West Haven, Conn.

The Picture of Health

Hood's Sarsaparilla Made Her Strong and Healthy

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been of great benefit to our little girl, and also to myself and husband. When she was three years old Mabel was seized with stomach trouble, like cramps or inflammation. I was taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for my blood, and as the doctor's prescription did not help her, I occasionally gave her a little of my own medicine. I soon realized that Hood's Sarsaparilla was

Doing Her Good,

so gave it to her regularly. It has helped her wonderfully, entirely curing her stomach trouble and making her strong and healthy. Our friends say she is the picture of health. Myself and husband were both troubled with

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Dyspepsia, and Hood's Sarsaparilla built us up and keeps us healthy and free from sickness. We cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. WILLIAM EVANS, West Haven, Conn.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box; 25 cents.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

CURES ALL

Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life.*

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs,

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable subetance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

$37.50 For a FIRST-CLASS PNEUMATIC SAFETY BICYCLE. J. E. POORMAN, 5 W. 5th, Cin. O.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

KORONG.

A Tale of the Sandwich Islands.

By Grant Allen.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

As he spoke, a sudden idea, suggested by his words, struck Felix's mind. Superstition is the great lever by which to move the savage intelligence. Gathering up a few dry leaves and fragments of stick on the shore, he laid them together in a pile, and awaited in silence the arrival of the foremost islanders. The first canoe advanced slowly and cautiously, the men in it eying these proceedings with evident suspicion: the rest hung back, with their spears in array, and their hands just ready to use them with effect should occasion demand it.

The leader of the first canoe, coming close to the shore, jumped out upon the reef in shallow water. Half a dozen of his followers jumped after him without hesitation, and brandished their weapons round their heads as they advanced, in savage unison. But Felix, pretending hardly to notice these hostile demonstrations, stepped boldly up toward his little pile with great deliberation, though trembling inwardly, and proceeded before their eyes to take a match from his box, which he displayed ostentatiously, all glittering in the sun, to the foremost savage. The leader stood by and watched him close with eyes of silent wonder. Then Felix, kneeling down, struck the match on the box, and applied it, as it lighted, to the dry leaves beside him.

A chorus of astonishment burst unanimously from the delighted natives as the dry leaves leaped all at once into a tongue of flame, and the little pile caught quickly from the fire in the vesta.

The leader looked hard at the two white faces, and then at the fire on the beach, with evident approbation. "It is as Tu-Kila-Kila said," he exclaimed at last with profound awe. "They are spirits from the sun, and they carry with them pure fire in shining boxes."

Then, advancing a pace and pointing toward the canoe, he motioned Felix and Muriel to take their seats within it with native savage politeness. "Tu-Kila-Kila has sent for you," he said, in his grandest aristocratic air, "for your chief is a gentleman. He wishes to receive you. He saw your message-fire on the reef last night, and he knew you had come. He has made you a very great Taboo. He has put you under protection of Fire and Water."

The people in the boats, with one accord, shouted out in wild chorus, as if to confirm his words, "Taboo! Taboo! Tu-Kila-Kila has said it! Taboo! Taboo! Ware Fire! Ware Water!"

Though the dialect in which they spoke differed somewhat from that in use in Fiji, Felix could still make out with care almost every word of what the chief had said to him: and the universal Polynesian expression, "Taboo," in particular, somewhat reassured him as to their friendly intentions. Among remote-heathen islanders like those, he felt sure, the very word itself was far too sacred to be taken in vain. They would respect its inviolability. He turned round to Muriel. "It's our one chance left of life now. Don't be too terrified: there is still some hope. They say somebody they call Tu-Kila-Kila has tabooed us. No one will dare to hurt us against so great a Taboo: for Tu-Kila-Kila is evidently some very important king or chief. You must step into the boat. It can't be avoided. If any harm is threatened, be sure I won't forget my promise."

Muriel shrank back in alarm, and clung still to his arm now as naturally as she would have clung to a brother's. "Oh, Mr. Thurstan," she cried—"Felix, I don't know what to say: I can't go with them."

Felix put his arm gently round her girlish waist, and half lifted her into the boat in spite of her reluctance. "You must," he said, with great firmness. "You must do as I say. I will watch over you and take care of you. If the worst comes, I have always my knife, and I won't forget. Now, friend," he went on, in Fijian, turning round to the chief, as he took his seat in the canoe fearlessly among all those dusky, half-clad figures, "we are ready to start. We do not fear. We wish to go. Take us to Tu-Kila-Kila."

And all the savages around, shouting in their surprise and awe, exclaimed once more in concert, "Tu-Kila-Kila is great. We will take them, as he bids, forthwith to Heaven."

"What do they say?" Muriel cried, clinging close to the white man's side in her speechless terror. "Do you understand their language?"

"Well, I can't quite make it out," Felix answered, much puzzled; "that is to say, not every word of it. They say they'll take us somewhere, I don't quite know where; but in Fijian, the word certainly mean to Heaven."

Muriel shuddered visibly. "You don't think," she said, with a tremulous tongue, "they mean to kill us?"

"No, I don't think so," Felix replied, not over-confidently. "They said we were Taboo. But with savages like these, of course, one can never in any case be quite certain."

CHAPTER V.

ENROLLED IN OLYMPUS.

They rowed across the lagoon, a mysterious procession, almost in silence—the canoe with the two Europeans going first, the others following at a slight distance—and landed at last on the brink of the central island.

Several of the Bouari people leaped ashore at once: then they helped Felix and Muriel from the frail bark with almost deferential care, and led the way before them up a steep white path, that zigzagged through the forest toward the center of the island. As they went, a band of natives preceeded them in regular line of march, shouting "Taboo, taboo!" at short intervals, especially as they neared any group of fan-palm cottages. The women whom they met fell on their knees at once, till the strange procession had passed them by: the men only bowed their heads thrice, and made a rapid movement on their breasts with their fingers, which reminded Muriel at once of the sign of the cross in Catholic countries.

So on they wended their way in silence through the deep tropical jungle, along a pathway just wide enough for three to walk abreast, till they emerged suddenly upon a large cleared space, in whose midst grew a great banyan-tree, with arms that dropped and rooted themselves like buttresses in the soil beneath. Under the banyan-tree a raised platform stood upon posts of bamboo. The platform was covered with fine network in yellow and red, and two little stools occupied the middle, as if placed there on purpose and waiting for their occupants.

The man who had headed the first canoe turned round to Felix and motioned him forward. "This is Heaven," he said glibly, in his own tongue. "Spirits ascend it!"

Felix, much wondering what the ceremony could mean, mounted the platform without a word, in obedience to the chief's command, closely followed by Muriel, who dared not leave him for a second.

"Bring water!" the chief said, shortly, in a voice of authority to one of his followers.

The man handed up a calabash with a little water in it. The chief took the rude vessel from his hands in a reverential manner, and poured a few drops of the contents on Felix's head: the water trickled down over his hair and forehead. Involuntarily, Felix shook his head a little at the unexpected wetting, and scattered the drops right and left on his neck and shoulders. The chief watched this performance attentively with profound satisfaction. Then he turned to his attendants.

"The spirit shakes his head," he said, with a deeply convinced air. "All is well. Heaven has chosen him. Korong! Korong! He is accepted for his purpose. It is well! It is well! Let us try the other one."

He raised the calabash once more, and poured a few drops in like manner on Muriel's dark hair. The poor girl, trembling in every limb, shook her head also in the same unintentional fashion. The chief regarded her with still more complacent eyes.

"It is well," he observed once more to his companions, smiling. "She too, gives the sigh of acceptance. Korong! Korong! Heaven is well pleased with both. See how her body trembles!"

At that moment a girl came forward with a little basket of fruits. The chief chose a bananna with care from the basket, peeled it, with his dusky hands, broke it slowly in two, and handed one-half very solemnly to Felix.

"Eat, King of the Rain," he said, as he presented it. "The offering of Heaven."

Felix ate it at once, thinking it best under the circumstances not to demur at all to anything his strange hosts might choose to impose upon him.

The chief handed the other half just as solemnly to Muriel. "Eat, Queen of the Clouds," he said, as he placed it in her fingers. "The offering of Heaven."

Muriel hesitated. She didn't know what his words meant, and it seemed to her rather the offering of a very dirty and unwashed savage. The chief eyed her hard. "For God's sake eat it, my child: he tells you to eat it!" Felix exclaimed in haste. Muriel lifted it to her lips and swallowed it down with difficulty. The man's dusky hands didn't inspire confidence.

But the chief seemed relieved when he had seen her swallow it. "All is well done," he said, turning again to his followers. "We have obeyed the words of Tu-Kila-Kila, and his orders that he gave us. We have offered the strangers, the spirits from the sun, as a free gift to Heaven, and Heaven has accepted them. We have given them fruits, the fruits of the earth, and they have duly eaten them. Korong! Korong! The King of the Rain and the Queen of the Clouds have indeed come among us. They are truly gods. We will take them now, as he bids us, to Tu-Kila-Kila."

"What have they done to us?" Muriel asked aside, in a terrified undertone to Felix.

"I can't quite make out," Felix answered in the self-same voice. "They call us the King of the Rain and the Queen of the Clouds in their own language. I think they imagine we've come from the sun and that we're a sort of spirits."

At the sound of these words the girl who held the basket of fruits gave a sudden start. It almost seemed to Muriel as if she understood them. But when Muriel looked again she gave no further sign. She merely held her peace, and tried to appear wholly undisconcerted.

The chief beckoned them down from the platform with a wave of his hand. They rose and followed him. As they rose the people around them bowed low to the ground. Felix could see they were bowing to Muriel and himself, not merely to the chief. A doubt flitted strangely across his mind for a moment. What could it all mean? Did they take the two strangers, then, for supernatural beings? Had they enrolled them as gods? If so, it might serve as some little protection for them.

The procession formed again, three and three, three and three, in solemn silence. Then the chief walked in front of them with measured steps, and Felix and Muriel followed behind, wondering. As they went, the cry rose louder and louder than before. "Taboo! Taboo." People who met them fell on their faces at once, as the chief cried out in a loud tone, "The King of the Rain! the Queen of the Clouds! Korong! Korong! They are coming! They are coming."

At last they reached a second cleared space, standing in a large garden of manilla, loquat, ponicans, and hibiscus-trees. It was entered by a gate, a tall gate of bamboo posts. At the gate all the followers fell back to right and left, awe-struck. Only the chief went calmly on. He beckoned to Felix and Muriel to follow him.

They entered, half terrified. Felix still grasped his open knife in his hand, ready to strike at any moment that might be necessary. The Chief led them forward toward a very large tree near the center of the garden. At the foot of the tree stood a hut, somewhat bigger and better built than any they had yet seen: and in front of the trunk a stalwart savage, very powerfully built, but with a sinister look in his cruel and lustful eye, was pacing up and down like a sentinel on guard, a long spear in his right hand and a tomahawk in his left, held close by his side, all ready for action. As he prowled up and down he seemed to be peering warily about him on every side, as if each instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. But as the Chief approached, the people without set up once more the cry of "Taboo! Taboo!" and the stalwart savage by the tree, laying down his spear and letting his tomahawk fall free, dropped in a second the air of watchful alarm, and advanced with some courtesy to greet the new-comers.

"We have found them, Tu-Kila-Kila," the Chief said, presenting them to the god with a graceful wave of the hand. "We have found the spirits that you brought from the sun, with the fire in their hands, and the light in boxes. We have taken them to Heaven. Heaven has accepted them. We have offered them fruit, and they have eaten the banana. The King of the Rain—the Queen of the Clouds! Korong! Receive them!"

Tu-Kila-Kila glanced at them with an approving glance, strangely compounded of pleasure and terror. "They are plump" he said shortly. "They are indeed Korong. My sun has sent me an acceptable present."

"What is your will that we should do with them?" the Chief asked in a deeply deferential tone.

Tu-Kila-Kila looked hard at Muriel—such a hateful look that the knife trembled irresolute for a second in Felix's hand. "Give them two fresh huts," he said, in a lordly way. "Give them divine platters. Give them all that they need. Make everything right for them."

The chief bowed and retired with an awed air from the presence. Exactly as he passed a certain line on the ground, marked white with a row of coral-sand, Tu-Kila-Kila seized his spear and his tomahawk once more, and mounted guard, as before, at the foot of the great tree where they had seen him pacing. An instantaneous change seemed to Muriel to come over his demeanor at that moment. While he spoke with the chief she noticed he looked all cruelty, lust, and hateful self-indulgence. Now that he paced up and down warily in front of that sacred floor, peering around him with keen suspicion, he seemed rather the personification of watchfulness, fear, and a certain slavish bodily terror. Especially, she observed, he cast upon Felix, as he went, a glance of angry hate: and yet he did not attempt to hurt or molest him in any way, defenceless as they both were before these numerous savages.

As they emerged from the enclosure, the girl with the fruit basket stood near the gate, looked outward from the wall, her faced turned away from the awful home of Tu-Kila-Kila. At the moment when Muriel passed to her immense astonishment, the girl spoke to her. "Don't be afraid, missy," she said in English, in a rather low voice, without obtrusively approaching them. "Boupari man not going to hurt you. Me going to be your servant. Me name Mai. Me very good girl. Me take plenty care of you."

The unexpected sound of her own language, in the midst of so much unmitigated savagery, took Muriel fairly by surprise. She looked hard at the girl, but thought it wisest to answer nothing. This particular young woman indeed, was just as dark, and to all appearance just as much of a savage, as any of the rest of them. But she could speak English, at any rate! And she said she was to be Muriel's servant!

[TO BE CONTINUED.

An Advanced Speller.

So long as there are bright children there will be proud fathers and mothers: and perhaps it would be equally true to say that as long as there are proud fathers and mothers there will be bright children. "Why," said a good man who had never enjoyed much schooling, "there's my John! He's forgotten more book-larn n' than his father and mother ever had." It was not unlikely. To be good at forgetting is a pretty common gift.

"How's little Celia getting on at school?" inquired a visitor of Mrs. Murphy. "Is she making progress with her studies?"

"Faith, mum, an' she is, thin," responded Mrs. Murphy, with her arms akimbo. "The way that gnoild skips ahead jist beats all, mum! Now there's spellin'—'twas only last noight her fayther was afther wroitin' a letther to the man he's goin' to wurrk for next week, an' he says to Cely, says he, 'How do you spell aythe?' says he. 'Is it a-y-t-h-e-r, or is it a-y-t-h-u-r?'

'An' Cely she says, 'Wait till Oi git me book, fayther, for its mesilf is away past thim little wurrds, over amoongst the foor an' foive syl'bles,' says she.

"An' she brought her book, an' showed her fayther an' me where she was studyin' the noight, an' thruly, there she was at page sivinty-wan, mum, an' all the little wurrds way beholind her!

"Oi misthrust mebbe spell.in' is her sthrong p'int," said Mrs. Murphy, modestly. "Av coorse it wudn't be in nater for the child to go l'apin' along loike that w'd all her studies. It was aboove half an hour, mum, before she an' her fayther found the wurrd they was huntin' for, way back amoong the first twinty pages, mum. An' there was our little Cely studyin' at page sivinty-wan!"

Emblems of the British Isles

England—The rose, as a badge of distinction, was formerly assumed by the houses of York and Lancaster, the former of whom took the white rose and the later the red. On the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., the two roses were united in one, which became the royal badge of England. Ireland—The shamrock (Irish—scam rag), used as a national emblem by the Irish, was adopted by Patrick McAlpine, since called St. Patrick, as a simile of the Trinity (about 432) and to make the people understand, what seemed to them incomprehensible, the union of three in one. Scotland—The thistle was first adopted as a national emblem by the Scotch during the Danish invasion. The Danes thought it cowardly to attack an enemy by night, but on one occasion deviated from their rule. On they crept, barefooted, noiselessly and unobserved, when one of them put his foot on a thistle, wh ch made him cry out. The alarm was given, the Scotch fell upon the night party and defeated them with terrible slaughter. Ever since the thistle has been adopted as the insignia of Scotland, with the motto. "Nemo me impuni lacessit." Wales—The Welsh emblem, the leek, was assumed in consequence of a command from Dewi, or David, afterward Archbishop of St. David's, in 519. On the day that King Arthur won a great victory over the Saxons, Dew. is said to have ordered the soldiers to place a leek in their caps, and the Welsh now recall their victory by wearing the leek on every anniversary of the battle, March 1.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Copying from Nature.

That the designer who copies from nature is the one that obtains success most readily cannot be doubted. The days of copying from old designs are fast going, and now the designer who would keep up with the times must be as original as possible. This has been said many times before by many writers. The most unique method of designing from nature, thus assuring originality, is a way which your correspondent has had explained to him recently by one of the designers in a Lawrence mill.

This man has designed fancy figured effects for intricate shawl patterns for many years. Since the advent of the demand which calls for a closer imitation of nature in designing, this man has found it to be advantageous to copy from flowers. His ability to copy offhand from a flower model is deficient: so he does like this: He gets a bunch of roses or a twig of leaves and buds, and places these upon his design paper. A light pressure with the hand flattens the objects upon the paper sufficiently to permit a true outline to be made of each leaf or flower.

This outline he makes by the use of a pencil. Then he is sure of getting the correct forms of the figures. After he has made the outline of each leaf and flower the bunch is removed and he proceeds to fill in the shapes. Then he checks off the risers and sinkers according to the outlined forms, and thereby is sure of getting the correct shapes of the objects into his design. This appears to be quite a novel way of copying from nature. Any one can do this.—Commercial Bulletin.

Not Disguised.

A Walter Scott party was to be given, each guest being expected to appear as one of the great novelist's characters. On the eventful evening Charles Dickens appeared, in simple evening dress, among the host of "Bob Roys" and "Ivanhoes." The host asked him which one of Scott's characters he represented. "Why, sir," replied Dickens, "I am a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I am the gentle reader."

THE NATION'S SOLONS.

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Our National Law-Makers and What They Are Doing for the Good of the Country—Various Measures Proposed, Discussed, and Acted Upon.

Doings of Congress.

John Patton, Jr., the new Senator from Michigan, was sworn in Thursday to succeed the late Senator Stockbridge. The Senate devoted its time to discussion of the amended tariff bill. The emblems of mourning covered the desk of the late Representative Robert F. Brattan, of Maryland, on which lay a bunch of roses when the House met. The message of the President transmitting Hawaiian correspondence was laid before the House. Some routine business was transacted, and Mr. Kem called up the House bill for survey of Grant and Hooker Counties, Nebraska, and asked unanimous consent for its consideration. The bill was passed. The House bill granting the railroad companies in Indian Territory additional powers to obtain right of way for depot grounds was passed. Mr. Talbot briefly announced the death of his colleague, Mr. Brattan, and offered the customary resolutions. The resolutions were adopted, and the Speaker appointed the following committee to attend the funeral: Messrs. Talbot, of Maryland, Jones, of Virginia; Causey, of Delaware; Berry, of Kentucky; Meyer, of Louisiana; Hepburn, of Iowa, and Hudson, of Kansas. The House then, at 12:30 p. m., adjourned.

Friday, after a prosy debate and agreeing that hereafter for an indefinite time the tariff should be taken up at noon each day, the Senate adjourned. After action on some minor bills the House went into committee of the whole to consider general appropriation bills (Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee, in the chair), and the naval appropriation bill was taken up. The debate continued some time, taking on a very acrimonious character, and charges and countercharges of "scoldonization" in the navy yards were freely passed. At 5 o'clock, it being Friday, the House, according to custom, took a recess until 8 o'clock, the evening session to be devoted to private bills on the calendar.

Monday the Senate made but little progress in the tariff bill discussion. In the House several unimportant bills were passed. The only important one gave the Washington, Alexandria and Mount Vernon Electric Railway Company an entrance into Washington. When the District of Columbia bill was taken up the even tenor of business was interrupted by a negro in the center of the gallery arising in his place and shouting: "Mr. Speaker of the House of Representatives." Instantly the House was in confusion, and all eyes were turned upon the new orator in the gallery. The Speaker, who was the first to regain his composure, directed the doorkeeper to remove the man. He was of powerful physique, however, and the doorkeeper was unable to oust him for some time, the negro endeavoring to deliver his alleged divinely inspired message to the effect that the Lord had commanded him to come to the Speaker of the House and order him to pass the Coxey bill. Other portions of his message referred to the Capitol, the White House and the Treasury, but the exact purport was not learned in the confusion. The interloper was finally ejected and business resumed. The resignation of Representative Barnes Compton, of Maryland, was laid before the House, after which a bill was passed authorizing the Braddock and Homestead Bridge Company to build a bridge over the Monongahela River at Homestead, Pa. At 4:05 the House adjourned.

Consideration of the tariff bill was resumed in the Senate Tuesday after several bills of minor importance had been passed and a resolution, introduced by Mr. Allen, calling for information as to the number and class of persons unemployed in protected industries, had been discussed and laid over. Three items in the chemical schedule were passed and that Mr. Aldrich broke in with an amendment to place a duty of 15 per cent. on coal tar products, which was defeated. Among the bills presented in the House was one from the committee on labor, reported by Mr. McGann, making Labor Day a holiday. It was placed on the calendar. The naval appropriation bill was then taken up. The paragraph authorizing the secretary of the navy to use $450,000, appropriated by the act of March 2, 1889, for the construction, armament and equipment of three torpedo boats to cost not more than $450,000, was adopted, and the bill was then passed. The House then went into committee of the whole and the agricultural appropriation bill was taken up. No amendments had been made in the bill when, at 5:05 o'clock, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

The Senate occupied its time Wednesday in considering tariff bill amendments. The House passed the bill for the validation of affidavits made before United States commissioners in all land entries. Mr. Marsh, of Illinois, severely denounced the practice of the Agricultural Department of collecting and publishing statistics of crops, upon which speculators were enabled to manipulate the grain and cotton markets. His amendment to strike out the paragraph providing for the publication of monthly crop reports was defeated. Mr. Wilson, of Washington, offered an amendment appropriating $800 to enable the Secretary of Agriculture to continue experiments in the production of hemp and flax in the State of Washington. Agreed to. Mr. Coffeen offered an amendment, which was adopted, including the sheep scab, pleuro-pneumonia, tuberculosis and other diseases of animals, which the secretary is authorized to investigate. Mr. Hainer proposed an amendment directing the President to enter into correspondence with the authorities of Great Britain for the abrogation or modification of the law which requires cattle imported into Great Britain from this country to be slaughtered at the port of entry, and prevents them from being carried to other parts of the kingdom. Agreed to. Mr. Pickler offered an amendment increasing the appropriation for the purchase, propagation, and distribution of seed from $150,000 to $160,000. Agreed to. An amendment was agreed to providing that after May 1 the Secretary of Agriculture shall distribute all the seeds on hand, giving preference to those persons whose names and addresses have been furnished by Senators and Representatives in Congress, and who have not before, during the same season, been supplied by the department.

Archduchess Stephanie a Novelist.

The Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, has joined the ranks of lady novelists. She has recently finished an exciting romance, which is to be illustrated by the best Austrian artists. The Archduchess has previously written several descriptions of travel, but this is her first attempt at fiction.

This and That.

COKE is sent from West Virginia to Mexico.

COAL is dearest in Africa; cheapest in China.

BOSTON telephones to Milwaukee, 1,300 miles.

THE largest locomotive weighs 255,000 pounds.

THE Bank of England covers nearly three acres.

A SILKWORM'S thread is 1-1000 part of an inch thick.

SIX women of England are engineers of town drainage.

LIKE a beautiful flower full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.—Buddha.

WHEREVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Pope.

THE colonies of Spain, once stretching over more than one-half of the new world, are now confined to the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico and a few islets on the east of the latter.

WAVES exert a force of one ton per square inch when they are only twenty feet high. At Cassin, France, granite blocks of fifteen cubic meters have been moved by wave force.

THERE is the wisest kind of philosophy in letting the other fellow do the worrying.

THE dreariness of drudgery may be changed to the blessedness of drudgery, if the daily duty be regarded as the college of life for growth in mental power, and as a gymnasium for building up character.—Chicago Interior.

ACCORDING to the reports for 1891 of the fire insurance patrol of Philadelphia, out of 1,236 fires that occurred during the year not one was due to electricity; kerosene oil leads the list of causes and carelessness with matches comes in a close second.—Electrical Review.

Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will, until used, and make more wholesome food.

Calling Bismarck Names.

The following little story shows the celebrated statesman Prince Bismarck in a pleasant light, and proves that the "Iron Chancellor," as he has been called, possesses a heart that can feel for an enemy in distress.

One day, after a battle between the Prussians and Austrians, during the war of 1866, he was strolling about the camp, when he came upon a number of his soldiers who had captured an Austrian peasant. They had placed the unfortunate countryman in their midst, and were beating him unmercifully.

Bismarck, then Count, hastened up to the group, and at the sight of him the soldiers stopped.

"Hullo! What's all this in about? what's the matter now?" he asked.

"Matter enough. The dolt called us names!" a score of voices answered; "and we are showing him how Prussians can punish," added one bolder than the rest.

"It's false!" cried out the prisoner, turning to the Count, and not knowing who it was he addressed. The newcomer's uniform inspired him with the hope that he might be rescued from this persecution. "I tell you 'tis false! I only called Bismarck names! I assure you, good sir, I only called Bismarck names."

This daring assertion brought a loud roar of laughter from his captors, who now looked inquiringly at their chief for permission to renew their flogging. Bismarck, pleased perhaps at the man's candor, and aware that he was not recognized, only smiled, and said—

"Nay, let him go. He is not the first. Many, and greater ones than he, have called me names before."

A Wonderful Cane.

Out in a Western penitentiary is confined a most ingenious criminal. It seems a pity that a man possessing such ability had not devoted it to some good channel which would make him an honest fortune and keep him out of the clutches of the law. During his residence in the prison he has carved a wonderful cane. Upon it he has cut the heads of all the presidents of the United States from Washington to Harrison. The likenesses are said to be accurate and the work is as delicate as the finest pen and ink work. The whole is surmounted by a gold head, directly beneath which is carved the American eagle.

A Unique Proposition.

The "Columbian Bell" used during the late Exposition, is to be transported to Jerusalem. It is further proposed that it shall be connected with all the other parts of Christendom by electric wires, so that on Christmas Eve, 1899, there may be a simultaneous ringing all over the world, in celebration of the anniversary. The undertaking seems a colossal one, with very little material benefit to be derived from the expenditure of time and money. When one reflects also, that Christmas Eve in Jerusalem, is a very different time of day a thousand miles away, the scheme seems still further to lose point.

The Wasp's Bad Habits.

Mr. Lawson Tait exonerates the human race from the imputation of being the only creatures that naturally take to drink. Wasps, he says, have the same proclivity. Mr. Tait has watched the wasps eagerly attacking over-ripe fruits, when the sugar has it some degree been converted into alcohol. Around such fruits, especially rotten plums and grapes, the wasps may be seen fighting and struggling for precedence, and afterwards, when they are absolutely drunk with the spirit, they crawl away in a torpid condition, and hide themselves in the grass till they have slept off the effect.

Tossing on the "Bring"

Is very far from amusing, untraveled reader, if so be you are one. A rebellion fomented by each mountainous wave that snatches the vessel's hull threatens absolutely to dislodge your very vitals from their natural resting place, and a nausea so frightful that it would reconcile you to a termination of your sufferings by shipwreck harasses you. Well for you then, or rather before this crisis, if you are provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a swift remedy for and preventive of the nausea of travelers by sea or land, nervousness caused by the vibration of the screw of a steamer or the jarring of a railway train, and an antidote to bowel, liver and stomachic troubles caused by impure water and unaccustomed food. The Bitters also counteracts the effects of fatigue and exposure, and is a safeguard against malaria, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

To Throw Shot in Bunches.

Take a shotgun cartridge and cut the paper shell around and nearly through between the powder and shot, and you can bore a hole through an inch board at fifty yards, says the Tombstone Prospector. Pete Bute was practicing with this idea yesterday, and bored a hole through two sides of a coal oil can at that distance. Not a shot-hole was to be found in the can outside of the big hole in the inside. The half of the cartridge evidently went through without spilling a single shot from its confines.

The Villain's Trade Mark.

"Here is one more way of telling the villain of a melodrama as soon as he puts in his appearance," said Advance Agent Clark. "Look at his feet. If he wears patent-leather shoes he's a villian. No matter where he may be at the time, in Africa, Asia or anywhere on the habitable globe, the stage villian of to-day must wear patent-leather shoes. It's his trademark, just as the cigarette used to be."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Calling Bismarck Names.

The following little story shows the celebrated statesman Prince Bismarck in a pleasant light, and proves that the "Iron Chancellor," as he has been called, possesses a heart that can feel for an enemy in distress.

One day, after a battle between the Prussians and Austrians, during the war of 1866, he was strolling about the camp, when he came upon a number of his soldiers who had captured an Austrian peasant. They had placed the unfortunate countryman in their midst, and were beating him unmercifully.

Bismarck, then Count, hastened up to the group, and at the sight of him the soldiers stopped.

"Hullo! What's all this in about? what's the matter now?" he asked.

"Matter enough. The dolt called us names!" a score of voices answered; "and we are showing him how Prussians can punish," added one bolder than the rest.

"It's false!" cried out the prisoner, turning to the Count, and not knowing who it was he addressed. The newcomer's uniform inspired him with the hope that he might be rescued from this persecution. "I tell you 'tis false! I only called Bismarck names! I assure you, good sir, I only called Bismarck names."

This daring assertion brought a loud roar of laughter from his captors, who now looked inquiringly at their chief for permission to renew their flogging. Bismarck, pleased perhaps at the man's candor, and aware that he was not recognized, only smiled, and said—

"Nay, let him go. He is not the first. Many, and greater ones than he, have called me names before."

A Novel Injunction.

An injunction has been applied for by a Kansas woman to prevent her lover from marrying a neighbor. Some lawyers regard her application as well founded and think that it should be granted, in that the man in question distinctly promised to marry her. If the proceeding be really a legal one, it would seem a rather quieter method of settling such difficulties, than the usual "breach of promise case," does it not?

M. L. THOMPSON & CO., Druggists, Condersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

POVERTY-stricken Suitor—Be mine, Amanda, and I will treat you like an angel. Amanda—I shou'd think so! Nothing to eat and still less to wear. Not much!

$4 to California.

This is our sleeping car rate on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions from Chicago to Los Angeles or San Francisco, via the scenic route and Ogden. You can go with Phillips, the best of all excursion managers, for he has each party accompanied by a special agent who goes the entire trip with patrons. These personally conducted excursions leave Chicago twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday.

We have also a daily tourist car service, via our Southern route, through the beautiful Indian Territory and Fort Worth to Los Angeles and San Francisco. The tourist car rate via this route, the same. Apply at Rock Island ticket office, 104 Clark street, John Sebastian, G. P. A., C., R. I. & P. Ry., Chicago.

A NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT machine will turn some men into fools as quickly as poor liquor.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cents, 50 cents and 1.00.

AFTER a boy passes sixteen, he may scratch his head without exciting suspicion.

A superb girl; surpassingly lovely; skin fair as a lily; cheeks like roses, and why? It is because she uses Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Handel and Bach.

Handel and Bach, the two greatest musicians of their age, who were contemporaries, lived nearly all their lives almost within sight of each other, and were brothers in the same profession, never met, it is strange to say. One would imagine that curiosity, if not interest, would have led each to desire to see the other eminent composer.

HOME SEEKERS EXCURSION VIA WABASH RAILROAD.

On Tuesday, May 29th, 1894.

The Great Wabash Line will sell low rate Excursion Tickets to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas. The Wabash is the only route in the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan operating magnificent Free Reclining Chair Cars in through trains to St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha. For rates, routes, maps, and general information, call upon or address any of the undermentioned Passenger Agents of the Wabash System.

R. G. BUTLER, D. P. A., Detroit, Mich.
F. H. TRISTRAM, C. P. A., Pittsburg, Pa.
P. E. DONBAUGH, P. & T. A., Toledo, Ohio.
R. G. THOMPSON, P. & T. A., Fort Wayne, Ind.
J. HALDERMAN, M. P. A., 201 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
J. M. McCONNELL, P. & T. A., Lafayette, Ind.
G. D. MAXFIELD, D. P. A., Indianapolis, Ind.
F. CHANDLER, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

NICKEL PLATE. The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

SOLID