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Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

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HELP STARVING INDIA.

Facts About the India Famine.

THE FAMINE GROWING WORSE.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn, the great Methodist Episcopal Missionary bishop of India, now in this country for the recovery of his health, writes: "The highways are covered with people, some of whom are mere walking skeletons, vainly seeking a region where food can be found. Children whose parents have perished are wandering everywhere. The spectacle is one of the most painful which can be found on earth. The cries of the orphans, if they could only enter into the ears of all good people in distant lands, would stir the Christian world to such a movement of sympathy and help as has never been witnessed on earth. It is not strange that in this calamity the hearts of the missionaries turn to The Christian Herald, which has become known throughout the world as the helper of those who are in sore need. May God move upon the hearts of all who read these lines to do that which shall be acceptable to him."

HELP THEM QUICKLY.

And shall they look in vain? Shall they be disappointed? Shall we lead them to believe that our religion is mere profession? Shall we shut up the bowels of our compassion and tell them that American money and American grain are for Americans only—that religion is one thing and charity quite another? Or shall we open our hearts, our hands, our purses and our granaries, and in the name of our Master whom we serve, bid them share with us the bounties of our Heavenly Father's goodness?

WHO WILL HELP POOR MOTHERS?

"I have seen within the past two days young mothers with new-born children, who have not tasted food in several days. Children deserted by their parents, who could not bear to see them die of hunger, have come to our house pathetically holding out their tiny hands.

"A heart of stone would melt at the sight of such suffering. For the sake of our dear Lord, send us relief."—R. A. HUMN, Amer. Board Missionary at Ahmednager.

A NOBLE RECORD.

Christian America has never yet turned a deaf ear to the pitiful cry of agonizing despair. Ireland, Russia, Armenia, Cuba, Porto Rico and India itself bear eloquent witness to her generous and prompt responsiveness to every worthy appeal, and in this calamity, greater than any yet witnessed, she will unquestionably prove herself worthy the noble record of the past, and share in generous measure the abundance wherewith she has been so bountifully blessed. The appalling calamity in India should touch every heart.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. Send in a contribution to-day, no matter how small it may have to be. 2. Get several others to send with you. 3. Canvass your town or neighborhood for contributions. Many are ready to give if a channel is opened through which they can send their money. The individual sums given may not be large, but in the aggregate will amount to enough to save ten, twenty or thirty lives. It will be no thorn in your pillow at night to remember that you have saved ten human lives. 4. Ask the mayor or the pastors to call a public meeting, where, after a few short addresses on Christian charity, and the present famine conditions in India, a collection can be taken. 5. If possible, induce your local newspapers to open their columns for contributions, printing the names of givers and urging the matter upon the public. 6. Get the choir of your church to give a concert for the benefit of the famine sufferers. We beseech you not to wait for others, but take up this great cause along one or all of the lines here named. Start to-day. By giving a little time to the matter in your community you will multiply your own gift many times over.

THE CRISIS.

There can be no harvest till October. The last months are necessarily the worst in the period of affliction, for the scanty resources of the people are exhausted by the long struggle, and every day adds thousands to the list of those who have nothing left. Must they perish? Shall we who have carried them through these long, weary months stay our hands at the last bitter crisis and let them die with the harvest almost within sight? One last effort will be made, lest all that has been done shall have been done in vain. The danger now is that effort will relax too soon. Already the missionaries see this danger, and are begging we will not desert them in their work until it is finished. Those who have given may be willing to give a little more. Let those who have done what they could, put forth every effort to get those who have done nothing to contribute to meet the final crisis.

HOW MANY LIVES WILL YOU SAVE?

ONE DOLLAR will save a life for a month.
TWO DOLLARS will save a life until the harvest.
FIVE DOLLARS will save a man, wife and child until the next crop is gathered.
TEN DOLLARS will save a whole family from death.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will save them and afford them the comfort of blankets during the rainy and cold season.
FIFTY DOLLARS would save five families.
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS would save a small community.

* * * *

Send your gift for the famine sufferers of India to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 99 Bible House, New York.

WILL NOT BE A WALKOVER.

Mr. Mahlmann's Paper Sounds a Note of Warning to the Republicans.

It is about time the Republican leaders gathering in Philadelphia quiet congratulating themselves over the rosy prospects of a unanimous convention and faced the fact that their party will not have a walkover next November. The story of political conventions is full of warnings that internal harmony often precedes a fall at the polls. It begets recklessness and a neglect of the means necessary to win before the people.

The certain of the renomination of President McKinley must not be interpreted as a guaranty of his re-election Viewed dispassionately with the most friendly eye this certainty merely means that his administration meets with the hearty approval of the leaders of his party and in a large measure of its rank and file.

But the time has gone by when the leaders and the rank and file of any one party can elect whom they choose and upon whatsoever set of principales they may see fit to formulate. When parties grow arrogant and merely study their own aims and desires they invite the destruction promised to the folly that says there is no God—which in a republic is equivalent to saying there is no people.

The unanimity over the head of the ticket is apt to deceive the Republican convention into thinking that "any old thing" that wears breeches will do for its tail, to rely on a boastful recital of what the party has achieved in the four years of McKinley's administration and to "point with pride" to the success of American arms diplomacy and manufactures abroad. But it is a wise saying that "the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth." It is the wise man who makes sure of his next step.

The Republican party may well plume itself on the passage of the sound currency bill establishing our finances on a solid single gold standard In that enactment the party has fulfilled the promise and expectation of its victory in 1896.

But that very enactment has loosened the bonds that held thousands of independent voters to the Republican ticket The country is secure for at least six years for any successful assault on its financial credit.

This alone liberates thousands of voters from the necessity of supporting the Republican ticket as the only defense against the legions of repudiation and national dishonor.

That the Democracy intends to avail itself of the hopelessness of a campaign against the gold standard is proved by the indefiniteness of its State utterances in indorsing the 16 to 1 plank of the Chicago platform.

Neither must the Republican ignore the fact that there are thousands of voters who cast their ballots for McKinley and Hobart four years ago who are stubbornly disaffected toward the party's policy or want of policy in Porto Rico and the Pullippines. There is the possibility of the loss of many votes on the false cry of imperialism.

The strong and unquestionable card of the Republican party is the wonderful prosperity of the people and the nation. This prevents disaffection in the party ranks but it is not a powerful influence in winning votes.

Let us summarize half a dozen questions that may cost the Republican ticket votes:

1. The Agitation Against Imperialism.
2. The Army Canteen Question.
3. "Our Plain Duty" to Porto Rico.
4. Backwark Steps in the Civil Service.
5. The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.
6. The Sampson-Schley Controversy.

We do not include the subject of trusts in this enumeration of weak spots in the Republican armor for the opposition is without a lance that can pierce it and the scandal over the ice trust in New York has operated to the disadvantage of the Democrats.

But the Republican party must pronounce boldly for a constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States Senators by popular vote in the States. The Senate is the stronghold of trusts interests and it must be reformed.

We have said enough to show that the Republican convention cannot afford to regard its nominees as good as elected.

It may well remember that after Philadelphia comes Kansas City, and after Kansas City November.

There are a million votes in the United States upon which no party has a mortgage.

Harmony in June does not insure a walkover next fall.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth; I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at J. E. Curry & Co's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

Travellers to Drumtochy, Scotland, will now miss the familiar figure of Peter Bruce, the historic guard (immortalized by "Ian McClaren,") who for the long period of thirty five years has guided the train between Kildrummie and the Junction. Though still a hale and hearty septuagenarian, railway requirements have necessitated his removal to the less onerous post of gatekeeper at the Moss House, a crossing about three quarters of a mile from the Junction.

ARP ON THE RAINS.

HE SAYS THE GRASS IS GETTING AHEAD OF THE FARMERS.

Bill tells About His Beans—Then He Relates the Nursery Story of Jack and the Beanstalk—Discusses Other Matters.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

This is the first bright genial sunny morning that we have had in three weeks—for twenty one days it has rained every day save one. The crops are in a bad fix; the corn and cotton are hidden by grass and weeds, and labor is scarce, for the negroes are wanted in the mines. Most of the wheat has been cut, but how much of it will be saved cannot yet be told. Within my recollection of fifty years I do not recall so much rain in harvest time. According to scripture, it seems to be the same old story; for Solomon says, "As rain in harvest so is honor unseemly in a fool." They had too much rain and too many fools then just as we do now. Maybe Providence sends the rains to try the farmers—to make them diligent and shifty. I traveled on the East and West railroad last week for sixty miles and I noted some farms that were clean and nice—the corn and cotton chopped out and the wheat shocked in the field; one of these belonged to a widow, and she and her three girls and one boy were just finishing the cotton. Markham dident write anything about the woman with the hoe, nor the girls, but one of these girls was merry enough to waive her bonnet at somebody on the train beside me. Some farmers sit down and wait for tomorrow's sun to dry off the ground; but tomorrow's sun dident shine, and so they wait until next day. Others slap in every chance and do something; I know one who began to cut his wheat Monday morning just as soon as Sunday was gone—for Sunday was the day it did not rain. He cut half that night and all day Monday and got through with 30 acres, and says he will make 700 bushels. Another diligent farmer made 400 bushels last year on twenty acres, and sowed it right away to cowpeas and sold his peavine hay for more per acre than he got for his wheat. That is business—and Solomon says, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings" I am no braggart, but let me say that if I had waited for the rain to quit I would be singing that old song, "A man of words but not of deeds, is like a garden full of weeds." I worked between showers, and sometimes when Mrs. Arp called and called me to come in out of the rain I pretended I dident hear her and struck a few more licks for Markham. I wish you could see my bean arbor—not butter beans, but the best and most prolific beans, I have ever planted; I had them last year on my corn patch, but they do better on poles or over a cane arbor. Plant two rows of beans five feet apart, and when they are well up stick them with canes. Lap the small ends of the canes on the ground and get your wife or daughters to tie them up in three or four places—all of uniform length—then arch them over beans, and nature will do the rest. I never saw half as many beans as hang from my vines. Of course the rains have stimulated the growth of everything and it's lucky that vegetables grow upward instead of outward. I planted my potatoes in my potatoes in a trench that was shoveled out and manured with ashes—wood and coal mixed—then covered with pine straw and some earth on that. They are the finest I ever grew, and come out of the straw almost clean enough to cook without washing. Pine straw is very valuable in a garden and is cheap, costing only 30 cents for a good load. It is a good mulch for strawberries, and I am experimenting with it under a few tomoto plants; most of them I have trained up to stakes, but I saw a market garden near Memphis and all the tomato vines had tumbled over on wheat straw, and made more fruit, though not so large, and fine as when staked. A garden is a small experimental farm, and is much of consequence and more pleasure, especially if you mix flowers with it. Don't throw away your coal ashes; mixed with wood ashes as they are a fine fertilizer. Mr. Berckmans says that ashes produces fruit, while stable manure produces vine and foliage. Ashes will double the quantity of strawberries. Beets generally come up too thick. Thin them out and transplant; cut off part of the tops, and the transplants will make the best beets. Just so with celery. But I don't propose to teach old gardeners, for some of them can teach me—my neighbor, Mrs. Fields is the best gardener I know of, and I am satisfied if I can keep up with her. I have some of my wonderful beans planted to poles These poles are from eight to ten feet high, and it interests me to see the vines reaching up to find something higher to cling to. The tendrils are now two or three feet higher than the poles, and still reaching up and feeling around in the air. I am going to give them some fishing poles fifteen feet long to-day—wish I had some twenty feet long. They remind me of Jack and his bean vine—my children and grandchildren never tire of that good old story. How a poor widow had a little boy named Jack who was good to his mother, and one day Jack saw an old giant. His head was as big as a small barrel, his eyes as big as saucers, his nose as big my arm, his mouth like the end of a big stove pipe and his teeth like iron spoons. He came up the road snorting like a horse, and was singing.

"I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Alive or dead I must have some."

Jack ran in the house to his mother and she pulled up a plank in the floor dropped Jack down in the cellar and put the plank back, and moved her chair and table on it, and sat down and went to knitting. Here came the old giant, puffing and blowing like a steamboat. He dident eat anything but little boys, and he peeped in at the door and said:

"I'm hungry and I am hunting for a boy."

Jack's mother told him she dident have any boy for him, and to go off or she would set her big dog on him. Then he walked all round the house and looked down the chimney for he was as high as a tree, but he couldent find Jack. When he went away and was out of sight Jack's mother took up the plank, and reaching her hand down she pulled Jack out of the cellar. Soon after this a poor woman came along and begged for something to eat, and Jack and his mother fixed her up a good dinner and sous coffee and the poor woman was so thankful that she gave Jack a bean and told him to plant it and it would grow as high as the sky and have bushels and bushels of beans, and the vine would grow as high as a tree in one night. So Jack planted it right away, and next morning he went out to see it and the top of it was away up yonder and he could see it growing higher. So he thought it would be fun to climb it, and the stems of the leaves were strong enough to hold him up like a ladder and he kept on climbing and the bean vine kept on growing so fast that Jack couldent catch up with it and by and by he got so high he couldent see the ground and before long he got up to the clouds and stepped off on the blue floor of the sky, and looking around at the beautiful country he saw a great fine house that was built of stone. So he walked over to it and dident see anybody—not a soul—nor a dog nor cat nor horse nor cow, but he heard a great snoring inside and saw bones all around the yard. Then he peeped in and saw that same old giant asleep on the floor in the wide hall. His tongue was hanging out of him mouth and his face was all greasy and bloody, for he had been eating somebody and laid down to sleep and his snoring shook the house. Jack was awfully scared, and started to run, but he saw an ax near the door and he wondered if he couldent kill that old giant while he was asleep. So he slipped in on tiptoe and raising the ax as high as he could, he brought it down on the old giant's neck and with one blow cut his head off. The blood spouted all over the room and Jack ran away as hard as he could. By and by he slipped back to see, and sure enough the old giant was dead and had stopped kicking and the blood had stopped running. Jack caught his big head by its long hair and dragged it away of to the bean vine and took it down to his mother, and the folks came to see it from all over the country, and were so proud of little Jack that they gave him clothes and pocket knives and marbles and balls and ever afterward called him Jack the Giant Killer. And there has never been another giant in the world since, for he was the last one. Many a time have I got the children to sleep on that story, for of course I vary it and embellish it and tell many things to point a moral adorn the tale. I have not forgotten how eagerly I listened to the little story my mother used to tell me when I went to bed, nor how I devoured the the Arabian Knights when I grew old. Stories that reward the good and bring grief to the bad children are great helps to raising them; and a comfort to their little minds. I had rather please them with a little story like this than to fret myself abusing Mark Hanna and his crowd, for little children are nearer heaven than Mark is according to my opinion.

Queer Case in Court.

The queer cases at law which find their way into court growing out of new conditions are interminable.

One such case now before the court of chancery in Jersey City has exhausted the forms known to American and English jurisprudence. It arouse out of an order from Vice Chancellor Pitney requiring Margaret E. Kingsland of Nutley N. J., executrix of the estate of her husband Joseph Kingsland to show cause why she should not be compelled to furnish hay and pasture for two cows.

The story leading up to this event shows that in 1878 Joseph Kingsland of Nutley died dividing an estate of $600,000 by will between his daughter Margaret and Martha, and his sons, Richard and Joseph. The will also provided that so long as the two daughters lived the sons should furnish hay and pasture for a horse and a cow each. The sons entered into an agreement whereby Richard was to furnish the hay and pasture for the horse, and Joseph was to provide for the cows. Since 1895 it is charged that Mrs. Margaret Kingsland administratrix of her husband Joseph has refused to feed the cows as directed by the will. Miss Kingsland then employed counsel to secure the carrying out of the provision of the will and to recover through the supreme court $1,000 the amount the Kingsland sisters have spent for hay and pasture since 1895.

When Miss Kingsland's attorney came to draw his declaration in the supreme court suit he could find no form that fitted the case. He wrote to James D. Cockrott editor of the American and English Encyclopedia of Forms and Precedents for advice. of Forms and Precedent for advice Mr. Cockroft replied that a careful search failed to disclose a case in any way similar to the one in point.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olive, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by J. E. Curry & Co., Druggists.

CHINA IS A CURIOSITY AMONG THE NATIONS.

The Flowery Kingdom is the Only Surviving Type of the Nations Which Existed in the Days of the Assyrians, the Medes and the Egyptians.

James A. Hall in Atlanta Journal.

The "Boxer" movements in China bring into renewed and startling prominence that most unique and interesting among the nations of the world. Of all the great communities mankind has built up the Chinese Empire stands alone—a rare curiosity in human existence. And the tenacity exhibited by this relic of the remotest age in its resistence to the disintegrating influence of modern civilization forms an absorbing study for the student of history and ethnology.

It seems a strange contradiction of human experience that this picturesque nation, with an unbroken history extending back beyond the days of Ninevah and Ur of the Chaldeans, should to this day maintain its individuality and the peculiar character of its people, unchanged even in slight degree by contact with the life and thought of the rest of the world. No other nation has existed so long and felt so slightly the effect of the events which go to make up history, and no character is so hopelessly fixed and conservative as that of the Chinaman.

* * *

The Mongolian race was the first to attain any degree of civilization. The oldest sculptures in the world, whether unearthed on the banks of the Tigris or the Nile, show the smooth, full face and the oblique eyes of the Chinaman of today. With a quicker and more comprehensive intellect than any of the other tribes of savage man, the Mongolian soon mastered the arts useful to him and organized an equitable government.

More than twenty five hundred yards before the Christian era China is said to have reached its golden age. Commerce and agriculture flourished and schools of philosophy were maintained under the care of such wise rulers as Kwangti and Yao. Great canals were constructed and other public improvements carried out. The people were peaceable and industrious and China, at this remote period, presented all the features of an enlightened and progressive community.

* * *

But the civilization of the Chinese was childish and superficial. That inevitable quality called race-character cannot be thrust aside or overcome by any manner of teaching, whether by the wreck of empires or the humble solicitations of the missionary. The Chinese development encountered a strange arrest in what may be called its childhood stage, and their language today is but a conglomeration of primary sounds. No other people in the world speak a language so crude; no other government is so primitive in form and paraphernalia.

Other and stronger peoples pushed the precocious Mongolian out of the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates and built up great kingdoms and more splendid civilizations, but only their broken arches and crumbling pyramids remain to tell of their existence. In China, fenced off from the rest of the world by mountain and desert, the Mongolian character reached its full fruition and the Chinese of today in their speech, their government, their religion and their social customs represented the Babylonians, the Medes and the Egyptians.

* * *

It seems incredible that a nation, embracing many millions of inhabitants and covering a vast area of the world's surface should have stretched out its existence through forty-five centuries of war and turmoil and conquest. Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome, in turn arose, extended its empire and sank into the grave of nations, but all of this shifting of power and changing of the face of the world had no effect whatever on the destiny of China. Only during the present century can it be said that European influence has penetrated even slightly the outer crust of this curious relic among the nations. During the past few years the invasion of Europeans has reached a point which might well bring alarm to the conservative Chinese. The restless current of the world's progress has reached the foundations of this ancient structure and it must tumble down.

What the Chinese Empire must do is clear to every observer of our times. Indeed, if it were allowed to retain its individuality for another century or two it would be the strangest thing connected with all its strange history. Its doom is sealed. Every one recognizes that it is an encumbrance upon the earth and a block to human progress, yet one cannot look upon the destruction of this ancient empire without emotions much akin to those awakened by the overthrow of some splendid monument or the pulling down of a stately and magnificent ruin. The blast of the locomotive whistle in the valleys of the Whang Ho would like the crash of the steel drill into the walls of the pyramids or the temples of Luxor.

* * *

The Chinaman was a scholar and philosopher long before the savage Caucasian had learned to clothe himself in a beaskin or had exchanged his cave den for the bark hut, but now the Caucasian has come to the walls of the Mongol Castle, walls gray with age long before the Caucasian was born, and means to pull them down.

This hungry Caucasian goes everywhere on God's green earth. He never rests, he is never weary. He carries in one hand a peddler's pack, in the other a bayonet. When he finds a door locked against him he goes away and returns again with a battering ram. Diplomacy, negotiation, bribery or force may be employed, but the door must open. China can no more hope to maintain its isolation in the modern world than could the sturdy Cherokee keep his village on the banks of the Oostanaula. The concentrated weight of an enlightened and aggressive age lies against the antiquated wall and the mighty pressure cannot be withstood. It is the pressure of steam, of electricity, and that most resistless of all missiles, a superior intellect.

The contest between decaying China and civilized Europe and America is like a struggle between some ponderous and helpless antediluvian monster and a steel clad giant armed with electricity and dynamite.

The Household and the Trusts.

The Washington Post editorially says:

For many years Harper's Bazar has been a publication devoted exclusively to the interests of women. It has been far in the lead as the arbiter of fashions it has been accepted as the vade mecum in social affairs, and it has wielded an influence in proportion to its excellence. Very remarkable is it, therefore to find in the columns of this paper and editorial which touches directly upon a question which is to be an important factor in the approaching campaign.

It is true that the editorial does not profess to be political in its tone. It simply discusses the trust issue in its relation to the household, ignoring all reference to platform declarations and Congressional legislation but its attitude of opposition and the reasons it advances for this hostility will have all the more weight because politics have seemingly no connection therewith. According to the Bazar, the mothers of the country have a personal interest in the trust question because following upon the formation of trusts in the several industries there has been a rise in prices of all these articles of household consumption. Figures are presented to prove this statement, and it is argued that the low price of sugar and of oil does not offset the advance in other articles of daily use. It is human nature, says the Bazar, for men to make money, and when a few persons control 90 or 95 per cent. of a business supplying the needs of a whole country they will put up prices high as they dare and they dare go just about the way they please, because they are so strong they can crush out any individual resistance.

The matter of increased cost is not, however, in the opinion of the Bazar, the most dangerous feature of the trusts. Far more serious is the fact that the field of opportunity for the growing boy is almost entirely removed the chance for individual effort reduced to a minimum. Upon this point the Bazar says in vigorous language:

"Take the Standard Oil Company, for instance. The profits of this concern for the current year are estimated at $92,000,000. Would not Mr. Rockefeller smile if your son set out to establish a business that would snatch the power to fix prices out of Mr. Rockefeller's hands? Precisely there is where trusts have mothers by the the heartstrings. It is not so bad about prices—we may struggle and meet this—but trusts impose upon our sons a future of serfdom. The individual enterprise that is possible under a reign of trusts is a resort to the economic conditions of the barbarian. The alternative is serfdom a clerkship if you will a managerial position at a handsome salary in the trust concern, perhaps, but he is the minion of the sugar king, the coal baron—the trust that employs him. He is a creature of the trust with no hope, no future in which he may be master of himself. This is the woman's cause for hating trusts, for fearing monopolistic tendencies of every sort. Her boy, yours, and are defrauded of their American birthright—liberty and independence—while trusts operate to create a royal descent of money kings to the "common" people. Woman's enmity against trust is not on economic grounds. It stands on the American principle of liberty and equal rights and the strength of it is the force of a mother's pride in her son."

This is a view of the trust situation which has been but little emphasized up to the present time. Expressed as it is, by a publication which has no political bias, and which has always been an acknowledged representative of womanhood, it must be regarded as an utterance of great importance. The women, of course, have no vote, except in a few progressive Commonwealths, but if the ideas advanced by the Bazar find lodgment in every household a powerful influence will be active during the campaign. It will be silent, but it will be none the less effective; and it will be directed against the political party under whose administration the trusts have prospered.

They All Stared.

London Tit-Bits.

The other day a married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a north country town, and the husband noting the attention other women obtained from passersby remarked to his better half:

"Folk niver look at thee. I wish I'd married some one better looking."

The woman tartly replied:

"It's thy fault. Dosta think a man will stare at me when you're walking wi' me? Thee step behind and thah'll see whether folk don't look at me."

He hung back about a dozen yards and for the length of a street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her and turn round and look after her when she had passed.

"Sal, lass," he exclaimed, "I was wrang, I tak' it back. I'll niver say owt about thy face."

His wily spouse had accomplished the trick by putting out her tongue at every man she met.

Stomach's Best Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at J. E. Curry & Co's., Drug Store.