AN ORDINARY WOMAN.

HANNAH WAS SIMPLY AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Yet Dr. Talmage Says Industry, Her Intelligence and Her Christian Devotion Refined Her for Heaven—A Plea for Our Mothers.

Washington, July 26.—This radical discourse will no doubt have its practical result in many homesteads throughout Christendom. The text was I Samuel ii, 19, "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself, "It is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try," as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary circumstances, and yet by extraordinary piety standing out before all the ages to come the model Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself — unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birthplace, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him, for there he was to stay all the days of his life and minister in the sanctuary.

Years rolled on, and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple, but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you, then, today, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family, for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I don't know, but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and, with folded arms and disheveled hair, read novels, from year to year, if there had been any to read. But when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grander dignity and usefulness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans. There are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it.

Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs there is coming a great crowd of children in this day untrained, saucy, incompetent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside downativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow idle. Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who in the old homestead used to spin their own yarn and weave their own carpets and plait their own doormats and flag their own chairs and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, 99 out of 100 of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society—light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern lounging, store infesting, the men of low wink and filthy chuckle and brass breastpin and rotten associations? For the most part they came from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches and ghosts, and horseshoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hardworking mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year at least make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have a lazy mother!

Again, Hannah stands before you today as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter and from the way she managed this boy you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well informed as mothers. Oh, this work of culturing children for this world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed. Oh, how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics, there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs and weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests and inflamed throats and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ and practised more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph. The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantage over the eaglets of 1,000 years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught them hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert, but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of culturing children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Again Hannah stands before you today as a Christian mother. From her prayers, and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings, but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well read libraries in the house, and exquisite music in the parlor, and the canvas of the best artist adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth, but there is something woefully lacking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine voice to comfort, and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There are hundreds of mothers today who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery, they bethought themselves: "This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian. Lord, help me!" Oh, are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend to you Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows and bright eyes and soft hands and innocent hearts crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart, and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow, and quenching the luster of the eye, and shriveling up and poisoning and putrefying and scathing and scalding and blasting and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities, and whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven, or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrongdoing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, crowding all the battlements and lifting a million voiced hosanna—brought to God through Christian parentage! One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry, and of the 120 clergymen how many of them do you suppose assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tile of the chimney fireplace. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the destiny of empires, rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of Heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child up may press a child down. A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost $500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of the gay that night, and, sure enough, all religious impressions were gone and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said, "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost $500." The mother thought it was a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed." And the dress was hung there on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and then pointed to the dress and said, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

Again and lastly, Hannah stands before you to-day the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discipline she exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel, and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life, that man prominent in the profession, that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead, for there is some one always ready to carry good tidings and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a more vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the "governor," the "squire" or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor" or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians.

There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home to-day too old to find her way to the house of God, but while she sits there all the past comes back, and the children that 40 years ago trooped around her arm chair with their little griefs and joys and sorrows, those children are all gone now—some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world attesting the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace, and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become until the gates of life shall lift and get the worn out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

WERE THEY MARRIED?

A Young Couple Duly Dissected and Talked Over.

They were coming away from the theater and they fell to discussing the young couple who sat in front of them.

"They are evidently married," said the girl in the Persian waist; "I noticed that they didn't exchange a word while the curtain was down."

"Nonsense; they are merely engaged," said the girl in the black gown; "I heard him tell her that he did not consider the leading lady even pretty."

"Perhaps they are merely brother and sister," suggested the young man of the party.

"No, they weren't," said the girl in the Persian waist, "he'd have gone out between the acts if he was only her brother, while an engaged man wouldn't want to leave her, and—"

"A newly-married man would not dare to," broke in the girl in the black gown

"She took off her hat as soon as she came in," remarked the young man. "That looks as if she was married and in the habit of consulting the feelings of someone else."

"Or that they were not really engaged yet and she wanted to show him how considerate she could be," said the girl in the black gown.

"Or that she was merely conscious of having pretty hair," said the girl in the Persian waist. "Will you wager a box of chocolates that they are not married?"

"I—I'd rather you ladies would settle it between you," said the young man, hastily. "You have so much more insight in such matters, you know."

"There they come now," said the girl in the Persian waist. "Let us notice what they do and perhaps we can decide. If they are merely friends they will stop for cream, soda and—"

"If they are engaged she will tell him how hungry she is, and they will stop for supper," said the young man, bitterly.

"While if they are married," went on the girl in the Persian waist, "he—there, what did I tell you?"

The couple paused before a cigar shop and he went in, while she waited at the door.

"You were right," said the girl in the black gown, "they are married."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Knew All About It.

"Before beginning my lecture," remarked the professor, "I will, in order to more fully establish the influence of handwriting upon character, ask some gentleman in the audience to come forward and give me a sample of his penmanship."

A pale young man with short hair arose and stepped to the platform. Seized the pen and dashed down a sentence or two and then returned to his seat.

"Excellent," remarked the professor, as he surveyed the young man's work: "This writing shows the advantage of acquiring a fixed style. I don't suppose the man who wrote this could vary in his penmanship if he practised a month of Sundays. It shows an adherence to established principle, unswerving directness of purpose, a fixed moral code, an aspiration for orderly methods. I should classify it as a combination of conscience and commerce, so to speak. It's the style of writing Oliver Cromwell might have affected. And now, young man, may I inquire your business?"

"Hain't had no business lately," replied the young man hoarsely, "I've just finished a term in the pen for forging checks."—Cleveland Leader.

Venezuela has 200,000,000 acres of forest, in which grow all the varieties of ebony, as well as rosewood, satin wood and mahogany.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Temperance is reason's girdle.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe.

We imitate only what we believe and admire.

You may follow luck to ruin, but not to success.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness.

Temper, if ungoverned, governs the whole man.

Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried.

Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

Criticism often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together.

We all live on far lower levels of vitality and of joy than we need to do.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.

Suspicion is no friend to virtue and always an enemy to happiness.

Law and physic are good remedies, bad recreations, but ruinous habits.

Learn to say no, and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

The sure foundations of the State are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance.

The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Men who have had a great deal of experience learn not to lose their temper.

One rare, strange virtue in speeches, and the secret of their mastery is, that they are short.

This peculiar ill property has folly, that it enlarges men's desires while it lessens their capacities.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid looks most profound.

The truly honest man does that from duty which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

Artifice is weak; it is the work of mere man, in the imbecility and self-distrust of his mimic understanding.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.

Temperament is but the atmosphere of character, while its groundwork in nature is fixed and unchangeable.

Leaves seem light, useless, idle, wavering, and changeable—they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak.

Wherever you find patience, fidelity, honor, kindness, truth, there you find respectability, however obscure and lonely men may be.

The human soul is like a bird that is born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.

FADS OF THE COMING SEASON.

Buttons are a summercraze.

Every tone of violet is favored in Parisian millinery.

All violet bonnets with white satin Alsatian bows are lovely.

Beware of the limp handshake; it indicates a catty nature.

Tailor bicycle costumes are well worth the cost of their making.

A correct veil is part of the well-gowned woman's essential attire.

Fur will be used in conjunction with chiffon on the dressy summer capes.

Silk petticoats are as wide as the dress skirt and generally much prettier.

Tapestry panels for the nursery illustrate rhymes that are favorites of the juveniles.

Horse-hair lace is used largely in millinery. No dampness can destroy its fluffy beauty.

For a plain organdie gown a certain society leader has bought a sash costing seven dollars a yard.

Delft gowns, which are in reality tailor combinations of cadet blue and white, are being ordered largely.

Artificial violets at two dollars a bunch cannot be told from the real thing and last ever so much longer.

The up-to-date woman carries a silver flask in the recesses of her muff or pocket. She doesn't depend on her vinaigrette to revive her when she feels faint.

TRAVEL WITH THE MAIL.

In three days a letter from Havana will reach New York.

In eight days a New York letter is delivered in Panama.

Ten days are required to carry a letter from New York to Berlin.

In 12 days a letter from Cadiz will be delivered in New York.

Mail between New York and Auckland is 26 days in passage.

Only 11 days are required to transport a letter from Florence to New York.

Bombay is now known as the "Manchester of India."

At least $720,000,000 worth of British property is always on the sea.

The oldest family in the British isles is the Mar family, dating back to 1093.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

A school of blind at work will form one of the groups in Industry hall at the Swiss national exhibition.

A remarkable musket, said to have belonged to Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, has been offered for sale in Edinburgh.

WOMEN BREAD WINNERS.

Mrs. George Ingalls, of Green Bay, is the first woman who learned to set type in Northern Wisconsin.

Kate Field, it is reported, has taken to wearing knickerbockers as she rides up and down the smooth streets of Washington.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who will probably be the leader of the woman's suffrage movement when Miss Anthony retires, is a good lawyer. She has lived mostly in California and Washington. The fun evolved from Mrs. Catt's name no longer annoys her.

Dickenson county, Va., has a woman mail carrier, who carries the mail on a route leading from Clintwood, daily. Her name is Baker and she is a widow of nearly sixty, has reared a large family and is now dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood.

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

Archibald Forbes Relates a Thrilling Incident of the Zulu War.

Archibald Forbes has seen so many brave deeds that it was with some natural curiosity that we turned to his paper in Pearson's Magazine under this title. The deed which he selects as the bravest that he ever saw was the rescue of a wounded trooper, which won for Lord Charles Beresford the Victoria Cross. He thus tells the story:—

"Colonel (now General Sir) Redvers Buller had been ordered to make a reconnaissance before Cetewayo's Kraal of Ulundi. Beresford led the advance, Buller bringing on the main body. Beresford, on his smart chestnut, with the white ticks on withers and flanks, was the foremost rider of the force. The Zulu chief bringing up the rear of the fugitives suddenly turned on the lone horseman who had so outridden his followers. A big man, even for a Zulu, the ring round his head proved him a veteran. The muscles rippled on his shoulders as he compacted himself behind his cowhide shied, marking his distance for the thrust of the gleaming assegai.

"It flashed out like the head of a cobra as it strikes; Beresford's cavalry sabre clashed with it; the spear head was dashed aside; the horseman gave points with all the vigor of his arm and the impetus of his galloping horse, and lo! in the twinkling of an eye the sword point was through the shield and half its length buried in the Zulu's broad chest. The gallant induna was a dead man, and his assegai stands now in a corner of Beresford's mother's drawing-room.

"The flight of the groups of Zulus was a calculated snare; the fugitives in front of the irregulars were simply a decoy. Suddenly from out of a deep water course crossing the plain, and from out the adjacent long grass sprang up a long line of several thousand armed Zulus. At Buller's loud command to fire a volley and then retire, Beresford and his scouts rode back toward the main body, followed by Zulu bullets.

"Two men were killed on the spot. A third man's horse slipped up and his wounded rider came to the ground, the horse running away. Beresford, riding behind his retreating party, looked back and saw that the fallen man was trying to rise into a sitting posture.

"The Zulus, darting out in haste, were perilously close to the poor fellow, but Beresford, measuring distance with the eye, saw a chance of anticipating them. Galloping back to the wounded man, and dismounting, he confronted his adversaries with his revolver, while urging the soldier to get on his horse.

"The wounded man bade Beresford remount and fly. Why, said he, should two die when death was inevitable but to one? The quaint resourceful humor of his race did not fail Beresford in this crisis; he turned on the wounded man and swore with clinched fist that he would punch his head if he did not assist in the saving of his life.

"This droll argument prevailed. Still facing his foes with his revolver, Beresford partly lifted, partly hustled the man into the saddle, then scrambled up himself and set the chestnut a-going after the other horsemen; another moment's delay and both must have been assegaied.

"A comrade fortunately came back, shot down Zulu after Zulu with cool courage, and then aided Beresford in keeping the wounded man in the saddle till the laager was reached, where no one could tell whether it was the rescuer or rescued who was the wounded man so smeared was Beresford with borrowed blood.

"Going into Beresford's tent the same afternoon I found him sound asleep and roused him with the information, which Colonel Wood had given me, that he was to be recommended for the Victoria Cross.

"'Get along wid your nonsense, ye spalpeen!' was his yawning retort as he threw a boot at me, and then turned over and went to sleep again."

The Maternal Instinct.

The maternal instinct is essentially a product of evolution. Romanes states that he found signs of maternal affection among spiders, giving an instance of one spider choosing death rather than desert her bag of eggs, which had been thrown into the pit of an ant lion. Parental feeling has also been noticed in certain species of the aves class; "but," says Prof. Drummond of maternity, "it is doubtful whether in the invertebrate half of nature it exists at all. If it does, it is very rare; and in the vertebrates it is met with only exceptionally, till we reach the two highest classes. What does exist, and sometimes to marvelous perfection, is care for eggs; but that is a wholly different thing, both in its physical and psychical aspect, from love of offspring." The true maternal instinct was evolved when nature had reduced the number produced at one birth, and made it possible for the parent to recognize its individual offspring. The young then became retained around the parents for a longer period of time, and then developed that bond of sympathy and love known as the maternal instinct.

Garden Notes.

Do not let beets grow too thickly in the bed. Two to a foot is enough for the ordinary garden sorts.

The loss from setting weak plants can never be overcome. The loss from careless setting can never be made good. The loss from poorly prepared soil can never be recovered.

It may be said that no farmer's garden is complete without a good supply of currant bushes, as they are easily obtained, easily cared for, wholesome for home use, and any surplus above the home demand can be easily and profitably sold. They are a surer and more profitable crop than many of the garden vegetables grown for sale.

Uniforms in Joliet.

According to report, an interesting experiment is soon to be made in the Joliet (Ill.) Penitentiary. It is proposed to have three kinds of suits for prisoners indicative of their deportment. Green suits will be worn by prisoners of good behavior, cadet gray by those who are less orderly, and red by those who are extremely unruly. It is claimed that this innovation will give the convict the idea that he can make an advance in his fellow-man's opinion, even while confined behind prison bars.

New Uses for Glass.

By a new process, glass is made to appear like wood with a very high polish. It is used in windows, and gives a peculiarly subdued and agreeable light. The glass is put through what might be called a veneering process, being coated with a liquid that represents the wood which it is desired to imitate. The coil after drying is varnished.

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

A TROUBLE THAT MAKES THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS MISERABLE.

The Only Rational Treatment is to Remove the Cause of the Trouble—One Who Suffered Greatly Shows How This Can be Done at a Comparatively Trifling Expense.

The life of a dyspeptic is beyond doubt one of the most unhappy lots that can befall humanity. There is always a feeling of over-fulness and distress after eating, no matter how carefully the food may be prepared, and even when the patient uses food sparingly there is frequently no cessation of the distressing pains. How thankful one who has undergone this misery and has been restored to health feels can perhaps be better imagined than described. One such sufferer, Mrs. Thos. E. Worrell, of Dunbarton, N.B., relates her experience in the hope that it may prove beneficial to some other similar sufferer. Mrs. Worrell says that for more than two years her life was one of constant misery. She took only the plainest foods, and yet her condition kept getting worse, and was at last seriously aggravated by palpitation of the heart brought on by the stomach troubles. She lost all relish for food and grew so weak that it was with difficulty she could go about the house, and to do her share of the necessary housework made life a burden. At times it was simply impossible for her to take food, as every mouthful produced a feeling of nausea, and sometimes brought on violent fits of vomiting which left her weaker than before. She had taken a great deal of medicine but did not find any improvement. At last she read in a newspaper of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using three or four boxes there was a great improvement in her condition and after the use of eight boxes Mrs. Worrell says, "I can assure you I am now a well woman, as strong as ever I was in my life, and I owe my present condition entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have proved to me a wonderful medicine. Mrs. Worrell further says that Pink Pills were also of the greatest benefit to her husband, who suffered greatly with rheumatism in his hands and arms. At times these would swell up and the pains were so great that he could not sleep and would sit the whole night beside a fire in order to get a little relief from the pain he was enduring. Seeing how much benefit his wife derived from the use of Pink Pills he began their use, and soon drove the rheumatism from his system and he has since been free from the terrible pains which had formerly made his life miserable. Both Mr. and Mrs. Worrell say they will always strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to ailing friends.

These pills are a blood builder and nerve restorer, and there is no trouble whose origin is due to either of these causes that they will not cure if given a fair trial. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade-mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." There are imitations of this great medicine, also colored pink, which are offered by the dozen, hundred or ounce, or in boxes, without the directions and trade mark. Always refuse these imitations, no matter what the interested dealer who tries to sell them may say.

Good Eating.

"Miss Annie," said a rural youth to a maiden of like rearing, from whose plump round cheeks the blood seemed fairly bursting; "Miss Annie, I wisht I was a muskeeter."

"Why?" was the blushing response.

"So I could bite you," he answered, with a smack of his lips; "I tell you, there's good eatin' on you."

Something Worth Knowing.

Surely there is compensation or an antidote for every pain and sting which nature imposes on us. The sharp bitter weather of our climate might seem unbearable could we not find means of enjoying it without discomfort. It was long after wood was known to be a perfect non-conductor of cold before anyone thought of its possible uses in clothing, but now we take advantage of that fact. Wood is reduced to its strong silken fibres and then made into the fabric known as Fibre Chamois, which offers a perfect protection from wind, cold, or sleet that makes healthful warmth possible in all weathers to everybody—and a durable protection that never fails till the garment is worn out.

The Great Island Well.

The artesian well at Great Island, in Long Island Sound, has reached the depth of nearly 1,500 feet through solid rock. The well furnishes a supply of six gallons a minute, and was begun over three years ago.

Ideal Summer Resort.

Kill two birds with one stone. Spend a pleasant summer holiday at Oakville and get rid of the liquor or morphine habit once and for all at the same time. It will cost you a little more than if you go to an ordinary summer resort, but probably not half as much as you would spend on liquor in half the time. "Lakehurst," with its fine house, shady grounds, water front and excellent board, is preferable to most hotels, and you can leave your liquor curse behind you forever when your holiday is over. For full particulars address Manager, Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, Ont.

She Could Not Understand It.

"It is wonderful," said young Mrs. Torkins, "to think of the progress the world has made."

"Yes," replied her husband, "one can't help seeing evidences of progress everywhere. If you walk out on the streets you see electric cars and electric lights everywhere."

"Yes, whenever I see an electric light I do feel so sorry for the poor Romans. However they managed to read anything by the light of those spluttery Roman candles is more than I can imagine."

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhœa, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water, when the symptoms are noticed no furher trouble will be experienced.