THE WICKED WORLD.

OCCURRENCES THEREIN FOR A WEEK.

SIG. CRISPI GOES OUT.

HE AND HIS CABINET TENDER RESIGNATION.

Children Die from Eating a Poisonous Root—A Maine Farmer Murdered for His Money—Houk's Bill for Reimbursement—Separate Coaches Not Compulsory.

Told In a Few Words.

—The Italian crisis has come to a head with the resignation of Sig. Crispi and his Cabinet, announced Tuesday in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome. King Humbert reserves his decision with respect to acceptance or refusal. The action of the President is the result of a Cabinet meeting Monday night after the debate on Crispi's proposal that the Chamber intrust a committee of eighteen, to be made up of members of the several political sections, with the task of preparing and presenting on June 30 a measure for reforming the expenses of the public service in order to introduce the greatest possible economies, the House in the meanwhile abstaining from any discussion of financial matters. The Cabinet were agreed that the smallness of the majority by which the Premier's motion was carried—a majority of 11 in a session of 439—was a warning that no success could be counted upon for the proposal when its details were made known. All the members of the Cabinet acquiesced in the suggestion of Sig. Sonnino that it ought to be left to the discretion of the Premier whether their resignations should be tendered in bulk to the King. Rome is greatly excited.

—Five boys, whose ages ranged from five to twelve years, inmates of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy Home in Tarrytown, N.Y., have died from poisoning, the result of eating herbs picked on the playground of the institution. Seven more boys are critically ill from the same cause. Most of the inmates are orphans. The poisonous herb was a root which the boys mistook for sweet-flag.

—It has been discovered that Joseph A. Sawyer, the Monmouth (Me.) farmer, who was so mysteriously murdered two weeks ago, had at the time of his death about $12,000 in cash, notes and bank books secreted in various places about his house.

—Representative Houk, of Tennessee, has introduced a bill in Congress to reimburse the soldiers of the rebellion or their heirs for the average annual difference between gold and the value of the paper currency in which they were paid.

—Judge Barr, in the United States Circuit Court at Owensboro, Ky., decided that the separate coach law is an interference with interstate commerce and is therefore unconstitutional.

—The Chinese emperor has an effective method of stopping strikes. He recently promulgated a decree ordering the ringleaders to be strangled and the others banished. The strike collapsed.

—The immense plant of the National Tube Works at McKeesport, Pa., sixteen miles from Pittsburg, on the Monongahela River, was in the possession of a mob of 5,000 strikers Tuesday, who declared their intention to battle with new workmen and officers. The city at night was in a state of insurrection, and anarchy was rampant on every street. The bloody scenes of Homestead, on the other side of the river, were enacted, and in all probability they will be repeated. The men are just as determined as those who held the Carnegie mills against the invasion of the Pinkertons, and will fight against any and everything. All efforts on the part of the Mayor and police officials to disperse the strikers resulted in failure. The company has, apparently, thrown all responsibility on the city officials and sheriff of Allegheny county. The trouble is the result of a strike that occurred at the mills, May 14, against a 15 per cent. reduction in wages.

—The Northwestern Elevated Railroad bridge question at Chicago is settled at last. Saturday night ex-Judge Jamieson left Washington for Chicago, carrying with him a license permitting the company to build the bridge. According to the plans there is to be no central pier. The abutments are to be 210 feet apart and the bridge a kind of a split and teeter affair which opens in the middle and rises in the air, the parts on the land side of the abutments sinking into the ground.

—Turpin has been induced by Paris journalists to present his new engine of war to France.

—Advices from Tuxpan, Mexico, state that a terrific windstorm passed over the village of Yahualica, about seventy miles back in the country, destroying a number of store buildings and dwellings and killing ten persons and wounding fifteen others.

—Wisconsin Knights of Pythias have voted to make the order universal. Heretofore it has been confined to America.

—Merchants of Milwaukee have asked the newspapers to suppress news concerning smallpox in the interests of business.

—Colorado striking miners have accepted the terms of arbitration and laid down their arms.

—New Jersey's Supreme Court has refused to examine Miss Mary Philbrooke, a woman law student, for admission to practice.

—Forty-eight grain elevators, the property of the Red River Valley Company, will be sold in the interest of the creditors.

—Indiana miners in Sullivan County exhibited the militia and burned five cars loaded with coal.

—Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, of Chicago, was given the degree of doctor of science by the University of Pennsylvania.

—The loss by the Fraser River flood in British Columbia is estimated at $4,000,000.

—H. H. Heffner, a former member of the Chicago Board of Trade, committed suicide at New Orleans.

—William Walter Phelps is seriously ill with laryngitis, complicated with fever, at his home at Teaneck, N. J.

—Isaac Goodman, an Elwood, Ind., farmer, was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary for operating a fence.

—The eighty-eight cases against James C. Darragh, President, and Elmer C. Sattley, Cashier, of the Kansas City Safe Deposit and Savings Bank, are on trial at Independence, Mo.

—By the explosion of a gasoline generator in a laundry at Portland, Oregon, six Chinamen were killed.

—The steamship Texas, 3,900 tons burden, with a general cargo and a deckload of cattle, was wrecked off Trepassey, N. F. She was bound from Montreal for Bristol.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HIS GREAT DISCOURSE ON WOMAN'S WORK.

No Disgrace to Work—A Strange Line of Respectability—Let Woman Do What She Can Do Well—The Dread Alternative of Starvation or Dishonor.

Song of the Shirt.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who is now on his round the world journey, chose as subject Sunday "Martyrs of the Needle," the text being Matthew xix. 24, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

Whether this "eye of the needle" be the small gate at the side of the big entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interpreted, or the eye of a needle such as is now handled in sewing a garment I do not say. In either case it would be a tight thing for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fatigues and hardships going through the eye of the sewing woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Queen Alexander the Great showed his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the Queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus, the Emperor would not wear any garment except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve in their perfect state, might have got along without work, or only such slight employment as a perfect garden, with no weeds in it demanded. But as soon as they had sinned the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for man to have nothing to do. Good old Ashbel Green, at four-score years, when asked why he kept on working said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, 999 had to work vigorously at the beginning.

Idle Women Unhappy.

But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities to-day are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning, who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with dishevelled hair, and the dull afternoon and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having spent an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their cardcase and go out to make calls, and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and then break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot, but work she must or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get someone to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be how, under all circumstances, to take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and then hear of the inhumanity, cruelty, and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Mme. de Stael said, "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

Riches Have Wings.

You say you have a fortune to leave them. O man and woman, have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night, or some clerk may get control of your money and get up a fictitious company and induce your orphans to put their money into it, and if it be lost prove to them that it was eternally decreed that that was the way they were to lose it, and that it went in the most orthodox and heavenly line.

Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christians will engage in—until God puts his fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rips it clear down to the bottom! You have no right because you are well off, to conclude that your children are going to be as well off. A man may die with a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia grog shop His old comrades came in and said as they bent over his corpse: "What is the matter with you, Boggsey?" The surgeon, standing over him, said: "Rush up, he is dead." "Ah, he is dead!" they said, "Come, boys, let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggsey!"

Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassination, homicide, regicide, infanticide. There are women toiling in our cities for $3 and $4 per week who were daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their father's table. That worsted stocking shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the $12 gaiters in which her mother walked, and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Broadway clean without any expense to the street commissioners. Though you have no large, elegant residence and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea prevalent in society that, though our young women may embroider slippers, and crochet, and make mats for lamps to stand on without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman belonging to a large family to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the washtub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds, or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain.

Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art, or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the starry ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting house.

The Toil of the Needle.

It is said if woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say, if she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has, let her have it! She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel and to her home as men have.

But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than that toil of the needle, to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering ram, the sword, the carbine, the battleax, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchers in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me, and I will show you a woman who, by hardest toil, supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on the table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and admire her family appears in church with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected.

Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though we had resigned to her all the light work, and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the state and inquisition, will unmask before the throne of God and the hierarchs of Heaven the martyrs of washtub and needle.

Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her horror of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere, in any honorable calling!

I go still further and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that for work equally well if not better done woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the National Government. For a long while women clerks in Washington got $900 for doing that which men received $1,800.

One Grim Alternative.

To thousands of young women in our cities to-day there is only this alternative—starvation or dishonor. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishment are annually sent out of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it!

Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two millstones of His wrath and grind them to powder!

I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being, who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice!

There are about 50,000 sewing girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger struck! Look at their fingers, needle pricked and blood tipped! See that premature stoop in their shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough!

At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia grand speeches were delivered, but a needlewoman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York in the very early morning as the women go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before or a crust they chew on their way through the street. Here they come, the working girls of the city! These engaged in beadwork, these in flower making, in millinery, enameling, cigar making, bookbinding, type setting, type picking, print coloring, paper boxmaking, but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing woman. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the 5 cents! If, concluding to deny herself something else, she pays for the car, give her a seat! You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death!

Twenty-four Cents a Day.

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done." We found afterward that she was making garments at 8 cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done, it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes" she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer! She said, "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down the stairs.

How are these evils to be eradicated? What have you to answer, you who sell coats and have shoes made and contract for the Southern and Western markets? What help is there, what panacea, what redemption? Some say, "Give women the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss, but what would be the effect of female suffrage upon woman's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by woman's ballot.

Indeed, women oppress women as much as men, men oppress women, as much as men, beat down to the lowest figure the woman who sews for them? Are not women as sharp as men on washerwomen and milliners and mantua makers? If a woman asks a dollar for her work, does not her female employer ask her if she will not take 90 cents? Or say: "Only 10 cents' difference," but that is sometimes the difference between Heaven and hell. Women have often less consideration for woman than men. If a woman steps aside from the path of virtue, man may forgive—woman, never! Woman will never get justice done her from woman's hand.

The Flaming Sword.

Never will she get it from man's ballot. How, then? God will rise up for her. God has more resources than we know of. The flaming sword that hung at Eden's gate when woman was driven out will cleave with its terrible edge her oppressors.

But there is something for our women to do. Let our young people prepare to excel in sciences of work, and they will be able after awhile to get larger wages. If it be shown that a woman can in a store sell more goods in a year than a man, she will soon be able not only to ask but to demand more wages, and to demand them successfully. Unskilled and incompetent labor must take what is given. Skilled and competent labor will eventually make its own standard. Admitting that the law of supply and demand regulates these things, I contend that the demand for skilled labor is very great and the supply very small.

Start with the idea that work is honorable and that you can do some one thing better than any one else. Resolve that, God helping, you will take care of yourself. If you are after awhile called into another relation, you will all the better be qualified for it by your spirit of self reliance, or if you are called to stay as you are you can be happy and self supporting.

Her Freckles and Her Sins.

What will become of this godless disciple of fashion? What an insult to herself! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment; more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her bonnet strings than in her redemption. Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, and no one has so much right to dress well as a Christian. Not so with the godless disciple of fashion. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day and rub the bistre off her eyelids and the rouge off her cheeks, and with two rough, bony hands scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbons and lace and brooches and buckles and sashes and frisettes and golden clasps.

The dying actress, whose life had been vicious, said: "The scene closes. Draw the curtain." Generally tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered a hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammeled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited, or the poor to be provided with bread, she went with a blessing. She could pray or sing "Rock of Ages" for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every presence was a benediction, it was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—auntie always dressed well—but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died, you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday school class almost covered the coffin with aspidistras, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies," and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea, commanded, "I say unto thee, arise!"

You hear a great deal about fate in the conversation of the shiftless.

The lowliest roof is often nearer Heaven than the loftiest steeple.

THE NATION'S SOLONS.

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Our National Law-Makers and What They Are Doing for the Good of the Country—Various Measures Proposed, Discussed and Acted Upon.

Doings of Congress.

In the Senate Thursday Senator Turpie offered a joint resolution declaring that it was no longer to the interest of the United States to continue the treaty with Russia dated April 27, and that notice be served upon the Emperor of Russia that the United States purposes to terminate that treaty at the expiration of six months, the time required to be given by the treaty. He also reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs a Hawaiian resolution reported some months ago. It made no reference to annexation and passed unanimously. The tariff bill was then taken up. General Sickles introduced and the House passed a resolution instructing the Secretary of War to do what is necessary under the act of March 3, 1893, for the preservation of the Gettysburg battlefield. The bill for an additional Judge for the northern district of Illinois passed, after which the bill to repeal the 2c on State bank circulation was taken up.

The sugar schedule was Friday's topic in the Senate's tariff talk. The House passed the joint resolution directing the Secretary of War to transmit to the Senate reports of any surveys or estimates for the construction of locks or dams in Mississippi river between the Chicago, St. Paul and Milwaukee Railway bridge and the falls of St. Anthony which he might have in his possession. The Senate bill providing for the carrying out of the award of the Paris tribunal of arbitration for the protection of seals in Behring Sea was also passed. A resolution directing the President to give six months' notice to the Russian Government of the abrogation of the last treaty between the two countries under the rules was sent to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The House then went into committee of the whole to consider the Brawley State bank bill. At an evening session several private pension bills were passed.

The resolution providing for the payment of the expenses of the bribery and other investigating committees out of the contingent fund was adopted by the Senate Monday. At 2:30 the tariff bill was taken up, the sugar schedule then pending. The galleries of the House were unusually well filled, and on the floor was a goodly array of occupied desks during the early part of the day. As the afternoon wore on the attendance thinned out, and when the adjournment came there were not a half-hundred members on the floor. Two Senate bridge bills were passed, one to authorize the construction of a bridge across the Delaware River by the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Railroad Company, and the other extending the time for the construction of a bridge across the Calumet River. The Brawley State bank tax bill was discussed by Representatives Dalzell and Rayner for the opposition and by Representatives Cobb and Oates in favor of it, and then the House agreed to a Senate amendment appropriating $10,000 to defray the expenses of the sugar investigating committee.

Compromise amendments to the sugar schedule in the tariff bill were all adopted Monday, and the 40-40 differential clause are at an early date. While in executive session the Senate, for the second time within three days, confirmed the nomination of Jerry Donahue to be postmaster at Decatur, Ill. He was first confirmed on the 2d inst., but at the instance of Senator Cullom the matter was reopened and, after some discussion between Cullom and Palmer, the Senate decided to stand by its former action and reconfirmed Mr. Donohue. In the House a resolution appropriating $10,000 to vote on the Brawley bill after the call of the committees. Mr. Cox offered his amendment providing for the total unconditional repeal of the tax on State banks. Mr. Bryan said he would propose a bill which would provide a larger circulation of paper money under the exclusive control of the Federal Government.

JOHN BURNS.

Pen Picture of England's Great Labor Leader by Justin McCarthy.

The most conspicuous man among the newer members of the Labor party in the British House of Commons is John Burns, writes Justin McCarthy, M. P. He has about him the charm of a strong, self-reliant manhood—he is above all things a man. You can see this in his dark, soft, gleaming eyes. They are eyes which invite confidence. John Burns is a working engineer who has led a toiler's life, afloat and ashore and under various conditions. He has worked along the Niger and African rivers which are associated in the minds of most of us with the explorings of Stanley and of Emin Pasha. He has worked in London sheds and yards. He is a fine and powerful speaker, and can control a vast meeting of workingmen with irresistible force. He is a great democratic influence, and political parties and social organizations can hardly reckon without him. He seldom speaks in the House of Commons, but when he does speak he speaks well and goes straight to the point. He never speaks but on some subject which he thoroughly understands and about which he has something important and direct to say. He has a fine and even thrilling voice, and one always feels that some day when his time comes and his own question is uppermost he will make a great speech.

Why Diamonds Are Not Cheaper.

A traveler who has just returned from the gold and diamond fields of South Africa says that there are enough diamonds in that country to stock four or five worlds with buttons almost, but that the mines are in control of a great syndicate, of which Sir Cecil Rhodes is the head. He was shown through the company's establishment and saw thousands of buckets filled with diamonds, but the combination controlling them keeps track of the market, and when prices are good a quantity of the gems are taken to London, care being always taken not to send enough to glut the market. Any man caught trying to smuggle a diamond out of the country is given seven years at hard labor, so it is a dangerous business

Scientific Drops.

In Corea umbrellas are of oiled paper, have no handles and are simply worn over the hat

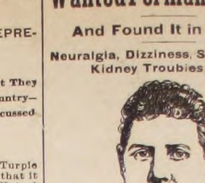
The eyeball of an owl is immovably fixed in its socket, hence the look of wisdom that that bird always appears to have. In a horse an eye in which white predominates indicates a vicious nature.

An important invention has been made in the adaptation of magnetic electricity to the prevention of the slipping of car wheels. The use of it is said to increase the hauling power of an engine many per cent

Wanted Permanent Cure

And Found It in Hood's

Neuralgia, Dizziness, Short Breath, Kidney Troubles Cured.



Sarah C. Trullinger
Fairburg, Ill.

"I have been troubled with neuralgia in my stomach, dizziness and shortness of breath, also kidney and inward weakness. I had very bad spells with my stomach. I had to call a doctor several times, and he gave me only temporary relief. I wanted something that would be a permanent cure, so my husband thought it best that I try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before I had used one-half bottle I felt like a new person, and I am glad that I can say to-day that I have not had a bad spell since I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Formerly my health was so poor that I was not able to do my house work; now I am perfectly well. I owe all the praise to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. SARAH C. TRULLINGER, Fairburg, Illinois.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Try a box. 25c.

Hood's Sarsaparilla **Cures**

Impulsive and Generous.

Gen. Franks, a leader of many a dashing charge in India, held a unique position among his soldiers. They loved him for his courage, but were sometimes irritated by his strictness. Yet in spite of this exacting severity, he was unexpectedly lenient when a large occasion demanded it.

One day, when the regiment was "firing blank," a bullet waistled past him. He did not stop the firing, but when the number of rounds ordered had been completed, he rode up to the line and said:

"Boys, there's a bad shot in the Tenth. He nearly shot my trumpeter, and what should I have said to that boy's mother? I don't want to have the blackguard's name. The officers will not examine the men's pouches."

This was on the eve of a campaign, and before action the senior major came to him and said:

"Don't put yourself in front of the regiment to-morrow, sir. You know there are always one or two bad men in a regiment."

"Thank you, Major," was the reply. "It's very kind of you. I might have given you a step."

When the Tenth was drawn up for the final advance, he put himself at its head, and called:

"Boys, I'm tould ye mane to shoot me to-day. Take my advice, and don't shoot Tom Franks till the foighting's done, for ye won't find a better man to lade ye!"

The regiment answered with a cheer, and carried the Sikh batteries with the bayonet, rather than run the risk of shooting the beloved old fire-eater at their head.

ACCORDING to our old natural philosophers the height our atmosphere extends above the surface of the earth does not exceed forty-five miles. The speculative writers say that if it were possible that this could be suddenly increased to 700 the sun's rays could not penetrate it and we would all freeze to death while groping around in darkness blacker than the blackest Egyptian midnight.

MISS EDNA DEAN PROCTOR, poetess, wants to be known as the apostle of Maize as the national flower. She considers Indian corn as being the most distinctively American product.

A Woman Shrinks

from telling her physical troubles to men. During the past 20 years thousands of women throughout the world have written in womanly confidence to *Lydia E. Pinkham* at Lynn, Mass., and laid bare the life of misery they endured. They wrote freely, knowing that their letters went straight to the hands of a woman, who not alone understood their sufferings, but whose heart was full of sympathy with them.

The experience of thousands has proved how carefully their letters were studied, and how true and sure came the answer and helpfulness.

And also that *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is woman's great friend.

STEAM ENGINE —AT A— BARGAIN!

$50 A Two-Horse-Power Racine Boiler and Engine. **$50**

This machine is second-hand, but has been overhauled. Don't write unless you have the cash. Address

CHICAGO NEWSPAPER UNION,
93 S. Jefferson St., CHICAGO.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS.
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

S. N. U. No. 23-94

"The German Formula"
New Treatment for the Diseases of Women. Send 2-cent stamp for sample. DR. LEDUBLE CO., South Bend, Indiana.