"NASAL VOICES, CATARRH AND FALSE TEETH."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural.

Catarrh troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy and Log Cabin sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the fall and winter seasons advance, together with an occasional use of Warner's Log Cabin rose cream, to strengthen and protect the nasal membranes, give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co., Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy, he says, under date of January 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin rose cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

ABUSE OF BASE-BALL.

Why Professional Ball-Playing Is Harmful to the Cause of Physical Training.

Every true friend of athletics must regret the use that is being made of this game in the professional field. It is, of course, a misnomer to apply the term athletic exercise, in its ordinary sense, to a professional base-ball game. The men who manage these games, and those who engage in them, do so without any idea of the physical benefits that may be derived from them. The benefits sought after are financial and not physical; the development of the pocket-book and not of the muscle. The character and aims of the professional ball clubs are very much the same as that of the theatrical troupes traveling around the country. It is the gate-money in the one case and the box-office receipts in the other that constitutes the chief end of existence in the view of the management. Both enterprises are conducted on a purely mercenary basis. It is, therefore, just as far short of the truth to speak of a professional game of ball as having any real connection with physical training as it is to speak of a professional theatrical performance having any connection with the training of mind and morals. Contests where physical strength and skill are the only elements set off against each other, where the struggle is fair and honest, with no particular end in view except that of success, are very different from contests carried on by salaried professionals in a professional way and with only a professional end in view. Whatever good, in short, may come from professional ball-playing, it can hardly be in the way of physical good. We doubt very much whether any good of any kind comes from it. The relation which the professional game assumes to bear to real athletic sports is a false relation, and it can not be less than harmful to the higher cause of physical education. As a game like that of ball descends more and more to the level of a *business*, it becomes less and less a means of *recreation*. We say as it "descends," for we regard the game of ball in itself as a noble, manly and healthful sport, and to bring it to the level of the traveling circus and the variety show is, in our opinion, a decided degradation. The parallel between the professional ball club and the traveling circus might be carried further than the mere business feature. The surroundings and concomitants. But we shall content ourselves for the present with pointing out the abuse which has been put upon the National game by making it a mere catch-penny show. This it has become and nothing more.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—A writer in *American Notes and Queries* says of the turquoise: "For some reason, not perfectly understood, it changes from blue to green and sometimes to white. I own a turquoise myself which, I am sure, changes color, sometimes looking green, sometimes blue. This change of color gave rise to the belief that the color of the turquoise varied with the health of the wearer, being blue when the wearer was in good health, and white or green in case of ill-health."

—Sorrow is not an accident, occurring now and then; it is the very woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain, has yet to learn what life is. The cross, manifested as the necessity of the higher life, alone interprets it. —*The Advance.*

The cure of the opium habit may be found in Dujardin's Life Essence. Without any opiate, the iron and protagon will furnish the nervous system all that it needs. It has never failed when faithfully used. Price $1.50 a bottle. All druggists.

HAMBURG FIGS.

Being purely vegetable in their composition, no ill effects can result from their constant use. Hamburg Figs always produce the same effect with the same dose, which is the greatest importance to those who wish to use them regularly and constantly. In this respect they are the exact opposite of violent cathartics and purgatives. Physicians recognize their value in cases of constipation during pregnancy, since they act so mildly but effectively.

HAMBURG FIGS

Never gripe or produce colic, and are so pleasant and agreeable that they may be taken at all times and places, without interfering with pleasure or business.

Hamburg Figs cost 25 cents a box at all druggists. Dose, one Fig.

THE BARBER'S REVENGE.

A Colored Chin-Scraper Successfully Takes the Law in his Own Hands.

Gus White, a Galveston Ethiopian, needed money, but did not have any. He tried to negotiate a loan of a few dollars from Disconsolate Jones, who is a barber, offering his note to be shaved, but Disconsolate told him that he shaved chins, not notes. Finally, things came to that pass that Gus just had to have money, so he went once more to Disconsolate Jones. This time he felt sure of success, for he carried his ivory-handled pistol with him. Disconsolate was waiting for a customer, and after he dressed Gus' wool, and put some hair-oil on it, the latter offered to sell the barber an ivory-handled pistol.

"Disconsolate Jones, give me two dollars and de pistol am yours," said Gus.

"G'way, niggah; hit's agin de law to tote pistils," replied Jones.

"But you needs a pistol when you goes home at nights to keep de robbers off."

"De man what totes a pistil am a plum coward."

"Hit's wuff ten dollars, but yer can have it for two dollars."

"G'way niggah;" and just then a customer came in to have his chin scraped, which ended the negotiations.

Strange to say, that very night, on his way home, Disconsolate Jones was attacked by an unknown man, who kicked and mauled him, robbed him of all his loose change, and fled in the darkness without uttering a word. Next morning before Gus White was up he was called on by Disconsolate Jones, who told him the story of his woes.

"I done told yesterday yer mout be robbed," replied Gus.

"Whar's dat pistil you wanted to sell me yesterday for two dollars?" asked Disconsolate Jones.

"Hit's agin de law to tote weapons," replied Gus sarcastically.

"Nebber mind. I ain't gwine to be beat to deff when I kin get a pistil for two dollars."

"Nobody but a plum coward totes pistils, but you can hab it for four dollars," responded Gus.

Disconsolate Jones paid over the money and took the pistol. As soon as he got the pistol he examined it, put it in his pocket, and carelessly picking up a chair, he whacked Gus White at a furious rate.

"Dah," said the breathless Disconsolate, compelling Gus to return the stolen money and also the price of the pistol, "de next time you wants ter rob a man don't pick out de same niggar what put hair-oil on yer head, or ye will gib yerself away by de smell."

And keeping the pistol to recompense himself, he left.—*Texas Siftings.*

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Especially When a Big-Footed Girl Buys a Pair of Shoes.

She walked into a fashionable shoe store and said to the polite clerk:

"You may show me a pair of walking boots, No. 4. I used to wear 3's, but I go in for solid comfort now."

The clerk tried the boots, but they would not go on.

"Strange," she murmured, "It must be rheumatism. Try 4's B width. I know I can swim in them, but my feet are so tender."

While the clerk was getting them on she said:

"I used to have a beautiful foot, not small, but such a good shape. I never had a small foot; but I wore 2½ sizes for years, until I walked so much and grew heavier.

"Your foot is a peculiar shape, the instep is so high—that is why you require a large size," said the clerk, who had no fear of Ananias before his eyes.

"I've heard," she said, "that the Venus dee Medeechy wears No. 5 and she is a model of true proportion."

"Exactly," said the clerk, growing red in the face as he pulled and tugged to get them on. He had never heard of "dee Medeechy," but he was up to a trick or two himself. "After all," he said, "these are too large. You'll find the 4's just right."

He was only gone a moment, but in that time he had erased 5E from the inside of a pair of shoes and substituted 4B.

"There, I thought it was strange," she said, when they were on and paid for; "why, those are just as easy as my old ones. I believe I could just as well had 3s after all." And the young-man-without-a-conscience went back to his duties with the air of one well satisfied with himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Same Familiar Old Man.

"You don't know how old you are?" asked the judge. "No, boss," replied the witness; "I'se a ign'ant ole man; I was bo'n in de ole times an' been a slave ontil de wah. I donno how ole I is." "You must be over eighty?" suggested the judge. "Spec I is, boss. I dunno." "Permit me to ask him a few questions, your Honor," said the reporter. "Have you all your teeth?" "Yes, boss, ain' got a bad tooth in de lot." "Can you read fine type without spectacles?" "Yes, boss; I can read de fine print Bible off at arm length." "You never used tobacco or whisky?" "No, sah; I dunno de taste of lickah, nor of tobacco." "Do you rise every morning at five o'clock?" "Always, boss." "And do you cut and split a cord of wood before breakfast every day?" "Dat's my invariable habit, boss." "May it please the court," said the reporter, "I know the witness; he is 105 years old."—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

—An old colored man, who lives a few miles from Monroe, Ga., who is noted for his peculiarities, was on the streets of the town one day when some of the boys suggested to him that he eat some raw eggs; he told them that he would be glad to get some, but he wouldn't start with less than two dozen. The eggs were procured, and the old darky would break a small hole in each one of them to see if they were fresh and sound, then he would swallow it down. When he had disposed of the two dozen he called for more; he then ate about half a dozen more, and told the boys he would call again.

—The Earl of Buckinghamshire, who, by the way, must not be confounded with the Duke of Buckingham, was a fifteen-dollar a month farm laborer in this country some seven years ago. He was then Lord Hobart, and so absolutely impecunious that he preferred to sink his rank and seek his living in this country to living in genteel poverty in his own. He is a lineal descendant of the English patriot John Hampden, and on succeeding to the title advertised the family estate for sale. His recent marriage, however, with a very wealthy girl has completely restored the fortunes of his house.

GREAT STEAMBOAT RACE.

More Than a Million Said to Have Been Staked Upon the Result.

The greatest steamboat race that was ever run in the world was that which occurred in June, 1870, from New Orleans to St. Louis, between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez. The latter was built at Cincinnati, was commanded by Captain T. P. Leathers, and in June of the above year made the fastest time on record from New Orleans to St. Louis, 1,278 miles in three days, twenty-one hours and fifty-eight minutes. The Robert E. Lee was built at New Albany during the war and was towed across the river to the Kentucky side to have her name painted on her wheel houses, a matter that was deemed prudent in those exciting times. She was commanded by Captain John W. Cannon, who died at Frankfort, Ky., in 1882.

There was great rivalry between the boats, and when the Natchez made her great run Captain Cannon determined to beat it. He stripped the Lee for the race—removed all parts of her upper works which were calculated to catch the wind; removed all rigging and outfit that could be dispensed with to lighten her; engaged the steamer Frank Pargoud to precede her a hundred miles up the river to supply coal; arranged with coal yards to have fuel flats awaiting her in the middle of the river at given points, to be taken in tow under way until the coal could be transferred to the deck of the Lee, and then to be cut loose and float back. He refused all business of every kind, and would receive no passengers. The Natchez returned to New Orleans and received a few hundred tons of freight and a few passengers, and was advertised to leave for St. Louis on June 30.

In the afternoon the Robert E. Lee backed out from the levee, and five minutes later the Natchez followed her. The whole country watched the race with breathless interest, as it had been extensively advertised by the press, and the telegraph attended its progress along the river at every point. At all the principal cities—Natchez, Vicksburg, Helena, and Memphis—people for many miles were present to see the racers pass, and the time of passing was cabled to Europe. When Cairo was reached the race was virtually ended, but the Lee proceeded to St. Louis, arriving there in three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes from the time she left New Orleans, beating by thirty-three minutes the previous record of the Natchez. The latter steamer had run into a fog and grounded between Memphis and Cairo, which delayed her more than six hours. It is said that 30,000 people crowded the wharf, the windows and the housetops to welcome the Lee on her arrival at St. Louis. Captain Cannon was tendered a banquet by the business men of the city, and was generally lionized while he remained here.

It was estimated that more than $1,000,000 changed hands on the result of the great race. Many of the bets were withdrawn, however, on the ground that the Lee had been assisted the first hundred miles of the trip by the power of the Frank Pargoud added to her own, and many steamboat men have ever since regarded the Natchez as the fastest boat of the two, but think she was outgeneraled in the race by the Lee. There was so much adverse comment afterward by the press that there has been no attempt since to repeat such a performance.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

MAN'S TRUE CHARACTER.

In Most Instances It Is Called Forth Only by Great Emergencies.

Great emergencies call forth the great soul. War in the twinkling of an eye turns village drunkards and pettifogging lawyers into Generals and statesmen. Love transforms Cymon from a brute into a man. Necessity makes Shakespeare a dramatist; accident reveals Scott his true powers. The most commonplace men and women have passed through the fool's paradise of love, when they were divine beings worshiping divinity, and in that fool's paradise they for a brief moment found their true selves, saw deep into the soul of their consort. That flitting dream was in truth an awakening, the brief opening of the spiritual eye. When the world of facts has passed away, our dreams may remain. The man of common sense asks for realities, the poet knows that only illusions are true. Look you, the man whom you hate are there not women who worship him, children who look up to him? Who sees the true man—you who hate him, or they who love him? Love is a divine delight; it reaches out over and around its object into the illimitable; it is a part of the over-soul of the infinite, of God. Hatred is painful. It strains and racks the body, it blinds the vision, it makes man conscious of his mortal limitations. "Love sees the virtues that are of the soul; hatred only the diseases of the skin." "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law-breaker, the outcast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindliness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be: "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

—It is said that a charming French Duchess recently going to some festivity for a benevolent purpose, was late and put on her gloves while driving. She did not notice until she stood in the drawing-room that to a black and white silk costume she had added one black glove and one white one. She kept them on, and at the next fashionable assembly in the place all the ladies wore gloves of different colors.

—The Honiton lace industry in England is said, in a recent Parliamentary report, to be falling into decay on account chiefly of the duties imposed upon the lace by foreign countries, and the lacemakers want government aid in the way of establishment of a school to teach the art of making the lace, with prizes and other inducements to lead young people to take up the trade.

—Queen Victoria is cleared of the charge that plain English bread is not good enough for her taste. It has been reported that she ate only Turin rolls of the kind styled Cressini, but London *Truth* says this is all nonsense, and declares that brown and white bread are made every day for her use; and she is exceedingly fond of oatcakes and scones.

THE CANDIDATE AT HOME.

A Realistic Picture of the Trials and Tribulations of Our Great Men.

"Yes, my dear," remarked the candidate to his wife, as with a weary sigh he removed the wrappers from a large yellow silk pin-cushion with his initials on it, and sent the girl down stairs with $4.82 for the expressman; "yes I fully appreciate the honor that some of the people of this great and effervescing Republic have done me in nominating me for so high an office; but I could wish that they would be somewhat less impetuous, as it were, in their method of expressing their esteem and admiration."

He here stopped to replace the cover on the box containing the twenty-year-old rattlesnake that had been sent him by a constituent in Wyoming, an act which he performed just in time to prevent the playful reptile from meandering out and making a light lunch of the baby. This done, he resumed, sadly:

"It must, of course, be highly gratifying to any properly constructed candidate to have an enthusiastic people pouring a perfect avalanche, if I may be permitted the expression, of canes, cigar-cases, underwear, beasts of assorted sizes and colors, and other useful articles upon him; he can not but feel proud to think that his house is the objective point of every express wagon in town, and that people all over this great and glorious land are sitting up nights and neglecting their business to make rare and curious articles of *terra* for him. But in time even this becomes monotonous, and——"

Here the girl came in to say that another consignment of yellow dogs had arrived, and that the expressman wanted eight dollars more. With a sigh the candidate produced the money, and ordered that the dogs be put down cellar and made as comfortable as possible.

"I do not mind dogs so much," he remarked, "but snakes and prairie wolves seem to me in bad taste, and I earnestly deprecate——"

"There's a man down-stairs," interrupted the girl, re-entering the room, and falling over the twenty-pound brindle cat, which a lady in Michigan had sent with her regards and an express bill for twelve dollars, "and he says that he has just named his two-hours' old baby after you, and thought he would come 'round and let you know, so that you would not feel anxious about it."

"This is getting played out," howled the candidate: "I've got no more money to invest in that way, and that settles it. Give him a spoon out of the holder, with my regards, and tell him I'll call 'round and kiss the baby as soon as I get time."

"Say!" remarked his wife with animation: "this paper says that a man named Wellington Hanks, in Keokuk, is making a hair-brush for you to be composed of 11,967 distinct pieces of wood."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the candidate: "Who said I wanted a hair-brush? The idea of sending a hair brush to a man without a hair on his head! I won't have it——"

Just then the girl entered, and said that a mule of rare beauty had arrived from Arizona, and was waiting his orders and sixteen dollars.

"Slaughter the beast!" cried the candidate wildly, "and tell the expressman to go to! Am I to have no time to think about the tariff and things, and no money to buy food with? I can't even get a chance to write my inaugural address; and the first thing you know it 'll be the fourth of March, and I'll have to stand up there before a perspiring multitude and speak a piece out of the Amateur Orator. I won't——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a boy with an express package, upon which were inscribe the words "All charges prepaid." As his eyes fell upon the inscription, he uttered a wild shriek and fell to the floor unconscious. For a few moments his woes were forgotten.—*F. A. Stearns, in Puck.*

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

How Discipline Was Administered to a Suspected Celestial Farmer.

Yesterday news reached the officials here of a summary execution which took place at Ngan-tong-hien, one of the towns belonging to Ts Fu. A farmer in that district named Pa'n (nicknamed T'oh Chao, because he had only a thumb on his left hand) was said to be the head of a secret society numbering several tens of thousands, in this province and Shantung. As he was constantly going to and fro, and was supposed to be plotting against the Government, two military officers, acting under instructions from their superiors, resolved to arrest him the next time he returned home.

With this purpose in view, they surrounded his house with a band of soldiers, but on approaching nearer one of the officers was shot dead, and the man broke from the house and fled. He was soon overtaken and disabled by a blow from the other officer's sword, when he was slowly tortured to death by the soldiers gashing his body to pieces with their knives. They then tore out his heart and hung it up on a pole in front of his house to intimidate his followers. Before attempting to escape from the house, the unfortunate victim is said to have killed his daughter, a girl of sixteen years of age, fearing lest she should be assaulted by the brutal soldiers. The surviving officer came yesterday to report the case to the Chun-tai, the Brigadier General, who lives here.—*Pekin Gazette.*

Mr. Jonesby Departed.

"Speaking of names, Miss Van Alsteinbergamot," ventured young Jonesby, "doesn't the length and the—the cumbersomeness of your name sometimes cause you annoyance when introduced to strangers or thoughtless persons?"

"Quite often," returned Miss Van Alsteinbergamot, "and I have sometimes thought seriously of taking the necessary legal steps to have my name changed to something shorter and more easily pronounced."

"Is—is there no other way by which a change might be made?" suggested Mr. Jonesby, loosening his collar nervously and swallowing a cannon-ball of prodigious size that had risen in his throat.

"None," said the young lady, positively and emphatically, and Mr. Jonesby presently took his hat and left.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—One of the finest collections of butterflies in the world has been made by a member of the New York Stock Exchange. It contains one hundred thousand specimens, and has cost twenty years in time and $35,000 in money. Livingstone, Stanley, Schwatka, and other explorers have contributed to it.

The finances of the city of Berlin for the fiscal year of 1887-88 show a surplus of nearly $1,000,000.

PRUDENCE! PRUDENCE!

In medication, as in aught else, prudence should be our guide. Yet thousands cast it to the winds. Every new nostrum finds its patrons, the medical empirics of every false school have their guils. Every change in the gamut of humbug is rung successfully—for a time at least—the notes being furnished by the credulous. In happy contrast to the many advertised impostures of the day stands Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, now in its third decade of popularity, approved and recommended by physicians, indorsed by the press of many lands, sought and prized by invalids everywhere. It is an ascertained specific for and preventive of malarial diseases, chronic indigestion, liver complaint and constipation, checks the growth of rheumatism and neuralgia, is a peerless invigorant and useful diuretic. Nervous people benefit by it.

Barton Metcalfe was very nearly killed at the Gaiety Theater, Dublin, by the dropping of a scene.

White Elephant of Siam, Lion of England, Dragon of China, Cross of Switzerland, Banner of Persia, Crescent of Egypt, Double Eagle of Russia, Star of Chili, The Circle of Japan, Harp of Erin.

To get these buy a box of the genuine DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, price 25 cents, and mail as the outside wrapper with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. We will then mail you the above list with an elegant package of oleographic and chromatic cards.

FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURG, PA.

Eibing, of Germany, has built a torpedo-boat to steam at the rate of twenty-seven knots an hour.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Winter weather is being experienced almost all over the whole of Switzerland.

A TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

770 BROADWAY, N. Y., March 17, 1888.

I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for 20 years, and found them one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS all the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, croupy coughs, colds, pain in side, back of chest, indigestion and bowel complaints.

C. D. FREDRICKS.

"Auld Scotland" is moving her Home Rule, and she is bound to have it, too.

A DISH OF NEW P'S.

P stands for Pudding, for Peach and for Pear,
And likewise for Poetry and Prose;
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose;
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic, and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellet.

Oh, yes, indeed! These are the P's for you, poor, sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in good trim, sugar coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently but thoroughly.

John Keats' grave at Rome is to be dug up to make way for a new road.

For an Irritated Throat, Cough or Cold, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. *Sold only in boxes.*

Patti's net profits for her fifty concerts in South America were $175,000.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP.

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are attacked by this terrible malady, the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with alarm the unmistakable symptoms of the disease. You have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure-all, nor will it perform miracles but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, where all other means had failed. Try it and obtain a new lease of life.

King Milan's divorce suit is to be tried in November.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

J. H. FISK, Assayer and Analytical Chemist, Laboratory, 104 First st., Portland, Or. Analyses made of all substances.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Movements That Are of Great Value in Developing the Lungs.

Standing as erect as possible, with shoulders thrown back and chest forward, the arms hanging close to the body, the head up, with lips firmly closed, inhalation is to be taken as slowly as may be; at the same time the extended arms are to be gradually raised, the back of the hands upward, until they closely approach each other above the head. The movement should be so regulated that the arms will be extended directly over the head at the moment the lungs are completely filled. This position should be maintained from five to thirty seconds before the reverse process is begun. As the arms are gradually lowered, the breath is exhaled slowly, so that the lungs shall be as nearly freed from breath as possible at the time the arms again reach the first position at the side. By these movements the greatest expansion possible is reached, for upon inspiration the weight of the shoulders and pectoral muscles are lifted, allowing the thorax to expand fully, while upon exhalation, in lowering the arms, we utilize the additional force of the pressure upon the upper thorax to render expiration as complete as possible. These deep respirations should be repeated five or six times, and the exercise gone through with several times a day. It is hardly necessary to remark that the clothing must in no way interfere with the exercise. In some cases this exercise is more advantageous when taken lying flat on the back, instead of standing. In this position the inspiratory muscles become rapidly strengthened by opposing the additional pressure exerted by the abdominal organs against the expanding lungs. And, on the other hand, expiration is more perfect and full on account of the pressure of these organs. This is an exercise now advocated by several leading medical teachers of Europe.

—Omaha councilman (traveling in Europe): "What's them bluffs?" Native: "Those, sir, are the Alps." "Humph! They need grading badly."

—Physician (completing examination)—"My diagnosis causes me great uneasiness, sir. It is extremely—" Selfish patient (interrupting)—"O, could you found your diagnosis! How is my liver?"—*Time.*

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c

—An agitation is going on in India against the slaughter of cows for food for the soldiers. It is pointed out that it takes over 125,000 cows every year to feed the soldiers, and that the Hindoos themselves very rarely touch meat, living upon rice, vegetables and milk. Once even the poorest could have all the milk he wanted for his babies and himself, but now it is impossible for the villagers to get milk even for infants whose mothers' breasts have failed, and the failure of the breasts is due chiefly, also, to the lack of cow's milk. Thousands of children die on this account yearly.

—The bones of our soldiers who fell in Egypt are arriving in this country to be used as manure. A vessel with a cargo of bones reached Aberdeen. The captain said the bones, principally of the camel and giraffe, while being shipped at Alexandria were found to include a number of perfect skeletons. These he rejected, though the cargo is supposed to have contained a quantity of separate human bones. The natives visit the battle-fields and dig up the remains of English soldiers.—*London Christian World.*

—The new clock placed in the tower of the Glasgow University is a tremendous affair. The main wheels of the striking and quarter trains are twenty inches in diameter. The weight of the hammer that strikes the hours is one hundred and twenty pounds, and it is lifted ten inches. There is an automatic apparatus attached to the clock which stops the quarter peals at night and starts them in the morning. The pendulum is of zinc and iron, to counteract influences of temperature. The bob of the pendulum is cylindrical, and weighs three hundred pounds, and the beat is one and one-half seconds.

—A man out in Indiana levied upon a yoke of oxen belonging to a neighbor who was engaged to marry the former's daughter, but who did not put in an appearance on the day fixed for the ceremony. The disappointed father wished to be reimbursed in the sum of $40, which, he claimed, was the price of the wedding breakfast provided by him on that occasion.

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