Brought to Light.

At a general election in England, a candidate personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough was asked by party leaders to stand for it. He belonged to a good family, and was a barrister of promise in London. His path to success was open, as the borough belonged to his party. But when he mounted the platform to address the electors, after a sentence or two he suddedly became pale and confused, his eyes fixed on a board opposite on which was scrawled with charcoal, "Forty pounds!" He stumbled through a short speech, and then hurriedly left the stand.

A few days later he rose to speak in another town, and again the mysterious words written in black on the wall confronted him. Again he left the platform, and that night retired from the contest for the seat in Parliament. Not long afterward he disappeared from public life, and retired to an English colony where he hid himself on a ranch. The words, it was found, referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten.

Alexis Piron, the French poet and satirist, sought for many years to obtain a seat among the Forty Immortals in the French Academy. He was recognized among the poets of his day, and was confident of his ultimate admission, when a vile ode, written when he was a boy, was brought to light, and he knew that the door of the Academy was closed in his face forever.

In both of the great political parties of this country there have been instances of men eminent in mental ability, who have failed to receive the high political honors, because of the shadow of some fault or folly of their earlier days.

Behind all the happiness of life, behind even God's love, there is such a thing as law. "Who breaks it always pays the penalty." God may forgive him, but the lines on his face, the taint in his soul, remain to tell of the vices of his early days.—Youth's Companion.

Trained Babies.

I have recently had in my house a wonderful example of the "trained baby." It could "go to sleep all loney hisself." But, by the way, his mother never talked baby to him, but plain English in few words, and he seemed to understand every word. Then, to see a busy, active baby ten months or a year old, sit at the table and never "muss the table cloth," or meddle with the dishes, or tip over the glass of water or sauce, all within reach, although so active he had all the time to jump or perform harmless athletics, probably in training for football or baseball. And as he had his proper lunch before the first course, he rarely asked for anything at the table, and if he did, he knew that "No, Lee" meant no.

Then, did you ever think a ten-months-old baby could be trained to help mother, rather than be "always a bother" and hindrance? Lee was encouraged to help mother, and though Mrs. Jones was perfectly able to keep a nurse girl to wait on baby, she had trained him before he was a year old so that when she had swept he wanted on his dusting cap, and, with his little dusting cloth, would creep round and dust the chairs, etc., as high as he could reach. Now this is no fancy sketch, but is just what any mother can bring about.—Chicago Advance.

At West Rockport, Me., Daniel Andrews, who is ninety-six, recently helped to string 210 rods of wire fence over Spruce Mountain.

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It is surprising how often the troubles of this life spring from indigestion. And more surprising how few people know it. You say, "I am blue," or "My head feels queer," or "I can't sleep," or "Everything frets me." Nine times in ten indigestion is at the bottom of all your miseries, and a box of Ripans Tabules would give you an entirely new view of life.

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Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—MRS. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

Mothers Appreciate the Good Work
of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken and nervous.

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

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Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the digestive organs, creates an appetite, and gives refreshing sleep. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the one True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

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Water Wheels and Hay Presses.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
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PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

TEARS WIPED AWAY.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY THEME

Jesus Sympathizes With All Those Who Are in Trouble.

TEXT: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Revelation vii., 17.

Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no death? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries, and all your philosophies, and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients —the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble:

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble, this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for 100,000,000 years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us.

We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubenses and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it.

"If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half so much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate, the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay out our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah, my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "O God, save us!"

There was another time, about 800 miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital."

The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You know I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O, Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk.

Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse, but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life and the branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that portion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsels shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story, "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of His either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a father who will take you on His left arm, His face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said, "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying, "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered, and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus's feet.

Captain Thomas L. Henry, the once noted guerrilla of Kentucky, will soon become a preacher.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

A DISSERTATION UPON HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT.

The Rich Declare That Wealth Does Not Bring It, While William Says It Helps Considerably.

The blues are a masculine malady and afflict men more than women. Women have more grief and sorrow, but when there is no great trouble in the house they are naturally more cheerful than the men. I notice it very frequently that while I am worried and perplexed about temporal things and can't see my way out and find myself in a fit of the blues, my wife and daughters keep their spirits up, and other women come and go and talk and laugh and say bright things. That is all right. It would be awful for the whole family to have the blues at the same time. In fact, nobody ought to have them and nobody is obliged to have them. They creep stealthily upon a man sometimes, and if he does not fight them off he is very poor company. My wife says I look like I dident have a friend in the world. The best remedy is to quit thinking and go to work. Do something—work in the garden, chop some wood, fix the window curtains, tie up the flowers, swing the grandchildren—do something to divert your mind from yourself. It is better to read a story than to think and brood over trouble that may never come. The body is so mysteriously connected with the mind that the blues impair digestion, and that causes loss of appetite, and the first thing a man knows he is sick sure enough. It has been supposed that the heart was the seat of the affections and emotions, but that is a mistake. It is the stomach, and if that is out of order the whole body is sick. The Bible tells about bowels of mercy and bowels of compassion.

Another good way to drive off the blues is to write letters to kindred and friends and ventilate your troubles and abuse somebody. Give your feelings an explosion and you will find relief. I had such a letter from a friend the other day and he wound up by saying: "And now I think I feel better, plague take 'em." Sometimes a view from the other side produces a reaction. Consider the folks around you who are worse off and yet keep cheerful and thankful. "Yonder comes the old man with his wood," said my wife. Yes, he is about as old as I am and is wearing my old hat and coat that she gave him, and like the "son of Alknomook, he never complains." He lives six miles away. He cuts a load of wood one day and hauls it to town the next day with a yoke of steers, and when he can't sell it for 75 cents he knows he can haul it to my house and Mrs. Arp will take it. He always wears a smile and says: "We are getting along fairly well at my house—is your people all well?" He throws two or three chunks of lightwood on top so as to keep the cook in good humor. Oxen are an awful slow motor in these lightning times, but they are cheap and don't die and nobody will steal them and they suit an infirm old man better than mules. They never run away or kick or get out of temper. A man can drive oxen until he gets slow and amiable and serene. He becomes thankful for what little be has got and he goes to meeting on Sundays and chews his tobacco and enjoys his religion. Poor folks ought to enjoy religion, for they don't have much else to enjoy. Just think how many things the upper crust have to distract their minds from the comforts of religion. There are the shows and theaters and sewing societies and the parties and buggy rides and bicycles and shopping and fashion magazines and going to the springs and visiting and receiving visits, besides the domestic affairs of putting up jelly and jam and pickles and preserves. The old wood hauler has none of these things, but he does have a few texts of Scripture that are worth them all and more, too. The meek shall inherit the earth and the poor in spirit the kingdom of heaven, and if there is anything else to inherit I don't know it.

Poets, philosophers and rich men have all testified to the vanity of riches and yet every rascal of them wants more than they have got. And so do I. Some of us are fools enough to believe that we want money to do good with and help other people. There are a few rich men of that kind, but they are rare. There are still left here and there at lonely distances a Peter Cooper or Peabody or George W. Scott, who do not wait until they die to do good with their money. Carnegie and Rockfeller give off a slice occasionally, but they hold fast to the big end of the rope and keep on piling up. The New York World sent out inquiries not long ago to all of the millionaires to know whether or not great riches brought happiness. Carnegie said: "Wealth brings happiness only when the possessor feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, endows institutions of learning, founds hospitals and does other countless good works."

Rockfeller said: "Wealth does not bring happiness, for no man thinks himself wealthy. No man is so rich but what there are others richer than he is, and that fact makes him feel poor. Practically, there is no such thing as a rich man. Money is like strawberries and cream—nobody ever gets enough. 'Don't you think you have had enough, Ethel?' said her aunt. 'I may think so, auntie, but I don't feel so,' said Ethel. No, the fact is that great wealth brings unhappiness."

Russell Sage said: "Riches are all vanity and vexation of spirit. Few people have any idea of the trouble and inconveniences that wealth brings. The rich never ask such a foolish question as 'does wealth bring happiness?' A rich man is constantly in the public eye. Privacy is impossible for him. The public is curious even to know how he opens his letters and puts on his shoes and what he has for breakfast. An incognito is impossible. No, riches do not bring happiness nor contentment."

Russell A. Alger says: "Men are no happier when rich than when poor. A millionaire is no happier when driving a $50,000 horse than a clerk who gets only $15 a week and is out driving a livery stable horse on Sunday evenings with his best girl by his side."

John W. Mackay said: "I am surprised that any one would for a moment think that riches brought happiness. I was happier during my early struggles with poverty than I have ever been since. I enjoyed the toil, privation and hardship I endured to win wealth. When swinging pick and shovel as a miner I was as happy as I ever can be."

Levi P. Morton said: "When I was a poor young man of twenty years, clerking in a country store I used to think that if I ever got to be worth $100,000 I should be the happiest man alive. Now I am worth that and more, but feel that I am no happier than in my poorer days."

George W. Pullman said: "I am certainly no happier than when I had not a dollar that I could call my own save that for which I worked from morn till night. I can wear but one suit of clothes. I ate three square meals a day then and can eat no more now. Then I had no responsibilities and could go to sleep when my head touched the pillow. Now that I have vast interests and business cares resting upon me, I cannot sleep like I did then. I was happier then than I am now."

And many others answered on the same line. Now the question comes up why don't they lighten the load? If the surplus brings care and trouble, why don't they stop trying to make it bigger? Why not divide out the responsibility? I know lots of men who would help to carry the load. In fact, I would volunteer my own services. I don't understand why these men all write one way and do another way. But maybe it is the force of habit—like the poor fellow who had staid in jail so long he wouldent come out when his time had expired. We all like to see a man succeed in his business, but we like him still more if he becomes his own executor and does not hold on to his riches until grim death has to prize his hand open to make him let go. It seems to me there would be great reward in helping the unfortunate. Some men say that poverty and misfortune come from bad conduct and bad management. Well it does as a general rule, but there are so many exceptions that it can hardly be called a rule. Good luck has made many a man rich, but he thinks it was his smartness. And bad luck has made many a one poor. The Germans have a word for an unlucky man that we have no equivalent for. They call him a schlemiel—that is a person who never prospers, with whom everything goes wrong, misfortune has marked him—bad luck follows him. Yet, as though providence had pity on him, the schlemiel is always good natured and light-hearted. A smile illuminates his face, just such a smile as our wood hauler wears. I reckon he is a schlemiel. But the good Lord shapes the back to the burden. The German schlemiel is conscious of his misfortune and will say with a merry twinkle of the eye: "I ain't no goot. I got no sense. I ish a schlemiel."

I know some such people—good people they are, too, but bad luck has followed them ever since I knew them—bad luck in a money way, I mean, but I like to meet them: they are so cheerful and amiable and they laugh so merrily at a joke.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK COTTON FUTURES.

Cotton quiet. Middling uplands 7 9-16; middling gulf, 7 13-16. Futures very firm. Sales 87,700 bales.

August	7 27@29	December	7 43@44
September	7 27@29	January	7 49
October	7 33@34	February	7 54@55
November	7 38@39	March	7 59@60

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

Cotton firm. Middling 3 29-32. Sales 6,000.

Aug. & Sept.	3 56@57	Sept. & Oct.	3 56&58
Oct. & Nov.	3 58@59	Nov. & Dec.	3 50 s
Dec. & Jan.	3 61 b	Jan. & Feb.	3 62@63
Feb. & March	3 63@64	Mch. & April	4 01 b
Apr. & May.	4 02@03		

CHICAGO GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

WHEAT	Aug	65⅞	Sept	66⅛
CORN—	Aug	39⅞	Sept	38⅞
OATS—	Aug	21⅛	Sept	20⅞
PORK—	Sept.	9 90	Jan	
LARD—	Sept.	6 15	Oct	
RIBS—	Sept	5 92½	Oct.	

HOME COTTON MARKETS.

	Raleigh.	Charlotte	Columbia.	Charleston.
Good middling	7½	7⅜	7⅛	6 7-16
Strict middling	7⅜	7¼	7	7⅛
Middling	7¼	7½	6⅝	7
Strict low middling	7		6¾	6⅞
Low middling	6⅞		6⅝	6 11-16
Tinges		7¼		
Clean stains	7	6		
Deep stains and blues.				

SEA ISLAND COTTON.

Medium fine slightly off color, 17a18; medium fine 22a24; fine 24a28; extra fine 30a35.

BALTIMORE PRODUCE MARKET.

FLOUR—Quiet, Western super 2 65@2 85; do extra 2 90@3 20; do family 3 45@3 75; winter wheat patents 3 85@4 00; spring wheat patents 3 85@4 10

WHEAT—Weak. No. 2 red spot and Aug. 69½ @ 69¾; September 70½ @ 70¾. steamer No. 2 red 65 1-2@65 3-4 Southern by sample, 70@71; do on grade 67@70.

CORN—Dull. Mixed spot and August 46¾; September 45¾ asked; steamer mixed —; Southern white 49@50; do yellow 48½@42

NAVAL STORES.

Wilmington, N. C.—Rosin dull, strained, 1 15; good strained, 1 20; Spirits turpentine steady, 24¾; Tar firm at 1.35; crude turpentine steady, hard 1.20, soft, 1.60, virgin, 2.00.

New York—Rosin seady; strained, common to good 1.52½@1.57½. Turpentine quiet at 27¼@27¾

Charleston—Turpentine firm at 24¾. Rosin firm at 1.05@1.15

COTTON SEED OIL.—New York—Cotton seed oil quiet and about steady, prime crude 24@25; prime crude f. o. b. mills 18@22; off crude 22@23; better grades 28@30 nominal; prime summer yellow 27; off summer yellow 26½; prime white 30@31.

RICE.

The rice market was quiet at Charleston. The quotations are: Prime 5 a5¼; Good 4 a 4½; Fair 3¼a3¾; Common 2⅝a3.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Lemons, 360's, per box 4.00. Raisins, loose, per box 1.75; cluster, per box 2.00. Mixed nuts, per pound 10c. Egyptian onions, per bag 2.50. Virginia peanuts, hand-picked, per pound 5c; North Carolina peanuts, hand-picked, per bushel 1.25. White beans, per bushel 2.50.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Country Butter—Choice Tennessee 18a25c, medium 12½ to 15c.

Cow Peas—65c and 70c. per bushel.

Poultry—Grown fowls, choice 3.00 to 3.25 per dozen. Chickens 2.25a2.75 per dozen, according to size and quality. Ducks—Muscovy 4a4.50. Geese, young 4.50 per dozen.

Eggs—Eggs 9c to 10c per dozen.

Wool—Washed 15c per pound; unwashed 11c. Hides 11c to 12c. Wax 25c to 27c.

LIME, CEMENT AND PLASTER.

Alabama and Tennessee lump lime 85c; Eastern Rockport, Maine, lime 1.25; car-lots, 1.10. Cement—Rosenthal 1.40 to 1.65; car-lots 1.25. New York plaster Paris 2.00. Laths 1.50 to 2.00 per M. Portland cement Belgium 2.40 to 2.75. English Portland 2.50 to 3.00; Belgium, carlots 2.00; English car-lots 2.25.

TIMBER AND LUMBER.

Merchantable 14.00 to 16.00 for city sawed; 12.00 to 14.00 for railroad; square and sound, 9.00 to 13.00 for railroad, 8.00 to 11.00 for raft. Dock timber 4.50 to 6.50; shipping 8.50 to 10.50. Shingles 5.00 to 7.00.

PHOSPHATE ROCK.

Crude 2.75, delivered at works; hot air dried 3.25, free on board; ground rock 5.00, in bulk.

A Mighty Turtle Hunter.

Never before were turtles so numerous, fat and large in the tributaries on the south side of the Big Sandy, in Kentucky, as this year. It is an unexplained fact that while turtles abound in the streams on the lower side of Big Sandy, very few are ever found on the upper side. The theory advanced is that the multiplicity of muskrats in the lower streams accounts for the turtles. East Fork is the best fishing ground in the State for turtles, and the stream is alive with muskrats. These creatures dig a hole in the creek bank below the water's surface, but turn the entrance up so that the rooms in which they live are dry. Into these holes crawl the turtles.

Dick Carr, of Ashland, is the champion turtle catcher. With two assistants, in a very light skiff, Carr hunts for them. He wades about, and with a long, sharp oak stick prods the mud and searches the banks for muskrat holes. When a turtle is found in the mud it is pried out and placed on its back on the creek bank. Whenever a rat-hole is discovered Carr thrusts his arm into it as far as he can and rarely fails to find a turtle.

Last week he caught 118 turtles in four days, eight being found in one rat hole. The turtles are brought to Ashland, and sold as ordered to local saloons, hotels and restaurants, and many are shipped to Cincinnati, Pittsburg and all the small cities along the Ohio. Several others beside Carr catch turtles for a living, but he is the boss of the business. In almost every yard up East Fork the natives have from one to a dozen turtles penned up to sell.

Jake Henry, who lives in a double log house about sixty miles from here, has in one room a general country store. He often trades pork and crackers for turtles, and out in his rear yard razor-backed hogs and sometimes a score of turtles fight for the slop in the troughs. Catching turtles is tiresome work. Carr always works with bare hands, but most of the hunters use a heavy glove to protect them from the sharp edges of the turtle's shell and the vicious teeth of the easily angered muskrats. The average weight of these fresh water terrapins is about five pounds, but quite a number weighing twenty pounds are bagged, and once in a while a twenty-five-pounder delights the fisher. The prices range from fifty cents to $2.50 each.—New York Recorder.

An Interesting Family.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Coleman called the roll at their breakfast table the other morning, they saw twenty smiling faces, the family having been doubled by the marriage of the pair the day before. Mr. Coleman, who is Chairman of the town of Eaton, Brown County, Wisconsin, is a widower with ten children. He married Mrs. Dennis Fitzgerald, a widow with ten children. The ceremony was observed at the Roman Catholic Church, in the village of Humboldt, and the children of the happy pair, all of whom were present, occupied the entire front row of seats.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The assessors of 1895 rated Michigan at $517,666,359.

The Latest in Soap Bubbles.

Make a fluid in this way: Get a cake of palm oil soap, shave its parings as thin as possible and drop in a big bottle filled with distilled water. Shake the mixture very vigorously, then filter through gray filtering paper and mix the remaining fluid with one-third of its bulk of pure glycerine. Before using shake well. Get a small glass funnel about two inches in diameter, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, connect it with a tube of India rubber, and you can blow bubbles with this apparatus that will surpass the rainbow itself in brilliancy and beauty. Yes, there is a lot of trouble in getting your scientific pipe and liquid ready, but think of the sport in the end. Just imagine a bubble twelve inches across! You can blow them in this way by putting them upon a big iron ring—very carefully, of course—while the metal is wet with the prepared solution. Get a ring that is quite rusty—that assures a good result. A string of bubbles two or three inches in diameter can be kept intact for ten or twelve hours.

M. Izern has communicated to the Academy of Sciences a new method for obtaining soap bubbles lasting a much longer time than those obtained from the soap water generally used. He has recourse to a resinous soap made by the following formula: Pulverize together ten grammes of pure resin and ten parts of carbonate of potash; add 100 parts of water and boil until complete solution; we obtain in this way a thick solution, which may be kept in stock to be diluted for use with from four to five times its volume of water. It can be kept indefinitely, even when exposed to the air. The bubbles produced are very persistent, and, consequently, can be made useful in the study of the phenomena relating to thin laminae and in making photographs in which soap bubbles play a part.

Write Cheerful Letters.

The popular woman does not write doleful letters; she waits till she is in a better frame of mind before beginning them, for she realizes that there are burdens enough in life without adding to them by inflicting pessimistic epistles on her friends.

If she writes a letter of condolence it seems to come from the heart, for if it does not sound that way she will not let its coldness further grieve a bereaved one; and if she sends congratulations to a bride or a mother she makes a point of recollecting or looking up some rousing good wishes that have the ring of genuine interest.

One woman drops a fragrant flower in a letter, not to a gushing school girl, but to an old lady or a tired mother of an exacting family, and by this bit of sentiment—not sentimentality—keeps her memory green in the hearts of her friends.—New York Herald.

Acute Rheumatism.

From the Keowee Courier, Walhalla, S. C.

For several years Mrs. Mary Hunter, wife of Mr. William Hunter, of Mountain Rest, Oconee County, S. C., was a constant sufferer from rheumatism and could find no relief, even though she consulted the best doctors and tried every remedy prescribed by the most eminent physicians of the South. But she finally stumbled, as it were, on a medicine which wrought her cure in a simple, but nevertheless a most remarkable manner. Such was her experience, and for the benefit of suffering humanity she consented to an interview touching her peculiar case.

"Yes, it is true that I had chronic rheumatism of long standing," said Mrs. Hunter to a reporter, "and the most celebrated physicians of South Carolina could effect no cure. But I have been cured, and that completely." And she spoke the words with a bright smile and cheerful countenance.

"I am sixty-six years of age," she continued, "and about five years ago I began to suffer from acute rheumatism. The pain soon became constant, and for four years I could find no relief. I could not remain still in any position, either lying, sitting, walking or standing. There was no rest nor ease for me, and thus it continued until life itself became a burden. During those years I consulted several of the most capable and eminent physicians of our State and took their prescriptions. But short and temporary was the relief afforded by any of them, and some failed to give any relief at all. The malady would return with accumulated force after every period of temporary suspension, and at last it seemed that my case was hopeless.

"About this time I received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Lucinda Stewart, of Texas, who wrote me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and she told me how much good they had done her. She had been sick for seven years and had had two strokes of paralysis. None of the doctors of Texas could do anything for her, and her cure seemed impossible. But she was told by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she at last did so. She wrote that she had taken only half a box when she experienced a decided change for the better, and soon she felt like a young girl again, even though she was over forty years old. In a short time she was cured, and she is now enjoying good health.

"But, even after receiving that letter, it was some time before I consented to try the pills. I continued to receive treatment from physicians for a year or more, because I had little or no faith in patent medicines of any kind. But finally, being reduced to a dire extremity, and all else failing, I concluded to write for one box of the pills, and did so. Within a week after beginning to take them I commenced feeling better, and when the first box was used I ordered six boxes. But two more boxes effected my cure, and that permanently, too; for during the past year I have been entirely free from rheumatic pains, and count my cure complete. Since then I have given the pills to other members of my family, and in no instance have they failed to give speedy and permanent relief. I am convinced that the pills are all that Dr. Williams claims for them, and more too. I cheerfully recommend them to all sufferers."

To confirm her statement of facts beyond all doubts, Mrs. Hunter made the following affidavit:

Sworn to before me this, the 9th day of May, A. D. 1895.

(L.S.) B. T. JAYNES, Notary Public.

Mrs. Hunter is well and favorably known, being the wife of one of Oconee's most successful and substantial farmers. No one can doubt her statement for a moment, and many of her neighbors, moreover, are cognizant of her remarkable cure.

The apricot crop in California is comparatively short this season.

London continues to be crowded with Americans.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The disappearing guns at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, have been made available by an electrical contrivance for aiming them.

A London restaurant is said to use an electrically-heated plate to keep one's food warm. There is no danger of receiving a shock from touching the plate.

In the Police Court—Tried and Judgment in its Favor.

Some time ago Judge Andy E. Calhoun, judge of the police court of Atlanta, had occasion to pass a sentence that was gratifying to him, and if people will take his advice much suffering will be alleviated. The judge is subject to nervous sick headaches and dyspepsia. Here is his sentence:

"I am a great sufferer from nervous sick headache and have found no remedy so effective as Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy. If taken when the headache first begins it invariably cures."

Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

When You Come to Realize

that your corns are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The work of Hindercorns. 15c.

Don't Drag Your Feet.

Many men do because the nerve centres, weakened by the long-continued use of tobacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, lifeless, listless, etc. All this can be easily overcome if the tobacco user wants to quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

British admirers are moving for the erection of a great monument to Professor Huxley's memory.

DO YOU EXPECT
To Become a Mother?
If so, then permit us to say that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed a true "Mother's Friend," FOR IT MAKES Childbirth Easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also shortened, the mother strengthened and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send twenty-one (21) cents for The People's Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations, giving all particulars. Several chapters of this great family doctor book are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women with suggestions as to successful home treatment of same. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.

WE WANT a good agent for this county to introduce the FASTEST SELLING GOODS ever known. Permanent work and *large pay*. INDUSTRIAL PUBLISHING CO., Owensboro, Ky.

JOHNSON'S CHILL AND FEVER TONIC
Costs you 50 cents a bottle if it cures you, and not a single cent unless it does.
What does it cure?
1st. Chills and Fever.
2nd. Bilious Fever.
3rd. TYPHOID FEVER.
4th. Hemorrhagic Fever.
5th. Dengue Fever.
6th. Measles.
7th. Neuralgia.
8th. La Grippe.
Money back if one bottle fails. Ask your dealers about it. A. B. GIRARDEAU, Savannah, Ga., Proprietor.

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TETTERINE
The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp, Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

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HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
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