

FAST TRAIN TO OMAHA.

One of the Best Trains to be Found in the World.

"If you will go down to the Union Station almost any evening now you will see the finest mail train in the United States, or elsewhere, for that matter," said Chief Clerk P. M. Coates, of the railway mail service in charge of the Chicago and Omaha fast mail. The cars have nearly all been remodeled, renovated, and painted anew. The third set of cars is now in the Burlington company's shops undergoing treatment. All the old oil lamps have been removed and instead the entire train of five cars is lighted with Pintsch gas. There are seven lamps of four burners to each car.

The cars have been furnished with new trucks, or the old ones taken apart and refitted piece by piece. All the most modern appliances in the matter of couplings and air brakes help to give the flyer the best possible equipment of any train extant.

The new fast mail engine, No. 590, built especially for service on trains Nos. 7 and 8, by which Uncle Sam's trains on the "Q." between Chicago and Omaha are known has been trained into fine service, and others of the same pattern will soon be on the rails.

The government's train now makes Omaha in eleven and one-half hours, running 500 miles between 3 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

Chief Clerk Coates says that he cannot remember of a single instance when Uncle Sam's flyer has been one minute late at the Union Pacific transfer this year.

Name Crowded Them Out.

"I read of a Chicago minister who displayed great presence of mind last Sunday when he discovered his church on fire during the services."

"What did he do—order a collection taken so as to have the congregation leave quietly and speedily?"

"No—better plan yet. He announced that Mrs. Smith Brown-Jones-Robinson-Baker-Torricelli-Frymote had been run over by a car in front of the church. Almost every man present exclaimed, 'Heavens, my former wife!' and left the building."

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

Her Last Request.

"One moment," said the faded queen of Scotts as she paused at the foot of the scaffold. "I have a last request to make. When you come to bury me and are about to restore my head to my body, be sure to remember one thing."

"And what is that," quoth the impatient warder.

"Just try your best to put it on straight."

And the cortege swept on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Don't Starch Table Cloths.

Never let the laundress in her commendable desire to give a gloss to table linen, starch it. To produce a high satiny polish on damask it should first be thoroughly dampened and then ironed with a heavy flat iron until it is absolutely dry. Table linen should never leave the ironing board until it is absolutely dry.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WISLON'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

She Was a New Yorker.

The cannibal king summoned his chef. "I think," he said, "that a light broiling will be sufficient for the blond one."

He rubbed his hands together delightedly.

"I overheard her say that she came from the juiciest part of the tenderloin." —New York Press.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. R. H. Kline, 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

She Sells Papers.

Miss Clara Howard is working her way through the University of California by selling newspapers. "I believe in work," she says. "I do not think that any woman need allow any pecuniary obstacles to interfere with it. She can always reach an intellectual object through manual labor. It is a means to an end, and, besides, it is conducive to cleanliness of thought."

No one has ever attempted to pull teeth by christian science.

Most important people in the world are those who mind their own business.

There is more cruelty to animals in the country than in the city.



Gladness Comes

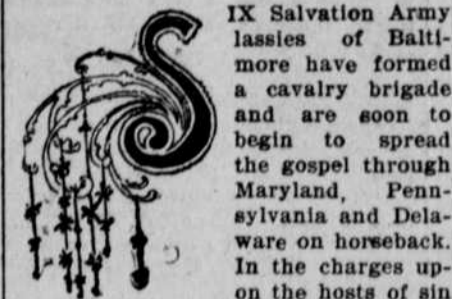
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

CAVALRY LASSIES.

SIX SALVATION ARMY GIRLS BEGIN A CRUSADE.

Will Carry the Gospel into the Remote Regions of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware—Ex-Circus Queen Among Them.



IX Salvation Army lassies of Baltimore have formed a cavalry brigade and are soon to begin to spread the gospel through Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware on horseback. In the charges upon the hosts of sin these gallant women warriors will be led by Capt. Blanche Cox, an equestrienne who won the plaudits of multitudes by her daring horseback riding in pink tights in a one-riding circus some years ago, says the New York World. For several weeks the lassies have been learning to ride. That was not so very difficult, as the war horses are graduates from street car lines with not enough spirit even to attempt to buck or act unruly. It was at the first dress parade that the lassies had trouble. Accustomed all their lives to the jingle and clack of bells the horses did not know quite how to act when they heard the lively ting-a-ling of tambourines and the strumming of banjos. Some of the horses thought it was a signal to go ahead and others regarded the sounds as a command to stop.

A horse trainer, however, gave the animals a course of instruction so that they now are quite the equal of Seventh Cavalry mounts—as far as discipline is concerned. When the captain plays on her banjo the opening bars of "Break Away, Break Away from Sin" the horses know it means "Column four, guide right!" The weird opening melody of "Hallelujah" means charge, and the soothing strains of "Kick out the Devil" is understood by

MILADY IS MILKING COWS.

Is the Latest Fad in Society—Novel and Fetching.

Society's latest fad, if we may believe report, says milady is milking cows for amusement and charity, says the New York Herald. At a certain fashionable country seat the hostess, who is much interested in parish work, invented, or rather inaugurated, this fad for charitable purposes, with the result that society the Holsteins and other breeds of cattle are wondering what on earth is the matter. Bazaars may not be considerable for the church, but to see dainty daughters of society in picturesque costume or evening dress sitting on the lawn milking a gentle-eyed cow is so great a novelty every man for miles around will come and buy a glass of milk for sweet charity's sake, thereby swelling the receipts for milady's pet work. What the cows think of it cannot be recorded. Their expression would lead one to suppose they feel highly honored. Milady's tapering fingers and deft manipulation of their udders does not lead them to suppose she is not an expert, nor can it be said she is not. As soon as milady is interested, languid and indolent as she may seem, whatever is a fad with her will quickly be learned. It was with some trepidation, however, that the milking of cows began. Every time the cow looked around or switched her tail milady grew frightened and expected the pail to be kicked over. On one or two occasions this did happen, to the great amusement of the persons who stood around. We shall hear of innumerable lawn fetes, where the principal feature will be the milking of cows by society women this summer, and many a flirtation, carried on over the milk pail, will later on terminate in an engagement in the conservatory. There is nothing more bewitching than two rounded arms, bared to the elbow, two roguish eyes glancing up at you, a sensitive mouth smiling at you, and then you are lost—it may be milk you are drinking at \$5 a glass, but you don't care. Milady sometimes wears a milking costume of Dresden shepherdess de-

WHY PERSIA IS PEACEFUL.

Mohammedans Are Not as Aggressive There as They Are Elsewhere.

Communications from Persia explain the remarkable quietude of the people and the absence of the usual attempts at rioting and assassination, notwithstanding the violent removal of the late shah, says the Edinburgh Scotsman. For more than a generation there has been in Persia little or none of the Mohammedan fanaticism which is at present foredooming the more orthodox rule of the sultan of Turkey. The Shia form of Islam, which prevails in Persia and in North India also, is considered a dangerous heresy by all other Mohammedans. The Persian Mujtahids and Moolas are few in number, and even they are not unaffected by the growing Sufi belief, which saturates Persian literature and is really a form of Hideo pantheism. Bishop Stuart, the Edinburgh citizen who has given his later years to continuing the works of Henry Martyn and Dr. Bruce at Isphan and Julfa, as well as at Yezd and Kerman, finds the people open to the influence of medical missions and schools. What the Sufi mysticism began, in sapping the tenets of Islam, has of late been continued to an even wider scale by the Babi faith, which is held intensely, though secretly, by about 1,000,000 of the people. All Babis are friendly to Christians. Islam is rapidly losing its hold on Persia. Occasionally when the church missionaries seem too openly active the paid Moolas try to excite the mob to terrify the converts, but they treat the bishop and his colleagues with profound respect, as their fathers treated Henry Martyn at Shiraz. Six converts from Islam have recently been baptized in Julfa alone in spite of the legal death penalty, and they are most effective agents among their kindred and countrymen. The large colony of Armenians in Julfa prospers and advances in culture, sending out representatives to Calcutta, Bombay and the chief trading centers of southern Asia. Bishop Stuart finds them willing coadjutors, so that altogether Persia, for the time, presents a striking contrast

WHAT MEN DO.

The fads of W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, are running a model farm and studying astronomy.

Paula, the cafe concert singer, whose "Boulangier March" had much to do with popularizing the general, has just died at his country place.

John D. Rockefeller, president of the oil trust, owns 400,000 out of the 1,000,000 shares of the corporation and they are worth \$100,000,000 according to report. His income from this source is \$1,328 for every hour of the day and his annual income from all sources is estimated at \$30,000,000.

Baron Hirsch's place as the open-handed friend of the British aristocracy will probably be taken by Mr. Belt, a German multi-millionaire, who is interested with the Rothschilds.

Jules Jouy, the writer of many of Yvette Guilbert's songs, among them "La Soularde," has gone mad. A performance to provide the money to keep him in a private asylum has been gotten up by the poet Coppee and the critic Sarcey. Jouy was a commonplace-looking fat little man, very particular about his dress and umbrella. He imagines that he has a handkerchief worth seventy millions of francs.

The man who "never votes" will not be at all prominent this year.

Methods of economy practiced by fashionable people are very clever.

Travelers who grumble most have the fewest comforts at home.

John Hardy.

John Hardy, the inventor of the vacuum brake, who died in Vienna on June 23, was born in 1820 at Gateshead, England, his father being a modeler. He was apprenticed to a locksmith and worked in various factories for some time under George Stephenson. He left England at the age of 21 for France, and in 1840 went to Austria as head of the repairing shop of the Southern railways. He brought out his invention in 1878, and in 1885 retired into private life. He is believed to have been the last of Stephenson's assistants.

Poor Pilgric,

there is no need for you to contemplate a wig when you can enjoy the pleasure of sitting again under your own "thatch." You can begin to get your hair back as soon as you begin to use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.



SALVATION ARMY LASSIES ON HORSEBACK.

the horses to mean "Halt for Singing."

One laddie will accompany the lassies, to look after the animals. A small wagon, carrying supplies, advertising posters, ammunition and arms, will constitute the wagon train.

A pretty uniform has been chosen. The poke bonnet is encircled by a yellow ribbon, the distinctive color of United States cavalry. The blue shirt waist is the same pattern as that worn by Salvation Army infantry, but the skirt—a regular riding habit—is of light material.

A bicycle corps, to fight the devil, is organizing in Chelsea—the Hoboken of Boston—under the direction of the Rev. J. F. Hazel.

The idea, Mr. Hazel said, came to him as an inspiration from God.

Groups of three or more riders will go from town to town preaching the gospel. Each group will have an advance man who will ride ahead and make arrangements with the local authorities for the holding of meetings in squares and public places.

Those who join Mr. Hazel's organization will receive no compensation for their work. The cyclists will be supported by the free-will offerings of their hearers. Hammocks and light cooking utensils will be taken along, and the life will be mostly an outdoor one.

Neither bloomers nor short skirts will be tolerated.

Whether eastern people will refuse to listen to evangelists who preach in bicycle garb is a question, but the experience of Dr. Hayes C. French, of San Francisco, in that line, is interesting. Dr. French, while riding by Bethlehem church, decided to attend service. He wore knickerbockers and a sweater. As he entered the church the pastor invited him to make an address. Dr. French accepted and his appearance in bicycling costume in the pulpit mildly shocked the congregation.

sign, and then she is like a picture. Two or three girls whose houses are adjoining had the cows brought up near the veranda and while milking them kept up a fire of conversation about the current events in society. Another time six society women devoted a morning to the "art" or milking. Six cows were led on the lawn and six men, who were experts, taught their mistresses how to milk. What a sight for the bystander! In dainty muslin gowns, large picture hats, the milkmaid of society cuts a dash, as she does in everything.

Exhibits His Wives for Money.

A harem is now on exhibition in Berlin. A Persian pasha, who was bankrupt, was induced to sacrifice his ideas of the proper seclusion for a Mahometan family for a consideration, and he has moved his goods and chattels to Berlin, where they may be inspected by the curious. The house has been arranged so that without disturbing the inmates their home life can be seen. The pasha exercised good judgment in the selection of his wives and many of them are of rare beauty. There are a score of children, ranging from 4 to 15 years, and a dozen female servants. Many of the wives are excellent musicians and play the piano and sing remarkably well. They also do fine needlework. They have become accustomed to the stares of strangers and pursue their usual household vocations as unconcerned as if in Persia. The show will visit all the large cities in Europe and may come to America.—New York World.

His Anxiety.

Bank President—I understand that you are not only a good book-keeper but a prominent member of the church? Applicant—Yes, sir; but I hope that won't count against me.—New York World.

The flowers in a New Jersey churchyard are cared for entirely by the Junior Christian Endeavor society.

to Turkey. The English mission in Persia gained a hold on the gratitude of the people in the famine of 1871-72, when Bruce and Gordon were the only men who saved the people, but the earlier Sir John Malcolm and Martyn are not forgotten.

Stopped the Excitement.

When Charles Hutchinson, the eldest son of "Old Hutch," but a very different sort of man, was president of the Chicago stock exchange, he calmed a tumult in the pits one day by coming out upon a little balcony above the crowd and standing with his hand upraised in an attitude half commanding, half entreating. Everybody stopped talking after a little while to see what the beloved "Charley" had to say. But all that he said was "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" It turned the tide of affairs that day almost as effectually as closing the stock exchange might have done.—Boston Transcript.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Do not be afraid of making enemies. Woe to him who has none!—Balzac.

The happy are those who possess the own souls, whose attitude toward life and their fellow-men is firmly chosen and faithfully preserved.

What furniture can give such a flash to a room as a tender woman's face? And is there any harmony of tints that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice?—George Elliot.

Since happiness is necessarily the supreme object of our desires, and duty the supreme rule of our actions, there can be no harmony in our being except our happiness coincides with our duty.—Whewell.

It is said woman loves courage in man, that he may protect her. No, she loves courage which makes sacrifice. She loves heroism. She loves protection, but from a hero's arm. It is the virtue, not her own safety, she loves.—William Ellery Channing.



"Check it!"

Battle Ax PLUG

If he had bought a 5 cent piece he would have been able to take it with him. There is no use buying more than a 5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent piece is most too big to carry, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade tobaccos.

Columbia

YOU SEE THEM EVERYWHERE

BICYCLES

DOPE MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN.