The World's Fair Tests

showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

SUBDUING WILD BEASTS.

The Special Dangers of the Tamers of Lions and Tigers.

Now and then, for no reason that any one can find, a lion or a tiger that has been doing his duty regularly and well grows suddenly rebellious. He will no longer balance on the big ball, no longer stand unprotestingly on the seesaw board, no longer ride the horse or jump the hurdles. He comes out instead with a plain, pointed, leonine "no" for the whole programme and proceeds to get square with the game by tearing the life out of some trainer or groom. Apparently his pride and hate and revenge are all stirred up together against all surrounding conditions, and the people to whom he has been most obedient are the very ones he now desires most to kill. When tamers meet a violent death, it is often under one of these unforeseen and inexplicable outbursts of madness.

But there is another and perhaps subtler source of danger to tamers. Everything goes well for two or three years, and the tamer, proud of his success and swelling bank account, becomes overconfident. One day he gets a nip from a beast or a scratch from a tiger's claw. This will happen inevitably, unless the greatest watchfulness is employed, and without any vicious intention on the part of the wild beast. But the wound lingers on hand or arm, for wounds from a wild beast's claws or fangs, however trifling, are long in healing and very painful. The member swells to double its normal size. The wound tears open again and again, and months pass before the man is healed. The moral effect of such an experience is bad. Perhaps another bite or scratch is incurred before the old one is quite well, and after a number of such mishaps the tamer, though he will not admit it, perhaps even to himself, is apt to become afraid of his animals. Then he has recourse to stimulants to "steady his nerves" before going into the ring. But by this treatment his nerves are not steadied; rather they are the more shaken. And the more he drinks the more unfit he is to face the danger and the likelier to take some reckless step which will result in his serious injury or death, for it is undoubtedly a fact that tamers are not infrequently maimed for life, and even killed. Such a case was that of the tamer Heigenreich, who was torn to pieces some years ago while giving an exhibition in Russia. A large lion sprang upon him and literally tore his life out before the eyes of the spectators. Nothing could be done to save the man. Nothing can ever be done in such a case.

Perhaps the best safeguard against these dreadful accidents—a safeguard better than hot irons or revolvers—is a ready line of hose, with a strong pressure of water, which can be turned on at a moment's notice. It has been found that a lion struck by a powerful stream of water will drop his bleeding victim when prodding with iron hooks or similar measures will only make him hold on the tighter.

Thus it is absolutely fatal to the tamer to fall into any fear. As soon as he gets the idea that he is going to be killed he had better give up the work at once, or the chances are that he will be killed.—Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.

A Knife on Its Travels.

A huge knife, said to be over 100 years old and resembling an ancient hay cutter, was presented to the postmaster at Bangor, Me., just after the election. It was labeled "Adlai's Ax." Across the blade in black letters were the words, "The melancholy days have come." This was a grim joke to play on a Republican postmaster, but he concluded to make the best of it. He tagged it and started it on a journey across the continent. At last accounts it was at Marquette, Mich., all covered with tags and the comments each messenger had added as the Democratic guillotine passed over his route.—Exchange.

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or womanhood, require the wisest care. To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, backache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nervine at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womenkind at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she *looks well* and she *feels well*.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS."

MRS. W. R. BATES, of *Dilworth, Grandhull Co., Ohio*, writes:

"A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'women's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

MRS. BATES.

IRVING INSTITUTE 1935 Valencia street, San Francisco. Select Boarding School for Girls. Eighteenth year. Sixteen teachers. For illustrated catalogue address REV. EDW. B. CHURCH, A. M., Principal.

Ely's Cream Balm QUICKLY CURES **COLD IN HEAD.** Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BRO., 56 Warren St., New York.

FOR LADIES!

$100 IN GOLD will be paid by the **Koch Chemical Co.** for any case of female weakness that will not yield to DR. J. S. KOCH'S ANTISEPTIC SANATIVE POWDER. Price $1.00 per box. For sale by all druggists.

Blaine's Day of Fate.

It is a curious fact that many of Mr. Blaine's friends and many of the newspaper men here who have watched his career held firmly to the belief that he would die on a Sunday. Sunday was his day of fate. He was born on that day, and it constantly recurs in connection with the chief events of his life. It was on Sunday that he regained possession of the noted Mulligan letters, with which that person was seeking to blast his career and drive him from public life. It was on the Sunday previous to the assembling of the Republican convention at Cincinnati in 1876 that he suffered the sunstroke which played no inconsiderable part in breaking down the Blaine forces and nominating Hayes.

It was on a Sunday that he prepared his celebrated Florence letter declining to be a candidate in 1888, and it was on the same day that he sent a peremptory cablegram to the same effect to Representative Boutelle at Chicago. It was on Sunday that his letter to Chairman Clarkson last February was given out in which he said his name would not go before the coming convention. His statements of the American side of the Behring sea controversy and the New Orleans affair with Italy were given out on Sunday.

His resignation of the portfolio of state was twice determined on Sunday, the first to President Arthur and the second to President Harrison, although the latter was not sent to the president until Monday morning. That his last illness was hopeless became known to the public Sunday, Dec. 18, and it was on Sunday, three weeks later, that his physicians finally admitted the hopelessness of his case.—Washington Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Woman Won.

An exciting race took place Monday afternoon in Walla Walla between Mrs. Mary E. Miller of Kennewick, Yakima county, and Frank Foster of the same place. They both came in on the evening train over the O. and W. T., and neither waited for the car to stop but jumped off and made frantic runs for backs. The woman offered to buy the hackman's team if he would get her to her destination in time, and the man slipped a $5 piece into the driver's hand in order to facilitate matters, and in less time than I take to tell it both hacks were speeding up the street at a breakneck gait.

What was the cause of all this? Why, it was a race between them to see who could get to the United States land offices first to file on a piece of land near Kennewick. The man arrived there first, but made a mistake and got into the wrong office, and in the meantime the woman had arrived and slipped in ahead of him. The woman also had her witnesses with her, while the man was unprepared in this important particular, consequently she "got there with both feet."—Washington Statesman.

Natural Gas Raises a New Law Question.

A resolution was introduced in the city council tonight to begin a suit for damages, involving several hundred thousand dollars, against the Northwestern Ohio Natural Gas company, which has its wells in this county adjoining those of the city, and which supplies the city of Toledo with gas. The resolution is the result of a long study of the legal aspect of the case by Mr. Alexander, who introduced it, and upon his recommendation it was referred to the city solicitor, who, it is understood, is in favor of vigorously prosecuting the suit. As the rock pressure has gradually decreased, the Northwestern company has introduced three immense pumps at a station six miles from the city, at a cost of $50,000, in order to force the gas through the 40 miles of pipe and suck it from the ground. This has greatly injured the city's territory, and the claim will be made that the use of artificial means to get the gas from under the contiguous territory of the city is illegal. The question has never been raised in the courts.—Findlay Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer

Another Airship Invented.

Another airship has been projected by M. Grensfelder, who has just received his patent papers from Washington. The ship is a cigar shaped affair, 100 feet long and 30 feet in diameter. It will hold 35,000 cubic feet of gas and carry 2,800 pounds. The feature of the invention is that it can be steered. There are several mechanical innovations for which great results are promised. The invention varies from most airships in that it can float in the water. The framework will be of steel or aluminium, the ribs being covered by a light airtight cover, which will receive several coats of varnish. The gas will be stored in a chamber at each end, and there will be space left for a cabin in the middle. In this cabin the electric motor, anchor and all the other mechanism will find a lodgment. A strong partition will separate the machine and passenger quarters.—St. Louis Letter.

General Butler's Famous Yacht.

There is considerable speculation in yachting circles, now that General Butler is dead, as to into whose hands the old America will fall. Mr. Paul Butler told me that he had not the slightest idea as to whether he should retain it or not. Current opinion in Lowell has decided that he will not. His pet hobby is canoeing, and it is doubtful if he will change at this day. The general's last cruise, by the way, he told me, was taken with the New York Yacht club, when he sailed up with them from Newport, the America giving many of the new yachts a tussle. After that he took a number of short trips up along the north shore, but this was his last cruise.—Boston Record.

The 1892 Fire Loss.

The fire loss of the United States and Canada for the month of December, as compiled from our daily files, amounts to $12,354,450. Added to the figures for the previous months of 1892 this shows a total for the year of $132,704,700. The losses for 1891 were $137,716,150, and for 1890, $106,998,345.—New York Commercial Bulletin.

Scientific journals in England speak approvingly of a new method of manufacturing caustic soda, chlorine and other chemical products directly from sea water with the aid of electricity. There is an immense saving of time, labor and material in the process.

A student in a western college proposes to deliver a lecture on commencement day on "The Relation of the Wheelbarrow to American Elections."

TRAPS AND SNARES.

CONTRIVANCES THAT SHOW WHAT A GENIUS THE YANKEE IS.

You Would Call Most of the Inventions Absurdities, and Yet They Are Useful—Devices For Poisoning Pests—Rattraps of Many Kinds.

American invention has given birth to no end of freaks, which have been embalmed at the patent office in order that they may not perish. Some of the queerest of them are devices for entrapping beasts, bugs, fishes and even human beings.

What, for example, could be funnier that the notion of using imitation flowers with poisoned honey to attract noxious insects? The artificial blossoms, each containing a small quantity of sugary liquid properly prepared, are to be fastened to twigs. Months of destructive species sip the deadly nectar and die. A more elaborate device of a similar description is intended for the protection of apple trees. It is a tin can covered as to its upper half with luminous paint. On the outside of the lower half apple blossoms are represented with the same sort of paint. Inside of the receptacle is a small quantity of cider. The can is to be hung on a branch of an apple tree at night. Insects, attracted by the pictured flowers, light upon the can. The smell of the cider induces them to enter through holes provided for that purpose. They then drop down into the cider and are drowned.

Yet it is not always easy to distinguish between a crank idea and a useful discovery. The poisoned counterfeits of flowers above described are said to work very well. Many years ago a man got a patent for a method of killing bugs on trees by inclosing the whole tree in a sort of balloon of canvas, into which an asphyxiating gas was to be poured for the purpose of suffocating the insects. Everybody thought he was a lunatic. But now that his patent has run out the merits of the plan have suddenly obtained appreciation, and its adoption is alleged to have saved the orange growing industry in California. Several kinds of luminous baits for fish have been patented. One of these is a minnow of hollow glass coated on the inside partly with a solution of gold or silver, and partly with luminous paint. The result is a very brilliant object in the water, calculated to attract any predacious creature with fins. Another interesting contrivance is for making frog bait more seductive. The jerking of the line equipped with this device causes the frog's legs to move as if he were swimming.

Contrivances for catching insects are more numerous than any others. One of them is a furnace for slaughtering potato bugs. To begin with, a deep and wide furrow is to be plowed all around an infested field. Through this trench a smooth log is dragged to make the surface hard and smooth. The bugs in migrating to other grounds are unable to scale the trench, and the furnace, which is a cylinder of iron filled with fuel, is drawn along the furrow and destroys them. Other odd devices are cartridges intended to be inserted in the mouths of ant holes and to be fired, thus communicating stifling vapors to the subterranean chambers, also many kinds of lamps for attracting and burning up the moths of various worms in cotton fields. There is a toy pistol for insects, which sucks them in when he trigger is pulled.

An ingenious westerner has invented a trap for catching the hornfly which is such an enemy to cattle in some parts of the country. It consists most importantly of a great frame to which brush is attached in such a manner that when the beasts walk through, eager as they always are to scratch themselves, the flies will be scraped from their bodies by the branches. Finally the frame is closed up by means of doors, and the captured insects are destroyed. Nearly everybody has heard of the gold tapeworm trap, which the patient swallows. Bedbug traps are of several varieties, all of them being intended to afford attractive hiding places for these blood suckers and to be burned or scalded out afterward.

Much ingenuity has been expended in rattraps. Some of them are so elaborate that no full witted rodent would go near them. One requires Mr. Rat to come in through a door, which drops behind and makes him a prisoner. Seeing a bright light above, he ascends a flight of little steps and trots across a small plank that is so nicely adjusted as to balance that his weight causes it to tip and throw him into a tank of water. Another contrivance consists of a double chamber. One chamber has a glass end, through which Mr. Rat sees two or three imitation rats having a nice time with a bit of cheese. Wishing to join them, he runs around the box, gets into the other chamber and is caught.

There are a number of devices which employ mirrors for the purpose of luring the rat to his fate. He mounts on top of a barrel and sees a toothsome piece of cheese. As he approaches it he beholds another rodent—in reality his own reflection in a piece of looking glass—coming for the cheese from the opposite direction. He makes a dash to get there first, and a pivoted board drops him into the cask, which is half full of water. Rats will swim for a long time, so one humanitarian has patented a water trap with little shelves around the edge and just above the surface. On the shelves are placed small lead weights, with fishhooks hanging from them. The captured rat in trying to escape grasps one of the hooks, gets it fastened in his mouth, dislodges the piece of lead and is carried to the bottom by the latter.

Sparrow traps are of many different kinds. Most of them invite the birds to walk in through a door which drops behind them, making them prisoners. When next seen in the restaurants, they are reedbirds on toast.—Philadelphia Times.

For and Against the Single Tax.

Hyattsville, Md., is still under single tax rule, but there are few signs to show that the principle has made much headway since it won the day in the bitter fight of last spring. Its opponents assert that it has ruined the town, and they point to the condition of the streets and of the pavements to corroborate their claim that the place has gone backward since the single tax people got control of its affairs.

These contentions the single tax men vigorously deny, but their vigor is more in the championship of the single tax as a principle than in the demonstration of its workings in this place. Generally they say that it has not been in force long enough yet for a fair trial. The opponents reply with vigor that they have had enough of it and that they intend to bring about a change in May, when the annual election of town commissioners will be held. The votes seem to be pretty evenly divided between the two factions, both of which are quietly but earnestly preparing for the contest in the spring.

There is a great deal of feeling in the fight, and the literature of the discussion is becoming formidable.—Cor. New York Times.

PROFESSOR ELY ATTACKED.

Accused of Being a Socialist and of Teaching Utopian and Pernicious Doctrines.

"Utopian, impracticable, pernicious," are the charges made against the doctrines taught students at the University of Wisconsin by Professor Richard T. Ely, dean of the school of economics, political science and history. He is accused of being a socialist, of believing in strikes and boycotts, of urging printers to strike because the state printers of Wisconsin ran a non-union office, of entertaining a walking delegate at his house during the strike, of threatening to withdraw his printing if the office was not unionized, and of teaching various doctrines that his accusers declare are not what should be incorporated into the mental and moral makeup of students at the university who are instructed by him.

The charges were preferred by Oliver E. Wells, state superintendent of public instruction, and led the board of regents of the state to appoint H. W. Chynoweth, a Madison lawyer; John Johnston, a Milwaukee banker, and H. B. Dale, an Oshkosh doctor, a committee to investigate the truth of the allegations against the erudite professor. At the Chautauqua

PROFESSOR RICHARD T. ELY.

(N. Y.) assembly recently Professor Ely took occasion to refer to what he termed "the rising flood of calumny which has spared not even my conduct in my own home." He declared that he had never spoken to a striking printer in Madison; that he had never entertained a walking delegate; that he had never expressed any opinion about strikes in Madison except to condemn them, and that each of the charges against him was a base and cruel calumny.

When the investigating committee met, Mr. Wells refused to proceed on the ground that the committee's action in excluding Professor Ely's books made it impossible for him to prove his case. Professor Ely has long been well known as a writer on social and economic topics. He was born in Ripley, N. Y., April 13, 1854. He attended the New York state normal school, was graduated from Columbia college in 1876 and as the holder of the graduate fellowship of letters of that institution, studied at Heidelberg university, Germany, from 1876 to 1879, receiving the degree of Ph. D.

In 1885 he began a long term of service in the chair of political economy at Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, and for many years was tax commissioner of Maryland. His fame as a writer on political economy soon became widespread, and not long ago the University of Wisconsin called him to his present place on its faculty. He has written half a dozen or more books on political economy and kindred subjects, and his latest work is called "Socialism and Social Reform."

DR. KOCH'S DIPHTHERIA CURE.

The Lymph Closely Resembles That He Used For the Cure of Consumption.

Dr. Robert Koch, the famous German bacteriologist who startled the medical world several years ago by announcing that he had discovered a cure for consumption, believes that he has found a new remedy for the dread disease diphtheria. It is a lymph or antitoxine resembling the celebrated lymph Dr. Koch used in his not wholly successful attempts to cure consumption. Professor Virchow and other eminent German scientists and Dr. Herman M. Biggs, the bacteriologist and pathologist of the New York city health department, have investigated the discovery carefully and are firm believers in its efficacy.

Dr. Biggs considers the lymph an infallible cure for diphtheria if it is applied within 36 hours after the patient is infected with the disease. In Berlin he found between 3,000 and 4,000 well attested cases in which diphtheria had been cured by this new antitoxine. Such proof as that could not be disputed, and Dr. Biggs returned to America enthusiastic over the new Koch discovery. Dr. Cyrus Edson of New York is also an enthusiastic champion of the new Koch lymph. At a recent meeting of the New York board of health he said the lymph cure was an injection of the blood of animals, which killed whatever poison germs of diphtheria were in the system. He was so satisfied of the efficacy of the lymph that he intended to ask from the board of estimate and apportionment

DR. ROBERT KOCH.

an appropriation of $30,000 for the establishment of an experimental station for the manufacture and use of the antitoxine.

Dr. Koch was born in Clausthal 50 years ago. As a boy he was a hard student, and at 18 he entered the University of Gottingen and began the study of medicine, a course covering four years of study. When he had been in the university but two years, he won a prize of 80 thalers in gold offered to the students of the university for the best essay. He served throughout the Franco-Prussian war, and later attracted the attention of the medical profession of Germany by his writings on bacteria, and in 1882 was called to Berlin and appointed a member of the board of health.

When the cholera broke out in India, he went there and studied it and discovered that the scourge was due to bacteria. On his return to Berlin he was received like a conqueror, and the reichstag voted him 100,000 marks in recognition of the eminent services which he had rendered to science.

Great Men and Organ Grinders.

That the late Mr. Blaine had a liking for the melodies of the Italian organ grinders who perambulate the streets we are told by Il Progresso Italo-Americano. There have been other distinguished Americans with the same liking at times. One of them was the late General Ben Butler, when the organists played the tunes that pleased him, one of which was the tune of "Annie Laurie," and another that of the "Marseillaise."—New York Sun.

Presto, Change!

Youth—Since the opening of the sleighing season I wear out my right glove before the left is in the least injured.

Glover—Why don't you get her to sit on the other side part of the time?—Clothiers and Haberdashers' Weekly.

A London manufacturer of chewing gum some time ago discharged all his male employees and hired girls to take their places. The other day he made an assignment.

The wife of Eli Miller, who lives near Valley City, Ind., has given birth, it is claimed, to seven children in the past 12 months.

AN ASP AND DEADLY.

AMERICA'S MOST DEADLY SNAKE IS THE PICHU-CUATE.

It Is Found In the Southwest—Even Snake Charmers Are Afraid of It—A Tiny Thing, but It Kills Very Quickly—A Writer Tells of His First Meeting With One.

The southwest is more liberally supplied with venomous things than any other area in the Union. In the burning deserts, in the inhabited but arid expanses of New Mexico and Arizona, the rattlesnake abounds, and in several varieties, including the strange and deadly "sidewinder," Crotolus cerastes. The so called tarantula—really only a gigantic bush spider, but none the less dangerous because of the misnomer—is decidedly common. Scorpions are none too rare in the southern portions of the territories, and in all parts centipeds of 7 to 8 inches long are frequent and neighborly. But the chief distinction of the region in this respect is the presence of the pichu-cuate, the deadliest snake in North America.

The pichu-cuate matches the worst serpent of India. Not only the most highly venomous, but the tiniest and most treacherous, he would be also the most dangerous—but, luckily, he is the rarest. He is the only true asp on this continent, and in the United States is never found outside of New Mexico and Arizona. That he was also known to the ancient Mexicans is apparent from his name—pichu-coatl, an Aztec word, which was brought up to our territory by the Spanish conquerors.

My first meeting with one was in Valencia county, N. M., in June, 1890, on the sandy flanks of the Cerro del Aire. I was out hunting jack rabbits, in company with some Indian friends, and had dismounted to stalk, leading my pet horse by the bridle. My eyes were on a small chapparo bush ahead, when suddenly Alazan snorted and reared backward so violently as almost to unhinge my arm. I looked about in surprise, for Alazan was too good a horse to mind trifles. As there was nothing to be seen, I started to pull him forward. Again he protested and with evident terror, and chancing to look at my very feet I understood his fear and felt very grateful that his senses were better than mine, for in another step I should have walked upon my death.

The only thing visible was a tiny object, not nearly so large as a good stag beetle—merely a head and perhaps an inch of neck. But it was the most frightful object in its kind that I had ever seen. The head, certainly neither so broad nor so long as my thumb nail, had a shape and an air of condensed malignity impossible to describe. It seemed the very essence of wickedness and hate, fairly bulging with deadly spite, and growing upon one until it looked several times its actual size. The ugly triangle (which is the distinguishing mark of all venomous snakes, being formed by the poison gland back of each eye) told me at once that Alazan was keeping up his reputation—never did he shy at a harmless snake—and the tiny horns, which added a peculiar and grotesque hideousness, left no doubt that this was a pichu-cuate. He had buried himself most to the head in the gray sand, against which his upper skin was barely distinguishable, and thus in ambush was waiting for something to turn up.

Turning Alazan loose, I knelt at the safe distance of a yard to study the little creature, which fairly swelled with murderous rage. It not only struck madly at the chapparo switch I thrust to it, but at last, evidently discerning that the blame lay back of the switch, actually folowed it up, and with such agility that I had to jump up and back without loss of time. The idea of retreat never seemed to enter that flat head. Sometimes he would lie and puff out with impotent rage, throwing his mouth so wide open that it seemed the venom must start, and sometimes he glided toward me, his head an inch above the ground, with an attitude which seemed to say, "Stand still there, and we'll see who laughs."

At last I killed him. He was neither larger round nor longer than an ordinary lead pencil; a cold, leaden gray on the back, but underneath rosy as the mouth of a conch shell. The fangs were tiny, not much more than an eighth of an inch long, and as delicate as the tiniest needle. A wondrous mechanism, this mouth, with its two automatic needles, so infinitesimal, yet so perfectly competent. I opened the ugly little jaws wide, pressing upon the sides of the head, and when the recurving fangs had risen from their grooves in the roof of the mouth and stood tense a stream so inconceivably fine that the eye could barely note it spurted from each, and in the space of two or three inches melted into invisible spray. Yet that jet, finer than a cobweb strand, was enough to give swift death to the largest and strongest animal that walks.

When the hunt was over, I told my Indian chums of the pichu-cuate and asked them many questions. They all knew of the snake, though several had never seen one, and all agreed that it is extremely rare. The crotalus ranks among the Pueblo divinities, and their charmers have no difficuty with that steady going and respectable reptile. But even among these people, with whom the cult of the rattlesnake has such astounding features and where until recent years every Pueblo kept a sacred rattlesnake in a sacred room, with special priests to attend him, the villainous little sand viper is accursed. Even those who have "the power of the snake" can do nothing with him. He scorns to be tamed even by the dropping upon his head of the mystic pollen of the corn blossom.—C. F. Lummis in New York Sun.

Cremation In This Country.

It is not every day that there are five cases of cremation at Fresh Pond, but the bodies of four men and one woman were reduced to ashes in the furnace there on Tuesday. The revival of the ancient practice of cremation in our times is a curious thing. We have not yet seen the last year's reports of the several crematories in the country, but we believe that over 100 dead persons were consumed in them during the year.

Nearly all of these persons, with the exception of the victims of cholera, who were cremated in our bay last autumn, had left orders or had expressed a desire that their bodies should be thus disposed of. The most of them had been agnostics or atheists, and a few of them Theosophists. It is not to be supposed that any of them, leaving out the cholera stricken, had been believers in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body at the day of judgment, though of course cremation could not interfere with any design of the Almighty.

We know of two crematories in England, and there are others in several of the countries of continental Europe. Should the cholera break out in England this year it is probable that a number of the municipalities will, in accordance with advice given by their health authorities, follow the example set by the New York quarantine commission last autumn and cremate the victims of the dreaded and infectious disease.

MAN'S FALL.

Since the original fall of man we have had some signal examples of great falls—not to include Niagara or the immense fall in values which the times have brought about—in the nature of accidents which waylay men at all times. One such is that of Mr. George W. Lord, Olanta, Pa., who says he fell downstairs and suffered four weeks with a sprained back. The use of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured him. Mr. G. Roeder, 609 S. 17th St., Omaha, Neb., relates that he jumped from his engine in collision and sustained a very bad sprain to his ankle; he had to use a cane for weeks, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Never fall out with so good a thing.

Newspaper Workers In Chicago.

Some time ago we took occasion to warn newspaper writers against the folly of coming to Chicago in the hope of finding employment here. We regret that the warning has been neglected by very many. This city has been overrun for several months by reporters (both men and women) vainly seeking work. The Chicago newspapers have for two years been getting ready for the World's fair season, and their several departments are filled with competent men. Therefore others who come to Chicago now in the expectation of securing employment are bound to be disappointed; there are no places to be had; in every newspaper office at the present time applicants are standing about 12 deep in the outer chamber, with never so much as the prospect of a possibility to encourage them.

Many of these people are suffering from want of money. They left employment elsewhere to rush to this city of the World's fair, where they fancied their services would be snapped at. Most of these unfortunates will have to walk out of town or take to driving street cars for a means of subsistence.

With a view to averting further trouble we ask our newspaper friends elsewhere to disseminate assiduously the information that newspaper work is not to be had in Chicago; that every place is filled here; that already we have with us an army of unemployed reporters, and that every newspaper writer who comes to Chicago with a view to getting work is pretty sure to have nothing but his trouble for his pains.—Chicago News-Record.

Mountainous Waves.

The daily papers all recorded the fact that the steamship Majestic, on her eastward trip, caught a sea that demolished her crow's nest lookout, and that the Teutonic, which caught the same gale coming west, had one sea which combed over the crow's nest and carried away her forward port lifeboat as it went over the rail. But none of the daily papers took the trouble to mention just how the crow's nest is situated on these ships, and consequently how high that sea was.

Inquiry by a Marine Journal representative discovered that, while in men-of-war and many other ships the custom is to have the crow's nest in the foretop or a trifle above, the White Star ships have it at an altitude of 25 feet above the main deck on the foremast, reached by a little iron ladder from the forward hurricane deck. In such a ship as the Majestic or Teutonic the height of the main deck at the forerigging is about 40 feet above the level of the sea, which would make the height of the wave that carried away the crow's nest in this instance about 70 feet. This is a pretty big roller for the north Atlantic, but in other parts of the ocean such waves are often encountered in a storm.

Supposing the ship to have been in a trough of the sea at the time this wave swept her, the mean height of the wave might be calculated as not greater than 40 feet, but it was certainly a body of water nearly 70 feet high from where the ship floated.—Marine Journal.

LIFE OR DEATH?

It is of vital importance that it should be understood by persons whose kidneys are inactive that this condition of things is finally inductive of a state of the organs where life hangs in the balance. Bright's disease, diabetes, albuminuria are all diseases of a very obstinate character in their mature stage, and all have a fatal tendency. They often baffle the most practiced medical skill and the most approved remedies of materia medica. But opposed at the outset—that is to say, when the kidneys begin to discharge their functions inactively—with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the dangerous tendency is checked. Very useful also is this household medicine for those ailments of common occurrence—constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia and nervousness. It is a safeguard against malaria, and averts chronic rheumatism.

"Where's yer daddy?" "He's plowin'." "And where's yer mammy?" "Makin' nim plow!"

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust no smell.

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Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor they from our employes. They are facts from truthful people, proving, as surely as anything can be proved by direct, personal, positive evidence, that

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Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

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25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. Scrofula and Anæmia are overcome also, and Healthy Flesh is built up. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION.

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE.

Started by a Whale, According to the South Sea Islanders.

The South Sea islanders tell a curious story of the origin of fire. If they are to be believed, they came into possession of that useful element in the following manner: A great whale was once washed ashore upon one of their islands during the prevalence of a terrible hurricane. The monster became entangled in a grove of tallow trees (a species of evergreens whose branches easily ignite), and while gnashing his teeth in his impotent rage struck off a spark which lighted the grove and consumed both trees and whale. Fires which are said to have been perpetuated since the day of the "great whale fire" may yet be seen burning in many parts of the islands.

Another fire legend, believed in by the inhabitants of the islands to the north of the ones in which the "great whale fire" is preserved, is to the effect that a great air dragon (probably lightning) breathed upon a tallow tree and set its branches on fire. From the coals left from this fire they learned of its great value and have ever since used the element for domestic purposes and in their religious ceremonies. They also have a tradition that the time will come when the dragon will return for the fire, and that no man will be able to withstand him and save the sacred spark except he be a person born with pink eyes, fair skin and white hair. For this reason the birth of an albino is always hailed as a good omen and his or her person guarded with jealous care, so as to preserve life to its utmost limit. Marionette mentions seeing a "fire god" or "fire guard" (albino) while on his visit to the islands who was believed to be at least 155 years old and who had always been provided for by the tribe.

Reffinesque, who made South Sea island myths and legends a study for years, is of the opinion that the return of the dragon for his fire is symbolic of death and the flight of the spirit.

A Mississippi River Scene.

The City of Providence lay at St. Louis with her landing planks hoisted up ahead of her like the claws of a giant lobster. She was warped to a wharf boat that was heaped with barrels, boxes and bags, and alive with negroes. At a rough guess I should say there were 125 of these black laborers in every variety of rags, like the beggars who "come to town" in the old nursery rhyme. Already they interested me. Now they would jog along rolling barrels aboard with little spiked sticks, next they appeared each with a bundle of brooms on his shoulder, and in another two minutes the long, zigzagging, shambling line was metamorphosed into a wriggling vertebra formed of soap boxes, or an unsteady line of flour bags, each with ragged legs beneath it, or a procession of baskets or of bundles of laths.

As each one picked up an article of freight an overseer told him its destination. The negro repeated this and kept on repeating it, in a sing-song tone, as he shambled along, until one of the mates of the boat heard him and told him where to put it down, the study of the mate being to distribute the cargo evenly and to see that all packages sent to any given landing were kept together. It seemed to me that all the foremen and mates were selected for their conscientious intention to keep their hands in their trousers' pockets under all circumstances, for their harsh and grating voices, and for their ability to say a great deal and not have a word of it understood by your humble servant, the writer.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Two New York Clubs.

If a gentleman or one whom you have always regarded as a gentleman were to remark to you that he was a "tough," you would be excused if you looked at him in amazement and silently meditated on the possibility of his insanity. Yet the Tough club is an organization of gentlemen of the Ninth ward, who are tough only in their determination to do right and stand by each other and their friends, and they do it manfully. Like the Growlers' club, the Tough club was formed many years ago, and both command large membership and constant convivility.—New York Times.

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Tear Loss Ring.

There is a wife of 10 years' standing who is mourning her wedding ring, and it is all due to a fireman's gentle way of misleading her. The woman lived in Brooklyn, when her house caught fire one night, and she escaped with the youngest child, a sealskin sack and silk dress. That's all. Her older boy was in the lower story of the house when the fire broke out, with its nurse, and when the woman was taken into a neighboring residence a tender hearted fireman followed and broke the news gently to her that this boy had been burned and lost in the flames. The mother was crazed with grief. She wore a diamond pin at her throat, a wedding ring and diamond engagement ring on her left hand, and on her right another diamond. In the first wave of delirium she rushed into the street, tore off the pin at her throat, tore off all her rings and tossed them away. The child wasn't burned, but the young woman never found her rings, and now she wishes the fireman had waited till he knew what he was talking about.—New York Advertiser.

Searchlights For Canals.

A handy little portable plant is being used on vessels navigating the Manchester ship canal at night. The apparatus is practically a duplicate of that employed for lighting vessels through the Suez canal. It comprises a small engine and dynamo combined, a searchlight projector of the Admiralty pattern, and a mast arc lamp and reflector. The projector barrel is 20 inches in diameter, rolled out of steel sheet, all the mountings being of gun metal finished bright. The mirror is 20 inches in diameter, 10 inch focus, with a bayonet socket attachment to the barrel, so as to facilitate removal for cleaning, etc. The electrical connections are carried inside the projector, and an inst