An Experience With a Conjurer.

An interesting experience with an Egyptian conjurer is given in Mr. Warburton's work of Egypt. The conjurer came to Mr. Warburton's hotel to give an exhibition of his skill. The magician called a boy from the street and made a mysterious mark upon the palm of his hand, requesting him to look steadily upon the mark. This the boy did for ten minutes, without any effect. The magician called another boy, and repeated the same thing. This boy, being susceptible to the influence, was soon in a semi-mesmeric condition. The magician requested Mr. Warburton to call up whom he wished, and stated the boy would see him. Mr. Warburton called for the late Lord Derby. The boy instantly cried out: "Here he is! I see an old man, with spectacles, lying on a couch, having on a long black robe." Mr. Warburton next called for Lord Nelson. The boy said: "Here he is. I see a soldier with one arm." After calling for several others, the boy minutely described them, to the astonishment of Mr. Warburton and his friends. He explains that the trick consisted in getting the boy to suspend his thinking faculties, so that he would become in a semi-mesmeric condition, and thus be in sympathy with the mind of Mr. Warburton when he called for the different individuals. The boy saw in a kind of vision the very picture that was passing through Mr. Warburton's mind when he called for these individuals.—New York Sun.

In Seoul, Korea, men are forbidden to be on the streets later than eight o'clock in the evening. When the curfew sounds the city gates are closed, men must withdraw from sight, and women are free to roam about until one o'clock in the morning.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Trade between the United States and Venezuela has greatly diminished.

Pain's Are Looking Better.

Now every day shows cheering signs of improvement in every branch of business. If you are out of employment, or have spare time or capital, write without delay to B. F. John son & Co., Richmond, Va., who can make suggestions that will be worth your consideration.

The fruit crop will probably be a failure in North Carolina.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

The German Government has to face financial deficit.

Coughers and Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try "Lewis's Bronchial Troches." A simple but safe remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cent.

Great Britain has 19,810 miles of railroads.

Shiloh's Cure

is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., $1

Texas contains eighty-five cotton seed oil mills.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye water Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Mr. M. Symons
Baltimore, Md.

Run Down

That Tired Feeling--Severe Headaches, No Appetite

Six Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Brings Back New Life.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Dear Sirs: Before using Hood's Sarsaparilla I was frequently sick and did not know what was the matter with me. One day I would feel so tired I could hardly stand, the next I would have a severe headache and so on, not knowing what the next day would bring forth. I did not have any appetite and

Was Greatly Run Down.

tried many medicines but they did me no good. Having heard a great deal about Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to try a bottle.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I am glad to say I soon felt better. I have now used six bottles and feel as well as ever. It has been of great benefit to me as I have regained my appetite and

Now Enjoy Good Health.

I can strongly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood medicine." M. Symons, 525 Aliceanna St., Baltimore, Maryland.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. 25 cents.

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No Alkalies
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Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action. Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: *"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."*—Genesis xxxii., 24-26.

The dust arose from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man, no shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream, but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "The day breaketh!"

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Ellinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Redhot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it.

Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And, behold, he found himself alone by the brook Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myriad lons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lips and clinched their fists and cried, with a blood red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but that habit rallied again its infernal power and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit hurled it into utter darkness. First I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures and musical instruments and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams and Christian households are silent with slumber, angel watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had been consecrated; he fell—forever! But, thank God, there have often seen a better termination than that.

I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help when they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and defiant. They clinched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and, at last, in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Paul to unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart that first was desolated by bereavement and since by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family.

It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is most affecting. It was a humble house, an I pass by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than those of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Thermopylæ or Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred."

These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applaud the struggle in the humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, contending soul! The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok—the promise made so long ago ringing down the sky, "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me!"

Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street I say, 'The Lord holds me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross prayers' I have been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have had their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says

> The hill of Zion yields
> A thousand sacred sweets
> Before we reach the heavenly fields
> Or walk the golden streets.
>
> Then let our songs abound
> And every tear be dry
> We are marching through Immanuel's ground
> To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in large multitudes all about them, and the Israelites ate and ate and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails, it is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with the angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that while our wrestling with trouble may be triumphant we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed those premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah, it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as they once did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble touched. Are we stones that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept Himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to Him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all consuming grief that wrings its hands and grinds its teeth and bites its nails unto the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night and by the brook Jabbok we were trouble touched.

Again, we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

Clap your hands, all ye people, the day breaketh. The bigotries of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled, or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy or no liturgy, or they must be Calvinists or Arminians in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are nonessentials in religion.

During my vacation one summer I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was Sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the Holy Communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopal church and knelt at the alter and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not go away saddened and broken-hearted. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know He will. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. The day breaketh.

Luther and Melanchthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hopes of deliverance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melanchthon "Come, Philipp, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm of David, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very pleasant help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.'"

Death to many, nay to all, is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hopes. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood, or the church of Christ may mourn over our going, but if Jesus calls all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease, the hour of death's night will pass along—1 o'clock in the morning; 2 o'clock in the morning; 4 o'clock in the morning. The day breaketh.

So I would have it when I die. I am in no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well, but when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want them to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my heart faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming: "Let me go let me go. The day breaketh."

WISE WORDS.

Nature is undistilled art.

Age is the natural enemy of mankind.

Beauty covereth a multitude of sins.

A man is nearer woman's ideal than a woman is.

When love fills the heart, the pockets may go empty.

It isn't a sign of weakness for a man to be afraid of a woman.

We pass through the gates of matrimony in a lustrous cloud of romance.

A man's character is born with him; he gets his reputation from other people.

It is safer to trust a man as far as you can see him, than as far as you can hear him.

Much money, much worry; little money, little worry; no money, no good on earth.

We may love a pleasant sinner, while we may do no more than respect an ascetic saint.

Individual men and women are fractions. The family is the integer of human happiness.

If a woman's intuition were replaced by reason, she would be wearing whiskers inside of sixty days.

When a man becomes so bad that women desert him, it is time for him to be heading toward a graveyard.

When a girl is fidgety because the young man isn't where she is, he can stay away as long as he pleases, and be welcome when he comes.

Blowing Wells of South Carolina.

South Carolina has a large number of "cold" or "blowing" wells. They are situated in the celebrated "Sand Hills region," and the majority of them are of enormous depth. The force of the current of air which continually comes from them varies in intensity according to atmospheric conditions, being particularly strong for several hours before and after heavy thunder-storms.—St. Louis Republic.

Rheims has the highest death rate of any town in the civilized world. It has 28.62 per 1000. Dublin is next, with 27.05. Then comes New York, with 26.47, and Vienna, with 25.07. Paris has 23.61.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

A TRIP ON THE GULF MAKES WILLIAM'S HEAD SWIM.

Royal Sport Angling for the Festive Grouper.

My head is swimming now—everything is swimming. We have been in the gulf to-day, anchored far out on the coral reefs, and while we fished the boat was gently heaving and rocking on the resistless waves and now that we are at home the same motion has followed us. The room is swinging like a pendulum. Sanford Bell, the old veteran conductor on the state road, told me that he could tell where the train was in the darkest night by the swing of the cars around the curves, and just so the old sailor and fisherman can tell how deep the water is by the breathing of the billows. Major Shaw is an old sailor. He lives down the bay a few miles and came up this morning in his own boat to take the family to the grouper bank. My wife was afraid to venture, but the girls and I had a rough passage on the fast little craft, and with a good wind we crossed the harbor and through the pass and were soon away out a couple of miles into the dark-green waters of the gulf. The old major knows the haunts of all the fish—the croakers and grunts and groupers and red snappers and sharks. He has passed his three score years and ten, but is as lively and cheerful as a school boy. The girls sang some of their sweet song songs as we sended along and the major joined in the chorus and did the heavy bass like a true chorister. He took his bearings from objects on the shore and when the two lines met he gave Joe his order to let down sail and cast anchor. "We are now in the center of the grouper bank," he said, "and if the groupers are not at home they ought to be."

"Now, if you girls get seasick you must brave it off. Feed the fishes but don't stop fishing. I had some Boston ladies out here last week and one of them fed the fishes every ten minutes, but she never stopped fishing and caught more grouper than any of us. "What did she feed them with?" said I very innocently. They all laughed at me as he replied: "I can't tell you, for she did not take breakfast at my house." He had soon rigged up six lines of ten fathoms and each mounted with a large hook and a small hook and double leaded with minnie balls. We cast out into six fathoms of water and then began the sport. There was no time to say "have you got a bite?" No watching a cork, no pole to swing round, no line overhead, no nothing but to let the lead drop and the cord slip through your hand and then a vigorous twinge at the bait and a pull upwards as the grunt or the grouper struggled against his sudden elevation. In three hours' time we caught forty-five groupers and 250 grunts. The first bait was live meat from small conchs, but as soon as we caught fish we cut them into bait, using the heads on the large hooks and small pieces on the small hooks. The groupers weigh from two to twenty pounds and are without scales. They are baked or roasted like chickens and taste like channel cats. The grunts are a species of large bream, averaging half a pound apiece. They are known as the sailor's joy, and are the best of pan fish. When taken from the hook they grunt, making a croaking noise just like little pigs when sucking.

We were out about five hours, and our catch half filled a dry goods box that was three feet square. I never had such fishing before. One of the girls caught two large groupers and seventy-one grunts. Another caught seven groupers, but her grunts were not counted. Joe sometimes brought up two at a time—one on each hook. We fished until the cords were tender hands to the quick and we were actually tired of catching fish. I thought about Murphy and Theodore Smith, and wished that they had been there. Poor Murphy, who, when the dogwood is in bloom, goes down to the river and watches his cork all the day long and comes home swinging two or three cats and an eel and a redhorse and is happy.

We were not after tarpon this time, but we saw a school of them, with their silvery sides shining to the sun as they sported on top of the water. The old major caught a balloon fish. It was about eighteen inches long, and had as an attachment a balloon filament on its breast, and this was expanded or contracted with its breath. It was pure white and velvety, with beautiful lace points in regular rows all over it and when distended would hold a hatful of air. The major said he had been fishing here for eight years and had never seen one before. Even Joe, who had seen everything, had never seen one. Its mouth was small and full of sharp teeth, and it was puckered as if getting ready to whistle. And Joe speared a stingray, a venemous creature with a kind of whalebone tail about three feet long and a sting at the base—a sting that looks like a large thorn from a black locust tree, but it is barbed instead of smooth. The barbs of the grain or spear sank into his body and off he went for life and liberty, carrying the boat with him, until he was exhausted. The girls brought home its tail and sting as trophies, but left the horrible creature in the sea.

What did we do with the fish we caught? Why the old major walked up town after we landed and told the people there was a box of fish down there and they could go down and help themselves. Our girls are supplying our table with fish now—fresh fish that cost nothing but sport. In fact, it is part all the time, for it is bathing or fishing or shelling or crabbing nearly every day in the week. They went out crabbing the other day when the tide was unusually low and had uncovered the sand banks. In the skim of the water were numerous holes from four to six inches in diameter and in every hole was a crab. An expert rung his hand down and seizing a claw pulls with a strong, quick jerk and lets go just as quick, as soon as he is out. The creature when in the hole is folded up and helpless, but as soon as he is out he can strike a terrible blow with his claws—a blow that will go through a man's hand and never let go until it thunders. They brought home some that measured eighteen inches from tip to tip of their savage fingers. Their flesh is fine eating, they say, but somehow I don't like to eat anything that is ugly—except, perhaps, a hog. Mrs. Annapaugh gave us all a treat on Friday. She chartered a boat and took thirteen of us down to the Indian pass and gave us a splendid picnic there among the palmettoes and cactus that adorn the island. Old Dad whetted his appetite on the raw oyster that abounded in rare beauty and they were good. The women folks all bathed in the surf while we men hunted for rare and beautiful shells.

At the dinner hour we gathered at the festive cloth that was spread upon the sandy beach, and such a generous feast could not be found outside of Florida. In fact, the winter fare in Florida excels that of anywhere else. I have been here since the 15th of December and we have not been without fresh green vegetables since I came. For three months we have had strawberries nearly every day for dinner, and still they come. We had strawberries on that picnic and ice water and three-story pie and cake and tea and coffee and chicken and eggs and other things too tedious to mention. We spent a happy day and when our boat touched the wharf we were told to keep our seat for a few minutes. Mr. Anglin, of Atlanta, was one of our party and he got out his kodak and stood on the wharf and took us alive, boat and all, and has made a fine picture of the thirteen. And so we keep on a-laying in Clearwater, for somebody invites us to a sail or a ride or a frolic of some sort almost every day. We all stay well and good digestion waits on appetite. Such delightful breezes don't blow everywhere every day in the year. Such uniform good health was never enjoyed. Mrs Annapaugh remarked yesterday that there had been but two deaths in Clearwater since she came here three years ago. There has not been one since I came, four months ago. The old Major Shaw said he came here eighty years ago to die easy of consumption, but soon got well and is now strong and active. And so almost everybody has a similar story to tell. The wonder is that every invalid who can get here does not come.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Gigantic Leaves.

What trees bear the largest leaves? An English botanist tells us that it is those that belong to the palm family. First must be mentioned the Inaja palm, of the banks of the Amazons, the leaves of which are no less than fifty feet in length by ten to twelve in width. Certain leaves of the Ceylon palm attain a length of twenty feet and the remarkable width of sixteen. The natives use them for making tents. Afterward comes the cocoanut palm, the usual length of whose leaves is about thirty feet. The umbrella magnolia, of Ceylon, bears leaves that are so large that a single one may sometimes serve as a shelter for fifteen or twenty persons. One of these leaves carried to England as a specimen was nearly thirty-six feet in width. The plant whose leaves attain the greatest dimensions in our temperate climate is the Victoria regia. A specimen of this truly magnificent plant exists in the garden of the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh. Its leaf, which is about seven feet in diameter, is capable of supporting a weight of 395 pounds.—Scientific American.

Joe Griffen, a Pittsburg newsboy, has a bank balance of nearly $6000, and is making from $60 to $75 a week.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The Infanta Eulalie is in Paris with her children.

A woman's glee club of sixteen has been organized at Chicago University.

Of a total of 2531 students in the universities of Switzerland 242 are women.

Antoine Guizot, of Paris, has perfected an electrical apparatus to make dimples in flat cheeks.

Bonnets are tending more and more to the elephant's ears fashion. Some folks say donkey's ears, but that is not pretty.

Viscountess Aoki, the wife of the newly appointed Japanese Envoy to the Court of St. James, is a German lady of noble birth.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has written a letter to Mme. Carnot, thanking French women for their co-operation at the World's Fair

Women have used muffs since about 1549. They were first used by doctors to keep their hands warm when they rode from house to house.

Wives of Siamese noblemen cut their hair so that it sticks straight up from their heads. The average length of their hair is about an inch and a half.

"Severine," who is called in Europe the "queen of interviewers," and is one of the brightest women journalists in the world, is to visit this country shortly.

In France, the Senate by 114 votes to 79 has agreed to the bill admitting women who are carrying on business to vote in the elections for the Tribunals of Commerce.

Pueblo, Colorado, women are holding weekly meetings to discuss local political issues. A law giving women the right to vote has been passed by the Legislature.

Women are steadily making their way into church offices. At Redhill the Wesleyan Methodist Quarterly Meeting has appointed two ladies as circuit stewards.

In Kentucky there is only one woman who has authority to officiate at a wedding in a clerical capacity. Her name is Munns, and she is a licensed Baptist preacher.

Lord Houghton has accepted the Presidency of the Bronte Society, formed for the purpose of collecting Bronte relics and establishing a museum at Haworth.

The French Society for the Amelioration of the Position of Women resolved to grant an annuity to girls of slender means desiring to qualify for the career of druggist.

Mrs. French Sheldon, the African explorer, formerly of Pittsburg, has formulated the scheme of colonizing the country with bands of men and women skilled in the different trades and professions.

A corps of women militia is the latest step in the emancipation of England. The ladies expect to fulfil all the War Office conditions of efficiency and promise to be ready to take the field should war break out.

Miss Mildred Howells, daughter of William D. Howells, the novelist, has developed a decided talent for drawing. It was first made public by her illustrations of a collection of verses and sketches for children several years ago.

Two thousand women in California have petitioned the San Francisco newspapers to elevate the moral tone of their columns and furnish papers free from the evils they deplore, sensationalism, personalities, vicious and debasing news, etc.

Fraulein Windscheid, the daughter of Professor Windscheid, the famous authority on Roman law, has taken the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Heidelberg. She is the first woman granted such a privilege by the famous old college.

A New Hampshire farmer advertises for a strong, reliable, healthy girl, who can milk, scrub, bake, husk corn, wash and iron, mend clothes, make bonnets, and who is not averse to a little outdoor work. For this he offers a good home "with board."

There is somewhat of a swelling note discernible in the lines in which Mrs. Jex-Blake, M. D., announced that, after twenty-four years' struggle, the contest for the medical education of women in Edinburgh had been brought to a successful issue.

The Empress Frederick, of Germany, possesses a unique tea-service. The tea-tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian halfpenny. The teapot is made out of a German farthing and the tiny cups are made from coins of different German Principalities.

The Harvard Annex (Radcliffe College) now has in productive yielding funds from $210,000 to $220,000. Ten years ago Wellesley College had less than half that amount; to-day it has a fund of not more than $200,000. Mount Holyoke Seminary has about $270,000.

Laselle Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., is forming a boat club on unique conditions. Every young woman joining must be able to swim, to tread water while she removes heavy clothing and shoes, and to bring a mate from the bottom of the tank to its edge.

A spotted veil broke an engagement of marriage in Sedalia, Mo. The young man thought the spots were facial blemishes and took a trip to St. Louis, from whence he wrote a letter suggesting that times were hard and that the contemplated marriage might better be postponed for a year or two. He got his release by return mail.

There is an old lady of Glenlyon, near Crieff, in Scotland, Mrs. Kippen by name, who is in the position of being able to say: "Rise, daughter, and go to your daughter, and ask her to go to her daughter's daughter"—in other words, she is a great-great-grandmother, and what is more remarkable, all the five generations are alive.

A movement is in progress to erect a statue to Miss Palestrello, of Lisbon, Portugal. She was the daughter of a famous navigator and a part of her marriage dowry was a valuable collection of charts and memoranda of her father's trips. She was, besides, an intrepid and enthusiastic traveler. In 1470 she became Mrs. Christopher Columbus.

The Area of Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, which used to be a little town squeezed down into the narrow triangle of the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, has grown into a city of unusually large area in proportion to its population. The city engineers were cutting streets through dense woodlands more than twenty years ago, and farms, miles from the city hall, were held at speculative prices. The city line is now more than six miles from the Ohio eastward, and its length between the Alleghany and Monongahela is between four and five miles.—Chicago Herald.

HOUSEKEEPING IN CHINA.

CHINESE SERVANTS, MALE AND FEMALE, AND HOW THEY WORK.

Their Ways Are Peculiar, But, After All, They Make Ideal Servants—One Woman's Experience.

HOUSEKEEPING in China, or rather in Hong Kong, differs materially from housekeeping in Japan. A multiplicity of servants must be employed in the one as in the other country, but the great difference consists in the fact that in Hong Kong nothing can be bought for the house save through the compradore. A compradore, generally speaking, in places of business is the cashier; in this case he is the middleman, and it is useless to rebel against his rule; nothing can be done without him.

"Master" himself occasionally grows weary of the compradore's yoke, and declares he will market for himself; it would be worse than useless for the mistress to do so, for the Celestials have no sort of respect for their own or other women folk, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

To market "master" goes; he finds the shops full of meats and vegetables, but not a penny worth can he buy. No amount of expostulation avails him; a thousand and one polite but diaphanous excuses are given him why the goods cannot be sold, and he is perforce obliged to have recourse to the compradores again. One compradore usually serves several families, and as a rule serves them well.

The "boy" is at the head of the servants, as in Japan, and is paid about the same wages—$10 per month. In most households he hires the remainder of the servants. After him come the cook, the house coolie, and one or two small boys, "larn pidgins" who serve as apprentices, without pay; then there is a scullion in the kitchen and the market coolie—if the family live at the Peak.

Usually an amah is kept who waits upon her mistress and does the household mending; her pay averages from ten to twelve dollars. If there are children one or more nurses are employed, according to the number. At least four chair coolies are kept, at from six to seven dollars a month; if the household is a large one, and off the line of the tram, a double number must be employed.

Some ladies keep a Chinese tailor the year round, instead of an amah. He costs no more, and he can make dresses and many of the linen and cotton clothes of the men folk, which is a great advantage in that clime, where so many changes are necessary.

Some families who are very particular keep a "washman," others send all of the linen out of the house to be done; this costs but little compared to London or New York prices. The ordinary laundry work done in Hong Kong is very poor; shirts and collars are passably laundried, but other things are badly done compared with the work of the Chinese out of China.

Chinese servants are peculiar, and one must spend some time in learning their ways and habits, for they imitate many things without trouble, and, as a rule, do exactly as they are told; still they will persist in doing some things in their own way. They can never be persuaded to do a thing which they do not wish to; they will always take refuge in the laconic answer, "no savey," which means they do not understand; and, having once said they do not understand, nothing will ever make them confess they do.

As in all Eastern countries, the lines of caste are strongly drawn, and the European women—all white women are called Europeans—who asks one of her servants to perform a bit of work not belonging to him soon discovers this fact. "This no blong my pidgin" is a refusal as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

An amah will refuse to carry even a small parcel for a block, and lose her place rather than do it. The chair coolies will carry "chits" and parcels, but it is beneath the dignity of a boy or an amah to do so.

As a race the Chinese have no respect for women in general, and an unmitigated contempt for any one in particular who chooses to wait upon herself. They much more admire a woman who lies on the verands all day reading novels and occasionally calls, "Boy, bring me my handkerchief," or, "Boy, pick up my book," than they have for one who does these things for herself.

A boy who has lived in a bachelor's house dislikes very much to go to live where the household is controlled by a woman, and in many cases an old and devoted servant will take his leave if the master brings home a wife. They cannot stand to be looked after in the careful way which so many women think necessary, and it is my opinion that they will take advantage of a woman twice as often as of a man.

How He Spelled His Name.

The late Ottiwell Wood, one of the leading characters of New England was once summoned as a witness in court. When he was called and sworn, the Judge, not catching his name, asked him to spell it, whereupon Mr. Wood began:

"O, double t, i, double n, e, double l, double n, double o, d."

The Judge was too thick-witted to grasp the meaning of this string of words and letters, and, throwing down his pen in despair, exclaimed: "Most extraordinary name I ever heard; will you write it for me, Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Witness."—St. Louis Republic.

A madstone cured a Gadsden (Ala.) woman and two children who were bitten by a mad cat recently. Another madstone owned at Wichita Falls, Texas, has saved 100 lives, according to the statement of its veracious

Statisticians estimate that there are not less than 50,000 barrels of coal oil used every day for illumination, fuel, etc.

Why not, indeed?

When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively?

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The Electric City.

Great Falls, Montana, appears to be fairly entitled to the distinction of being called the Electric City. At Black Eagle Falls, three miles above the town, an immense dam has been thrown across the Missouri. Not only are the street cars propelled and lighted by electricity from the power houses, but they are heated as well by electric radiators placed in each car. Elevators, printing presses, cranes and all kinds of machinery are operated by the force. There are automatic excavators, electric pumps and electric rock crushers. A not uncommon sight on the streets is a mortar mixer attached to an electric wire leading down from a pole. The restaurants cook by electricity, the butcher employs it to chop his sausages, the grocer to grind his coffee and the tailor to heat his goose. The subtle fluid is a welcome blessing in every home; the housewives run their sewing machines and heat their flatirons by electricity; they have electric broilers and tea kettles, and they bake their cakes in electric wooden ovens that can be set away on a shelf like pasteboard boxes.—New York Telegram.

The Number Forty in the Bible.

The rain that produced the flood fell for 40 days and 40 nights, and after it ceased it was 40 days before Noah opened the Ark. Moses was 40 days on the mountain fasting, and the spies spent 40 days investigating matters in Canaan before making their report. Elijah fasted 40 days in the wilderness, and Jonah gave the people of Nineveh 40 days in which to repent. The 40 days' fast of Jesus is known to all readers of the New Testament.—St. Louis Republic.

The "four o'clocks" open regularly at 4 o'clock rain or shine.

Geronimo and His Braves.

George Ganz, an Apache Indian, aged about twenty-one years, and a splendid specimen of physical manhood, returned to the Mescalero reservation last week from school at Mount Vernon, Alabama, having completed his education. Captain John L. Ginn interviewed Ganz in relation to the condition of the noted men of Geronimo's Chiricahua Apaches, who spilled so much blood in Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora a few years ago.

Ganz says that old Geronimo has aged so rapidly in the past few years, his hair now being almost as white as snow, though he is still robust and hearty. Nana has also aged until he is decrep