

**Modern Grammar.**  
Mother—It's terribly late. Why in the world don't you go to bed?  
Little Daughter—I'm studyin' my grammar lesson.  
But you said the teacher gave you only one rule today and you learned that in three minutes.  
Yes'm.  
Then why are you pouring over that grammar at 11 o'clock at night?  
I'm learnin' the exceptions.  
**The Bolter Barst.**  
Gallant Cowboy (after a soul-wearying performance by pretty hostess)—Er—what was that you just played?  
Miss Pianothump—Impromtu No. 976, by Poundwhiski. Did you like it?  
Gallant Cowboy (with an effort)—Oh, yes, yes, every note of it, as you play it—yes, indeed. I was entranced by your—er—lovely touch, you know. But if I ever catch that composer, I'll shoot him.

**Know all Women**  
The most thoroughly successful remedy science has ever produced for the cure of all forms of Female Complaints is *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*. It has stood the test of many years, and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It will entirely cure Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and check the tendency to cancerous humors.  
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## SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY

### A Glowing Description of the Monarch's Magnificence.

They Scooped Out the Ashes With Shovels of Gold—Gold Flashed in the Apparel and Reflected in the Water.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 28.—Dr. Talmage's text was: 1 Kings 10: 7. "Behold, the half was not told me."  
Solomon had resolved that Jerusalem should be the center of all sacred, regal, and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principle wells of the east, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the east were obliged to stop there, pay toll, and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He manned the fortress Thapsacus at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over; oil which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became an oil well, and honey which was the entire product of sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported, and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every climate. He went down to Ezion-geber and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen and watched the launching of the flotilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift, and long-maned and round-limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving \$85 apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stall, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.  
He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out 180,000 men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and most luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them and bring them and bring them there, and he put them into his cages.  
Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, beasts of every hoof and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel hark to the orchestra! Gaze upon the dance! Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway, and pass up to Solomon's palace!

Here we find ourselves and a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors and the suspended gallery and the approach to the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window. Bronzed ornaments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapters surrounded by network of leaves in which imitation fruit seemed suspended as in hanging baskets. Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches sculptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver. A laver capable of holding 500 barrels of water on 600 brazen ox heads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystalline brightness and musical plash. Ten tables chased with chariot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the seating place of the throne, on each end of the steps, a brazen lion. Why, my friend, in that place they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the altar fires with tongs of gold. Gold flashed from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold! gold!

Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the apices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust covered caravan showing that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors! Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon, and the saffron, and the calamans, and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.  
The queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cup bearers bow. The meat smokes. You hear the dash of waters from the banquet, and walks through the conservatories, and gazes on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.  
She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the precious woods which are intended to be turned into

harpes and psalteries and into railings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the \$180,000—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I must add more than 50 per cent to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me."  
Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood, the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weak minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the gospel then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come the people of affluence and high social position. Alas, that it is so!

If there are those here today who have been favored of fortune, or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this Queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this queen's company. I am glad that Christ has his imperial friends in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, queen of Prussia; Maria Feodorovna, queen of Russia; Marie, empress of France; Helona, the imperial mother of Constantine; Arcadia, from her great fortresses building public baths in Constantinople and toiling for the alleviation of the masses; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and 3,000 of his armed warriors to Christian baptism; Elizabeth of Burgundy, giving her jewelled glove to a beggar, and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Prince Albert, singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor castle, and Queen Victoria, incognita, reading the scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones, and music all its harmonies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its statues, and architecture all its pillars, and conquest all its sceptres; and the queens of the earth, in long line of advance, frankincense filling the air and the camels laden with gold shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great garden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba was? She was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits, and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon? She wanted to see for herself, and hear for herself. She could not do this by work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth 10,000 kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now; no time to be lost. Goad on the camels. When I see that caravan, dust covered, weary and exhausted, trudging on across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say, "There is an earnest seeker after the truth."  
But there are a great many of you, my friends, who do not act in that way. You all want to get the truth, but you want the truth to come to you; you do not want to go to it. There are some people who fold their arms and say, "I am ready to become a Christian at any time; if I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." Ah! Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you; you must go and get religion. Bring out the camels; put on all the sweet spices, all the treasures of the heart's affections. Start for the throne. Go in and hear the waters of salvation dashing in fountains all around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet—the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eschol, the angels of God the cup-bearers. Goad on the camels; Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The bible declares it: "The Queen of the South"—that is, this very woman I am speaking of—"The Queen of the South shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold! a greater than Solomon is here!" God help me to break up the infatuation of those people who are sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Urge on the camels!"

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. This story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolls on and on, and is told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and every caravan, and you know a story enlarges as it is retold, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the queen of Sheba hears it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she has heard so much and had her anticipations raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

So religion is always a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; deathbeds affirmed it with visions of glory and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways and the chapel and the cathedral; it has been cut into stone with chisel, and spread on the canvas with pencil; and it has been recited in the doxology of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace

of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of this banquet, and the luxuriance of his attendants, and the loveliness of his face, and the joy of his service, he exclaims with triumphs: "The half—the half was not told me!"  
I appeal to those in this house who are Christians. Compare the idea you had of the joy of the Christian life before you became a Christian with the appreciation of that joy you have now, since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never in the days of your spiritual bondage had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready today to answer, and if I gave you an opportunity in the midst of this assemblage, you would speak out and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy and the grace and the goodness of God: "The half—the half was not told me!"  
Well, we hear a great deal about the good time that is coming to the world, when it is to be gladdened with salvation. Holiness on the lips of the horses. The lion's mane parted by the hands of a babe. Ships of Tarshish bringing cargoes for Jesus, and the hard dry, barren, winter-blanched, storm-scarred, thunder-split rock breaking into floods of bright water. Deserts into which dromedaries thrust their nostrils, because they were afraid of the simoon—deserts blooming into carnation roses and silver-tipped lillies.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told it, John told it, Paul told it, Ezekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told it—everybody tells it; and yet—and yet when the midnight shall fly the hills, and Christ shall marshal his great army, and China, dashing her idols into the dust, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and India destroying her juggernaut and snatching up her little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and vine-covered Italy, and all the nations of the earth shall hear the voice of God and fall into line; then the church which has been toiling and struggling through the centuries, robbed and garlanded like a bride adorned for her husband, shall put aside her veil and look up into the face of her lord and king and say: "The half—the half was not told me!"  
Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn-book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their sabbath school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it our home. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarating words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the queen of Sheba, the report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desert march, but we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions, as frankincense and myrrh and cassia to the great king. We must not rest. We must not halt. The night is coming on, and it is not safe out here in the desert: Urge on the camels. I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims.

Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters, recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrrh and put it upon a censer and swing it before the altar." And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus on the throne, and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry, world without end: "The half—the half was not told us!"

**New York's Rich and Poor.**  
None do so little for the very poor of New York as its very rich. Efficient workers among the poor are at present generally drawn from the poor themselves, or from the middle and professional class. No one need wonder at this. Effectual charity work and the requirements of modern society do not easily consort. A very small proportion of those who possess enormous wealth in the city subscribe liberally to its various charities; comparatively few can be counted on for a ready support in any properly conducted and hopeful philanthropic movement; and fewer still are found willing to fulfill the more difficult, the more necessary duty of gaining personal knowledge of the needs and wrongs of the poor through personal study of their situation, and friendly intercourse with themselves.

I say, such attention, such knowledge, are not likely to be given by the very rich. To win fortune to-day implies a singleness of purpose, a concentration of all the faculties of the man to the doing of one thing. The very rich man must be a very busy man if he would make large sums keep large sums of money. The difficulties presenting themselves to his ambition are like tough wood, that nothing but the keen edge of an axe can deal with, and to be sharp means almost of necessity to be narrow. Great riches are apt, as one we reverence taught long ago, to ossify the soul, and make the attainment and development of an ideal or truly sympathetic life always difficult, sometimes wellnigh impossible. I say, therefore, we expect too much from our very rich men and women when we call upon them to lead the crusade against poverty and vice. Certainly if we have expectation of their doing so, we in New York have been disappointed.—Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in Harper's Weekly.  
A New Haven man has worn the same coat for thirty-five years.

## NEWS OF THE MARKETS

### The Condition of Trade Rapidly Growing Better.

News of the Cattle Ranges, Movements of Stock of All Kinds, and What is Occurring in the World of Commerce.

Chicago Drovers' Journal: Following is a summary of the government report on number of hogs in the United States January 1, 1892, with comparisons:

	1892.	1891.	1900.
Total in Iowa	10,683,399	5,451,759	10,354,251
Total in Ohio	1,683,352	1,348,205	1,683,352
Total in Michigan	1,683,352	1,348,205	1,683,352
Total in Kentucky	1,683,352	1,348,205	1,683,352
Total in Pennsylvania	1,683,352	1,348,205	1,683,352
Total in New York	1,683,352	1,348,205	1,683,352
Total in all other states	25,250,559	24,830,357	24,603,627
Totals in U. S.	52,308,019	50,625,106	51,602,780

January 1, 1892, the twelve packing states were credited with the following: Iowa, 7,105,320; Illinois, 4,891,815; Missouri, 4,632,201; Kansas, 3,173,767; Ohio, 3,551,725; Indiana, 2,560,880; Nebraska, 2,583,352; Kentucky, 2,348,205; Tennessee, 2,287,059; Wisconsin, 1,190,690; Michigan, 692,057; and Minnesota, 591,895.  
The number of hogs in the United States as reported by the department of agriculture, January 1, 1892, was 52,308,019, being 1,772,911 more than was reported a year ago, 735,339 more than two years ago, 8,051,494 more than five years ago, 9,110,000 more than ten years ago, and 1,136,000 more than fifteen years ago. Of the 52,308,019 in the United States the first of last month, the twelve packing states were credited with 10,683,399, or 1,701,155 more than a year ago. While the twelve packing states increased over 1,700,000, all the other states increased only 64,778. The greatest increase was in Iowa, which state was credited with 11,844,200 more hogs than last year, but a strange feature of the market increase in Iowa is the fact that receipts at all the packing points in that state have been so light for some time past that Ottumwa, Keokuk, Marshalltown, Cedar Rapids and packers at other towns have been going to Omaha and Kansas City for hogs. The number of hogs slaughtered at Cedar Rapids and Sioux City alone since November 1, 1891, to date, compared with the corresponding period last year exhibits 150,000 decrease. Nebraska follows next to Iowa, the increase being reported at 277,000, with Ohio reporting an increase of 110,000 compared with a year ago. Missouri and Kentucky were credited with an increase of 46,000 each. Indiana increased 35,000 and Kansas 31,000. Illinois decreased 50,000 and Michigan a decrease of 18,000. Iowa, Illinois and Missouri together were credited with 16,833,319, or about 1,180,631 more than a year ago and 298,000 more than two years ago. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and New York were credited with 10,568,061, being 64,000 less than a year ago and 64,000 less than two years ago. All other states had 25,250,559, being 439,202 more than the government report of a year ago, and 561,000 more than two years ago. Many prominent Chicago dealers that have made the extensive trade through Iowa report that the number of pigs and hogs, especially the latter, is much smaller than a year ago. Iowa farmers and shippers coming to Chicago generally say the "crop" is somewhat smaller than a year ago, which would seem correct by the fact that packers are hustling at outside markets for hogs.

Chicago Drovers' Journal: A Stock Yard live stock commission firm had dealings with one J. C. Stubblefield who was engaged in buying stock in Kansas, Missouri and Texas, and who from time to time applied to the firm for advances of money. In April, 1891, the firm telegraphed to the firm from Chetopa, Kan., for \$40,000. The money was sent to the impostor by the Pacific Express company, and the man claiming to be J. C. Stubblefield was identified by a hotel keeper and received the money. The impostor had discovered when the genuine Stubblefield was in Chicago. Then suit was brought against the Pacific Express company in the court below judgment was entered for the defendants, which finding the appellate court reversed the opinion being written by Judge Moran. He says that in view of the liberty of express companies to deliver matter entrusted to them is thus stated by our supreme court: "They being insurers for safe delivery; so, nothing can excuse them from their obligation to safely carry and deliver but the lack of God or the public enemy." In this case there cannot be the slightest doubt that the firm supposed that the request for money came from J. C. Stubblefield, with whom they had done business for years. It was the duty of the express company to strictly observe the directions and deliver the money to J. C. Stubblefield, the consignee. A failure to do so, not induced by any negligence of the consignee, whatever the circumstances of fraud or imposition that brought it about, will not excuse the carrier. He delivers at his peril and the question of care or diligence, be it ever so great, is not to be considered.  
The prevalence of blackleg and the numerous losses from this disease has provoked much discussion and many remedies have been proposed, but nevertheless the losses occur with increasing frequency. Col. W. A. Harris, known throughout the United States as a breeder of short horn cattle at Lenwood, Kan., has a remedy which he has used successfully the past forty years. It is as follows: Ten pounds of sulphur, six pounds copperas, three pounds saltpetre, two pounds air-slacked lime, mixed with two or three times the amount of salt which above compound makes. Feed this mixture instead of salt for the spring and before turning on grass for a few weeks. While changing feed in the fall. In fact it is a good ingredient for your cattle to have access to at all times. Colonel Harris says that when his cattle have been liberally supplied with the above mixture he has had no loss, while at times when a proper supply has not been kept by the cattle he has met with losses from blackleg.  
A gentleman of large experience with spring lambs gives the following advice in the National Provisioner: "Select only the best stock—the always the best of the flock. In dressing early lambs cut them open only to the breast bone, but if the weather becomes warm it is best to cut down to the head. Take out entrails, leaving the havel, feet and skin must all be the caul over them and well down over the kidneys, securing it with skewers. Then the caul just enough to let the kidneys through. Replace the pelt over the legs. Be careful about putting in back acts. The sticks should be just the right length; fasten one end to the flank and the other on the breast close up to the first rib, having the sticks across in the back just behind the kidneys. Wrap the whole carcass with clean white muslin, then with tarp or baggage, and ship by express. Do not handle too soon after killing, but allow the animal heat to get entirely out of the meat before shipping. Early lambs should not weigh much less than 2 lbs., and as the season advances buyers want heavier stock. Late summer and fall lambs will not sell as spring lambs."

**A Forgiving Disposition.**  
She (with coldly cutting severity)—I learned from one of your old school-mates today that you once wrote a most absurdly love-sick poem about a young girl, and it was published in the Hightone Magazine.  
He—Y-e-s, my dear. The girl is now Mrs. Beeble.  
What? That big, fat, greasy thing with six children?  
The same.  
Oh! Well, dearie, I don't mind.

**A Little Too English.**  
Chum—What! You are not engaged to Miss Hightone! Well, I declare! I thought surely that would be a match.  
Young Tremolo—I backed out. She was too much a slave of fashion, too English, you know.  
You amaze me.  
Fact. She wanted me to go by myself and ask her father's consent.

**Know Her Darling.**  
Mr. Jolliboy—My gracious! This old-fashioned snowstorm makes me feel young again. Little Johnny should be over at the hill, coasting; instead of sitting in a stuffy school room such good weather as this. I'll go up to school and find him.  
Mrs. J. (quietly)—Perhaps, my dear, you might have some steps by looking for him on the hill first.

**Chaining Him Down.**  
Old Gentleman—If you are bound to marry that young scapgrace, I suppose I can't prevent it; but I'll fix him so he'll have to spend his evenings in good company.  
Trustful Girl—Oh, he will, of course.  
Old Gentleman—Yes, indeed, he will. All the money you get he'll have to win from me at poker.

**Well Worth Reading.**  
Roaming Journalist—I hear that the present owner of the Daily Blowhard is a rich old snoozer, who made a fortune on hams. Does he ever write anything worth reading?  
Blowhard Man—You just bet he does. He signs the checks.

The report of the census bureau shows that "the average earnings of persons employed at the gold and silver mines during the year 1889 were \$725 a year, while the average output per man amounted to \$1,733 a year."

Among the lost arts, such as the tempering of bronze, making flexible glass and the manufacture of Tyrian purple, we will soon have to number another—namely, the weaving of rag carpets.

Mount Washington is to be capped with the largest electric search-light ever made, and the highest beam of artificial light in the world. Under proper conditions it is claimed that it can be seen from Boston.

In 1890 the only states that produced more than a million pounds of paper daily were New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio, but in 1891 two more states, Maine and Wisconsin, were added to the list.

In the coming crystal palace electrical exhibition, upon the payment of a small fee, persons will be able to listen through the telephone to the music performed at theaters in London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool.

John Carney, a Kansas farmer, recently plowed up a gold ring which his daughter had lost seven years previous.



**Mr. A. H. Bralcy**  
of the Fall River Police  
Is highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was badly run down, had no appetite, what he did eat caused distress and he felt tired all the time. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a marvelous change. The distress in the stomach is entirely gone, he feels like a new man, and can eat anything with old-time relish. For all of which he thanks and cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is very important that during the months of March and April the blood should be thoroughly purified and the system be given strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar merit and it is the Best Spring Medicine.

**March**  
The following, just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood purifying powers:  
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:  
"Gentlemen: I have had salt rheum for a number of years, and for the past year one of my legs, from the knee down, has been broken out very badly. I took blood medicine for a long time with no good results, and was at one time obliged to walk with crutches. I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued until I had taken three bottles, and am now better than I have been in years. The inflammation has all left my leg and it is entirely healed. I have had such benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla that I concluded to write this voluntary statement." F. J. TEMPLE, Ridgewood, Mich.  
HOOD'S PILLS act easily, promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. Best dinner pill.

**April**  
The following, just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood purifying powers:  
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:  
"Gentlemen: I have had salt rheum for a number of years, and for the past year one of my legs, from the knee down, has been broken out very badly. I took blood medicine for a long time with no good results, and was at one time obliged to walk with crutches. I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued until I had taken three bottles, and am now better than I have been in years. The inflammation has all left my leg and it is entirely healed. I have had such benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla that I concluded to write this voluntary statement." F. J. TEMPLE, Ridgewood, Mich.  
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**May**  
The following, just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood purifying powers:  
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:  
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