

A LOVING WORD.

Only a loving word,
Which cost us nothing to say,
And yet in the web of tangled life
It shines like a sunny ray.

Only a loving word!
But it made a weak heart strong,
And helped a tempted soul to choose
The right instead of the wrong.

Only a loving word!
But it brightened a gloomy day;
Or, spoken to some one weary and sick,
It charmed their pain away.

Only a loving word!
But it made the angels smile:
And what is it worth perhaps we'll know,
After a little while.

RUSSIAN FIRE FOUNTAINS.

The great town of Baku has now a coast-line of about 6 miles, sweeping round a well-protected harbor crowded with shipping—ships of all tonnage, all fitted with tanks to store the oil that pours from abundant fountains. From time immemorial this spot has been deemed sacred by the Ghebrs of Persia, who recognize in the flame of the native naphtha a sacred fire symbol. Here for at least 2,000 years the sacred earth-fed flame has burned unceasingly, and the temple of Surukhani has been a center of reverent pilgrimage. This native naphtha flows from the soil in so pure a form as to burn without rectification, and is indeed so inflammable that the naphtha gas occasionally ignites spontaneously and plays in pale flames above fissures in the rocks. On stormy nights these flames have been seen to blaze up with an awful spirit light, which, in the eyes of the Ghebrs, invested the spot with special sanctity—a sanctity intensified by the fact that here, according to Arabian chroniclers, a great volcanic mountain was in full action till 800 years ago. Since then the thermal forces have expended their energies in spouting oil and therewith saturating the desert plain of the Apheron Peninsula; and truly a more repulsive site for a great city could not well be found.

It is a plain about fifteen miles in width and projecting thirty miles into the Caspian from the point where the Caucasus terminates on its shores. The whole surface of the ground is black with waste petroleum which in cold weather hardens to the consistency of asphalt, where beneath the blazing midsummer sun the foot sinks in to the depth of three inches. Every breath of wind raises blinding clouds of black bituminous dust, formed by the coarse black naphtha with which the streets are practically "watered"—true water being too precious to be thus wasted. This dust, combined with the dense smoke poured from the chimneys of somewhere about 300 refining factories, does nothing to improve the atmosphere. And here, day and night, the oil fountains pour forth their hideous black streams. They yield an average of from 25 to 35 per cent of pure oil, and from 20 to 30 per cent of refuse, which makes excellent fuel for the great fleets of oil steamers and locomotives. The supply may well be deemed inexhaustible, inasmuch as 12,000 square miles in this region are found to be oleiferous, and of this vast surface only six miles have as yet been developed. The oil-bearing stratum extends beneath the Caspian Sea, where it crops up in Tchelikan, a true isle of oil. Here the oil literally streams into the sea from hills and cliffs which may be said to be formed of ozokerite—in other words, of crude paraffine.

On the eastern shore of the Caspian it reappears at various points—as, for instance, at the Neft or Naptha Hill where the deposits are officially valued at \$35,000,000. Then, again as Baku lies at the eastern extremity of the Caucasus range, so at its western extremity lies an oil field extending over about 250 miles. It terminates in the Peninsula of Taman, between the Black Sea and Sea of Azov, a region abounding in active mud-volcanoes and occasionally shaken by earthquakes.

Now the fire-giant, who tends the great laboratory beneath the Caspian seems disposed to emulate the example of his brethren in New Zealand and Tonga. Hitherto he had been satisfied with such sport as turning on such an oil stream as that which gushed forth three years ago from one of the Baku springs, spouting with such force as to break to pieces a 3-inch cast-iron plate which had been fastened over the well in order to divert the flow to a different direction. A neighboring oil spring, on being tapped, threw up a column of petroleum to twice the height of the great Geyser in Iceland, forming a huge black fountain 200 feet in height—a fountain, however, attributed solely to the removal of the pressure on the confined gas, as there is no perceptible heat in these geysers.

It was visible for many miles around; and on the first day it poured forth about 50,000 barrels, and, with gradually diminishing volume, continued to play for five months, when it finally subsided, leaving its unfortunate owner (an American company) well nigh ruined by the claims brought against it by neighbors whose lands were destroyed by the oil flood. One house, which stood near the spring, now lies buried

beneath a sand hill, which alone marks the site of this too prodigal fount. Quite recently a still mightier naphtha flow suddenly commenced playing with such vigor that a number of buildings were swamped. For some days it continued altogether uncontrollable, and fears were entertained for the safety of the town of Baku.

Now, however, a more appalling terror has appeared in this region, where there is so enormous an amount of inflammable matter that one might well dread the kindling of the most carefully guarded flame.

On the night of the 15th of January the inhabitants of Baku were awakened by a violent shock which caused all the windows to rattle, and suddenly the darkness of the night was illuminated by an intense light as though the city were aflame. It proved, however, to be the reflection of a great fire at a distance; but no one dreamt that its locality lay within the earth. Nor was this realized till the following night, when the same awful glare became visible; and shortly before midnight a terrific explosion was heard, immediately followed by a vast column of flame, apparently 350 feet in height, which shot up from the summit of the Lok Batan, close to the Ponto railway station. It was a calm night, with scarce a breath of wind, so the flames continued to ascend quite vertically, carrying large masses of dark matter, which fell back into the crater. Considerable heat was felt at the distance of fully a mile, and the whole country was lighted by a glare brighter than that of the sun at noon-day. This lasted for about 30 hours, but not continuously, the column occasionally subsiding. The volumes of liquid mud ejected in this period overspread a tract of about a square mile, to a depth varying from seven feet to fourteen feet.

Patrick Murray, Sexton St. Patrick's Cemetery, Baltimore, Md., was poisoned by poison oak, and was promptly cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

A WIFE'S LETTERS

Can a husband open his wife's letters? That would depend, many would say, upon what kind of a husband he is. But it cannot be put aside in that flip-pant manner, for it is a legal right that is in question, and it has recently been decided in a Paris tribunal that the husband has the right to open the letters addressed to his wife. Of course in America an appeal would be instantly taken from this decision, and perhaps by husbands themselves; for in this world rights are becoming so impartially distributed that this privilege granted to the husband might at once be extended to the wife, and she would read all his business correspondence, and his business is sometimes various and complicated. The Paris decision must be based upon the familiar formula that man and wife are one, and that that one is the husband. If a man has the right to read all the letters written to his wife, being his property by reason of his ownership of her, why may he not have a legal right to know all that is said to her? The question is not whether a wife ought to receive letters that her husband may not read, or listen to talk that he may not hear, but whether he has a sort of lordship that gives him privileges which she does not enjoy. In our modern notion of marriage, which is getting itself expressed in statute law, marriage is supposed to rest upon mutual trust and mutual rights.

In theory the husband and wife are still one, and there can nothing come into the life of one that is not shared by the other; in fact, if the marriage is perfect and the trust absolute, the personality of each is respected by the other, and each is freely the judge of what shall be contributed to the common confidence; and if there are any concealments, it is well believed that they are for the mutual good. If every one were as perfect in the marriage relation as those who are reading these lines, the question of the wife's letters would never arise. The man, trusting his wife, would not care to pry into any little secrets his wife may have, or bother himself about her correspondence; he would know, indeed that if he had lost her real affection, a surveillance of her letters could not restore it.

Perhaps it is a modern notion that marriage is a union of trust and not of suspicion, of expectation, of faithfulness the more there is freedom. At any rate, the tendency, notwithstanding the French decision, is away from the common-law suspicion and tranny toward a higher trust in an enlarged freedom. And it is certain that the rights cannot all be on one side and the duties on the other. If the husband legally may compel his wife to show him her letters, the courts will before long grant the same privilege to the wife. But, without pressing this point, the Drawer holds strongly to the sacredness of correspondence. The letters one receives are in one sense not his own.

They contain the confessions of another soul, the confidences of another mind, that would be rudely treated if given any sort of publicity. And while

husband and wife are one to each other, they are two in the eyes of other people, and it may well happen that a friend will desire to impart something to a discreet woman which she would not intrust to the babbling husband of that woman. Every life must have its own privacy and its own place of retirement. The letter is of all things the most personal and intimate thing. Its bloom is gone when another eye sees it before the one for which it was intended. Its aroma all escapes when it is first opened by another person. One might as well wear second-hand clothing as get a second-hand letter. Here, then, is a sacred right that ought to be respected, and can be respected without any injury to domestic life. The habit in some families for the members of it to show each other's letters is a most disenchanting one. It is just in the family, between persons most intimate, that these delicacies of consideration for the privacy of each ought to be most respected.

No one can estimate probably how much of the refinement, of the delicacy of feeling, has been lost to the world by the introduction of the postal-card. Anything written on a postal-card has no personality; it is banal, and has as little power of charming any one who receives it as an advertisement in the newspaper. It is not simply the cheapness of the communication that is vulgar, but it is the publicity of it. One may have perhaps only a cent's worth of affection to send, but it seems worth much more when inclosed in an envelope. We have no doubt then, that on general principles the French decision is a mistake, and that it tends rather to vulgarize than to retain the purity and delicacy of the marriage relation. And the judges, so long even as men only occupy the bench, will no doubt reverse it when the logical march of events forces upon them the question whether the wife may open her husband's letters.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in *Harpers Magazine* for July.

The Beauty of Woman.

is her crown of glory. But alas! how quickly does the nervous debility and chronic weakness of the sex cause the bloom of youth to pass away, sharpen the lovely features, and emaciate the rounded form! There is but one remedy which will restore the faded roses and bring back the grace of youth. It is Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a sovereign remedy for the diseases peculiar to females. It is one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the human race, for it preserves that which is fairest and dearest to all mankind—the beauty and the health of woman.

The coattail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coattail, bearing dusty toe-marks, means: "I have spoken to your father."

To Consumptives.

Reader, can you believe that the Creator afflicts one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day—healthy, robust men—whom physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung was almost gone. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on consumption and kindred affections. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

How to make a Maltese cross—by stepping on his tail.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view" was not spoken of the dollar.

Fits: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A matchless story—one in which there are no weddings.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's eye water. Druggists sell it 35c.

Fishing smacks are used in angling for a husband.

No Opium in Fio's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A Bitter Compliment

"Insults are hard to bear, but there are some compliments which are worse than any insult." said a veteran Italian patriot, who had shared the councils of Mazzini, dined with Count Cavour, and talked with Garibaldi upon the most famous of his countless battle fields.

"I suppose you mean," suggested I, "the kind of compliment that a French wit paid to an enemy who had come and scribbled 'Coquin' [blackguard] upon his door one night with a piece of chalk. Next morning the wit went to the fellow's house, and said in the politest way possible, 'Monsieur, you left your name at my door last night, and I have come to return the visit.'"

"It was certainly a two-edged courtesy," replied Signor S—, smiling grimly; "but I think I can match it from my own experience. A good many years ago, in the evil days before King Bomba was overthrown and Italy freed, one of the King's Ministers—a rascal who had been stealing the public money with two hands ever since he first came into office—was rewarded

for his 'services' (whatever they may have been) by being decorated with the cross of some Italian order. On the day he received it he found among his letters of congratulation (which of course came pouring in from every side) a small plain envelope, addressed in a handwriting which he well knew.

"Meaning your own, I presume, Signor S—," said I.

"We won't mention any names," answered the old gentleman, with a sly twinkle in his large black eyes. "The envelop, when opened, contained nothing but an Italian quatrain, which, if translated into English, might run somewhat as follows:

"Thieves upon crosses fixed to be
In rude old times did law condemn;
In this enlightened age we see
The crosses fixed on them."

—DAVID KER, in the Editor's Drawer of *Harpers Magazine* for July

Turkish Vaccination.

The women in the sultan's seraglio at Constantinople have just been vaccinated to the number of 150. The operations took place in a large hall under the superintendance of four gigantic eunuchs. The Italian surgeon to whom the work was confided was stationed in front of a huge screen and the women were concealed behind it. A hole was made in the center of the screen just large enough to allow the arm to pass through, and in this manner arms of various colors and sizes were presented to the operator in rapid succession. It was utterly impossible for the surgeon to get even a glimpse of his patients but in order to guard against the chance of his being able to see through the screen, two eunuchs, who stood by the operator, threw a shawl over his face instantly an operation was concluded and did not remove it until the next arm was in position.

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INVALUABLE FOR
BURNS, SUNBURNS, DIARRHOEA, CHAPINGS,
STINGS OF INSECTS, FILLS, SORE
EYES, ETC., SORE FEET.

THE WONDER OF HEALING!

For Piles, (Use with Pond's Extract Ointment,) it is the greatest known remedy.

For Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Blisters and Sprains, it is unequalled—stopping pain and healing in a marvelous manner.

For Inflamed and Sore Eyes.—The effect upon these delicate organs is simply marvelous.

All Inflammations and Hemorrhages yield to its wondrous power.

For Ulcers, Old Sores, or Open Wounds, Toothache, Faceache, Bites of Insects, Sore Feet, its action upon these is most remarkable.

Caution.—POND'S EXTRACT has been imitated. The genuine has the words "POND'S EXTRACT" blown in the glass, and our trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having POND'S EXTRACT. Take no other preparation. It is never sold in bulk or by measure.

Prices, 50c., \$1., \$1.75. Sold everywhere.

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VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER

TO USE A DAY. Samples worth \$1.00 OF FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWERS SAFETY BELL BOLDEN CO., N.Y., N.Y.

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5 & 11

Your "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigar is giving good satisfaction; the boys are "catching on." ALVORD & FORKEL, Druggists, Eldora, Ia. "Tansill's Punch" is the best cigar we have ever sold for the money.

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ease or from troubles per-
taining to her sex.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It has stood the test of twenty years in relieving periodical pain, promoting regularity of seasons, and banishing weakness, backache and consequent nervous distress.

Probably no other woman in the world receives so many "letters of thanks" as Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. B— of Enfield, N. H., says: "I will simply say that your Vegetable Compound is all you recommend it to be. It has done me Worlds of good."

Another lady writes from Ottawa as follows: "I have just to-day bought the seventh bottle of your Vegetable Compound, have used two boxes of Pills and several packages of your Sensitive Wash, and think it best right to tell you how much good I derived from your medicine. They are a regular God-send. All the pains and aches have almost disappeared, my stomach is much stronger and I feel myself improved every day."

Price 50c. Sold by all Druggists.

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

Cancer cured without cutting or burning. Address DR. WALKER, 115 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Rupture If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 21 Broadway, New York.

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Prices chopped wide open at the Big Boston, Minneapolis, all their suits, Summer Coats and Vests, Thin Underwear, Light Colored and Straw Hats, marked clear down 50 per cent and less. Send in your address for Bargains, men's all wool Suits in Blue Flannel and Grey mixed Cassimeres, only \$8.00.

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