales of wool for three weeks have exceeded last year's 23.9 per cent, though transactions in March last year were about 40 per cent below the average. The termination of the rebellion in Brazil opens a new crop of coffee, which is reported very large, but prices are as yet steady. Cattle are low abroad, almost beyond precedent, so that exports are retarded. Wheat, cotton and pork have declined a little. The failures the past week number 244 in the United States, against 217 last year, and 30 in Canada, against 26 last year. It is noteworthy that Canadian failures are considerably increasing.

ONE GIRL'S FUNERAL.

In the Early Days of Montana Was Different From Most Funerals.

During the construction days of the Northern Pacific railroad many small towns were born that flourished until the road was built—then died. The little story following actually occurred, and made an impression on me that I shall never forget, says a writer in the Orting Oracle. To me there was a tinge of sadness that went straight to the heart. I occupied the exalted position of justice of the peace. Now a justice of the peace in Montana in early days was a bigger man than the chief justice of the United States is to-day, and had a perpetual variety of entertainment. He marries people, buries the dead, puts out fires, takes a drink with everybody, settles family rows, preaches, makes speeches, and must be ready for any kind of work. For this aggregation of duties he is called judge; but if he renders a wrong decision his name is Dennis.

One cold morning I was waited upon by a delegation of gamblers and informed that one of the girls was dead. They said she had passed in her checks during the night, and as she was the slickest girl in the camp she was to have a 24-carat send off and no mistakes. I went around to see the body to find out, if possible, the cause of her death. I was satisfied that the girl had taken morphine and died from the effects, and so I rendered my decision, which satisfied all. I set the hour for the funeral, and returned to the cabin to prepare my remarks. There was not a bible in the camp, and so I had to play it alone. It was a cold, stormy Montana winter day, and that added much to the sadness of the occasion. The grave was dug out among the pines, and a more God-forsaken place it would have been hard to find, but it was the best we had or could get.

The hour arrived, the procession formed, myself in front of the pall-bearers, consisting of gamblers, with the body in a rough pine box. Next came the girls of the town and the business men in the rear. We wended our way slowly to the last resting place, where, alone and unknown, amid the rocks and pines, with the awful stillness of the mountains, all that was earthly of that unfortunate girl would stay until the last day.

No one could pray, no one could sing. I poured out my soul to my God in my poor stumbling way—told him all about it. We were unanimous in the belief that she was more sinned against than sinning, and would He in His infinite goodness and loving kindness forgive her, wipe out all the black spots on her soul, forget her past and save her for her soul's sake? Would He suspend all rules, throw open wide the portals of heaven, have sweetest music played on a thousand golden harps, and bid that poor tired, sin-stained soul enter the realms of happiness, purity and rest?

It was our funeral because everybody did all they could. There were but few of all kinds, to be sure, but humans with souls to save. There are many of the old boys scattered through the Northwest who will recollect that stormy Montana day, and how we knocked at eternity's door for admittance for that girl's soul, and all will agree that our knocking was not in vain—that the gates were thrown open and forgiveness and rest came to her.

Lesson to a Boorish New Yorker.

It was just after the close of the matinees, and the Broadway cars were crowded. In this particular car the passengers were nearly all ladies, and only one man was sitting. The car stopped and took on a party of three, a young woman, a young man, and a fine gray-haired old lady. They made their way up the aisle and stood near the man who was sitting, but he did not offer the old lady his seat. A gray-haired old gentleman who had been standing near the door and watching the man in the seat worked his way up to the party and stood nearly in front of the man in the seat. He lifted his hat and bowed to the old lady and said, with a wave of his hand toward the man sitting down:

"Madam, let me offer you this seat."

The man in the seat looked up and turned red. "Why, er-certainly-er-madam, take this seat," and he leaped out of it like a cork out of bottle.

"Thank you," said the gray-haired lady and the gray-haired man, and the young man all together.—New York Sun.

Spoiled His Calculations.

"Don't you like the room I gave you?" said the hotel clerk to the drummer from Cincinnati.

"Yes, the room's all right. What made you ask? Do I look worried?"

"To be frank, you do."

"Well, I am feeling rather uncomfortable. You see I came over on the S. L. O. and W. road."

"Got in late, I suppose."

"No, we got in on time, and now I have about two and one-half hours on my hands that I don't know what to do with."—Washington Star.

No Interruptions Likely.

Tired Housekeeper—There! The house is as neat as a new pin at last. I am going to take a nap. Try not to disturb me with your play, my pets.

Little Brother—What shall I do if any one calls?

Little Sister—No need to bother about that. No one ever calls when things are clean!

He Wanted to Know.

"Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?" said the man who had waited for his order until he became sleepy.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"You can give me some information. I want to know whether you have told the waiter to stay away so that you can bring in a bill for lodging against me."

Wise.

Carrie—May seems to be very good to Jack.

Edith—Yes. They were playmates when they were children.

"But that is no reason."

"Isn't it? He knows her age, and she has to be good to him for fear he'll tell."—Truth.

A Rising Town.

"What's all that racket?"

"O, nothin'!"

"Anything up?"

"Yes; mayor and the editor. Struck a dynamite vein an' went a-whizzen'!"

Time Wanted.

Young Man—Tommy, you are such a nice little boy!

Tommy—No use talking that way to me, Mr. Deadgone. Sis already has a fellow.—Truth.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

An Epidemic of Single Legs.

A freight brakeman running out of Kern City one evening started to clear the tramps off the cars after leaving the station, and in so doing found a one-legged man stealing a ride. Taking pity on him, the brakeman told him to go back to an empty refrigerator car, lift the latch, and crawl in. After a while the brakeman came back and found the one-legged man near where he had left him. He again told him about the refrigerator car and again went about his business. For the third time this was repeated, and then, at the fourth, the brakeman, supposing the crippled tramp did not know what a refrigerator car was, said: "Come along, and I'll show you where it is." When he reached the car he lifted the hatch, and, swinging his lantern down inside, he was astonished to see no less than three one-legged men already comfortably ensconced therein, while the fourth was ready to join them.—Argonaut.

An Actor's Mistake.

A celebrated French actor came over to England. He had studied our language carefully. His friends were a little anxious about his powers of acquiring our difficult pronunciation, but he said that he felt confident that, well made up and by gaslight, his accent would pass muster. But, alas! he was overhopeful. The crucial evening arrived, and he wanted at the most pathetic moment to exclaim, in broken voiced despair: "I shall die! I shall die! There is peace in the grave." But his histrionic powers carried him away and he forgot his carefully prepared pronunciation, and in heart-broken tones, he sobbed forth: "I shall die! I shall die! There is peas in the gravy!" And then he could not understand why all the theater shouted with laughter.—Lady's Pictorial.

Industries of Massachusetts.

Massachusetts has over 100,000 persons engaged in the fisheries. The making of boots and shoes gives employment to 62,000; cotton goods, 88,000; building, 50,000; clothing, 83,000.

Mrs. Peachblow—Why does your husband carry around such a tremendous amount of life insurance when he's in such perfect good health? Mrs. Flicker—Oh, just to tantalize me. Men are naturally cruel.

One of the surgeons sent abroad by the United States to inspect intending emigrants at European ports says that the knowledge of such inspection by the United States made the steamship companies extremely careful as to the sort of steerage passengers they accepted. He inspected 15,000 passengers and detained but two.

The most important railway now being built in South America runs from Carthagena, Colombia, to the town of Calemar, on the Magdalena river, which is the main artery of commerce for that republic, a distance of sixty-five miles. It is being constructed by American capitalists.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
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Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
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Shiloh's Consumption Cure
Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts., 50cts. & $1.00.

With the bought-up accomplice silence is golden.

Did You See It?

Of course we mean the World's Fair. Whether you did or not you want to preserve a souvenir of the most beautiful scene this earth has witnessed.

The Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is issuing the finest and most complete World's Fair Portfolio, each containing reproductions of sixteen splendid photographs of large size. The series will consist of sixteen parts, followed by a special part devoted to Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island and other gems of American scenery, and will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents per part.

You can get these of any Michigan Central Ticket Agent, or by addressing, with remittance, FRANK J. BRAMHALL, Adv't'g Agt., Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

It is as easy for a tall man to be tall as it is for a short man to be short.

"I want a drink" means one thing in the country and something else in town.

The person possessed of an idle curiosity has a curiosity that is never idle.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH
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Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

W. N. U., D.—XII—13.

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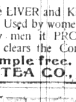

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For diseases of the LIVER and KIDNEYS it is a CURE, not an experiment. Used by women it PREVENTS SUFFERING. Used by men it PROMOTES VIGOR. It cures Constipation, clears the Complexion and prevents Dyspepsia. Price, 25 cts., sample free. At your druggists or by mail of LINCOLN TEA CO., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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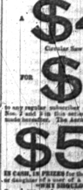

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