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The commercial agencies report a continued gain in the general condition of business, notwithstanding the floods and bad roads. The new tariff bill has not had the effect that characterized the passage of the Wilson bill in 1893, which had a most depressing influence upon trade, and commerce, manufactures and farming industries.

The farmers of the United States are likely to have an increased market for their production at an early date. The reciprocity features of the Dingley act are expected to open a good many markets which are now closed to our agricultural products.

The demand of Japan and Austria for gold is making such inroads upon the British supply as to give ground for expecting a call upon this country. But this prospect, according to the New York Tribune, need cause no alarm, since the national treasury is in a position to part with \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000 and still have a reserve considerably in excess of \$100,000,000, while the New York banks are well supplied with the yellow metal.

Mr. Bryan acknowledges that "republican success has been a disappointment." But he has doubtless failed to realize what a bitter disappointment it is going to be to him and his crowd when republican success has had a little more time to demonstrate what it means to the country.

The market value of land all over the state has been rising like magic during the past few weeks. The Journal is informed by an agent of one of loan companies that did business before the panic on a large scale in this state and Kansas, and thought itself exceedingly unlucky in having a large number of its mortgages turned into absolute purchases of the land, that the state is full of land buyers and that the company is now realizing on its sales from 25 to 50 per cent, cash down, more than the lands were not long ago appraised at.

WHEN THE COOK LEFT

MRS. NOOLWEDDE HAD A HEART-BREAKING EXPERIENCE.

Like a Good Housewife, She Prepared Luncheon, but It Put a Bad Taste in George's Mouth—While He Was Gone to the Drug Store Old Friends Called.

She was in tears, and her dearest friend sought to comfort her. "What is it?" she asked. "Has somebody given a reception and slighted you just when you have a new gown? Or have you the invitation and not the gown?"

"No, neither. Oh, it is something perfectly awful!" "I'm! I suppose, then, your husband has been treating you badly. Well, as long as he has you might relieve your mind by telling me all about it."

"I don't know. Your mother-in-law, she can cook. No; it was that horrid girl George used to be engaged to before he ever knew me. I never met her, but I recognized her from her photographs."

"If you never met her, how do you know she is horrid?" "Humph! Any girl who could not get along with George must be horrid. Besides he has no taste at all—I can never see a trace of beauty in the woman he calls pretty."

"But tell me about opening the door." "Oh, when I came face to face with her I thought I should die! Her husband was with her. Neither of them of course knew me, and—"

"I caught a look of frozen horror on their faces as they turned and fled down the steps. Oh, I thought I should just die, and I—I wish I had."

CLEAN PARIS KITCHENS.

No Ashes or Garbage There, Says Lecturer Clarence Cook.

What becomes of the ashes and garbage in Paris was a question raised and partially answered by Clarence Cook in an address delivered at the regular meeting of the League for Political Education on "Little Housekeeping in Paris."

The Paris which Mr. Cook talked about was that of some 25 years ago, when the differences in domestic life in that city and this were much greater than at present. Since then New York has adopted the flat system in all its details, but there were still differences, chief among which was the handling of garbage and ashes. In the apartments which Mr. Cook occupied in Paris, and which he described as being delightfully situated, though "on the wrong side of the Seine," according to the ideas of a fashionable friend of his in the American colony, there were no ashes that he could see.

In the way of food everything came to the apartment fully prepared for cooking. In a mutton chop there was nothing but meat and bone, and when the meat had been eaten the bone was deposited on the charcoal fire. Potatoes were bought already peeled, carrots without their green and all green vegetables without any of the superfluous outer leaves or husks or skins which would go to make up garbage.

On each of the farms spoken of in the article, the water and fish can be let from one to the other without the least difficulty. The breeding ponds, which are, of course, the most important, are protected from the wind and cold by high embankments around the edges. This is all the protection that is necessary for the fish, even in the winter time, so it is seen that, although the fish are undoubtedly delicate, they are much more hardy than is generally supposed.

Several times a year the fish are sorted in the different ponds and classified so that the largest and finest ones will be together, and those which will not bring such good prices will be by themselves. Many people suppose that when the goldfish is first hatched from the egg it has the peculiar pretty markings on its scales which make it so beautiful and valuable.

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RAISING GOLDFISH.

THE TWO LARGEST FARMS IN THE WORLD ARE IN INDIANA.

Correcting Some Popular Errors About These Finny Beauties—The Raiser Has Great Difficulty in Fighting Off the Pest World—Goldfish With Many Tales.

Goldfish are so extremely common nowadays that few people ever stop to wonder where they come from or how they are raised. Comparatively little is generally known about the little cold blooded vertebrates that swim about in the aquariums in so many homes. The pets require a careful and systematic raising that is scarcely appreciated by those who expect to get them for small prices of dealers in the city.

The largest goldfish farm in the world, if it may be called such, is located in Shelby county, Ind., about 30 miles from Indianapolis. Here the original goldfish men of the country have their propagating institution.

There are two farms, several miles apart, which are devoted to the different branches of the industry. In the north part of the county is one farm of eight or ten acres. The other is a few miles farther south and is about half again as large as the first one.

Today there are in the various ponds of Spring Lake fishery over 200,000 fish, from which specimens are constantly being sent to every state and territory of the Union. It is even said that some of the finest fish in the royal aquariums of Europe were raised by Mr. Shoup and his partner at this farm.

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A BEAR STORY.

The Most Wonderful Escape of a Hunter Who Was Up a Tree.

They were spinning jars of the chase, and this was the contribution of the congressman: "After a pretty hard campaign I went with a hunting party, to the upper peninsula. I'm not a Leather Stocking or a Daniel Boone with a rifle, but I'm far from having to go inside and close the doors in order to hit a bear. I'd brought down a deer and bagged any amount of small game, but wanted a bear. One morning I had tramped an unusual distance from camp and suddenly came upon three half grown cubs rolling and tumbling over each other in play. I shot one, and the other two beat a clumsy retreat. Setting my gun against a tree, I reached my cub while he was still kicking.

"Hearing a noise, I whirled around to find the mother coming at me, her mouth wide open and her eyes glaring. There was no chance to reach the rifle. I'm no sprinter and took the only alternative by slipping up a tall pine tree. She stopped a minute to examine the victim of my shot and was more enraged than ever as she came climbing after me. Once in the tufted top of that pine, I did some faster thinking, gentlemen, than I ever did on any question of state. The bear was coming and losing no time. I was without a weapon of any kind. It looked as though brain had the drop.

"But a man in my predicament overlooks no chances. In my vest pocket I had a well filled match safe. In my hip pocket was a pint of brandy, minus one moderate nip. In my hunting jacket was a bunch of tow. I saturated that with brandy, and, as the bear approached, I ignited her with the remainder. Dividing the tow so as to have two shots, I lit the first half and dropped it on the bear. I didn't need the other half. There was a flash of light, as though a pan of powder had been ignited. The air was filled with the odor of burning hair. The bear let go and fell down because it was quicker. Then she left a fiery streak toward my ordinary thunderstorm."—Detroit Free Press.

Near one of the gates at the Union station as the long train from Chicago rolled in stood an old colored man. He was bent under time's burden, and it was easy to imagine that he was one of those relics of the south, one of those picturesque characters of old plantation life, that now live only in the memory. The great engine was panting after its long run, and amid the bustle and confusion of the station the old man seemed bewildered. Then as the passengers came through the gate they saw a little act of kindness that touched a tender chord of sympathy in more than one heart.

Another colored man, who looked as if he might be a porter, stepped up and slipped a quarter in the old man's hand. Then he quickly made his way off again, looking half ashamed at his action. The old man stood looking at the quarter, with a smile on his wrinkled old face, and the next man placed another silver piece in his hand. The other passengers followed suit, and the old man had to come off to hold the shower of coin.

Just then the policeman on duty at the station saw the old fellow and started toward him, but with more agility than one would have given him credit for the old man ran in between the crowd and was lost.

THE RAINBOW IN THE SPRAY.

The tide is full that except about the town—A yellow, turbid, disenchanted flood.

Of city refuse mixed, and oil and mud. But when a ferryboat, black, ugly, brown, Against the gale of March comes lumbering down.

The waves she flings to either side are bright with spray as dancing in the sun's keen light. As white, as fair, as pure as snow at dawn. And in the spindrift from each chopping crest. The colors of the rainbow meet and play. So in each life, however dull and gray, There comes some breeze of fortune at its best. Cheering the heart with love or hope or rest. And shining like the rainbow in the spray. —J. L. Weston in "The Quitting Bee."

Gradually Acquiring Information Concerning Methods of Collecting a Bill. "When we moved into the country," said Mr. Changofair, "I almost wondered at the absolute confidence of the boss of the moving party. It was a long haul, two or three vans, and the bill a matter of \$40 or \$50, but they moved everything out of the vans into the house clean before the boss driver presented the bill. I wondered what they would do if somebody should say then that he would call at the office and settle or something of that sort. But then, I knew I was going to pay; that it had been perfectly safe to get the stuff in and collect the bill afterward of me, and I made up my mind that they were keen men, who knew people when they met them, whom they could trust and whom not.

"Well, after some years we moved back. Same concern moved us in, but they didn't know us at the office any more than if they had never heard of us. Arrived in the city, the men with the vans—it was a different crew from that that took us out—began lugging in the things just as the men that moved us out had done in the country. Nobody said anything about pay, and I wondered again what would happen if they got the stuff all in and then the owner didn't pay. But they kept on hustling the things in just as if they fell perfectly easy and secure about that.

"After awhile the stuff was pretty much all in—practically all but the piano—and I wondered why they hadn't brought that in before, because I had seen it loaded, and I knew it was one of the last things loaded on at the very rear end of one of the vans. So I went out to see, and there was the piano, right where I had seen it when it was put aboard, at the extreme rear end of the van, while all the stuff in front had been taken out, carried around the end of the piano and on into the house. In front of it the van was empty.

"Passing through the hall, I met the head driver, the boss of the party, and he, just casually meeting me in that way in the hall, handed over the bill for the moving, and I paid it on the spot. Then, everything else having been moved in, the whole gang tallied on to the piano and walked it right into the house.

THE SNOW MIRACLE.

"The age of miracles," they say, "is past: Christ walks no more upon the yielding waves."

Not does the Spirit breathe, to bless or save, On mortal man." And then the winter blast Comes shrieking from beyond the sunset glow: The dancing waves grow solid as a floor To bear the burden of one wondrous miracle: God breathes upon the mist, and it is snow. —J. L. Weston in "The Quitting Bee."

Which, Whether Truth or Fiction, Are Decidedly Interesting. When riding in the tram car through the wildest parts of Peckham Rye, writes a contributor to the London News, with a friend, a certain young man of a marine appearance jumped into the car and at once recognized my companion. Before we had gone very far I was deep in one of the oddest family histories. This new arrival, it seems, when a boy of 14, had been possessed by the fear of consumption, that fell disease having carried off his brother and threatening his father and mother. Accordingly he read every book that he could lay his hands on dealing with the subject, and, as the result of his reading, ran away to Bournemouth to be near the pines. Having no funds, he engaged himself to a local fishmonger, carrying his master's fish to the various customers. When the day's work was done, he shouldered a hammock, camped among some of the pines for which that southern health resort is famous.

One night a gentleman, sauntering along, smoking a cigar, noticed him, and, being amazed at this "al fresco" bed, entered into conversation with him. "Why, I know who you are," exclaimed the consumptive youth at last. "You're Mr. Louis Stevenson, the man who wrote 'Treasure Island.'" "How do you know?" said the gentleman. "Because I deliver you fish. You live at Skerryvore." "So I do," replied Stevenson, for he it was sure enough. "But you don't talk like a fishmonger's boy." "No more I do," replied the boy, and he then poured his strange secret into the novelist's ear, which was sympathetic enough, who did meed an invitation to breakfast. "Oh, and I did eat," said the young man. He told the story so loudly that the whole train laughed. "And the servants couldn't make it out at all to see the distinguished author entertaining poor me. Then he went to Paris, and I never saw him again for a long while." The pines not proving strong enough, the strange youth was seized with a yearning for the scent of the eucalyptus and persuaded his friends to send him to sea. When he reached Sydney, he sold his outfit and ran away into the bush and lived in the open with eucalyptus garlands. There, after many adventures, he sailed for the south seas and abode by reef and palm for many a long year.

One day when cruising as supercargo among the Gilbert islands, I think, a European swell in beautiful white duck, a great red sash and a spreading Panama hat, with a peacock's feather in it, came aboard the schooner. "Good morning, Mr. Stevenson," said the supercargo. Mr. Stevenson looked and wondered who knew him in these faroff seas. "I don't know you," he said, shaking his head. "But I know you. Don't you remember the fishmonger's boy who ate such a big breakfast at Skerryvore?" "So I do. Well, the world is small indeed." And then, as if by magic, two bad pegs and tiffin—or whatever they call such things in the islands—together. What a strange, small world it is indeed! Well, one succumbed to the dread disease; the other is as hearty a fellow as ever I saw. It was a quaint, grimy fancy to—lodging phthisis all over the world!—London News.

In Doubt. A certain minister, who is not always so careful as he ought to be in making his teaching and his practice correspond, was lately telling some friends a story of adventure. It was a pretty "all" story, and the minister's 10-year-old little girl was observed to be listening to it very intently. When he finished, she fastened her wide open eyes upon her father's face and said very gravely, "Is that true, or are you praching now, papa?"—Household Words.

Ornithology. Tommy—A bat's a bird, ain't it, ma? Ma—Yes, Tommy. Tommy—An it's a great deal bigger'n a eagle, ain't it, ma? Ma—What makes you think so, my boy? Tommy—'Cause I heard pa say he an Mr. Jinkins was on one last night.—Richmond Dispatch.



The demons of despair follow the footsteps of the man whose ignorance or carelessness has loaded him with a burden of weakness and disease. There is no royal road to health. No one can trespass the laws of nature and escape the consequences. True, some may do what others may not. Each one has his limitations. The puzzle is to understand it, and, with simple inexpensive prescriptions for the arrest of disease. It contains more information about the human body in health and disease than any other book ever published. It has had a larger sale (60,000 copies at \$1.50 each) than any medical book in the English language. This great book may be had absolutely free, in paper covers, by sending twenty-one one-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. If you prefer fine French cloth binding, send ten cents extra (thirty-one cents in all). Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure Constipation.