Aluminum is being used regularly by many of the largest steel companies in the country, according to Capt. A. E. Hunt of Pittsburg. "It is added to the steel in proportions from a half to several pounds to the ton of steel, the purpose of the addition being largely to prevent the retention of the occluded glass in the steel and give thereby the production of solid ingots. Aluminum seems also to give extra fluidity to the metal, which results in clearer and sounder steel castings."

Mrs. H. M. Stover

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A BROKEN APPOINTMENT.

"MAY!"

"Oh May!"

"Mr. Wilmarth didn't call on you last evening!"

"Did Mr. Wilmarth call last evening?"

May Davis, coloring hotly, looked up as the two noisy schoolgirls, their shrill voices ringing through the house, came rushing into the cozy little studio where May painted placques and panels, and pastel portraits.

"No," she replied quietly, "Why?"

Gertie Davis, and her particular friend, Katie Lyons, exchanged solemnly significant glances.

"We knew," went on Gertie, impressively, "that he had asked permission to call on you last evening. We know he did not. And we know," dropping her voice till it sounded really sepulchral, "why he broke his appointment."

"That I shall also know in good time," said May, somewhat frostily. "I had a telegram from Mr. Wilmarth last evening."

She remembered, howeqer, that the dispatch had said simply:

"Pardon my absence. Am unavoidably detained."

"I think I'll go home," ventured Katie, a little nervously. "Perhaps May would rather not hear what we saw."

May, holding a palette and sheaf of brushes, deliberately turned around to face the speaker.

"Tell all you have come to announce. Katie," she advised, quietly.

May Davis was a pretty girl of 22. Her face in repose had a gravity which made her appear older than she was, but when her seriousness broke in smiles she looked bewitchingly gay and youthful. Her wavy brown hair she wore parted, and brushed simply back from a fair, smooth brow. Her sincere eyes were gray, shadowed by long, dark lashes.

"Well," began Miss Lyons, who was at the angular age of 14, "you know that great brick building, the Langham apartment house, which is just across the street from our place?"

May nodded, and Katie went on.

"Well, last evening, Gertie and I—you know Gertie was staying over night with me—were dressing for a class social in our room, when we got to talking about you and Mr. Wilmarth. Gertie was saying how much he seemed to think of you, and how often he came to see you, and—and everything. All at once—she was dressed and leaning against the window, waiting for me, she said:

"'Why, there he is!' burst in Gertie, unwilling that her friend should longer monopolize the relation of their sensation in a nutshell. "And there

MOST CONFIDENTLY."

he was! I could see him quite plainly in the brightly lighted room of the Langham. And as Katie and I were watching him—"

"A lady came into the room," exclaimed Katie, breathlessly.

"And," cried both together, "he kissed her!"

They stared, round-eyed, at their victim.

"Is that all?" queried May.

"All!" repeated the scandal-mongers, faintly.

"Yes. Why shouldn't he kiss her? He may be engaged to her, for all we know to the contrary. It seems to me you have been exciting yourselves needlessly."

"We—we thought," stammered Gertie, "that he was engaged to you!"

"Mr. Wilmarth has never honored me with a proposal," May declared, still in that level tone. "And now, if you girls have nothing more important to say to me, I shall be glad of an opportunity to finish this panel."

Feeling cheated and abashed, the girls took themselves away. May rose, and fastened the door behind them. She returned to her seat, and stared at the hollyhocks on the half-painted panel. What ugly, sprawling things they were! and only an hour ago she had the bad taste to consider them beautiful. She did not again take up her palette. She only sat there, conscious in some stupid way of being aghast at her own emotion.

"Any admittance?" queried a laughing voice.

The fur-covered shoulders, Parisian hat, and sparkling eyes of Nancy Luders confronted May when she opened the door.

"You falsifier!" cried the visitor, gayly, as she embraced her friend. "You refused to make one of my theater party last evening because you had given Mr. Wilmarth permission to call. And, behold, Mr. Wilmarth failed to materialize."

May felt surprised and indignant. Was the whole town taking up the question of her admirer's broken appointment? Who, besides herself, was concerned with the fact that he had staid away?

"He sent me word that he was detained," she said, stifling her annoyance.

Nancy smiled, knowingly.

"He was. When we were taking the suburban theater train at the Northwestern, he was seeing off a lady who was going on the St. Paul flyer. I knew he could not have been out this distance and reached there by that hour. May, dear—perhaps I ought not to mention it—but you really should know——"

"Go on," said May, in an even voice.

"Well, their parting was most affectionate. He kissed her, and said: 'I shall write you soon, dear.' And she answered: 'Do, Edwin. I shall be most anxious till I hear from you.' One of our party happened to recognize the young lady, who was quite pretty. He says she is a gay, wealthy young widow named Mrs. Vastine, and that she lives in St. Paul. I told you all along, dear May, that I distrusted Mr. Wilmarth. I feel so grieved for you, after all the attention he has paid you."

"Oh, don't waste your sympathy!" said May, looking straight into her friend's eyes with a serene smile. "There is no necessity whatever for condolence, I assure you. And I do not wish to hurry you, dear, or to seem rude, but this panel is an order, and I am rather rushed to get it finished by the date mentioned."

"Oh!" murmured Nancy, taken aback, "if that is the way you feel about my kindness—"

And, in a very bad humor indeed, she departed.

The young artist went back to her hollyhocks. She thought them uglier than ever. She deliberately lifted her blender, and with a few swift, circular strokes merged the varied, brilliant tints in one indistinguishable daub. All at once she laid aside palette, brushes, rest stick, and, leaning her head on her hands, burst into tears.

Well-born, comfortably off, attractive, accomplished, she had had many admirers, but not one had touched her heart until she met Edwin Wilmarth. Her cheeks now burned with shame as she recollected she had given him her love unasked; but had not his manner toward her been that of the most eager lover?

The afternoon light faded. She heard the street door open. Her father must have come home. She would hardly have time to dress for dinner. She dropped her brushes into a can of turpentine, and rose listlessly. There was a step in the hall without. A tall form darkened the door-way. She turned to see Edwin Wilmarth.

"I wonder if you will forgive me, Miss Davis," he said, coming forward, hat in hand, "for invading your retreat. The servant told me I should find you here. I owe you an explanation as well as an apology for my failure to keep my appointment last evening."

She did not answer him. In a kind of a dream she waited for the explanation. She wondered faintly if people were to keep forever coming up those stairs to talk about a mere absurd appointment that had been broken.

"One who is very dear to me," went on Wilmarth, "whom I had not seen for years, owing to my long absence in Europe, chanced to be in the city yesterday. She was leaving for her home last evening. I knew you would pardon me, if I took the liberty of wiring you my regrets. I went to the Langham—where she was staying with a friend. She so much wished to make your acquaintance. I'm afraid" with a boyish laugh, "I had raved of you a good deal."

May felt the warmth come back to her heart with a rush.

"Who—who is she?" she asked, in a voice that to her sounded far away.

"Did I not tell you? How stupid of me! She is my only sister—a widow. Her name is Vastine—Cynthia Vastine. She lives in St. Paul. Why—what is wrong, May? You have been crying."

He had just caught a glimpse of her face, till now resolutely turned from the light.

"I spoiled my panel. It is absolutely ruined."

"That is a pity. But, May——"

"Yes."

"I told Cynthia my hopes. She is so anxious for my sake. What can I write her? That you care for me at all—I love you so! Dear, will you trust your future in my hands?"

She lifted to his a radiant face.

"Most confidently," she whispered.

Gertie Davis and Katie Lyons confided to each other that May certainly could not have any pride. Miss Luders disclaimed responsibility after having "warned May concerning his treacherous conduct." But when they learned that Mr. and Mrs. Wilmarth were about to pay a visit to the groom's sister—the pretty St. Paul widow, Mrs. Vastine—not one of the three said: "I told you so!"

Styles in Floors.

It is noticeable that floors left bare for rugs are being painted in much lighter colors than formerly, the dark walnut shade having heretofore been the popular selection. They are frequently painted with yellow ochre, mixed with white, and the change is desirable, first, because there is a change, perhaps, and again because they are more easily kept free from dust, or, more correctly, the dust is not in such constant evidence. The lighter floors are more cheery, too. Anyone who has been in a convent, where the oiled and waxed floors are not painted, but take on a slightly deeper tint than the natural wood from the treatment of oiling and waxing, must have remarked the furnished look of the rooms without a single rug or break to the shining floor space, and for which the lighter shade was undoubtedly responsible.

Another Friendship Severed.

It cannot be denied that he is rather an egotistical statesman. The other day he approached a fellow-member of the distinguished legislative body which he graces and said:

"Excuse me, but a remark of yours which I recently overheard has puzzled me so much that I have concluded to ask you about it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You were speaking of me and said that one of my speeches always reminded you of Argus. That's all I heard, and I want to know what you meant?"

"Oh, yes! It's because one of your speeches has so many 'I's' in it."

And now they do not speak.—American Industries.

Great Cities.

The greatest cities of ancient times were Babylon and Rome. The former is said to have had an area of 100 to 200 square miles; its houses were three or four stories high, but palaces and gardens occupied much of the area, so that the population was not what these figures would seem to indicate. In fact, it is said by one historian that nine tenths of this area was taken up by orchards and gardens. The total population of the city under Nebuchadnezzar and his son, Evil-Merodach, is estimated at upward of 2,000,000. Rome reached its greatest size during the fourth century of our era, and its population was then about 2,500,000.

Evidently Out of the Swim.

Mr. De Style—Why have you cut Mrs. Highup from your list of acquaintances?

Mrs. De Style—They have lost their money.

"Who says so?"

"No one; but I've learned that she is giving her daughters a thorough education. That shows that she wants them to be school-teachers."—New York Weekly.

Spiritualistic Item.

Friend—Are you happy?

Spirit, through medium—Perfectly so.

"Can you state what has pleased you most since you left us?"

"The epitaph on my tombstone. It both amazes and delights me."—Texas Siftings.

GOOD ROAD PROBLEM.

WHY OUR ROADS HAVE BEEN NEGLECTED.

A Series of Articles on Road Building Written by an Expert Road Builder.

By Prof. U. S. Shaler.

(Reprinted from the Atlantic Monthly.)

I.

The Betterment of our Highways.

Perhaps the best of the many measures which may be applied to modern states, in order to determine the degree of advancement to which they have attained, may be found in the condition of their common roads. On the character of these ways intimately depends the ease with which a people secure neighborly communication, as well as advantageous relations to the outer world. It is doubtful, indeed, whether a sound democracy, depending as it does on close and constant interaction of the local life, can well be maintained in a country where the roadways put a heavy tax on human intercourse.

Judged by the standard of our local ways, America as a whole must be regarded as the least advanced of all countries which are commonly classed as civilized. It is true that our great transportation routes, those which are ploughed by the steamers of our inland waters and traversed by locomotives, are well organized, wide-spreading, and efficient in a high degree; but these ways serve in a direct manner only a narrow belt of country on either hand. They have a high interstate and international value, but little relation to the needs of local life. So far from meeting the necessities of rural neighborhoods or aiding in their development, they have tended to retard the growth of the less conspicuous but really more important channels of communication, our common country roads.

A very strong argument could be made to support the point that the United States would have been in all essential regards more prosperous than it is at present if, in place of its railways, it had secured a system of highways constructed and maintained in the highest state of the roadmaker's art. It is true that our great export industries would have been much less important than they are now. It is true also that a prosperity in manufacturing which has brought great bodies of our people to the Birmingham state of hived emploiment would not exist. Many of our cities would be but country towns, and the buffalo would still roam over much of the country to the west of the Mississippi. On the other hand, our farmers would know more of one another than they do at present. Though they could not market their corn in Liverpool, they would still be able to take it to mill without the sore tax which the bad roads so generally levy upon them, or which the toll-taker requires as the price of a passable way. In such a well-united community, distance counts for little against the duties of life, or against those pleasures which are in the higher sense a part of human obligations. The farmers could attend their town meetings, if they were so fortunate as to live in a part of the world which is governed by local parliaments. The could do their duty by their churches, and have a share in the festivities which enliven and enlarge their days. On the contrary, where the roads are bad, all the duties of the citizen and the social being are most imperfectly done. The people get in the habit of a hermit life; the winter season, which should be the time of social intercourse, is passed in seclusion; households have but little touch with one another, and any real communal life becomes impossible.

The period of railway construction began in this country when the attention of the people had just been effectively directed to the construction of highways. In the years between about 1820 and 1840 all the thickly settled portions of our land had acquired the habit of improving these lines of communication. From the local market towns good roads were carried on radiating lines, so that many communities of the older sort, even as far west as Kentucky, had made great advance in their highway systems. Though not well planned with reference to the surface over which they passed, or built with the skill which now characterises the highway art, these roads were of great and rapidly increasing utility. With the use of the railways in this country there came a great change in the ideals and practices of our people. They began to look forward to the construction of iron ways as the means whereby they might insure connection with the outer world. It seemed to them not to be worth while to give time and money to the making of old-fashioned carriage-paths, which indeed appeared contemptible as compared with the new fashioned means of travel. Now, however, that it has become plain that railroads cannot profitably be arranged so as to reach every hamlet and cross-road, and the people have had a quarter of a century or more in which to experience the evils of bad roads, we find our folk once again turning to this ancient question as to the means of local intercommunication.

It may seem at first sight as if public interest in better highways would of itself be sufficient to insure all needed improvements in these means of communication. Those, however, who have studied the development of the roadmaker's art, in this and other countries, clearly see that public opinion must be well informed before there will be any chance of securing the end in view. We have to face a situation in which ancient habits and ignorances will greatly obstruct the process of reform. We cannot expect to clear away evils which for a thousand years have been borne in dull content, or to revolutionize bad practices of construction which are rooted in the customs of the people. Above all, it will be difficult to persuade our rural people to provide themselves with systems of highways the cost of which at the outset will be far greater than that of all the existing public improvements in their respective communities. Those who enter on this work must expect to hasten slowly, and to encounter many backsets in their undertaking. Their task is to educate as well as to inform. They have to teach by example rather than by precept, and the examples cost a deal of money.

Honors Even.

Mr. Chugwater—I'm hungry still, but the biscuits are all gone, there's no more cream for the coffee, and the steak is all gristle. Samantha, you'll die of enlargement of the heart!

Mrs. Chugwater—I don't know, Josiah. I've never been exposed to it in this house!

Carried Out.

Miss Passe still makes a valliant struggle to carry out the illusions of youth."

"Yes, and she succeeds pretty well, too."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly. There's nothing left of it."—Texas Siftings.

Looked Like a Fake.

Editor—Here's a dispatch about a Mississippi lynching, but I don't believe it's genuine.

Assistant Editor—Why not?

Editor—Because it doesn't say that his body was then riddled with bullets."—Puck.

Elements of Finance.

"I thought I told you I wouldn't be responsible for any more bills."

"But, father, I had these things charged on the old bill."—Harlem Life.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

His Reasons.

"People sometimes ask me why I spell my name with two n's," said Representative Hermann. "When I was a student in Maryland years ago, I got the idea into my head that I would follow the fashion and eliminate the extra letter. I started in by writing to my father, a respected and prominent physician in Baltimore, and signing it in the improved way, 'Your affectionate son, Binger Herman.' My father quickly detected the change, and back came a letter whose earnest reproaches I have never forgotten.

"He pointed out that the name stood for one of the greatest heroes of antiquity, Armenius, the Hermann of Tacitus, who stood like a bulwark against Roman lust of conquest, and to whose leadership the ancient Germans owed the preservation of their nationality, their language and their freedom. He said that name was given me by those who alone had the authority to confer it, and with their consent the name should never be altered, even in respect to a letter. The rebuke I received so impressed me that I concluded if the name was good enough for my father it would be good enough for me."—Washington Post.

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Authors' Mistakes About the Moon.

The editor of the Popular Science Monthly takes certain imaginative writers to task for their unscientific and absurd statements regarding "the young moon" and "the crescent moon," and advises them to leave it alone, because they so often contrive to get it in the wrong place. In a recent story which has come under his notice he finds two friends described as sitting out one summer evening looking over the Thames, and the writer goes on to say: "By this time the young moon had arisen, and its cold light shimmered over the misty river." Such writers are reminded that the young moon goes to bed early and can never be seen in the process of rising.

Ask about the wonderful climate and resources of Southern California. There never was such and opportunity for home seekers. For information regarding this section, address, J. A. Allison, Brewster block, San Diego, California.

The Divers' Hunting Ground.

Hell Gate, by the way, is a great field for divers, when regular work is slack, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. Many a time I've "worked the Gate on spec," as we say.

On one occasion I stumbled upon a valise that contained $56 in money and a number of fishing reels. One tour has yielded me a crop of twenty-four anchors; and on another I came across the wreck of a sloop loaded with scrap iron, that I sold. It waa the wreck of the Warrior, and had lain peacefully at the bottom of Hell Gate since 1856. "Working old bottoms," like the Warrior, is another way divers have of putting in slack time. Every diver has a record of old bottoms. Some years ago, when copper was high, two divers got 700 bars out of a wreck that had been sunk off Saybrook about forty years.

Did You See It?

Of course we mean the World's Fair. Whether you did or not you want to preserve a souvenir of the most beautiful scene this earth has witnessed.

The Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is issuing the finest and most complete World's Fair Portfolio, each containing reproductions of sixteen splendid photographs of large size. The series will consist of sixteen parts, followed by a special part devoted to Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island and other gems of American scenery, and will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents per part.

Address Frank J. Bramhall, Advt'g. Agent, Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock block, Chicago, Ill.

Hard Times and Economy.

It is a great mistake for people who can at all afford to spend liberally to practice economy in hard times. On one occasion during the second empire, when there was a great financial depression, Louis Napoleon commanded his ministers to open their houses and entertain profusely, and the court circles, taking the hint, began such a round of gaiety that trade revived, while the manufacturers, plucking up courage, opened their mills, and a crisis was averted. Spending is as much a duty with the rich as saving is with the poor, and it takes both attributes to make a prosperous community.—New York Tribune.

Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

A Broad but Truthful Statement.

Professor Georgeson of the Kansas agricultural college propounds the startling inquiry, "Has your attention ever been called to the fact that when you feed 1,000 bushels of corn to a lot of steers you waste 800 bushels of that corn?" This seems like a broad statement, yet it has much truth in it when said of some of the feeding done in the west, where manure is not properly saved.

Go South Via the Wabash.

Tourists' tickets now on sale to all points. Homeseekers' tickets at half fare on excursion dates, April 11th and May 8th. For rates or folders giving full description of lands, climate, &c., call at Wabash Ticket office, No. 1502 Farnam Street, or write

GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

The poorest die richer than they are born.

We always take credit for the good and attribute the bad to fortune.

Be careful of your thoughts, for they form your life.

Overtaxed Girl Students.

Boston mothers are making a stand against the overtaxing of girl pupils in the schools. A petition containing hundreds of names and asking that Greek be made elective instead of prescribed was presented at a meeting of the school committee. A woman who found her daughter breaking down in health at the Latin school originated the petition, which received the signatures of many prominent men, among them being educators, ministers, lawyers and physicians. The mothers are willing to have German substituted for Greek, believing that the study of the modern language will tax their daughters less and at the same time be more useful. One of the petitioners says: "It certainly seems strange that of the large number of girls who enter the Latin school such a small percentage ever graduate. The course is too hard. The girls cannot stand it. They cannot, or rather do not, exercise with baseball and out of door sports as the boys do. Some skeptics have raised the point that our daughters break down because they go out to parties and the theaters. We have not found that to be the case in a single instance. Many of the mothers at the meetings have said: 'Why, my daughter studies from four to six hours a day and she doesn't sleep nights.' Unless any one wants to teach the classical studies, German and French are much more useful to the girls than the Greek which they have to take now."—New York Evening Post.

Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. They surpass all other preparations in removing hoarseness and as a *cough remedy* are pre-eminently *the best.*

Strange Sights in India.

"Of all the strange places we visited none were more unique than Jeypore," said Mr. Burditt of the Stoddard party.

"This is a city in the north of India, which is under native government, its ruler being the maharajah of that district. Here the sacredness of animal life, held so carefully by the Hindoos, gave us queer sights. Monkeys ran along the walls like dogs. Doves in flocks of thousands filled the open squares, or blackened the heavens in their flight. Peacocks covered the walls and buildings. Elephants and camels were always to be seen in the streets. The maharajah had in his stable 300 horses, many of the finest blood. And in the mud of a sluggish pond in the rear of his palace enormous and vicious looking crockodiles lazily rolled about. To get them to move sufficiently to be able to distinguish their black forms from the surrounding mud we threw out bait in the shape of big pieces of raw beef, tied to a string, many pounds of which they would gulp at one effort. And in the palace itself this maharajah housed five wives and 300 concubines.

The Evolution

Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.

An Important Experiment.

An experiment begun last year at the Oklahoma experiment station with corn was to determine the best location from which to secure seed for Oklahoma use. It was apparent from the results—which showed it in nearly every individual instance—that seed brought from the north produced more grain and less stover than seed brought from the south, while the reverse is of course true—that southern grown seed produces more stover and less grain than northern grown seed. This experiment will receive the close attention of Prof. Magruder this coming season, when he intends to compare southern and northern grown seed with Seed grown in Oklahoma. The professor will send Oklahoma grown seed south and north to be grown and returned to him for trial on the station farm. This is done in order that there may be no uncertainty as to variety. Results of this valuable piece of work will be watched with interest not only by Oklahoma farmers, but throughout the United States.

$42.50 FOR A FARM WAGON.

The best wagon in the world can be had for $42.50; a barrel cart for $3.50. If You Will Cut This Out and Send It With 5c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue, where you can read about this wagon. w

Variety Necessary.

The man who thinks a newspaper should be made up exclusively of reading matter suited to his particular whims and prejudices is pretty hard to please. He forgets that there are others interested in subjects which he deems obnoxious. All kinds of people read newspapers, and there must be variety in the kinds of news published.—Franklin (N. Y.) News.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Common sense and true religion always harmonize.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The sin you look at will soon make you pick it up and carry it.

A Simple Fire Escape.

A simple, easily procured, inexpensive and practical means of escape from upper stories may be found in a stout duck sack and a strong manilla rope. The sack should be deep and wide enough to hold several persons and have a rope well bound around the top to which the rope bail is attached. If no appliance be provided to hold a stout sail across the window on the inside, then several wraps must be taken around some article of furniture, wife and children dumped into the sack, the husband paying out the rope and letting them down. The sack is then drawn up, when the remaining occupant goes into the sack with the slack end of the rope, and paying it out lets himself down. Rope and sack will pass unhurt past considerable sheets of flame from windows below, and if occasionally treated to a strong solution of alum water, or even strong brine, are of difficult ignition. The deep sack dispels the feeling of fear in not beholding the dizzy height and also protects from flame in passing windows. Every window should have strong staples into which a rail can be inserted and which should be ever ready if needed. A cool head could thus let down, in many cases, numerous loads, and for that matter there may be rope enough to allow all the paying out and pulling up to be done by some one on the ground. Private instructions should be in every room; and each occupant should be made familiar with the working.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Physiological Effect of Music.

The results of numerous experiments made with scientific care by a Russian physician to determine what, if any, are the physiological effects produced by music are thus summarized: An influence on the circulation of blood is noticed, the pressure sometimes rising and sometimes falling, though the action of musical tones and pipes both on animals and men expressed itself for the most part by increased frequency of the beats of the heart; the variations in the circulation consequent upon musical sounds coincide with changes in the breathing, though they may also be observed quite independently of it; the variations in the blood pressure are dependent on the pitch and loudness of the sound and on tone color; in these variations of the blood pressure also the peculiarities of the individual, whether men or lower animals, are plainly apparent, and even nationality, in the case of man, is claimed to exhibit some effect.—New York Tribune.

Education should lead out, not force on.

A Sad Picture.

The next time you are in a melancholy mood, as you are almost certain to be if you become bilious or dyspeptic, picture to yourself the condition of a poor man who, without resources and with a family on his hands, finds himself on a sick bed. Gloom obscures his narrow horizon in every direction. Unable to do any work, without means, or friends capable of assisting him, with the possible prospect of continued ill health; with rent, perhaps, unpaid and unpayable, the outlook for him is gloomy indeed. How shortsighted, then, is the man of humble means who perceiving that his health and strength are failing takes no precaution to avert the oncoming evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a reliable, professionally recommended restorative of health and vigor, and a sure means of preventing the many disabling complaints which exposure, overwork, neglect and insufficient food produce. Malara, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaint, dyspepsia and nervous disease always yield to it.

The Human Family.

The human family living on earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls—not fewer, probably more. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. The extremes of the blacks and whites are as five to three, the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate, brown, yellow and tawny in color.—Exchange.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts., 50cts. & $1.00.

Runaway Legs.

Lady Canning tells a story about her father, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, who was embassador at St. Petersburg in the forties. He was afflicted with a sort of nervous paralysis, which deprived him of the control of his limbs. Once his secretary saw him running rapidly along the quays. Afterward he heard himself called and found Lord Stuart clinging to a lamp-post. "I wanted particularly to speak to you, but could not stop. My legs ran away with me."

BEECHAM'S PILLS are proverbially known as "Worth a Guinea a box" but they are sold at 25 cents a box.

A Whist Curiosity.

Those who are fond of a "hand at whist" will be interested in the following peculiar circumstance. One evening four friends were playing a rubber at a mutual friend's house not far from Barnstaple. O. D. and R. B. were partners, and E. B. and C. H. were ditto. On two occasions E. B. and C. H. won every trick, and on one occasion O. D. and R. B. held every black card, and E. B. and C. H. every red one. Clubs were trumps.—Devon and Exeter Daily Gazette.

The lady whose portrait heads this article is Mrs. Mary F. Covell, of Scotland, Bon Homme Co., S. Dak. She writes to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: "I was sick two years with 'falling of the womb' and leucorrhœa previous to taking your medicines. I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and was entirely cured of both in six months; it is four years this month, since I was entirely well of both those diseases and have never had any signs of their appearance since and I am satisfied the 'Favorite Prescription' saved my life, for I could hardly walk around when I commenced taking that medicine and I think it is a God's blessing to me that I took it.

I was pronounced incurable by the best doctors here in the West. I gave up all hopes and made up my mind that I was to be taken away from my husband and baby of two years old. I was sick all of the time—could not eat anything at all. In one week, after beginning the use of the 'Favorite Prescription' my stomach was so much better that I could eat anything: I could see that I was gaining all over, and my husband then went and got me six bottles; I took three of them and my stomach did not bother me any more.

We sent to you and got the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, and found my case described just as I was: we did what the book told us, in every way; in one month's time I could see I was much better than I had been; we still kept on just as the book told us, and in three months I stopped taking medicine, and to-day, I can proudly say I am a well women, yes, am well, strong and healthy.

When I began to take your medicine my face was poor and eyes looked dead. I could not enjoy myself anywhere, I was tired and sick all the time. I could hardly do my house-work, but now I do that and tend a big garden, help my husband and take in sewing."

The following will prove interesting to feeble women generally, and especially so to those about to become mothers. Mrs. Dora A. Guthrie, of Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn., writes: "I never can thank you enough for what your treatment has done for me; I am stronger now than I have been for six years. When I began your treatment I was not able to do anything. I could not stand on my feet long enough to wash my dishes without suffering almost death; now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine to take before confinement that can be found; or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last and she is the healthiest we have. I recommend your medicines to all of my neighbors and especially 'Favorite Prescription' to all women who are suffering. Have induced several to try it, and it has proved good for them." Yours truly,

Dora A. Guthrie

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions and irregularities, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness of the ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the system.* For morning sickness or nausea, due to pregnancy, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use will prove very beneficial.

Dr. Pierce's Book, "Woman and Her Diseases," (168 pages, illustrated), giving successful means of home treatment, can be had (*sealed in plain envelope*) by enclosing 10 cts., in one cent stamps, to pay postage, to the Doctor, at his address, as given at the beginning of this article.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES PAIN. RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY. (PATENTED.) AXEGIN ELASTIC TRUSS. Holds the worst rupture with ease under all circumstances.