

Hot Water as a Medicine.

The uses of hot water are many. There is nothing that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or inflammations of any kind as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. A strip of flannel doubled, dipped in hot water, and wrung out and applied around the neck of a child that has the croup will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes.

Gilded Silk.

Gilded silk, it is said, may possibly come into use as a surgical drap, or in medical applications of electricity. It may be prepared in several ways. That of Gouin consists in impregnating the silk fiber with chloride of gold, and reducing the metal by hydrogen, finally polishing by means of a smooth surface. This method is too expensive for ordinary use, but silk may also be gilt by electroplating it, after it has been made to conduct electricity by soaking it in some metallic salt, such as nitrate of silver, acetate of lead or copper, etc. The gilt silk thus prepared retains its flexibility and softness. The method is applicable to laces, muslins, tulles, etc.

A Canal Choked Up. Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal which sometimes becomes choked up, namely, the bowels, through which much of the waste matter of the system escapes. When this canal becomes constipated, in other words—Hester's Stomach Bitters will relieve the effects of it, without pain, and institute a regular habit of body. This medicine also remedies malaria, bilious dyspepsia, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system.

No reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.

Dr. Kline's S. W. A. P. Root cure for Kidney and bladder troubles, Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it.

The Modern Way. Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectively what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Spina-C, manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

Men by their lives can impress others to do good more so than by theology.

The only floating soap made that is 100 per cent. pure and contains Borax is Dobbin's Floating-Borax Soap. Why buy an adulterated soap when you can get the genuine? Put up only in red wrapper.

The secrets of our friends are not ours, and therefore should not be given to others.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness and Coughs. Sore throat in cures. Avoid imitations.

Time creeps toward us with folded wings, but when it's past us its wings flap with speed.

FITS STOPPED FREE BY DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Treats and cures all nervous diseases. Price, 25c. Trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

\$100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there has been a first-class cure of a case of Catarrh of the Bladder, which has been cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. All Catarrhs are taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient a permanent cure. Address: Dr. J. C. Kline, 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Send for list of testimonials. C. C. Toledo, O.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine. W. K. WILLIAMS, Anti-cough. No. 115, 4th St., N. Y.

The More One Uses Parker's Glycerin Tissue the more its virtues are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every weakness.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soothes the gums, relieves inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle. 10c. for small size. Beware of cheap imitations.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and nervousness.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, 25c. Hood's Pills cure Liver Bile; easy to take, easy to operate, 25c.

ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC. Give relief in 10 to 15 minutes. Send for free trial bottle. Address: Dr. J. C. Kline, 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

U. S. MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

WE PAY YOU to sell fruit trees. Frank N. Y. Co., 100 N. W. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

It kills doubt and cures doubt. Address: J. C. Kline, 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Simile in Smoke.

There's all sorts of grades of tobacco plant. The best comes from Havana. There's all sorts of grades of sarsaparilla plant. The best comes from Honduras. If you want cheap tobacco, all right—provided you get value for your money. Cheap tobacco's not as good to smoke—but it don't cost as much.

WOMAN AND THE OLD LAWS.

In England less than ninety years ago it was not unusual for a man to sell his wife into servitude.

Upon marriage the husband became entitled to all his wife's goods and chattels, also to the rents and profits of her lands.

He was her lord, bound to supply shelter, food, clothes and medicine. He was entitled to her earnings and the custody of her person.

He had the power to choose her associates, separate her from her relatives, restrain her religious and personal freedom and, if necessary, chastise her moderately, as though she was his child.

The father of legitimate children was bound to their maintenance and education, and was entitled to their labor and custody.

He had power to dispose of them until they were twenty-one years of age by deed or legacy and the testamentary guardian's right to the children's custody superseded that of their mother. The mother was entitled to no power but reverence and respect from her children.

She had no legal authority over them nor right to their service. Only the mother of an illegitimate child was entitled to its control and custody.

Intestate personal property was divided equally between males and females, but a son, though younger than all his sisters, was heir to the whole of real property.

Uncle Sam Particular.

The government is getting more particular every day as to the character of its public servants, particularly those in the postoffice department.

There have been many requirements in a physical way of applicants for clerks and carriers' position, but after the February examination, the restrictions will be more numerous than ever.

The applicants must furnish a physician's certificate, under the old examination, of good heart, lungs and glands, eight, hearing, etcetera; but the latest requirement of the civil service commission is as follows:

Male applicants who are under 5 feet 4 inches in height or under 125 pounds in weight will not be accepted for the position of clerk or of carrier in the postoffice service, and such local boards of examiners are authorized to cancel applications from applicants who are under the prescribed height or weight, or concerning whom the answer to questions 6, 10, 20 and 21 (or any one of them) are not satisfactory.

It is thought that this will debar many of the prospective applicants. Questions 6, 10, 20 and 21 refer to sight, ruptures, and to the capacity of the applicant to stand prolonged physical strain and freedom from disease in general.

Practical Education.

Among the seven trades which a student in mechanical engineering must learn at Cornell, is that of the blacksmith, says an exchange.

Occasionally there is a protest, but it is never heeded. One dude ten years ago was unusually averse to soiling his hands. But he had to work at the forge just the same. Last fall he went to Professor Morris and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. "Why?" asked the professor. "Why, you see," replied the former dude, "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke, and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but I took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it, I'd have had to shut that shaft down for good and send it to the hundred miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine and the boss raised my salary."

—Electrical Review.

Railroad Regulations.

That railroads have some rights that even juries are bound to respect is evidenced by the fact that in Texas it is held that when the evidence shows that defendant railroad had given reasonable publicity to a regulation forbidding the taking of passengers on freight trains, though there is evidence tending to show that conductors had at various times violated such regulations, if it appears that the company had used reasonable efforts to enforce obedience thereto, it is not liable for the death of one riding in violation of the rule.

Wood Mining.

China has a record for reversing the usual order of things. Her carpenters and other artisans use their tools backward. Their men dress like our women and visa versa. We are not at all surprised to learn that mining for wood is a large industry in one of the celestial empires.

By seismic disturbance some forty feet below the surface. Some of these trees are of very large size and are dug up and used for various purposes, the mined wood being practically indestructible.

"There it is again!" cried Major Peak. "A woman is so easily taken in. I tell you, Mrs. Moody, the man is an impostor, and so you'll find it."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Moody, she started tears coming into her faded blue eyes.

"And if you will not take my advice," said the major, waxing momentarily more irritable, "you must expect to abide the consequences. This toast is charred—absolutely burned to a crisp. Take it away, Mrs. Moody—take it away! My breakfast is spoiled."

"But what an I to do about the new board?" said Mrs. Moody, despairingly.

"Do?" shouted the major. "Turn him out of doors! That's the only thing to do. Take away this toast, I say! It's a perfect outrage on civilization!"

To Mrs. Moody the major's dictum was beyond appeal; and after she had had her usual morning altercation with the butler, she crept timidly up to the third-story hall-bedroom, to interview the musical man.

Mr. Morton was writing on the corner of his wash-stand, with his shabby great-coat on, and pocket handkerchief tied around his neck. His pale, grave countenance softened the landlady's heart at once as he courteously rose up and bowed.

"You have come for the week's board in advance," said he. "Pardon me, but our manager never pays until Saturday night. It is very pleasant to confess one's poverty, but—"

"Oh, never mind!" said Mrs. Moody, all in a flutter. "I—I only came to see if there was plenty of fresh towels. And if you find it cold writing here, sir, I'm sure you're very welcome to bring your work down to the parlor, where there is a good fire."

Mr. Morton smiled and bowed.

"Yes," he admitted, "it is cold without a fire in November, and I cannot afford the extra expense of one at present." He glanced at his blue fingers and shivered a little. "If

THE HEART'S STORY.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea. Come drifting home, with broken masts and sails;

I will believe the hand which never fails. From seeming evil, worketh good for me; And though I weep because those sails are tattered,

Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered, "I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return unanswered from the still white realm above;

I will believe it is an all-wise love Which has refused these things for which I yearn, And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,

Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing Undimmed shall burn. I will not doubt, though sorrow fall like rain,

And troubles swarm like bees about to hive; I will believe the heights for which I strive Are only reached by anguish and by pain,

And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses, I yet shall see through my severest losses The greater gain.

—The United Presbyterian.

THE MUSICAL MAN.

ONDAY morning in Redstone street. The boarders were all inclined to be cross on Monday mornings—

that was perhaps inseparable from the weakness of humanity. The wash boiler was big and the stove was little—that was perhaps the reason that the coffee was cold and the chops underdone. The one servant was overworked—that was doubtless the reason that so many extra tools came upon Mrs. Moody's slender shoulders of a Monday. But when the breakfast, with its endless criticisms and perpetual fault findings, had come to an end, Mrs. Moody carried a little tray into Major Peak's room.

The major was a little lame and a good deal hypochondriacal, and always breakfasted in his own room. He was particular, and consequently occupied the best room in the house.

The major was a tall, fine looking man, with an imposing presence, a good deal of bald forehead, and a great aptitude of Scripture quotations, and all the neighbors said that a comfort it must be to Mrs. Moody to have such a boarder.

He did not know that the major was a sort of distant cousin of deceased Mr. Moody, and did not consider it necessary to pay his board very regularly on that account. But he gathered good deal of excellent advice, and was always ready to tell her when there was anything wrong about the table.

"So kind of him to take such an interest in me!" said the little widow, fervently.

The major had brushed the two wisps of hair crosswise over the peak of his bald head this morning, and colored his pocket handkerchief, and trimmed his fiber-shaped finger-nails to perfection, and he was waiting in the big easy chair for his breakfast full five minutes before it arrived.

"You're late this morning, Mrs. Moody," he observed, reproachfully. "I am a little late," apologized the confessor Mrs. Moody. "But Sarah Jane was behind hand. There's a regular Scotch mist in the air, and the kitchen chimney would not draw. Try a nice boiled egg, major. And the rasher of bacon is good, I know, for I cooked it myself."

"Humph! humph!" said the major. "You ought to be a little particular with your breakfasts, Mrs. Moody. They are the initial meal of the day, you know. I don't think this coffee is as good as usual. It isn't real Java, Mrs. Moody. It tastes like Maracibo."

"I paid Java prices for it," said Mrs. Moody, meekly; "and the grocer warranted it."

"You never can depend upon what these tradespeople say," grunted the major, with his mouth full of egg and bacon. "By the way, is it possible Mrs. Moody, that you have taken that opera man into your third story hall-bedroom? I heard it, but I couldn't bring my mind to believe it."

"Oh, I forgot!" she cried. "The mail-carrier! And it was a letter for you, Paul—a foreign letter."

"A foreign letter, eh? That is something which does not often greet my eyes," said he. "And it has a black seal."

He broke it open and read it, while Mrs. Moody trimmed the dead blooms of her hyacinth plant with a dainty sprig of scissors.

"Mollie," he said, suddenly, "read this. Henceforward, I have no secrets from you."

It was simple enough, and yet how marvelous! An accident in a Swiss railway train, an apoplectic fit, carrying off the banker in London, and two lives which intervened between Paul Morton and a fortune had been removed, almost on the same day.

The musical man, disinherited by his family, because of his devotion to art, jeered by his relations because he resolutely remained true to music, was rich at last.

Mrs. Moody grew pale.

"You—you won't care for me now," said she. "Oh, Paul, I am so sorry! And yet I ought to be glad."

"On the contrary," he said tenderly, "I care for you more than ever. My life can place you in a fit setting at last."

Of course all this made a great sensation in Redstone street. There were plenty to declare that they had known all along that Paul Morton was a born aristocrat; there were plenty to assert that Mrs. Moody was a scheming plotter. But neither of the pair cared a straw what people said.

Mrs. Moody sold out the lease and good will of the establishment in Redstone street and went to England with her husband, the happiest of forty-year-old brides.

While Major Peak polished his eyeglasses with the corner of a silk handkerchief, and murmured, thoughtfully:

"No one will ever suit me with an omelette as Mrs. Moody did. And I've got to settle up my board-bill regularly now, or I shall get a notice to quit. It's a terrible nuisance—terrible! My always meant to marry that woman myself. But the musical man somehow managed to get ahead of me."—Saturday Post.

How Artists Worked.

The Italian painters chiefly painted from models in clay, and most of them were at once sculptors and engravers. Van Dyke usually finished his portrait in the evening of the day he commenced, requiring a long morning and afternoon sitting. Gerard Dou was so attentive to minutiae that he employed five days in finishing a countenance, and was three occupied on a broom.—Washington Post.

it is not too great a liberty I will allow myself of your kind offer."

And Mrs. Moody felt comparatively happy when she saw the musical man diligently writing, at her south window, in the soft atmosphere of the glowing anthracite.

But Mrs. Raquet and her daughter—the genteel boarders in the house—took vehement exceptions to this new plan.

"I'm not particular," said the former, with a toss of her head; "but this is really a little too much! A man who plays in the orchestra of a third-rate theatre!"

"But he is very respectable, ma'am, I assure you," said Mrs. Moody eagerly.

"How am I to know that?" said Mrs. Raquet, tartly. "I declare, I was mortified to death when Mrs. Lawyer Leakington came to call, and found him perched up in the corner! And Melissa and I shall find it necessary to change our boarding-house, if that does not continue."

"Mr. Morton is a gentleman!" said Mrs. Moody, roused into temporary spirit. "He has an equal right with yourself in the parlor."

Mrs. Raquet and Miss Melissa, gave warning at once.

Mrs. Moody did not care. Mrs. Jenkins, the district school-teacher, turned up her nose and left the house.

"But there are some things which no one will do for me," she said.

One by one the boarders dropped away, and Major Peak grew deeply indignant.

"Mrs. Moody," he said, "I wonder at you, after all my advice and counsel!"

"You wouldn't have me turn this poor man out of doors now, of all times, when he'll wish with malarial fever," said the widow.

"Yes, I would!" said the major, sternly.

But for once, Mrs. Moody disregarded his advice.

The musical man was very ill indeed—so ill that he would undoubtedly have died without his landlady's careful nursing and unremitting attention. But the major never went near his fellow-boarder.

"If Mrs. Moody had taken my advice," he said, "she never would have got herself into this dilemma. Now let her manage the best way she can!"

The musical man, however, did not die. He was without means to meet his doctor's bill; but Doctor Hayden was a benevolent soul, and declared that he could wait until the profits from the uncompleted volume should roll in.

It was the first of February when at last Mr. Morton was able once more to come down stairs to the sunny parlor window, where, by way of welcome, Mrs. Moody had placed a pot of blossoming blue hyacinths.

"How can I ever thank you for all your care?" said he, earnestly.

"I—I don't mind it," said she, "as long as you are well and well once more. If you had died—"

And there she stopped short, and grew crimson.

"Is it so?" said the musical man, in that soft, deep tenor of his. "Is there any one who really cares whether I live or die?"

"I do," whispered Mrs. Moody, with a fresh burst of tears.

It would be difficult to describe exactly how much she never exactly like the confessor Mrs. Moody. "But Sarah Jane was behind hand. There's a regular Scotch mist in the air, and the kitchen chimney would not draw. Try a nice boiled egg, major. And the rasher of bacon is good, I know, for I cooked it myself."

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BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The Fad for Dialect—The Point of View—A Successful Mission—A Veteran's Experience—Wise Man, Etc.

I wrote a little poem: 'twas bright and sweet and gay— The cleverest and best I'd done for many a day. I sent it to an editor—alas! my hopes were vain! He coldly wrote, 'Returned with thanks,' and sent set back again.

And then I took that poem apart and tried a new invention; and mailed the shapless wreck Back to that same editor—who promptly sent a check!

—New York Tribune.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSION. Moisture—"Did the missionary bring tears to the eyes of the natives?" "No, but he made their mouths water."—Detroit Tribune.

THE POINT OF VIEW. Mrs. Johnson—"Your husband has great ability."

Mrs. Stimson (who has discovered her husband)—"Yes. Irritability."—Truth.

"I'm not over-critical," she said; "but there are some things which no one will do for me."

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—Saturday Post.

a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—Chicago Tribune.

WHERE SHE PLACED HER RELIANCE. "Jes' sposin'," said Farmer Cornfossle, "that they should be war—"

"Nonsense," his wife replied, "they ain't goin' ter be no such thing."

"But sposen' they should; whur'd this country stand?"

"Well, there's 1776 and 1812 ter look back on," she answered.

"I know. But ain't we gittin' kinder rusty on