

THE REVIEW.

— BY —
F. T. LUSE.

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The great revolt of 700 desperate convicts at the California State Prison at San Quentin was finally subdued by a stream of cold water from a hose. This is an old remedy in such cases, but it took the officers of the institution several days to think of it after the trouble started. Rioters have frequently been "cooled" off by the same means. A water soaked and drugged man, however, brave, finds it difficult if not impossible, to be heroic. His first impulse is to "get in out of the wet."

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the young American who went to England some years ago, fell in with the "gentility" and married the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the good old lady old enough to be his grandmother, and thereby greatly offended the upper tennor of London and at the same time achieved financial independence—his "blushing" bride having settled an annuity of \$250,000 per annum upon him—has recently come into prominence again by contributing large sums of money to the campaign funds of the Conservative party, and because he is about to receive a peerage at the hands of Lord Salisbury on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee. This great honor comes to Mr. Burdett-Coutts (who relinquished his American name at the time of his marriage) because of the enormous political influence he can wield through his many-millionaire wife, who is the ground landlord of the greater portion of the densely populated Westminster district of London. Whatever ill-will Mr. Burdett-Coutts may have incurred from the British public because of his marriage to the philanthropic old Baroness has long since passed away, largely, it is said, through his devotion to horse-breeding in which he has achieved great success. The English people will forgive a man almost anything who does that.

"Noblesse Oblige"—nobility confers obligations—was an old time motto for the chivalrous knight who roamed about in search of adventure on a coal black steed, clad in steel armor and armed "cap-a-pie." His specialty was the rescue of love lorn maidens in duress vile and their rescue, if history and fiction can be relied upon, was his only occupation. That this motto is still revered by the descendants of ancient chivalry in our day will hardly be believed by American readers who are perhaps too iconoclastic when it comes to a consideration of the claims of the upper classes—the aristocracy of foreign nations. Yet there have been many exhibitions of this truly noble quality in the ranks of the nobility. The latest is probably that of the Duchess d'Alençon, a reigning Parisian beauty of a noble line, who perished in the great charity bazaar fire. Heroically she took her stand and firmly said, "Let the visitors go first," in spite of the entreaties of her friends. Easily could she have escaped death by stepping in the place of another, but with a heroism seldom equaled she refused. It will not do to sneer at a true nobility like that—all the more heroic because the Duchess enjoyed fame, beauty and fortune, and everything that goes to make life worth the living.

The Indiana Chautauqua at Eagle Lake, near Warsaw, established last year by the Presbyterians of this State and christened as Winona Park, has forged into popular favor at a rate probably not anticipated by the original projectors of the enterprise. To secure the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States for 1897 was a compliment, but to clinch the compliment by "booking" the same attraction for the Park in 1898 is an honor of which the management at Winona may well be proud. It is indeed a triumph and a matter for general congratulation. The Presbyterian General Assembly is a great organization, not only in numbers, but in superior intelligence and far-reaching influence. Winona thus becomes no longer a doubtful experiment but an assured financial, intellectual and moral success.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

May 27th ultimo the British people celebrated the seventy-eighth anniversary of their "good Queen's" birth with unusual ceremony. June 22 they will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her coronation. Queen Victoria's reign has been the longest in English history since the time of Egbert, A. D. 828—more than 1,000 years. This historic record was made Sept. 22 last, when Queen Victoria's reign passed that of King George III., who did not complete the sixtieth year of his reign by eight months, and this unique fact in English history would have been celebrated last autumn but for the Queen's expressed wish that the celebration for which all London is now preparing might be delayed until the coming June, the anniversary of her coronation. The fiftieth anniversary was celebrated ten years ago as a jubilee, and hence the celebration of next month will be called the diamond jubilee, and will probably exceed in enthusiastic and impressive celebration any similar event in European

history. Not only has Queen Victoria achieved the singular felicity of an unprecedentedly long reign, but her reign has been an especially glorious one, marked by unexampled progress in almost every direction for the people over whom she has held sway. Mere statistics are confusing and often misleading, but when it is remembered that the population of the United Kingdom has nearly doubled during Victoria's reign, and that now as Queen and Empress she rules over more than 10,000,000 square miles of territory, comprising an empire on which the sun never sets, and that 820,000,000 people acknowledge her rule, some idea of the enormous advance made under her reign is set forth. It is also estimated that, whereas the extent of the present empire is five times as great as it was when the young Queen, a girl of 18, ascended the throne, the aggregate property of her subjects has trebled during the same period, and the advance in foreign trade for the same time has been more than 450 per cent. Even to indicate advance in other lines during the Queen's reign is not a slight task, says the Chicago Record, considering the varied peoples and climes over which the authority of England has been extended during the last sixty years and the multitudinous directions of modern activity, genius and research. The greatest soldier England has known—Arthur, duke of Wellington, carried the sword of state before the young Queen at her coronation, and England at that time held a very high place, indeed, among the nations. But today, in times of peace, the forces available for imperial defense amount to more than a million soldiers, scattered in different quarters of the globe, and a grand total of 503 warships of all kinds, with 94,000 officers, seamen and marines, making a fleet nearly as large as that of France and Russia combined. Perhaps to the Queen herself the most noticeable change that has occurred in her reign is in the great metropolis and capital in which, at Kensington palace, on the morning of June 20, 1837, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria heard at the same time the news that William IV. was lying dead in Windsor castle and that she was summoned to the throne. At that time London was a city of a little over 1,000,000 inhabitants, and during the sixty years of the Queen's reign it has quadrupled its population, while in other respects the change has been equally great. There is almost as much difference between the London of today and the London of 1837 as there is between the London of that date and the London of 300 years ago. London in Queen Elizabeth's time had a population of perhaps 700,000, contained from 10,000 to 12,000 streets, alleys and lanes and 150,000 houses. Even in the first quarter of the present century, when Queen Victoria was but a little girl, the great city had but 160,000 buildings. These had increased in 1873 to 538,794 inhabited houses, and at present the world's metropolis is increasing its population at the rate of 45,000 a year, and adds yearly 1,000 streets and 10,000 houses. Marshy fields and green commons over which the Princess Victoria watched plover and mallard fly are now covered by stately mansions, squares and palaces, and still London continues its irresistible advance. These changes, however, speak of growth and advancement, and do not have the pathos that attaches to changes in friends and the increasing loneliness which is the dower of the years. Of the twelve bridesmaids who attended Queen Victoria on her marriage, Feb. 10, 1840, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, only three now survive, while of the peers and personages who attended her coronation only four remain to attend the exercises of the diamond jubilee—Earl Nelson, at that time a thirteen-year-old peer; the Earl of Leicester, who acted as page of honor to the Duke of Sussex; Mr. Gladstone, now 88, and Mr. Villiers, "the father of the house," who at the age of 95 still takes part in the deliberations of parliament. Ministers of state, the archbishop who crowned her, the "iron duke" and all the twelve ladies of high degree who bore the young princess' train on that occasion, have passed away, while Victoria remains, and may yet by reigning five years longer rival the reign of Leopold I. of Hapsburg, or twelve years hence may even surpass the record of Louis XIV. and achieve the distinction of reigning longer than any monarch of Europe.

Happy Europe.

"There is one American institution that is conspicuous by its absence in Europe, and that is the cuspidor," said Mr. R. M. Little, of Boston, at the Wellington. "Our brethren across the sea are not given to the tobacco-chewing habit, and hence they have no need of such articles of furniture. I must say that the absence of the cuspidor argues well for cleanliness, and when the day comes that it will no longer be a part of the domestic equipment the American people will have cause for congratulation."—Washington Post.

What They Eat in Havana.

"No man of epicurean tastes has any business in Havana," said Mr. E. M. Tighman, of New York, at the Normandie. "I was down there not long ago, and though I stayed at the best hotel, I was glad to get away from the execrable fare. The menu was anything but elaborate and the cooking was decidedly second class. Beef was about the only sort of meat obtainable and it was invariably tough. This, with rice, eggs and fish, was about the entire bill of fare."—Washington Post.

INQUISITIVE EVE.

HER FATAL CURIOSITY THAT BROUGHT RUIN TO THE HUMAN RACE.

The First Calamity That Still Entails Woe and Suffering—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.



for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." He said:

It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds. In his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos and that the fish swim the water in twos and that the lions walk the fields in twos and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber, and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest and best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight and ponds that ripple under the paddling of the swan. I gather me lilies from the Amazon and orange groves from the tropics and tamarinds from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honey-suckle climbing over the wall and starred pansies sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes, and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with imitative chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon, and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being bellium and onyx stones! What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scenes of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said, "Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve, sauntering out one day alone, looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit and wonders if it is sweet and wonders if it is sour and standing there says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit. It will do no damage to the tree. I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said, "I do not think there can be any harm in just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit; the door of the world opened, and the monster sin entered. Let the heavens gathen blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep hell rending howl, "The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw and sting and tooth and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass; blastings on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned their backs and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see in the first place the danger of a poorly-regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but 6,000 years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologists and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature, illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulcher there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescope vision of the astronomer until he has trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord, Planet weighed against planet, and wildest comet has soed with resplendent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypty and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beech leaf, and the light under a firefly's wing, and the terrible eye glance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalculae that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty maze of suns and spheres and constellations and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels, and levers and

shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain until the earth jars and roars and rings and crackles and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of the fire draw the continents together.

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthy inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye stare and the mouth gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and add two wings to it. And about other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial affairs, they are overanxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle and tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Col. Twaddle and Squire Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them, men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra—good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs!

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger. To find out the consequences of that one sin you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all its hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all its insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchers and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air, and the shipwrecks upon the tempest, and fastened, like a leech, famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are votaries of pleasure? Let me warn you, my brother. Your pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and waves are loud voiced, and the overcoming clouds are all awrith and agleam with terror. You are past the Narrows and almost outside the Hook, and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back, row swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the shore casteth a rope. Clasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighting all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers. One heave upon the rocks. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars or grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the wave, but quickly clasp the feet of Jesus walking on the watery pavement, shouting until he hear thee, "Lord, save me or I perish!" Sin beautiful at the start—oh, how sad, how distressful at the last! The ground over which it leads you is hollow. The fruit it offers to your taste is poison. The promise it makes to you is a lie. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment hangs, and there are ominous handwritings on the walls.

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection in womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no luster to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand which she had plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crime, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-wailing.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch, but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life. The accomplishments of Mary, queen of Scots, make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catherine II. of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth and her wonderful qualifications for a queen make the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind makes the more alarming Byron's sensuality.

Let no one think that the refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven high is no apology for vice hell deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing, they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course, I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera, the warrior; of Esther, who

overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's savior; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover, or of Marie Antoinette, who, by one look from the balcony of her castle, quieted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the celestial city, and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother, and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our homes! And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath.
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death—
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow.
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

A VEGETABLE FLY-TRAP.

The Sundew that Catches and Devours Small Insects.

There is an article on "Plants That Feed Upon Insects," written by Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in June St. Nicholas. The author says:

Perhaps some of the readers of St. Nicholas have noticed the little plants called sundews, that dwell in bogs in almost every part of the world. The commonest of these in the United States and in England is the round, leafed sundew, which has a rosette of roundish leaves on slender stalks. Out of the midst of them rises a leafless stem, bearing a number of small white flowers, that open one by one when the sun is shining. The leaves are fringed and covered on the upper side with small, dark-red bodies, called glands, borne on slender stalks, like tiny, round-headed nails. On each of these little glands may be seen a drop of clear, sticky liquid that glistens in the sunlight. And this appearance earns for the plant its pretty name of "sundew."

When an insect—a small fly, for example, or a gnat—alights upon a sundew leaf, he is caught and held by the sticky fluid on the glands under him. Then the stalks of the glands near the edges of the leaf begin to bend in toward the spot where the little intruder is fastened, at the same time pouring out an extraordinary quantity of their sticky fluid. It is like a puppy whose mouth waters when he catches sight of a bone. This movement of the glands is very slow, and it takes many hours for the outer ones to close down on the poor little victim. When they are at last completely bent, it is a number of days before they once more begin to spread.

Meantime the fluid which they pour upon the body of the insect actually digests all the eatable part of him, leaving the hard shell or the thin wings behind, when the glands return to their places. Sundews will digest tiny bits of meat if placed upon the leaves. There is no doubt that the plants are better for an occasional meal upon an insect, for those that do not obtain such food once in a while thrive less than the plants that succeed in securing it.

All Sorts.

Barbers will appreciate a new combination designed for their use, which consists of a pair of shears with a comb clamped to one of the blades in the proper position to raise the hair in position to be cut, thus doing away with the necessity of holding a separate comb in the hand.

Five thousand sandwiches, says the New York Journal, May 31, were made by the restaurant keepers of Trenton, N. J., yesterday that were not eaten. They were made in anticipation of the coming of 800 Philadelphia bicyclists, on the Pennsylvania side of the river, and stopped because they feared if they crossed the bridge they would be arrested. Last week the police commissioners decided to stop Sunday runs through Trenton, and ordered the arrest of anyone who should blow a bugle within the city limits.

Paying the Taxes.

A short time ago a deputy sheriff of Letcher county, only a short distance from here, had a claim for taxes against a citizen of Mill Creek, amounting to 80 cents, and as the citizen was a desperate character, the deputy induced a brave man to go with him, both being armed to the teeth. Arriving at their destination, the deputy demanded his money, but the citizen informed him that he did not have it. The deputy proceeded to levy on a cow, and started to drive the "critter" off, when the citizen's wife prevailed on him to stay and take dinner with them. After dinner, being in a happy and kindly mood, he invited the citizen and wife to make him a visit, and he was about to take him leave the gentle wife told him she had a settlement to make with him.

"What a settlement do you refer to, madam?"

"You have not paid for your dinner, sir," she replied.

"Oh! why, certainly; what's my bill, my good woman?"

"One dollar, if you please."

He wrote a receipt for the taxes and gave it to her, with 20 cents, and returned home a sadder, but wiser man.—London (Ky.) Echo.

HAD TO USE MORPHINE

MRS. JOHN BEARD WAS AT ONE TIME VERY NEAR DEATH'S DOOR.

Neuralgia of the Heart and Stomach and Sleeplessness, Made Her Life One of Misery—After Suffering Ten Years and Given Up to Die by Physicians, She Finds a Cure.

Mrs. John Beard, of Jackson, Mich., was for many years a great sufferer with neuralgia of the heart and stomach. She was indeed considered hopelessly ill, and considerable surprise has resulted from the lady regaining her health in a marvelous manner. A reporter called on Mrs. Beard, who stated as follows:

"I have been a sufferer from neuralgia of the heart and stomach for many years, originally brought on by exposure. It is just ten years ago since I experienced the first neuralgic twinges in my heart and stomach, which were so severe that my screams could be heard for several blocks, and morphine was the only thing that would give me any relief.

"These attacks usually lasted about two hours and came very frequently. I had no appetite, I could not walk, and at times my jaws became so firmly set that they could not be opened.

"Several specialists and many physicians were consulted, but to no purpose, for they did me no good. I had almost lost hope, when I read a testimonial of Mrs. Henry Osting, of Sumner, whom I knew, regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and decided to give them a trial. The first box had not been used, when all pain left me, and after using the rest of the half dozen boxes, I was as well as ever I was in my life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form), by the dozen or hundred (at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The parishioners of a Methodist parson, in Caldwell, Kas., turned in and dug him a cyclone cellar.

Y. P. S. C. E.

Specially Conducted Excursion to San Francisco.

Members of Christian Endeavor Societies, their friends, teachers, and the public generally are invited to join the excursion to San Francisco to be personally conducted by Prof. Chas. F. Patterson of Edinburgh, Ind.

This party will leave points on Washburn, R. June 29th on train No. 5, and join special train at St. Louis and run through on independent schedule, stopping at all the points of interest en route. The beauties of Colorado Springs, the grand and impressive scenery of the Denver and Rio Grand, the unique and interesting features of Salt Lake City, the unsurpassed grandeur of Mount Shasta, on "Shasta" Route, and never ending interest of Puget Sound with its thousands of islands, called pearls of the sea—returning via the Northern Pacific, giving a kaleidoscopic view of plains clad in verdure and beautiful views of distant mountains—further east, and the traveler finds himself at the Wonderland of the World—Yellowstone National Park, are among the treats made possible on this trip.

The rates and necessary expenses have been fixed to the lowest point. Services will be unsurpassed. Especial attention paid to comfort of ladies without escort.

For further particulars write Prof. Patterson, or address any Washburn Agent.

The Duke of Sutherland owns 1,175,464 of the 1,267,846 acres in Sutherland county, Scotland.

Mo. Pac. Ry. & Iron Mountain Route. Through sleepers and free reclining chairs to Kansas City, Denver, Hot Springs, Omaha, Lincoln and nearly all points in Mo., Kas., Neb., Colo., Ark., and Tex., without change.

For Maps, rates and full information Address: W. K. ALEXANDER, D. P. A. Mo. Pac. Ry., Indianapolis, Ind.

Britain has 85,815 men available for sea service.

What's the best disinfectant and remedy for skin irritations and defects? Glycerin Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Lye, black or brown, 5 c.

Johnson, sixth and latest in the list of Rhode Island cities, had a population by the last census of 9,778.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to an Exposition in This Country.

The Exposition in commemoration of the admission of Tennessee to the Union is not a local affair by any means. It far surpasses in extent of buildings, beauty of grounds, interesting exhibits and a number of both foreign and home attractions any exhibition ever held in this country, which is possible exception of the Columbian of 1893. Located as it is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad it is in the direct line of travel between the North and South, and can be visited en route with loss of but little time. The extremely low rates that have been established make it cheap to go, a little longer, but well even, to take in this great show, while its own attractions will well repay a special visit. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky., for matter concerning it.

I never used so quick a cure as Piaso's Cure for Consumption. J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle Wash., Nov. 25, 1896.

Mrs. Winslow's Soreness Soother for children teething, softens the gum, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, 25c per bottle.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha and Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One fourth of the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package, sold by all grocers.

The firemen of Rochester, N. Y., have been prohibited from entering saloons while on duty.

Shake Out Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

There is only one Latin newspaper in the world. It is published by a German in Aquila, Italy.