AROUND THE EARTH

OCCURRENCES THEREIN FOR A WEEK.

BALDWIN'S MAD DEED

KILLS HIS WIFE AND COMMITS SUICIDE.

"Farm Buyers" Get $5,000—Central American Railway—Fears for the Falcon—Alleged Lunatics Must Have a Chance—Fatal Collision in Texas.

From Far and Near.

—Sanford Baldwin murdered his wife in Hannibal, Mo., and then killed himself. The weapon used was a double-barreled shotgun. Baldwin was 50 years old and his wife 35. Both had been married before their union last August, the woman having four children, one of whom Balwin did not like. Quarrels were frequent and Baldwin, in one of these outbreaks, threatened his wife's life. She, much alarmed, went with her children to the home of a neighbor, but soon returned alone. The quarrel was renewed and the tragedy followed.

—Chauncey Wheaton, a wealthy farmer of Athens, Pa., was bunkoed out of $5,000 by two sharpers, who led Wheaton to believe that they wished to purchase his farm and induced him to engage in a game of cards, by which they succeeded in fleecing him. The swindlers made good their escape.

—Venezuela has made a contract with a Spanish company to construct a railway from Puerto Cabello to Carenero. The road is to be built in four years, and the Government will receive 5 per cent. of the net receipts from traffic.

—It is feared that Peary's steamship Falcon was lost in the hurricane at St. Pierre on Oct. 9. The Falcon left Philadelphia for St. John's nineteen days ago, and has not been heard from since. There are sixteen persons on board.

—Judge Johnson has decided at Milwaukee that the law under which Marion V. Dudley, the authoress, was sent to the insane asylum, is unconstitutional, in that it does not give the alleged insane person a chance to make a defense. All the commitments to the asylum have been made under this law, and they have necessarily been illegal.

—A head-end collision occurred on the Southern Pacific near Walker Station, Texas, Monday night, between a passenger and freight train, resulting in the killing of Conductor Hess and Brakeman Soorbug. Four other persons were injured. Both engines, the baggage and mail car and three freight cars were wrecked. The accident is charged to the negligence of the telegraph operator at Stafford.

—Mrs. Crittenden, living near Cleveland, is said to be 133 years old. She is somewhat deaf, but can see well and gets around with comparatively little attention. She does considerable reading, but attempts only light work. Her mother died in Scotland at the age of 146.

—Six men were buried under the ruins of an old building on Bridge Square at St. Paul, and all badly injured but still living, although two may die.

—Four grand-children of Rev. W. Taylor, Methodist Missionary Bishop of Africa, perished in the elegant house of their father, Rev. Ross Taylor, in South Nyack, N. Y., early Monday. In addition one man was so badly burned that he can scarcely recover and two others were seriously injured.

—Secretary Hoke Smith has decided against the State of Minnesota and the St. Paul and Duluth Railway Company in a contest involving lands in 1863-69. The property is valued for its iron, and is said to be worth $100,000. The property is awarded by Secretary Smith to W. S. Cleveland.

—East Liverpool, Ohio, has a "Jack the Slasher" who has a mania for carving crazy quilt patches out of women's dresses.

—Receiver Trailey, of the Order of the Iron Hall, reports that he has paid out $742,977 and has $879,128 on hand subject to the order of the court.

—Society women of Saginaw have banded together to protect the morals of servant girls. They propose to take away the latchkeys and require the girls to be at home by 10 o'clock at night.

—Obituary: At Evansville, Ind., Ella Leeds, the soubrette.—At Stockolm, Sweden, ex-Premier Baron Bilbt.—At Danville, Ill., George Giddings.—At Adrian, Kan., Mrs. Hannah Chaffee, aged 102.

—At Spokane, Wash., Helen Grier, an old woman convicted of poisoning her sixth husband, has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. She loudly protested her innocence and accused her daughters of conspiring against her.

—J. F. March, Mayor of Kinsey, Kan., and one of the leading business men, as he was starting for home late Monday evening was held up by two footpads, who, upon his showing fight, shot him fatally in the abdomen. Then they escaped.

—W. S. Somers, of Charleston, W. Va., a government inspector, dropped dead at the works of the Variety Iron Company at Cleveland, of heart disease. Mr. Somers had been engaged for some time past in inspecting material manufactured to be used as anchorage in the Kanawha river.

—Schedules filed in the district court by the Tabor Amusement and Real Estate companies, at Denver, which recently made an assignment, show their assets to be $2,305,182; liabilities, $980,925. Mrs. E. B. Tabor's assets are given at $145,300; liabilities, all secured, $80,000.

—A band of Mexican brigands, led by the notorious outlaw, Julio Longorio, visited the ranch of Francisco Perez, near the village of Jalostitlan, and killed Mr. Perez and four of the employes of the ranch. Vincente Diaz, captain of a force of rural guards, started immediately in pursuit of the brigands, and advices have just been received that the bandits were followed into the mountains and three of them captured, including Longorio. All of them will be shot.

—The Irish funds in Paris, tied up since Parnell's death, have been turned over to Justin McCarthy.

—In an action for damages, Judge Field, of Louisville, decided the Pullman company was not a common carrier.

—The Western Passenger Association has tacitly consented to a reduction in the California rate by the Illinois Central.

—The Big Four Railway shops at Wabash, Ind., were destroyed, causing a loss of over $100,000.

—An earthquake shock was felt at San Diego and Los Angeles, Cal., breaking many windows in the former place.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE FINDS A LESSON IN THE MIGRANT BIRDS.

Jeremiah Compared the Wisdom of the Birds With the Foolishness of His People—The Christian Should Strive for a Loftier Flight in Grace.

Autumn Thoughts.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has left India and is now on his homeward journey, selected as the subject of his sermon through the press this week. "October Thoughts," his text being Jeremiah viii, 7, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, he plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air, He moulds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany and build its nests over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of Heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

The Messengers of the Air.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines, making an angle, a wedge, splitting the air, with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment or as the British parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration, some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge, but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continent with music, and whether from Ceylon isle or Carolinian swamps or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice may they yet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose, so far as God may help me, in this sermon, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way—the ground the lower line of the music, the sky the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling 1,000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every day work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

Singing as They Go.

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through the street it would put an end to any panic. I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven born hallelujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour and Heaven for our home and angels for future companions and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy.

Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of Heaven and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing:

> Children of the heavenly king,
> As ye journey sweetly sing.
> Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
> Glorious in his works and ways.
>
> Ye are traveling home to God
> In the way your fathers trod.
> They are happy now, and we
> Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

The Higher Christian Life.

I go further and say that the birds of the air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer when they are in the fields they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward. We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller of England and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after awhile a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all his grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainments to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world. You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainments. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying.

Rising Above Temptation.

We go out, and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow these temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat at any rate by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is it the church of God: if we as individuals made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teach us the lesson!

> Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
> At this poor dying rate—
> Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
> And thine to us so great?

Dangers of Delay.

Again I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land, sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them.

Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and Heaven. We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead in the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge, and the "draw was up," and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the King familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him; but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize Heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Sorrows of the Sinful.

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy. The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you saying: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and I hear the hearts breaking—while I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and, oh, weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all comforting God. Oh, I have noticed again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry." How can we help crying when the heart treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone? It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, "Oh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground." But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away with your heartlessness, O world! But come, Jesus, and tell us that when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved one shall rise radiant in the resurrection, and all the breakings down here shall be liftings up there, and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

Call on All to Go.

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stork, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to Heaven and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast table this morning will sit with you in Heaven! I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them—what example you are setting them. Are you calling them to go with you? Aye, aye, have you started yourself?

Start for heaven and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus!

> The Saviour calls.
> Ye wanderers come.
> Oh, ye benighted souls
> Why longer roam?
> The Spirit calls to-day.
> Yield to his power.
> Oh, grieve him not away,
> 'Tis mercy's hour.

His Revenge.

For weeks she played with him, accepting his attentions one day, only to bow coldly to him the next. He had waited long and patiently, and now his opportunity had come, says Life.

As they sat on the beach together and looked at the moon, he offered to tell her fortune by palmistry. She assented, and taking her hand he looked carefully at its delicate moorings. The waves stopped breaking and the moon listened anxiously to hear what he would say.

"You are a flirt," he at length said.

"Indeed, I'm not," she replied.

"O, yes you are; it's perfectly plain from your hand, for if you weren't you wouldn't have let me hold it for half an hour."

Then the stars winked at each other, and the moon grabbed a passing cloud and got behind it.

Naughty Girls.

"I've been insulted again," says the young man who tries to be English, according to the Merchant Traveller.

"Again?" said his friend in surprise.

"Ya-as. Stwange how fwequently it happens?"

"What was the occasion.

"I was taking my bweakfast. Beastly hotel, but the best thing they have in this little town. The young woman who waited on me came ovah and tuhned off the electwic fan which was buzzing just ovah my head."

"Perhaps she wanted to save electricity."

"No, it wasn't that, foh she looked ovah at one of the othah girls and said: "Theah, I told you so. It wasn't the wheels in his head that made the noise at all.""

NO WOMAN deserves a new cloak who didn't put up a least two gallons of fruit.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

GREAT BRITAIN WOULD LIKE TO INTERFERE.

Other Powers Will Not Support Her—Japan Is Meantime Thrashing China—Russian Activity—Combatants Will Be Left Alone for the Present.

Struggle in the Orient.

As the war between China and Japan progresses, the situation becomes more interesting and more critical. Affairs have now reached a pass where some of the European governments would like to interfere, but their mutual jealousies and conflicting interests and the possible result of a general intercontinental struggle limit interference thus far to diplomatic talks. It would be manifestly to Great Britain's commercial interest to have the struggle come to a speedy end, and with such object in view she has sounded other governments' intentions. Germany is averse to any interference; Russia is professedly pro-Japanese, and will brook no interference to the injury of Japan; France, which secretly rejoices whenever the British lion gets a kink in its tail and which is the ally of Russia, has no desire to meddle in the matter, and Austria, following the example of Germany, does not seek to embroil herself in a matter that does not directly concern her. Italy alone of the great powers hearkens to England's wishes, for she is anxious to divert the attention of her enslaved millions from maladministration at home to some possibly brilliant exploits abroad. But Italy would be a frail reed for England to rely on in any interference in oriental affairs, and thus the combatants in the far east will be left alone for the present to settle their difficulties.

Russian Activity.

In the expected final defeat of China and the possible dismemberment of her territory there doubtless will be European interference. The nations most intimately affected outside Japan are Russia and England, and their interests are as antagonistic as they well can be. Russia will unquestionably endeavor to secure an increase of Manchurian territory, with the object of establishing a new sea port on the Pacific. Several years ago she asked such a grant from China, but was refused and now it seems as though the present war turned up most opportunely for her purpose. For some reason she is now busy mobilizing troops in eastern Siberia. She has a powerful fleet of war vessels at her Pacific port of Vladivostock, and has there collected an army of 50,000 men. At Irkutsk is another army of 30,000 and all along the line of the Amur River are the Cossack settlements, which are bound to contribute a large number of men on any demand made on them by the Czar. Thus without moving a ton of freight or a single man from her western departments, Russia has a strong available army and fleet in the east, and when the time comes that it suits Russia to declare herself she will be ready to strike a strong blow in carrying out her traditional policy of establishing the vast empire on a broader and grander basis on the shores of the Pacific. How soon that time may arrive can only be conjectured. It probably will not be before spring. One thing is certain, that the Muscovite will not allow the present opportunity to pass without availing of it to establish his power permanently in the Pacific. Such action by Russia England would resent. Long ago she threatened that if Russia would acquire any port in Corea she would seize Port Hamilton, which commands the entrance to the Japanese Sea. It is altogether probable that the two nations may begin their long threatened quarrel over India, not in Afghanistan after all, but in the seas that wash the coast of sluggish China.

Japan's Successes.

Meantime Japan is making strenuous efforts to force the war to a finish. Since the beginning of hostilities she has maintained the upper hand by land and sea, and is now concentrating her efforts to invade China and march upon Pekin, the capital of the empire. Her Corean army, after having driven the Chinese out of the peninsula, is marching rapidly on Moukden, capital of the Chinese province of Manchuria, and after the capture of that city of 200,000 souls, which should not be very difficult, this army is to march on Pekin. Meantime another Japanese army is ready for the invasion of China and if a successful landing can be made on the Gulf of Pechili both armies will unite under the walls of Pekin.

This is believed to be the Japanese programme; but in war programmes cannot always be carried out as drawn up and something may yet occur to mar Japanese plans and protract the struggle beyond the present year.

While Japan is thus prosecuting the war with vigor, China is divided and distracted. The government itself is in disunion, one faction contending for war to a finish, the other for peace. Among the masses dissatisfaction exists and petty rebellions are cropping up. The navy, defeated by the Japanese at the mouth of the Yalu River, has lost its courage; the army is badly organized and equipped, and among high and low there is corruption and distrust. Relying on its boundless resources the government, however, hopes to be able to overcome the advantages hitherto gained by its adversary, but it will be many months before the work of organizing war material can be carried out, and meantime Japan has ample time to deal deadly blows at China and even capture Pekin itself.

MADE FROM MOLASSES.

Pure Spirits Now Manufactured from the Syrup of Sugar Beets.

An experiment of great commercial value has just been successfully tried in Omaha, Neb., namely, the production of pure spirits from beet sugar molasses. The consequences of this will be far reaching. It will cause the production of an entirely new industry and it will afford great additional profit to the sugar manufacturers, as hitherto the molasses incidental to the making of beet root sugar has not been used for anything and has been a total loss. The process consists in the application of a secret chemical preparation, which transforms the molasses into a sort of glucose, perfectly adapted to distillery uses.

SCIATIC RHEUMATISM.

How a Prominent Kentuckian Suffered with It—His Cure a Marvelous One.

Few men in Kentucky are better known than Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, Lawrence County, late Circuit Judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District of Kentucky, and few men in that or any other State have passed through a more remarkable experience and live to tell the tale.

About six years ago he was attacked with sciatic rheumatism, which developed so fast that he soon lost all control of his legs. His whole system became deranged and he was indeed a physical wreck. The muscles of his limbs were reduced by atrophy to mere strings, and he felt that his life was gradually wearing away. Eminent physicians were consulted and all known means of relief employed without avail, and it indeed seemed as though Kentucky was to lose one of her most valued citizens.

It was at this time that Judge Rice first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He promptly applied them to his own case, and as a result he is to-day a well man. The effect of the Pills was marvelous. Judge Rice regained the power of his limbs, his appetite returned, and nature again performed her functions properly. The above case was investigated and vouched for by the Covington Post, and stands as one of the most remarkable cures known in the annals of medicine.

No discovery in medicine has created more discussion, both in medical circles and in the newspapers, than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The many remarkable stories that have been published of the cures effected by these pills have brought them into the greatest prominence both in this country and abroad. They have been analyzed by some of the most eminent chemists and it has been ascertained that they are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness.

Men and Dogs at Prayer.

In the height of the summer season the vicar of Kirk Braddon, Isle of Man, holds morning service in the churchyard instead of the church. The practice has developed into an honored tradition, and when the weather is warm and bright and fine, as seems usually to be the case, the service is attended by a great multitude of people. Visitors, who form the larger proportion, drive over in large numbers from Douglas. The clergyman takes up his position on one of the tombstones as complacently as if he were entering the orthodox pulpit. The scene is brilliant in coloring and altogether picturesque in general effect, but not a little singular, from the near presence of tombstones and monuments and Runic crosses, with all their curious carving. But, in the opinion of a recent visitor—a lady surely—who gives her experience of Manxland in one of the fashion journals, 'it is a very desirable arrangement, for many worshipers attend this open-air service who would not 'go to church' at all. But as a devotional service, it is distracting this hot weather. The dogs will not lie still, but perpetually jump up and take 'snap shots' at the flies, while no end of young people, not feeling the restraint that the interior of a building seems to put on them, make comments in too audible a key, which are simply—well, not sacred."

IN Missouri and Kansas the foreign element, or its immediate descendants, comprises over a fourth of the population; in Ohio, a little over a third; in Iowa and Nebraska, between a third and a half; in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota, the persons of foreign birth, or their descendants of the first generation, outnumber the native population.

Hot Noons Chilly Nights

Of Fall present so many variations of temperature as to tax the strength and make a pathway for disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla will fortify the system against these dangers by making pure, healthy blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"Sores came out on my limbs. I tried different medicines, but none helped me. At last my mother heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking part of a bottle the sores began to heal, and after a short time I was completely cured. We keep it in the house most of the time. As a blood purifier I know of nothing better." LEON ST. JOHN, Fairmont, Minn.

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