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### Dyspepsia,

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which regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, stimulates secretion of the gastric juice, removes acidity and tones the entire system to health.

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One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for 8 months to relieve me of nervous debility.

REV. JOHN LOEWENFELD.

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REV. JOHN LOEWENFELD.

HOVEN, SOUTH DAKOTA, Oct. 27, 1890.

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JOHN MOLITOR.

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## EATING GRASS LIKE OXEN

### Nebuchadnezzar-Like, Fine Intellectuals Herd With Beasts.

The inestimable value of Christianity as an elevating and ennobling influence on the nature of man, formed the subject of Dr. Talbot's sermon this morning. The preacher chose as his text the humiliation of the Babylonian king who being destitute of religion, sank to the level of the brute. Daniel iv 8. "All this came upon the King Nebuchadnezzar."

Colonel Rawlinson, the oriental traveler, says that the exhumed bricks, not only of Babylon but of 100 towns in an area of 100 miles in length and thirty in breadth, are inscribed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar. He was a great warrior and at the glance of his sword nations prostrated themselves. He was a great king and built a city reservoir ninety miles in circumference and 120 feet deep, and constructed a hanging garden 400 feet square and seventy-five feet high, some say to please Amukia, his wife, who had been born among the hills, and others say to get a pleasure ground free from the mosquitoes, which afflict the levels. I think, from his character, the latter reason may have impelled him as much as the former. When he conquered King Zedekiah, so as to have no more trouble with him, he put his eyes out—a most barbarous way of incapacitating an enemy. But Babylon was a great place, the houses surrounded by gardens and the housetops were connected with each other by bridges, and one day Nebuchadnezzar walked out on those suspension bridges and showed, perhaps to a royal visitor, the vastness of his realm as the sun kindles the domes with glistening almost insufferable, and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around adorned with spoils of conquered empires. Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of my power and for the honor of my majesty?"

In other words: "What a great man I am. Babylon was not anything until I adorned it. See those waterworks; I adorned it. See those gardens; I adorned it. I shall never be forgotten. Why, my name is on every brick in all those walls. Just look at me. I am more than a man. But, in an instant, all that splendor is gone from his vision, for a voice falls from the heavens, saying: "O, King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

One hour from the time he made the boast, he is on his way to the fields a maniac, and rush ng into the forests he becomes one of the beasts, and is after awhile covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails grow to look like bird's claws in order that he may dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for nuts.

The mental disaster that seized him was what the Greeks called lycanthropy, by which a man imagines himself a beast and prefers to go out and mingle with brutes. He who had been eating pomegranates and apricots off of plates of gold inlaid with amethyst and diamond, and drinking the richest wines from the royal vats, now browsing on grass, and struck by the horn of the ox as he contends for a better tuft of the pasture, and instead of an orchestra on benches of ivory playing the national airs, now listening to the moon and bellow and grunt of the beasts. This is not hard for me to believe, for the forms of dementia are innumerable. A few years ago, arriving in a city on a summer afternoon, while waiting for my engagement in the evening, I sauntered forth into what seemed to be a park in front of a large public building, the use of which I knew not. I met a gentleman, with whom I fell into a delightful conversation, and he seemed intelligent on all subjects. After a while, I said: "Let us sit down on this bench and rest awhile and enjoy the scene of verdure around us." "No," said he. "You sit down, but I cannot. I am made of glass, and if I should sit down I would break to pieces." Then, I saw that he was insane, and belonged to the large building just behind us. After such an interview as that, I can easily believe this account of my text. Here is Nebuchadnezzar on all fours. He once prided himself on being more than a man, and now he turns out less than a man. The courtiers look out of the windows upon him as he moves among the royal herds and cry, "A beast!" Seven years pass when suddenly his reason returns, and he comes back to Babylon a humble worshipper of the God of heaven. What must have been the excitement in the royal court as this restored maniac emperor walks into the palace. What a time they had in cutting his nails and his hair, which had grown for seven years without being interfered with by any shears. What a scrubbing must have taken place in the imperial baths. What a transformation necessary in order that he who had been herding with camels and goats and swine may be made fit to associate with princes. What a change from a sty to a throne-room!

While walking from this Babylonian palace down to the pasture field, and from the pasture field back to the palace, the first thing that impresses me is what an incongruous thing it is for a king to be eating grass. It is good for cattle, but not fit for man. And then for one to prefer it to a royal table toward whose bounty the orchards, and pedicels, and streams, and vineyards in all the earth might contribute—what an amazement! And yet the scene is as common as the daylight.

When I see a man of regal nature

made to rule in realms of thought, capable of all moral elevation, besotting his faculties, attempting out of low sensualities to satisfy his immortal energies, coming down off his throne of power into brutality, sacrificing his higher nature to his lower nature, stooping and stooping, coming down and coming down until all his influence for good is gone, I cry out, "There is a king eating grass like an ox."

And there are tens of thousands of such Nebuchadnezzars. So there are Queens who dedicate themselves to the same humiliation. What power for good God gave that woman. Magnetism of personal presence. Influence more than imperial. By her intelligence, by her tenderness, by her charm of smile and manner, capable of soothing so much sorrow, and reforming so much waywardness, and wielding so much elevated power; yet at the call of worldliness, coming out of the throne room of good influence, where God would have her reign, coming down over the ivory stairs of moral power, coming down and coming down until she has no more soul than the dead bird transfixed in her millinery or the chinchilla that was slain to give her warmth, or the kid that furnished her the glove, and finding her only delight in flatteries of brainless men, and middle-night schottisches and debauched novelties. I say "There is one who might have been a queen unto God. I look over the pasture fields of folly and sin, and find many groveling who ought to be erect. Oh men and women go back to your thrones! A young man ran away from home and broke his widowed mother's heart. Fourteen years passed and he returned, and came to the window at which his old mother was sitting. She looked up and immediately recognized him, and said: "Oh, Robert, Robert! Come in!" "No!" said he, "mother, I shall never come in till I hear you say you forgive me." Her answer was, "Robert, I have forgiven you long ago. There is nothing to forgive now except that you staid away so long." My heart's forgiveness has been ready for you a good while. With more than a mother's tenderness God will take you back. They are waiting for you up in the palace. Nebuchadnezzar was the son of Nobopolassar who ruled before him, and you are the child of a king!

The next thought that presses into my mind from the contemplation of this incident, is that conviction is not conversion. Who is this monarch that makes the boast about Babylon? The very man who, under the revelation of dreams that Daniel made from heaven, deeply humbled himself, while he confessed that God is a God of Gods and a Lord of Lords, yet, behold that that humbling and arousing which he before felt did not result in a radical change. There is no mistake more frequent than of supposing conviction a synonym for conversion. Conviction is merely a sight of sin; conversion is a view of pardon. Conviction is merely alarm; conversion is confidence. Conviction is dissatisfaction with one's depravity; conversion is a turning away from it. Conviction is a sword wound; conversion is the healing. Conviction is the fever of thirst; conversion is the slaking of that thirst. Conviction is the pain; conversion is the medicine that cures it. Thousands have experienced the former and never experienced the latter. There are multitudes who think that as soon as a man is serious he is fit for profession of religion. What if a man should only think seriously of being a merchant, would that make him a merchant? What if a man should only think seriously of being a lawyer, would that make him a lawyer? What if a man should only think seriously of being a Christian, would that make him a Christian? Felix was convicted but not converted. The jailer was convicted before he got out of bed, but not converted until at the advice of Paul he believed in Christ. Are you convicted but not converted? I tell you what you make me think of. You have made up your mind for proper consideration to deed away a property. You have drawn the deed. The seal is affixed opposite where you are to write your name. The commissioner of deeds is present to witness. You have your pen in hand. There is ink in the pen. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to sign your name. Suppose you stop now without signing your name, what does it all amount to? Nothing. So you have resolved to give yourself up to God. You propose to sign off to him your body, your mind, your soul, and have all things necessary for the transfer. The angels of God are here to witness the eternal transfer. Why do you not now with your will complete the work? Halt where you are, and all goes for nothing. Sign your name to this spiritual transfer. Professor Arago, the mathematician, got woefully discouraged in his work and was about to give up, when he saw some words on the paper which had been used to stiffen the cover of his book, and the words being indistinct he dampened the cover until he could take it off and saw the words plainly and he found they were words of advice given by D'Alembert to a student, and the words were "Go on, sir; go on!" Oh ye who are convicted, "Go on!" You must take one more step, or all the steps you have taken will amount to nothing. Go on!

Learn also from my subject that pride is the precursor of overthrow. Pride is a commander well plumed and caparisoned, but it leads forth a dark and frowning host. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath shakes his great spear in defiance, but the smooth stones from the brook make him stagger and fall like an ox under a butcher's bindgong. He who is down cannot fall. Vessels scudding under bare poles do not feel the force of the storm. What are those three sleds that have just gone into the yard of a miserable hotel in Warsaw, Poland, on the cold night of December 10, 1812? Who are they, who from these sleds have entered, and the servant is trying to build for them a fire with some green wood? Napoleon, with six attendants, on retreat from Moscow. The fire amid the green wood has gone out and the emperor is walking the floor to keep from freezing. Then bounding into his sled, the thermometer 26 degrees below zero, he disappears in the darkness. He, who a little before had an army under his command, together with troops offered by other nations in all 1,187,000 men, now retreating

through that December night with three sleds, and those of his army not dead under the snow, reduced for food to a mere handful of rye-dough, seasoned with gunpowder for lack of salt, and a mouthful of horse-flesh. From what a height to what a depth! Nebuchadnezzar in the palace; Nebuchadnezzar forsaken in the fields.

Again learn from the misfortune of the king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason. There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as the derangement of intellect—to have the body of a man and yet to fall even below the instinct of a brute. In this world of sad sights, the saddest is the idiot's stare. In this world of awful sounds, the most awful is the maniac's laugh. A vessel on the rocks, when hundreds go down never to rise, and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies up the wintry beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects full of vast hopes and attainments and capacities. Christ's heart went out to those who were epileptic, falling into fire, or maniacs cutting themselves among the tombs. We are accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithful. We forget that an engine with such tremendous power, when the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion and the least impediment might put it out of gear, could only be kept in proper balance by a divine hand. No human power could engineer this train of immortal faculties. How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the successes and misfortunes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling. Is it not strange that the expectations of this intellect should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments? Though so delicately attuned, this instrument of untold harmonies plays on, though fear shocks it, and vexations rack it, and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge, or draw from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the objects of your thanksgiving, next to your salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason.

How many fine intellects are being destroyed by anodynes and anesthetics, which were given by providence for occasional use in alleviation of pain or insomnia, but by being employed continuously, after a while capture and destroy Chloral, cocaine, bromide of potassium, opium and whole shelves of seductive ecceteras that help to turn Nebuchadnezzars into imbecility or madness. Do not trifle with opiates that numb the brain. If you cannot live without the perpetual and enslaving use of them, you had better die. Better die a sane man than live a fool. What right have you to kill your brain and put in wild jangle your nervous system? But rum is the cause of more insanity than anything else. There is nothing like rum to put a man, like Nebuchadnezzar, down on all fours.

Again, learn how quickly turns the wheel of fortune, from how high up to how far down went Nebuchadnezzar. Those now in places of position and power, even though they should live, will, in a few years, be disregarded, while some, who this day are obscure and poverty stricken, will ride up on the shoulders of the people to take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, how quickly the wheel turns. Ballot boxes are the steps on which men come down as often as they go up. Of those who were a few years ago successful in the accumulation of property, how few have not met with reverses of fortune, while many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold the bonds and the bank keys of the nation and win the most bows on the exchange. Of all fickle people in the world fortune is the most fickle. Every day she changes her mind, and woe to that man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes. She cheers when you go up and she laughs when you come down. Oh, trust not a moment your heart's affections to this changeable world. Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's love gather your joy. Then come sorrow or gladness, success or defeat, riches or poverty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's.

## "GETTIN' JINED TOGETHER."

The Evidence Went Against Him, and He Had to Quit.

When I was about two miles out of town, says a writer in the N. Y. Evening World, it began to rain heavily and a woman came to the door of a negro cabin and called to me to "scratch in yere till de wetness is ober." I found that she was a widow with three or four children, and she had a caller in the person of an old darky who had seen at least seventy-five years of all sorts of weather. He was blind in one eye, hump-backed and lame, and he didn't lunk able to lift a peck of potatoes. After some general talk the old man turned to the widow and said:

"I 'ze gwine ter ask he 'un 'bout it."

"Shoo!"

"Yes I ar! He 'un orter know. Will yo 'un abide?"

"Doan' bodder!"

"But I 'ze gwine ter."

She digested around and he got up and sat down and cleared his throat and finally asked:

"Say, boss, I 'ze been axin Libbie 'bout yo' gittin' jined together."

"Shoo! ole man—how flighty!" she exclaimed as she waved him away.

"You mean about gettin' married?" I asked.

"Dat's it. Her husband's dun dead, an she's powerful lonesome without a man."

"Now, Moses, what yo' talkin' sich giddiness fur?" she protested.

"It's de troof, Libbie. Jist fadin' right away 'kase yo' haven't got no husband. Dese yere chill'en jist cry'n' all de time 'kase dey hain't got no fadder. Foge jestle chill'en."

"Daddy, I 'ze dun tole yo' dat yo' too ole," she objected.

"Hul! How ole was I?"

"Mighty ole, daddy—mighty ole. You's dun 'bout ready to die."

"Hul! Har dat woman talk! Boss, I want yo' to decide dat questun. Jist look me all ober an' say how ole I was."

I took him over to the window where I could get a good look at him, and as I scanned his features I realized that he must be a very old man indeed.

"Do you want my honest opinion?" I asked, as we sat down again.

"Sartin, boss," he hopefully replied, while the widow's face wore an anxious look.

"Well, then, as near as I can judge, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, you are at least 80 years old, and perhaps five years older."

"Jist like I dun tole yo' daddy!" exclaimed the widow; and she pounded her knees with her fists and laughed long and loud.

The old man stood up and looked at me reproachfully out of his one eye and then shuffled out of door without a word. He fell down getting off a root and fell down at the gate; and as he went off up the road he humped over so far that he did not appear to be more than three feet high. Half an hour later the rain ceased falling, and I followed him. Half a mile up the road I came to a fork, and the old man stood there under a tree.

"Daddy, which road do I take to go to Kelley's?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment and then came shuffling out to the road and replied:

"Boss, I won't tole yo' nuffin 'bout de roads?"

"But why?"

"'Kase yo' han't no friend of mine!"

"Yes, I am, too; of course I am."

"No, sah! No, sah! Can't stuff dat down me, sah! If yo' was a friend of mine yo'd a tole dat widdler dat I was 27 'years ole, sah—zactly 27 last week! I doan' know nuffin 'bout roads, nor Kelley, nor nobody! Good day, sah!"

## HOW TO TRAIN DOGS.

Some Interesting Facts About the Way to Teach a Game Dog to Fight.

A well-known dog and chicken fancier was exercising a twenty-eight-pound bull terrier dog the other day when a Sun reporter happened along. The fancier when questioned as to the mode of training generally adopted in conditioning dogs for a fight, said:

"The time generally occupied in fitting a dog for a contest is sixty days. The objects to be obtained are to remove all superfluous flesh, get him into a perfectly healthy condition, and develop his muscles and his wind so he can fight a long time without stopping to rest. His muscles are hardened, his wind made strong, and extra flesh removed by hard work, which should be as systematic as a man training for a fight.

"The apparatus used for training consists of a wooden disk balanced on a center pin so that it will turn. The dog is put on top of this disk. The trainer sits facing the dog, starts the disk so that it will tend to take the dog away from him, and the dog has to run while the disk turns so as to maintain his position near the trainer. Again, there is the old-fashioned tread power which a dog is put into and made to work. But there are dogs that will neither run on the disk nor work in the tread power, and these are sometimes chained to a buggy and taken out on the road. The distance is generally increased, and by the middle of the training season the dog should be able to run twenty minutes without hanging out his tongue. Then the exercise is gradually decreased until it has reached the minimum gain, just before the fight. After each run the dog has his breakfast, then bathed and blanketed, his feet oiled and he is put in a clean bed. Most trainers object to running a dog behind a wagon to work off flesh. They claim that walking and rubbing are better methods, because the running behind a wagon fills a dog with dust. After an hour or two of sleep during the forenoon the trainer gets him up and walks him around until dinner time. After dinner he is allowed another short sleep and then exercised. Some trainers fight the dog with boxing-gloves to strengthen his jaws and muscles of the neck.

"To do this the trainer gets a pair of six-ounce gloves, puts them on, and stands up before the dog. After a little training the dog will jump at the gloves and the trainer will attempt to keep him off by blows. Another method is to swing the dog by his grip on a straw bag or a stuffed cushion. By this means a dog is so trained that in a fight when he gets hold of an antagonist he can keep it.

"When a dog is in perfect trim he should be able to run thirty miles without showing that he is tired, and should be able to go into a ring and fight for one hour to one hour and a quarter before he loses his wind. Everything is done with clock-work regularity, and the work the dog is required to do must take off the extra flesh without reducing the daily allowance of food. He must be bathed and rubbed every day, have a clean bed and plenty of fresh air. Dogs that are generally put into the pit would be better fighters if they had not been subjected so much to the fumes of the saloon."

## Origin of Finger-Rings.

"Nobody seems to be able to tell exactly when finger-rings were worn first," said a dealer to a reporter recently. "The wearing of finger-rings has been almost universal, and the custom began at a very early period of the world's history. Some traditions say that Tubal Cain was the first one to decorate his fingers with a dainty piece of metal. The old Latin legend, speaking of the wedding-ring, says: 'The form of the ring being circular—that is to say, round and without end—imparted this much, that mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from one to the other, as in the circle, and that continually and forever.'

"The first authentic reference to finger-rings occurs in the Old Testament, where Judah's signet ring is mentioned. It is also evident they were in use among the Egyptians at that time, for Pharaoh is said to have taken the ring from his own finger and put it on Joseph's hand when he made him ruler over Egypt.

"The Egyptians were evidently very fond of rings, for the hands of female mummies that have been found have been profusely decorated with rings, many of them having very costly ones on every finger. The poorer class seem to have worn rings, too, but of cheap material, such as bronze, glass and pottery. The ancient Chaldeans and Persians used to wear rings.

"In those days rings seem to have been worn not so much for ornaments as for practical purposes. They were used for sealing. The Romans used to wear signet rings of iron, and every free man had a right to wear one. Embassadors in the early days used to wear gold rings as a part of their official dress. This privilege of wearing rings was afterward extended to chief magistrates and senators. The emperors used to confer this right upon those whom they wished to favor. Nowadays the wearing of rings has no particular significance except the wedding-ring and the engagement ring. Anybody who wants to and who can afford to purchase one can wear a signet ring. The custom of wearing rings is a very popular one, and the manufacture of them forms one of the most important branches of the jeweler's industry."—N. Y. Mail.

An English court has just decided that a wife married in Japan after the fashion of that country is a legal wife in England, on the ground that "Japan has long been recognized as a civilized country." A previous decision in a case where the wife was a Hotentot and was married after the Hotentot fashion had upset the union on the ground that the Hotentots were heathens and polygamists, and did not know what marriage, in the civilized sense, meant.

The Rainbow Fire Company of Reading, Pa., celebrated its 117th anniversary recently.

## Very Like a Conspiracy.

A correspondent relates in a New York paper that before Mary Hattwell Catherwood, the Illinois authoress, entered upon the writing of her "Story of Tonty" she concluded to visit Starved Rock and "stand where he had stood" to view the landscape o'er, and perchance gain facts and inspiration. She went to Ottawa, stopped at the Clifton, sent for the proprietor (one Billy Taylor) and said she wanted a man who knew the whole country to drive her to Starved Rock.

"All right," said Billy. "I know the very man. He's green, bashful and taciturn, but he knows everything and if you once interest him he'll talk like a book."

"I'll interest him," cried Mrs. C. joyfully. "What's his hobby?"

"Science," replied Billy at random, and went off to engage a man he had a grudge against—one who, added to his natural bashfulness and stupidity, had an absolute horror of women.

Billy assured him the passenger was an exceedingly quiet woman, an authoress, and would pay well. So off they started.

Poor Mrs. Catherwood! For eighteen miles down and ditto back did she talk motors, phonographs, etc., and never one word did that driver reply but—

"Umph! Umph!"

When utterly weary, disgusted and exceedingly angry she had paid her bill and departed, Billy sought the driver with, "Well, Mike, how did you get along to-day?" Mike fairly shouted: "Quiet! woman! Authoress! Billy, I mane to kill ye, but first I'll wallup the feller who filled that funny-graph woman's cylinder!"

## As George Understood It.

A lady went not long since to call upon a neighbor in the country and found the five-year-old son of the house playing upon the lawn.

"How do you do, Georgia," she said.

"Is your mamma at home?"

"No, Mrs. Gray," he answered with the most approved politeness.

"I am sorry for that," the caller said.

"Will she be gone long?"

"I don't know," the little fellow answered doubtfully. "She's gone to a Christian and Devil meeting."

"Gone to what?" the lady exclaimed in astonishment.

"To a Christian and Devil meeting in the vestry," was the reply.

And it suddenly flashed across the caller's remembrance that for that afternoon had been appointed at the Church a meeting of the Christian Endeavor.—Boston Courier.

## Well-Disciplined Ducks.

Blackwood has a good account of a journey of 1,200 miles up the Yang-se-King full of description and leaving on the mind the impression that China, besides being one of the most original of civilized countries, must be one of the most beautiful. The following passage may raise in some few breeders a new appreciation of Chinese skill in disciplining their feathered flocks:

"During our stay at Hankow we visited a duck farm. The process of keeping the ducks is simple. A large wooden shed stands near the edge of the river, where the owner of the farm or an employe spends the night with his feathered friends. There must have been several thousand of ducks in the farm we visited. Before sunrise the door of the shed is opened, and out run the ducks, scrambling, one over the other into the river, where they spend the day feeding. As soon as sunset approaches, from all parts of the river they come, for they wander far among the rushes and islands during the day, and there is still more hurry and scurry to get into the shed than there was to get out at dawn. The reason is simple. Immoveable by his hand, and woe betide the last duck to enter, for down on its back comes the long bamboo with a pain-inflicting thud. In this way punctuality is insured among the ducks."

Children could hardly have learned their lesson better than the ducks.

A scientific journal states that a little sugar put on the hands with soap will greatly increase its lather and cleaning power.