The Secret of Sound Health: Half the secret of life, we are persnaded is to know when we are grown old; and it is the half most hardly learned. It is more hardly learned, moreover, in the matter of exercise than in the matter of diet. There is no advice so commonly given to the ailing man of middle age as the advice to take more exercise, and there is perhaps none which leads him into so many pitfalls. This is particularly the case with the prain workers. The man who labors his brain must spare his body. He can not burn the candle at both ends, and the attempt to do so will almost inevita-

bly result in the lighting it the middle to boot; the waste of tissue will be so great that he will be tempted to repair it by the use of a too generous diet. Most men who use their brains much soon learn for themselves that the sense of physical exaltation, the glow of exuberant health which conies from a body strung to its full powers by continuous and severe exercise, is not favorable to study. The exercise such men need is the exercise that rests, not that which tires. They need to wash their brains with the fresh air of heaven, to bring into gentle play the muscles that have been lying idle while the head worked. Nor is it only to this class of laboring humanity that the advice to take exercise needs reservations. The time of violent delights soon passes, and the efforts to protect it beyond its natural span is as dangerous as it is ridiculous. -Macmillan's Magazine. Hairdressing. There are now so many ways of dress-

ing the hair that it is difficult to say which is the newest. Many people cover the back of the head with small bows and twists all over. Others dress the hair still in a coil. The catogan is coming in and will, without doubt, be the fashion of the immediate future. The bair is combed down from the crown to the nape of the neck and tied with a ribbon bow, the ends left loose. A novel style is to cut the hair in a fringe all round the head and curl it, then comb and turn up all the rest to the top of the head and coil it there, securing it with several fancy combs. This style is worn with the Alsatian bonnets. With fair hair the effect is good. The fringe is cut across the forehead, reaches to the tip of the ear, goes behind it and round the poll in a continuous curl.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other soaps would be if given to you, for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins'. Take no other.

A Comforting Nighteap: "It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep in one imposes on those who love him? Bhis room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the sacred associations to me," she went on; "my first husband died in that bed. with his head on these very pillers, and poor Mr. Jirks died settin' right in that corner. Sometime when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still.

"My own father died lavin' right on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! he was a spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me, for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that.

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand, He was a doctor, and there's two whole him, and a half dozen skutls in that lower drawer. "Well, good night, and pleasant

dreams."-True Flag. Too Busy to Eisten. A man with a low brow and criminal

expression entered the Chicago police headquarters. "Sir," said he to the man in charge, "Pray don't disturb me just now, I

am very busy," replied the chief officer. "But I say I want-"Couldn't possibly listen to you now." "Yes, I know, but I--

"Can't stop now, I tell you-don't you

"Yes, that's just it, I came in to-"Now, see here, I tell you I positively

can't-go away-come in next week.' "No. I must --"Not another word-let me alone-

come in week after next. But, great Scott, I want to-"No, sir! I say. Here, if you want money—there's \$5—take it and go up to Oshkosh or somewhere. Come in next

month after we get this terrible murder mystery cleared up. There's the door-The stranger took the bill and turned away sadly. On the corner he met a man and said:

"They won't have me up at headquarters. I committed the murder they are orking on and wanted to give myself ap, but they wouldn't listen to me. Then he wandered sadly down a side street, met two detectives, gave a policeman a light for his eigar and disap-

peared .- New York Tribune. For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handsomest almanaes in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb. Great souls have wills; others only fee-

Buy a Home in Ellis, Kansas. This town is one of the most promising m Kansas, located on the Union Pacific Railway. It is a division station of that road and has division shops, round house and eating station. Mills and factories are springing up and it is becoming a thriving place, in the midst of a prosperous farming region. It is a healthy place and the soil and climate are excellent. Albert Woodcock, General Land Commissioner U. P. Ry., Omaha, Neb., or Leroy S. Winters, Land and Emig. Agt. U. P. Ry., Ellis, Kan.

Poverty needs much, while avarice w take everything within reach. Buy Union Soap and make a guess. Ask

your grocer about it to-day. A Train of thought-George Francis.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

When a great man stoops or trips, the small men around him become greater. Wants the Earth. Merchant: "You think your son would

make us a satisfactory errand boy, do Mrs. Moriarty: "Whatever'e do sor, 'e do it very quick."

Merchant (turning to boy): "James, take this note up to Captain Centerfield at the ball grounds and be back in twenty minutes. Mrs. Moriarty: Niver moind Jimmie.

Come ahn home. It's not a bye there's wantin', it's an angel.-Life. CONDUCTOR'E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Bold by Druggists, 75c.

ROGER.

BY ADA M TROTTER.

"Here's the police!" Two men, with a drunken third heavily swinging between them, looked about with evident anxiety. Self-preservation urged immediate flight, but they were unwilling to leave a boon companion in the lurch.

here presently," cried one, seeing the open Enough! They dragged the man up the steps, opened a side door and pushed him down in a dark corner. The next moment, they had vanished, and Roger, the drunken

man, fell into a heavy slumber. The bells chimed the hour of service, people filled the empty pews, the organ pealed sounds broke the drunkard's sleep, for at length he sat up and stared stupidly around | slumber.

drunken sleep was anything but agreeable father always like th's!" to Roger's feelings. The best part of him protested against such an intrusion; he made up his mind to creep out as soon as possible. But, though the effort was quickly made, it was useless; Roger's limbs ut | he built the cottage we lived in, himself. tered a distinct refusal to carry their master a single yard. He had to accept the situa-

tion and make the best of it. The singing was very sweet, bringing tears to his maudlin eyes. It made him think of Molly, his poor wife. Why! once goer, until that cursed attack of typhoid fever. 'Twas all the fault of the doctor who prescribed whisky-whisky, to bring him through. Better had he died, nay, far lie."

Here he wept a few tears of self-pity; a drunkard is apt in finding scape geats on which to throw the burden of his transgressions. The lower he falls, the easier does this habit become, and Roger, who, when he first fell, was ashamed to look his wife in the face, now was eager to believe that, if only she would smile on him and make a pleasant home for him, ' yet would reform. So the more Roger felt the influence of the sweet singing, the easier came his tears, the more ready his blame for every one belonging to him, as being the cause of his downfall, his constant backslidings. Roger, shedding maudlin tears in the dark

corner, quite incapable of moving from his p'ace, is not a figure te excite either sympathy or compassion. Yet, six years ago, he was a steady man, earning good wages, with a comfortable home for his wife and two children. The verdict of the world is is spoken of as his own worst enemy. Alas! think of his wife, his children. Can words describe the suffering, the anguish such an

Several people had interested themselves fastidious and extremely nervous young | in Roger. They had meant well, and had B- at her house. "This room is full of | they thought well of him, and believed he intended to reform. They had blamed the doctor for creating the thirst for drink by such free use of whisky as a medicine. Roger rather liked being the centre of so much interest, but he had no intention of curbing his new-born appetite; he let himself go, so his will, never a weak one, led him. The good people who made these efforts spent time and money in vain. He was left with the feeling that he was a very good kind of fellow, too good for the life he chose to lead. His boon companions also called him a "good fellow." It was natural, therefore, that he should be angry with Molly for looking so wan and thin, while he was enjoying himself in his own way. The road he was going was travelled at a swift rate, and he had gone far, the hour came when his anger culminated in a blow. After skeletons in that closet that belonged to this the downward path became an easier one, and brought Roger in a few years'

time to more drunken than sober hours. Roger's poor, rambling thoughts and his tears of self pity were suddenly arrested, for the rector, having ascended the pulpit gave out his text in a powerful voice. The words thus incisively pronounced seized the drunkard's whole attention-they seemed to be spoken entirely to him. "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise

At first, these words alone rang in his bewildered brain, but ere long the preacher's words took hold of him and carried him along. As Roger sat staring at the rector, know there has just been a terrible mur- it seemed to him that his glance was reder committed and I am working on the | turned by one that looked him through. Gladly would be have crept away from the church, but, fastened by those wonderful

eyes, he dared not stir. It was a temperance sermon, and driven home by no feeble hand. Roger, as he listened to the burning words, lost, once and for all, the impression that he was a very good sort of fellow. The picture given of the degradation of the human soul when given up to drink was not overdrawn. Alas! the preacher knew it could not be, but Roger quailed before the scathing words. He shuddered, as he saw himself stripped of all sentiment, deprived of the interest of self-pity. He saw himself a loathesome, abused creature, and the contempt of the rector for such an one was harder for Roger to bear than the severest scourging could have been.

But "to him that overcometh;" like fire the meaning of these words rushed through his mind, as the speaker, holding to his text, with a noble impetuosity, stirred the hearts of his listeners to fight against and overcome the evil tendencies of their selfshared natures.

Roger thought his fluttering heart would burst, as he thought of the past and the possibilities of the future. Remorse, not selfpity, brought tears to his eyes now, and contempt for himself added to his misery. It was over. Another hymn was sung; the people left the church, Mr. Mark, the rector, wearily left the vestry and walked down the aisle. As he set his foot in the porch, some one touched his sleeve. It was Roger.

Mr. Mark turned his glowing eyes upon him. Roger, dirty, ragged, unkempt, unwashed, with eyes red and bleared, stood waiting to speak; but face to face with the man he wanted, became abashed.

Mr. Mark. "Come out into the air." This glaring glance at Roger had told him what this man wanted of him. His face was stern, and he frowned a little with ill-concealed loathing, as the unhappy wretch before him stared vacantly around. "I'll never touch another drop, before God!" cried Roger, wildly. He made an unsteady clutch at the rector, and clung to

his arm. "Help me!" he cried. "I am a beast, a wretch. But, as God sees me, I'll reform. I'll never touch another drop, so help me

The rector bared his head. To Roger it brought a sudden sense of the meaning of the oath he had taken. He looked with some apprehension at this strange man, who had so thrilled his deadened soul this evening, and who, while looking him through and through, still vouchsafed no remark, gave forth no sympathizing word which Roger might catch and lean on at

"Master, for God's sake, see me safe home to-night!" cried Roger, who between drink and emotion, was scarcely sane.

Silently, an arm was linked in his, and without a word. Mr. Mark walked on through some of the vilest slums of the city. As they went, Roger glanced occasionally at his new friend's face; be almost cowered before the growing sternness of ex-

"Do you expect me to look pleased with such a neighborhood as this!" asked Mr. Mark at length, as if in answer to Roger's look. "Is it much farther?"

"Here, sir, down these steps, sir." Without a word, the rector assisted him

down some broken steps to a damp, cellarlike room. On the threshold, he paused, giving one glance into the miserable place. "This is my address," said he. "At nine o'clock to-morrow morning, be at my house.' It was a command which Roger felt bound to obey, and evercome with the sense of his degraded condition, impressed on his mind by the silent contempt of his compan-"They'll be psalm singing in the church ion, he staggered into the cellar, and threw himself cown on the rags in a corner

which was termed a bed. A woman, sewing by the light of a tallow candle, looked nervously around, a little crippled boy crept into her arms, and a girl caught at her mother's gown as if for protection. Roger, looking up from his dark corner, saw this with sudden horror of him and the choir sang. Some of these novel self, and, to allay the evident fear with which he was regarded, simulated a heavy

"Mother," said the crippled boy, old with To wake in such surroundings from a the experience of life-long misery, "Was "No; oh, no! laddie," she answered

> "Once father made a lovely home for us He is a first-class carpenter, you know, and "Tell us about it, mother," begged Susie. Roger listened eagerly, as his worn wife ovingly recounted those happy days when

father took care of them all. "Mother, mother!" cried Charley, with a little sob, "could I run about then by myupon a time he had been a steady church | self! Did I not have to use crutches?" There was a sob in his mother's throat, but she strove to answer calmly.

"You did not need crutches, then, Char-"Father did not beat you, then, mother?" "Hush, Susie! Father never lays a finger on us when he's sober.'

"But he is nearly always drunk," mutter d Susie. "Say your prayers and go to bed, dear children." said the poor mother, sighing. "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done." The words haunted her, as she bent over

er sewing. She rose and stooped over her husband. Apparently, he slept heavily. Next morning, ere she was awake, he arose

CHAPTER II. Mr. Mark was still at breakfast when

Roger was ushered into the room. The rich aroma of coffee pervaded the air, naking Roger sick with longing. This massive frame was emaciated from his drunken habits. What had been a handsome man never severe enough on the drunkard. He was but a pitiful object in the morning sun-

> "Before we begin to talk," said Mr. Mark. "I am going to give you some breakfast. Sit down.

> Roger obeyed. The coffee he longed for was beside him, and he made an effort to eat the food generously provided, but failed. "If you have eaten as much as you can, follow me," said Mr. Mark. "Come into my study."

Roger shambled along with bent head. He vas ashamed to look at the young man. "Now, sit down. Your name is Roger Burland, you say. Well, Roger I've got a great deal to say to you. In the first place, don't expect sympathy from me. I have none for you. I can't forgive you for thus debasing yourself with self-indulgence. It is well for you that the good God above us is more forgiving than we can be to ore another-Roger, when I think that you have a wife and a little girl, living in those horrible slums, and you, a strong man, God forgive me, Roger, but I long to take a horsewhip, and break it across your broad shoulders." Roger started. This was something completely unexpected. He had looked for delicate sympathy and offers to help, to be told "human nature was weak, and others had

He tried to stammer forth some excuse. "Don't!" said Mr. Mark. "It only to creases my loathing for you. You can bear to keep a wife and child in a cellar, while you drink for your own amusement. You can be content to keep them in a place decent people avoid. Call yourself a man, do you?" Roger stared silently.

fallen as low as he," but as he sat in the rec-

tor's presence, he felt overcome with shame.

"I've got two children," he sai., present y. Then added, "My boy Charlie, he's a ripple '

"Good God! In that cellar!" exclaimed Mr. Mark, with flashing eyes. "Now, Roger, let us understand one another. I am your witness before God Almighty that you have sworn to reform. Now, I am not going to keep you straight. I shan't try to for if you want to drink, and have not will enough by help of God to keep from it, human help will avail nothing, and I will be no man's crutch. I will find you work; see to it you keep it. I will be your friend till death, if you but prove yourself a man; but understand me, if you go back to your drunken habits, my interest in you will be gone. You are thinking I am a hard man. Do you know, I never loathed a human being as I loathed your drunken clutch last night. The memory of that horrible walk will never leave me. It was a foretaste of hell."

Roger stared, open-mouthed. "I go willingly to such places when called by the sick and suffering, I never count that a labor," continued Mr. Mark; "but last night I was in ill company. I was with a strong man who had given up all goodness to the indulgence of his base appetites. When I saw your cellar home I thought it was as good as such a one could expect; but when I saw you had a wife and child there, Roger, my contempt and disgust almost overcame me. I could have thrashed you

neartily, Roger." Silence followed this energetic speech. Roger tried to shake himself together, to find some loophole by which to excuse himself. His huge fists lay on his knee, his remnant of manhcod came to the fore.

"I mean what I say," he said. I'll drink no more and as soon as I can earn decent wages, I'll make a home for my Molly, as I shan't be ashamed for you to enter, sir." At this, Mr. Mark rose and stretched out his hand. The handshaking seemed to

Roger a solemn covenant, as important as the oath of the previous night. Mr. Mark then began to question Roger as

to his work, and finding he was a carpenter, put him to make some book shelves for his little sister, who was lame. "About the size of my Charley," thought Roger, as he looked at little Lois. Ah, how tender the stern rector was with this afflicted little one. Roger might well

take home a lesson with him to night.

torn to pieces with the craving."

Mr. Mark came in at sundown and paid him for his day's work, briefly telling him own will, by help of Almighty God.—Yan-that he had found him work for the next kee Blade. day. Roger lingered in the entry. "Sir," said he, suddenly grasping the rector's slender hand. "Walk past those devilish places with me to-night. I am just

"Roger," said he, sternly, "I will be no man's crutch. If after, all, you want to drink, drink! My strength can't save you. If you don't will to reform, if you don't care enough for your wife and children, and your own manhood, I can't help you, and what is more 1

"It is of no use for me to preach to you," he continued. "With every temptation there is a way of escape; everything depends on your will to take the means provided. I know enough of men to be sure of one thing, that a crutch is never going to help them permanently; and so, if you much of it is coming loose."-Epoch. really intend some day to fall back into your drunken ways, you may as well begin at once, for I tell you, it is your will that needs the strength, and no human being can help you there. Pray for strength to the One, who alone can give it to you, and fight every inch of your way, single handed."

"You must think me

"I won't judge you yet," smiled Mr. Mark. "I should think so, if I found you obliged to rely on my strength to keep you from falling. And if you can ba ance your love of drink against your love of home, wife and children, I give you up here and

With this, the rector shut the door on Roger, who went moodily through the street. To be good or evil presented itself as a matter of deliberate choice, and Roger was firm in his intention to reform. He skulked past the drinking houses frequent ed by his boon companions; some day, perhaps, he would walk past manfully. What would Molly say to see him home s

early? Molly trembled. As he drew near, she cowered, expecting a blow. "Wife," said he, gently. "Here's fifty cents, can't you get us some supper?" "Ay and glad," she replied. "The

poor children have had no proper meal today." As she went out, Roger took the crippled ad in his lap and put one arm around Susie. Little Charlie, forgiving the cruel past, soon was nestling to his father, with a clinging, loving embrace. When Molly came back, she wanted to take the child away for fear that he would prove an an-

navance.

"Don't take him away," said Roger, with a slight choke in his voice. He held him on his knee and fed him with the choicest morsels from the meagre supper. It was his hand, too, that gently laid the little fellow on the rags where he was accustomed to sleep.

"It's so cold," murmured the child, halfasleep, as he turned over to draw the poor coverlet over him. Roger laid his coat over him, then coming to his wife, he took away the coarse work over which she was straining her sight. "Put it up for to night," said he, almost

Roger, lying on his pallet that night, was praying for life for a few years more, that he might undo some of his cruel work ere he died.

He went early to work next day. Mr Mark came in to see him, spoke to him with evident increase of warmth, then waited to see if Roger had aught to tell him. "It's that cellar, sir," said Roger.

want to get them out of it at the end of this week, if I could find a decent place I could "Very good," said Mr. Mark. "I'll make

some inquiries as I go around to-day." At the dinner hour, he came for Roger and drove him out to a suburb, where a small cottage at a low rental was wanting a tenant. There was a small piece of ground attached to it, so that Molly could have a garden. This was a palace to Roger, and he was quite excited over the opportunity thus afforded him, of living respectably again. He thanked Mr. Mark, heartily, and went home that day so full of his new hopes, that he passed his old companions without seeing them, and cheered Mollie's heart with money for another meal.

But the very next day, the men combined and got hold of him. They dragged him to the bar, and poured raw liquor down his throat. He stood there panting, white and bloodless, like one who had suddenly fallen from heaven to hell. His companions jeered at him; he rubbed his rough hands across his eyes, as if to clear his vision. It seemed to sim that a voice from above spoke louder thun these fiends of earth. "To him that overcometh"-was he to lose his home, his wife and children for such as these? A thousand times, no! Standing there amongst

them all, he made deliberate choice. "Good evening, mates," said he, shaking himself as one who awakes from a bad dream, and, before they had rightly understood his meaning, he was gone.

But he had not left the battle field without a wound; he was terrified to think how near he had been to falling. As he staggered along, he heard quick steps behind him. Were the fiends pursuing him! He turned at bay with his back to the wall, and fists clen hed to defend himself. . It was Mr. Mark.

"Lois wanted me to bring your little boy some oranges, but, as I have met you, I'll go no further to-night."

"Sir," said Roger, "I thank you." He was wondering if the rector could smell the fumes of the strong liquor the men had forced upon him. "Lois will come and see your little boy as

soon as you get to the cottage; they will be friends I hope," he said in a friendly, kind voice, different from anything Roger had heard from him before. Then be was gone. Roger, the bag of oranges in his hand, stood staring after him, strangely happy. He began to realize that he had fought a heavy tattle with self and had come off the conqueror. Should he tell Mr. Mark!

He stumbled a little as he went down the steps, and Molly bid the children hide; she thought he had been drinking again. She felt sure of this at his entrance, as the heavy smell of the liquor burdened the air. But the look on his face was new to her, certainly not an outcome of drink.

"You are tired, Roger," she said kindly. "Mother," cried little Charlie, emerging from his dark corner, "he isn't drunk. I know he is not." He limped forward eagerly to the out

stretched arms, with a sob of joy. "Father, you won't be drunk again." Roger could not answer. Perhaps until that moment he never truly realize I what it

was to his children to have a drunken fath-When he went to Mr. Mark next day with the whole story, that gentleman I stened gravely. He said nothing. It was not for him to meddle with the battle which Roger must fight alone. But as the man took his

leave, he gave his hand a warm, brotherly grip which said all that was necessary. So Roger worked on. How closely watch ed by his friend he was never to know, The cottage home was a paradise to Molly and the children; but ere many years passed away, Roger built a home with every com-

fort and convenience for his wife and Lame Charlie and Lois became true

friends, and were very helpful to one an other. Roger's history, his earnest desire to retrieve the past helped many another weak

soul to live a better life. Mr. Mark works still in the same way. He is utterly intolerant of drunkards; but the rare power is his of stirring up all the manhood in a fallen soul, and of directing him to lean, not on human aid, but on his

Truth in Time of Danger. They were seated very close to the waterside, and he was gently toying with her hair and speaking in that low tone which only comes after nightfall and before bedtime.

"My dear," he whispered, "is this all your own hair?" Shyly she returned: "Yes, George, of course."

she fell into the water. "Look out, George!" she screamed in frenzied tones as he seized her desperately by the hair; "look out for my hair,

Just then a splash was heard, and

Taking It Back. He-So you call me a fool? She-Not at all. I merely said no one but a fool would act as you do.- In a Boa-Constructor's Coll.

India Statesman. In company with a half-breed, who combined the vocations of a woodman and hunter, I stumbled suddenly on a large specimen of the crotalus mutus slowly winding his way among the leaf debris of the forest. For some time it was difficult to discern the scaly folds of the snake through the brown mass of decaying foliage, but having reached a clespot the reptile coiled around a 10! stump and prepared for action. About a yard of the body next to the head was contracted into numerous sharp curves not unlike a corkscrew, while the yellow eyes, gleamed with a baleful light.

these orbs, and no mistaking the realignant intentions of their owner. A seick brought within reach of that mortal coil was struck almost with the rapidity of lightning, no matter bow swiftly withdrawn. This was affected by the instantaneous straightening of the short curves into which this portion of the body the wily mongoose would have need-ed all of his marvelous agility to stance Kennedy's East India Bitters, which avoid the deadly stroke if once within range. The reach was about a vard, and the assault was delivered horizontally somesix inches from the ground, directly toward the assailant. The hunter, who had hitherto kept a respectful distance, as he alleged the snake could spring, was eventually persuaded to approach

There was little fascination about

At the first blow the heavy coils relaxed from the stump and the creature appeared dead or stunned. The writer at once grasped the neck about two inches from the head and raised the head partly from the ground to examine it. As though galvanized into life by the touch, the crotalus seemed at once to recover its energies. and slowly made a couple of turns around the thigh and right arm of the would-be captor. The constricting power exercised was such!that the hand grasping the neck began to lose power, and the writer realized the awful predicament into which his temerity had led him. Little could be done with the free left hand, while the "scaly terror" began slowly to withdraw its head from the relaxing grasp of the right.

For some seconds the trembling woodsman appeared deafto entreaty. and could not be persuaded to apply a noose or liana to the snake's neck. The largest snakes become paralyzed when properly noosed and are readily dragged along the ground helpless as a log. Just as the snake's the numbed fingers the half-breed screwed up his courage sufficiently to apply the liana as directed, with the result that the brute relaxed its coils and was dragged down to a neighboring stream, hung up and skinned. It measured eight feet five inches, and was about as thick in the largest part of the body as the calf of a man's

The fangs, which were carefully extracted, measured one and a quarter inches in length and were hollow to within a short distance of the point where on the inner side lay the orrifice through which the poison was ejected by the action of the base of the fang on the bag in which it was secreted. In squeezing the bag a small quantity of poison, a yellow fluid, passed down the hollow in the tooth and gathered into a tiny drop of concentrated death. The stomach contained two wood rats about the size of guinea pigs, one partially digested, the other recently swallowed.

The World in Miniature. "Among the many wonders of the Paris Exposition, there is none," says a writer in the Boston Transcript, "that shows more accurate scientific knowledge on the part of the makers than the enormous globe on which the earth's surface is depicted. The diameter is forty-two feet, and the surface is 525 square feet, and these figures are said to represent just one-millionth of the dimensions of the great original. The scale permits close detail. Large cities have the outlines and some of their principal thoroughfares expressed, all drawn to scale. Everything that relates to the earth, its geography, its political divisions, all its means of communication on land or sea, is shown. The globe is made of stout pasteboard, in 400 pieces, covered with plaster, fastened to a skeleton of wrought-iron ribs, and although it is very heavy, so finely adjusted is the balance that it will turn at the slightest touch. If it were rotated at the same velocity as that of the earth, its movement would hardly be visible, as a point at the Equartor where the speed would be highest would move at the rate of only an inch a minute.

Women Doctors in India.

The Indian Government's endeavor to promote the study of medicine by women is, it is said, proving most successful. At the last examination ofstudents in Calcutta ladies carried off numerous prizes and honors. A native girl, Rajni Mitter, ranked highest in the first M. B. examination, and carried off two prizes; Misses Sykes, Dissent and Pereira obtained certificates of honor in surgery; Miss Woods a special certificate of honor in anatomy; Miss Mitchell secured the Vicerow's medal, a certificate of honor in ophthalmic medicine, and numerous prizes; Miss Muller took a gold medal in materia medica against all competitors, and a special certificate in anatomy; Miss Smyth won a gold medal in dentistry, and Miss Fox a certificate of honor in anatomy.

STRIKES and lockouts in the mining districts have been frequent during the last month or two-in fact, almost all of the noteworthy labor troubles for some weeks have been in the mining and iron-working industries.

"Mathma's Gittin' Better."

There is gladness in the household.
The shadow fades away
That darkened all the sunshine Of many a summer day.
"O. mamma's getting better,"

The happy children cry,
And the light of hope shines bright again
In the loving husband's eye. In thousands of homes women are "sick unto death" with the terrible diseases so common to their sex, and it would seem as if all the happiness had gone out of life and the house in consequence. For when the wife and mother suffers all the family suffers with her. This ought not to be, and it need not be, for a never failing remedy for woman's ailments is at hand. Many a home has beer made happy because the shadow of disease has been banished from it by the potent power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the unfailing reme-dy for all weaknesses and diseases peculiar

\$500 Reward offered for an incurabl case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr Sage's Remedy. 50 cts., by druggists. Beauty and death make each other seen ourer and lovelier, like snow and moon

to women.

OF GREAT INTEREST To everybody should be the purity of food and drink. Few people have any idea of the extent of adulteration practiced by manufacturers. Even for our medicines and stimulants, instead of being made from pure spirits, crude alcohol is used almost entirely. The best tonic is always had been contracted. Even distilled from a good selection of roots and guaranteed by them as absolutely pure.

> There are 275 women preachers in the Inited States. Wet goods-books in the running brooks.

Soda Springs, Idaho. The splendid, new Idanha Hotel erected ast year at Soda Springs, Idaho. is now open for the season under the direct mangement of the Union Pacific Ry, This sufficiently near to strike it with a hotel is first-class in every respect with all tenfoot pole.

At the first blow the heavy coils re-

guests. The medicinal springs which abound about Soda Springs are noted for their curative properties and many remarkable cures have been recorded. Splendid hunting and excellent fishing is to be found a few miles from Soda Springs. Good livery and guides always to be had. For further information address, E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Great Britain has \$500,000,000 invested

in our railways. Send two cents in stamps to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent Union Pacific railway, Omaha, Neb., and secure a handsomely bound copy of Outdoor Sports and Pastimes, containing complete rules for Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Base Ball, free. Just issued.

Passions are, perhaps, the stings without

Smoke the Best-"Tansili's Punch" Cigar. England is complaining of the arrival of

pauper labor. The Best Yet.

In addition to the unequaled Dining Car Service between Council Bluffs and Denver, THIS 116 the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route, will on Sunday, August 18th, and daily thereafter, run Dining Cars between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., on "The head seemed about to ooze through Overland Flyer," leaving Council Bluffs at the numbed fluorers the half-breed 7:55 p. m., Omaha 8:15 p. m. These cars are models of excellence, and the best meals the market affords will be curnished at 75 cents.

Los Angeles connty, California, owes \$40



CARTER'S Positively entred by these Little Pills. tress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and TooHearty
Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nauses
Drowsiness, Bad Taste
in the Mouth, Coated
Tongue, Pain in the Side
TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vogetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.



ASE BALL Tin. x 5 in. 70 pages. SENT FREE (10.) stamp, by addressing.
THEO. HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Phila., Pa. SIDIL A MONTH and more is earned by graduates who spent 6 months or less at the College. Send address of 20 friends and get circular and beautiful specimens of penmanship FREE. Both sexes attend. Shorthand taught by mail.

ACENTS WANTED JOHNSTOWN CO., St, Louis, Mo. IF YOU are out of employment write to us. We make the finest enlarged Oil Portraits in existence. No capital required. Sample and terms free. N. M. Friedman & Co., Martinsburg. Mo.

\$51.000 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE.
Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co. Holly, Mic. Lincoln N. U.





Joy to the World? PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLEI

for the entire eradication of all Pain. EXTERNAL or INTERNAL No family should be without it. One

twenty-five cent bottle will do mor, to convince you of the efficacy than all the testimonials we might present, and we have an abundance of this kind of evidence. ITS ACTION IS LIKE MAGIC.

For Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat. teaspoonful of Pain-Killer taken at the beginning of an attack will prove an almost never-failing cure, and save much

SUFFERING AND MONEY PAIN-KILLER is an article that has combined in Ital

that goes to make a first-class family medi ine. BE WARE OF IMITATIONS.



THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME. The 46th collegiate year will open Tuesday, Sept. d. The spacious and elegant buildings have, during the past year, accommodated more than the resident students. Every facility is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of

A thorough commercial course is also a feature of the Institution. Special advantages will be placed within the reach of those desiring to study LAW. THE MINIM Department, for boys under thirteen, is separate. Catalogues giving full particulars will be sent free on application to Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President, Notre Dame P. O., Ind.

SMITH'S Bile Beans For the Sick, For Malaria, For Chills, For Bad Liver, For Weak Stomach, FOR THE DEBILITATED.

for the Blues, For the Bile, For the Com-

plexion, For Neuralgia, For Colds, For Indigestion, For Consti-pation, For Dyscntery. Act on the Liver. Best medicine to prevent many diseases as well as to cure them. In small watch shaped bottles.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Props., St. Louis, Mo.



The Largest and Best Equipped School in the West. Thorough Practical Department. Send for College Journal. MUSIC IN THE AIR

Outlits, Accordeons, Violins, Panjes, Mandoving, Guitars, Zithera, Harmonicas, Srings for every instrument made. Full stock of Sheet Music, Masic Books, Band and Orchestra Music, Hamt Folios, Instruction Books for all Instruments. Any one send-ing in an order will receive a copy of Music FREE Write to us for prices and catalogues, stating what



\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond. Va.

CURES WHERE ALL EASE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.