

### IN THE BALLROOM.

Mid rosy banks of rarest bloom,  
And sweet low sounds of pleasure,  
Adown the silken, scented room,  
She trembles the winsome measure;  
And perfumed gallants proudly bend  
To meet her modest glance,  
And catch the whispered words that lend  
Allurement to the dance.

Her liquid rubies lightly tint  
The faces that enfold her,  
Halflost within the dreamy glint  
Of either milk white shoulder;  
But, ah! the gem of her pure heart,  
Beneath its dainty covers,  
Lies hidden from the subtle art  
Of all these would-be lovers.

And quite in vain their courtly wiles,  
Their compliments and groans;  
For even as, with bows and smiles,  
The waltzers take their places,  
Within her happy thoughts she sees  
Distinct as some old etching,  
A winding lane of laurel tree  
That far off woodland stretching.

When golden streams of music fell  
Athwart the rhythmic revel,  
She only hears the catbird's call  
Far down the grassy level;  
Of distant pastures, with the glow  
Of star-eyed daisies lighted,  
Wherein, a few short months ago  
Her simple troth was plighted.

As so her fantasies dwell aloof,  
In blithe freedom faring,  
To where, 'neath some imagined roof,  
In love and labor sharing,  
They too, shall live forevermore,  
Far from the gay, mad riot;  
And count the blissful moments o'er  
In calm, delicious quiet.

—Nelly Booth Simmons, in New Orleans  
Times-Democrat.

### REUBEN CAGGS'S THEORY.

I was sitting in a cafe below Fourteenth street with my friend Reuben Caggs. It was a sultry July day, and he ought to have been in his country house on Long Island where he had invited me to spend a couple of weeks. He was, however, a heavy operator in stocks, and as the market was feverish, he thought it safer to keep his middle finger on the pulse of Wall street than to be driving a spanking team and listening to the rolling and roaring surf.

Caggs was said to be many times a millionaire. Exactly what that term signifies, I can't explain; for my multiplication table ends long before it reaches six figures. I have never stood in the shoes of such a man, and never looked at life through his eyes. I don't know what it means to be worried over the size of one's surplus, or to be harried because one has a couple of fortunes in the bank not drawing a cent of interest. If I manage to make both ends meet on the last of January, and can face the new year free of debt, having given the usual half-dollar to the elevated boy who takes me to my room at odd times of the night, and a bright sixpence to the old lady who brings me my morning and evening papers, I consider myself fortunate. But to have so much money that one can't count it even in his dreams, to be pointed at on the sidewalk as Jabez Croesus, Esq., who has seventeen horses in his stable, and a box at the opera—well, that's the kind of life my friend Caggs led, and, on the whole, he seemed to enjoy it.

He could say to the jeweler, "Send that home to my wife," and not ask the price of the article. Yes, he could; but I noticed that he always did ask the price, and always managed to get a discount. Now, I pay the asking price for everything I buy; he never does. But then he's rich, and can afford to do such things. Being poor, I don't enjoy that prerogative. The salesman seems pleased to take ten per cent off for Caggs; but if I should ask the same favor he would probably doom me to one hundred and fifty different kinds of death.

Well, we sat at the table chatting. "My dear boy," he said, "I'm sorry I can't go down to Clover Hill as we proposed; but you see the bears are after me, and unless I have as many eyes as the spider, and keep them all wide open, these *fortunatura* will get their claws on me, and then—"

Here followed the most eloquent shrug of the shoulders I ever witnessed. I interpreted it as meaning two things; first, that the bears would find he wasn't within reach when they clawed at him, and second, that if they should happen to scratch him he had so much left that he would at least lose a wink of sleep.

How I envied him. He was prior twenty years ago, when he and I were in the freshman class, and so was I. He had changed his mind about remaining poor; but I hadn't. I maintained my consistency, and at forty-one hadn't a sou *margine*. Caggs on the other hand, was able to hold on with Solomon in all his glory, and could buy up all the bric-a-brac which the Queen of Sheba brought as a present to the King and store it in the attic of his Long Island house.

"Now there's my wife, Julia," he said rather petulantly, as he poured out another cup of Mocha—there's my wife, Julia. She's a most peculiar woman. She runs to philanthropy, goes into ecstasies over beggars, and reels off a lot of nonsense about reforming the world. A sip of coffee followed this remark, and as he butted his toast he added, serenely: "The world don't need reforming. Heigho! It's all right as it is. It's made up of two classes of people; those who have made money and those who have lost it. I say with Shakespeare: 'If money go before, all ways do lie open.' There you have it just as it is. No, I don't agree with Julia. She says the poor ought to be lifted up. A pretty big contract that, don't you think so? I don't say this at home, you know, because—well, for a good many reasons; but between

you and me, it's all bosh. The higher you lift the poor up, the greater distance they fall. Poverty is the normal condition of nine-tenths of the world, always has been, always will be. It's their forte to be poor; they have a genius for it. Give 'em a fiver to-day and they want another to-morrow. Give 'em a second fiver to-morrow, and they are on hand promptly the next day. If you refuse, the two fivers don't count and they just curse you because you won't keep giving. I have a fixed policy, never to give to any one. It works best in the long run.

The difficulty with Caggs was that he had looked at a dollar so long he couldn't see anything else. Doctors tell us that a man may think of a disease and catch it by thinking. Caggs thought of dollars continuously; and, as a consequence, all the other and finer qualities, having no exercise, took revenge for their neglect by becoming arrested developments.

"I like to see money multiply itself," he continued. "You say, you fellows who haven't any money and don't know the joys of accumulation—you say it's sordid. Bah! There isn't one of you who wouldn't do as I do if you had the chance and the—"

"Brains," I suggested.

"Yes, brains. Look at the farmer; doesn't he take pleasure in seeing things grow? Is that mean and sordid? He plants one kernel of corn, and who can measure his delight when he takes four full ears from the stalk produced by that single kernel? Well, I plant a dollar, and when the right time comes I scoop in a bushel of dollars. That's my gift; I like to do it over and over again. As for benevolence, why, it's out of my line. I'm not benevolent, and don't want to be. Hard-hearted? Yes, if the term suits you. Let the poor take care of themselves; it's none of my business to furnish the world with waffles."

"Just here a little must trust, his head in at the door and shout on 'Extree!' He couldn't have been more than eight years old, and was barefooted and bareheaded. His hair and eyes were coal-black, and there was a curiously earnest expression on his face. I don't take to newsboys much; they are altogether too pushing and insolent, but this one interested me. Perhaps it was because I had had a solid breakfast and felt good-natured. There is nothing like a broiled steak to make a man philanthropic. If you add to the steak a cup of steaming hot coffee—with cream, mind you—and a toasted muffin, you become temporarily religious.

The eight year old mut crossed the room and stood wistfully looking into Caggs's face. He was evidently nervous and excited; for he stood on one leg and then on the other, moving restlessly every instant, but all the time fixing his gaze on Caggs.

"Have an Extree, Mister?"

"No; get out," was the only response.

"All about the big fire, Mister?"

"Didn't you hear me tell you to get out?"

But the little fellow was persistent. At last, and in order to get rid of him, Caggs pulled a handful of loose change out of his pocket. At the sight the boy fairly glowed.

"Guess you're a nob, ain't you?" he said.

Caggs looked at him, but said nothing.

"A whole handful! Golly! Say, Mister, do you have as much as that all the time? Ain't you afraid to go round alone? If I was as rich as you, I'd hire a cop to go with me."

Then came a curious crisis. The little fellow's eyes filled with tears and his hands trembled.

"Say, Mister?"

"Well, haven't I paid you?"

"Yes, but my sister's dead to home. She died las' night, an' I'm sellin' these papers to pay funeral 'spenses. Won't you give me some money, Mister, to bury Sis'?"

Caggs was simply dumbfounded. As for myself, I broke into a loud laugh. It was a very melodramatic scene. That a consummate actor the young rascal was. Precocious was hardly the word to cover the case. He was an infant prodigy. Caggs was getting rolled. He dipped the corner of his napkin into the finger bowl and carefully wiped his lips; but I could see that he was becoming very angry.

"Bury your sister, you young scoundrel! I'd like to bury the whole lot of you."

Then he turned to me. "What did I tell you, Hugh? The poor prey on the rich. They won't work, and—"

"My mother works," broke in the mut, in stout defense of himself and his family. "I ain't no liar, neither. A feiler can't help his sister's dyin', can he? 'Tain't my fault cos she's dead."

He was pallid with excitement and grief. There was defiance in his eyes, and he stood his ground against odds.

Caggs was puzzled. "Who told you that story?" he asked, sternly.

"Nobody didn't tell me that story," answered the boy. "It ain't no story. It's true's you live. If you don't believe it, come along. Guess when you see Sis dead, you'll know I ain't shammin'."

Caggs actually had an impulse to go. He hesitated, however.

"You darsn't," cried the youngster. "You're a great big feller, an' you can kick me round de block; but you darsn't go home wid me and see me dead sister."

"Hugh, will you go with me?"

"Certainly," I replied. It was a new experience for both of us, a curious chapter in the history of city life; and I was not sorry to read it.

"By Jove!" said Caggs, as we reached the street. "I feel like a fool. Now, if Julia were here, she'd give that young scoundrel a hot breakfast, and believe every word he said; but I'm made of different stuff. I don't like to be played by a boy bigger than a loaf of bread. We'll follow him, and then I'll have him sent to a reformatory, or somewhere. Somebody's got to put a stop to this sort of thing, and we may as well begin right now. Come, you young rascal, go ahead, and we'll follow. But none of your dodges, mind."

He was so small that his head hardly came up to Caggs's knee; but he stretched out his hand, and said: "Say, Mister, if you think I'm goin' to jump, just take hold of my hand, will you?"

It was a queer sight—two big men and one small boy. The boy was so delighted at his triumph that he forgot to cry "Extree!" and the two

men were so embarrassed that they hardly spoke to each other.

"Pretty business, this!" said Caggs, at length, in a disgusted tone. He looked as crestfallen as a dried pear. "I wouldn't have Julia meet me now for a thousand dollars. It would look, you know, as though I had gone back on all my principles. I've a great mind to kill that youngster and throw him into somebody's back yard."

Round the corner into Thompson street we found our way, two well-dressed men, and the shabby little mut.

"Good Heavens!" said Caggs; "this is no place to live. I'd blow my brains out within twenty-four hours. My horses are better cared for. Do you know, Hugh, I'm beginning to think we've carried this joke quite far enough. Julia tells me she comes to such places every week; but, please, one visit is enough for me. Beside, I feel as though this little bunco-steerer were a poodle dog driving us two stupid oxen into the slaughter-pen. I've a great mind—"

"Here we be, Mister."

The slender fingers were withdrawn from the big hand of Caggs, and the boy became almost wild.

"Right up here, Mister. Look out for that stair, cos the board's busted."

It was dark and stuffy, with the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril; but we stumbled up one flight, then groped our way round the corner and found another flight.

"Great Scott! I've a mind to take a header out of the window," growled Caggs. "I was never in such a fix in my life. We may have to fight for it, Hugh; but won't it look queer in the papers to-morrow, Reuben Caggs picked up dead 'in this den! What in thunder did I come here for, anyhow? But I'll make this scamp pay for it, see if I don't. I'll have him up in Elmirra for a ten-year trip, as sure as you live."

We reached the door of the back second story room at last. The mut burst in with a loud yell. It seemed like a signal agreed upon, and I fully expected to see half a dozen toughs, and to lose my watch and my money. My fist got into frigid condition, and, being something of an athlete, I determined to give one fellow at least a blow straight from the shoulder which would do credit to my muscle.

"Mamma! Mamma! I've got 'em here they be!"

How could so small a boy show such viciousness? I looked at Caggs, burly fellow, and noticed that he was pale.

"You haven't a weapon of any sort, I suppose?" he whispered.

"Not a thing," I replied.

"You'll have to get ready as you can to fight, as I'm as ready as I can to prepare for some hot work."

Just then from the dingy room on the side a poor, worn-out woman came. She was startled at the sight of two grim gentlemen on her premises and turned inquiringly to the boy.

"Mamma," the youngest began, "this man said he'd come an' help you bury Sis. 'Pon my word he did. Didn't you, Mister?"

"I beg your pardon for the intrusion, madam," said Caggs with great courtesy, "but—"

"Mamma, he thought I was a ginoline bunco-steerer. Say, now, didn't he?" turning to me.

The woman's eyes filled with tears. It was all so unexpected, and she didn't know the meaning of it.

"Why, that's mamma," and the little fellow put his arms about his mother's knees and looked imploringly into her face. "Tain't no cop, Mamma; he's a reg'lar stunner, he is. He's got a drayload of money in his pocket, an' he's going to give us some. An' I've got some, too. See? Here's eight cents, Mamma, an' I'll give you ag'in an' bring in a lot more."

The woman, Mrs. Carney, told her story. The like of it can be heard any day in any quarter of New York. But it was new to Caggs. Those keen eyes which coldly watched the rise and fall of the stock market were moistened as she went on.

She came from Keene, New Hampshire, she said.

"Why, that's where I was born," said my millionaire.

Then they looked at each other steadily and long.

"Why! Is it possible? You are not Mollie Flanders?" he asked.

"That was my name before I married James," she answered.

"And don't you know me?" he questioned.

She looked again, and through her tears saw that peaceful New England village, and recalled the bright and careless days of her girlhood in the long, long ago.

"I seem to remember," she began, but then hesitated.

"You can't have forgotten me," said Caggs. "We went to school together at the Cross Roads."

I thought him really handsome at that moment. There was a flush in his cheeks, and a fire in his eyes, and I understood why Julia Warden fell in love with him.

"Are you Reuben Caggs?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes, indeed, I am," he replied, warmly.

They talked for half an hour. My friend forgot that he was in the second-story back of a tenement house, forgot the stuffy smell of the apartment, even forgot the stock market, and listened to the sad history of a life which began in sunshine but was now clouded with gloom and bereavement. The husband had taken to drink through ill-luck, and his body was lying in Potter's Field. Mollie had struggled for her two children, little Bill, whom we thought a bunco-steerer, and Mamie, who lay in her shroud in the other room.

Bill insisted that we should look at "Sis" before we went. The body was on a pine board supported by two rickety chairs. There was a white, partly faded carnation in her hand. Bill had found it in the street.

"What a strange scene! Caggs melted at the sight, and as for me—well, no matter. The woman on the front had brought in a tattered motto and hung it on the wall. The legend was, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Caggs looked about the room, then at the face of the pale sleeper, and I saw his lips tremble. Four months before he had buried his only child, beautiful Alice. When his eyes fell on that motto, it seemed too much for him. The eyes of the many times a millionaire were filled with tears.

"My God, Hugh," he said, hoarsely; "let us get out of this. I can't stand it."

Then he turned to the fragile, suffering woman.

"Molly," he said, "I don't know much about these things, but—he choked a little—"but I'm sorry for you. I shall ask my wife, Julia, to come and see you this afternoon. She will attend to the details of the funeral." His hand went into his pocket. "Take this for old time's sake, and when you want more, come and see us."

When we reached the sidewalk he turned on me almost fiercely.

"Hugh," he said, "I can't talk much to-day. You go up town, I will go down town. I've had a new experience, and I shall have to give up some of my theories about the poor. Possibly Julia is right, after all. Good-morning"—George Hepworth in *LA* dependent.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

DUST IN FACTORIES.—Dr. William B. Canfield read an excellent paper before the Clinical Society of Maryland, in which he dwelt particularly on dust as a causative factor in pulmonary disease. He turned his attention chiefly to the existence of this state of affairs in factories, and he further more states that the treatment is to take the patient from his dangerous occupation when the improvement begins at once. Owners of large factories are adopting stringent prophylactic measures in order that they may not loose so many good workmen.

The best methods are:

1. To prevent the formation or escape of dust by using wet grinding or by grinding in closed vessels. This is not always practicable.
2. To prevent inhalation of dust by wearing respirators, etc., but these are uncomfortable and the men remove them at every opportunity.
3. The removal of dust as far as it is produced by using fans and air shafts. This is by far the best plan. Still further the following rules should be enforced:

- 1.—Workmen should change their outer clothing after work.
- 2.—They should keep their faces and hands as clean as their work will allow.
- 3.—They should not be allowed to eat in the work-room.

OBSTACLES TO THE CURE OF DISEASE.—A disease is incurable, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, when its causes work on without interruption. Malaria induces an incurable chronic condition if the infected person does not leave the impregnated marshland of his residence. A bronchial catarrh continues stationary, and at last draws the lungs into sympathy with it if the person attacked by it remains constantly exposed to a dusty atmosphere. With like suddenness and persistence the pressure of business, with like continuance of the local processes, the individual's power of resistance, the vigor of his constitution are important factors in determining the outcome. A vigorous 30-year-old man will overcome an inflammation of the lungs which would be fatal to an old man, to a drinker, or to a man weakened by luxury or a life of dissipation or suffering. Finally, "crimen non est artis, sed negotii"—the fault is not of the art, but of the patient—is the phrase that may be applied to those cases in which the most correct measures taken under favorable circumstances fail to accomplish their purpose, because the patient himself does not or cannot cooperate with them. No treatment can relieve the smoker from his throat-catarrh, so long as he persists in his habit. This aspect of the case is especially pertinent to the nervous disorders which are one of the growing scourges of our age; incapacity and vacillation, the force of outer influences, or the pressure of business too often intervene to interrupt a cure which was otherwise fairly possible.

HOW, WHEN AND WHAT TO EAT.—Never fail to eat little, and eat often—it requires less food, is more easily digested, and more thoroughly assimilated, and is the best cure in the world for dyspepsia and a weak stomach.

Never drink much when you eat—it retards digestion, causes you to swallow your food before it is properly masticated, and is the principal cause of your eating too much.

Never eat too much meat—it is heating, and makes you a better subject for disease. Eat it sparingly.

Never think too much about what you eat—the less the better for your stomach. Eat a great variety, and waste as little thought about its effects as possible.

Never drink strong tea or coffee—they both are injurious, coffee being the worst. If you are drinking, sometimes may act as a medicine.

Never eat too freely during the middle of the day—make your evening meal the largest one.

Never fail to eat an abundance of bread, and as about everything else you eat contains about the same elements as bread made of finely bolted flour, eat what is called brown bread, or bread made of the whole wheat, as it contains elements not found in other articles of food—elements that your system must have to thrive.

Never mix your food too much before eating it—it is piggish.

Never fill your plate with articles of food and leave half of it—it is extravagant and unwholesome.

Never eat too fast—the evil effects of fast eating are so numerous that it would require volumes to record them—the effect upon the nervous system is simply wonderful—insanity not infrequently is the result of this habit.

Never starve yourself—it is a common practice, and is exceedingly injurious as well as uncomfortable. To think well, and be well, you must eat freely—mental exercise is more exhaustive than physical, and demands that the system should be properly supplied with food.

Never become a victim of the "two-meal-a-day" budget. If you are healthy, three or four meals a day will be better—but do not eat too much at a time. "Little and often" is the motto. Learn from the beasts of the field, and eat when you feel like it.

Never eat by schedule—eat when you feel like it, and whatever the appetite demands, unless you are unhealthy—then it may be necessary to diet yourself but too much dieting is frequently the result in such instances.

### RANGE INSPECTORS.

#### Detectives of the Plains Work Well in Very Dangerous.

Column after column has been written about the daring deeds, miraculous escapes and cunning capture of criminals by the detectives of Europe and America. In thousands of cases the praise accorded these officers for their ingenuity and daring has been deserved; but there is a class of detectives in this country who risk their lives often, and who must know not only the ways of the highwayman when he is in the city, but also his haunts and his hiding-places and his go between in the thinly settled country as well. These men are on the go almost all the time—today down in New Mexico looking for a horse thief, who is a murderer as well; next week far across the Canadian line on the trail of a gang of cattle thieves who have been despoiling the Montana or Wyoming ranges. It is only in the past ten or fifteen years that their work has been appreciated or their services valued as they should be.

In the early days of cattle raising in Wyoming and Colorado, whenever the range thieves became too bold, the ranchmen for miles around would organize, get on the track of the thieves, run them to their holes and then shoot or hang them. After a visitation of this kind herds would be comparatively safe for a time. Nevertheless thousands of head of cattle and horses were stolen each year and shipped to Chicago, for when the rightful owners received not a cent. The stockmen of Wyoming organized a stock-growers association and appointed for each county in the State a stock inspector. Colorado followed suit in a few years, to be followed later by Montana. The duties of these inspectors were not to look for diseased cattle, but to inspect every carload of cattle shipped out of the State, get a list of the brands, who the consignee was, and report the facts to the secretary of the association. There were, of course, mistakes made at first, but of late years so perfect has the system become that it is almost an impossibility for a thief to ship a head of beef by rail out of Montana without detection. Gradually the duties of the inspectors were added to, and in addition to watching the shipping points they have become the checkers of the classes of Western men, thoroughly conversant with the country, and men of intelligence. Their powers in Montana are equal to those of a deputy sheriff, and their authority is recognized all over the State.

Among the Montana inspectors are men who could tell some thrilling stories of their adventures, not only with horse and cattle thieves, but with Indians as well. In point of continuous service Inspector W. D. Smith, now the representative of the Montana Association at Chicago, and whose headquarters were formerly at Miles City, outranks his associates. He has been in the service of the association eight or ten years, previous to that time being an inspector in Wyoming. He is a typical Westerner close mouthed and without a particle of fear. He walks with a slight limp, and one unacquainted with his history, meeting him on the streets of Chicago, would almost immediately conclude he was a cattle-grower of moderate means, who was satisfied with life, attended strictly to his own business, and would be the last person one would pick out of a crowd as the most noted trailer of cattle and horse thieves in Montana. The most noted and successful Eastern detectives have continuously in their mind's eye the physiognomy of noted crooks. Smith not only has a wonderful memory for a face once seen, whether a photograph or the person himself, but in addition has the hundreds of brands of cattle and horses in Montana, Wyoming and Colorado so thoroughly fixed in his mind and the location of their accustomed ranges, that if he runs across a bunch of cattle or horses out of their accustomed haunts he can locate them in an instant and he can locate them to consult the brand books issued by the associations. Many stories are told in Miles City of narrow escapes he has had in pursuit of desperadoes and of brilliant captures he has made after pursuits lasting several weeks.

The Cheyenne Indians, whose reservation is about 100 miles south of Miles City, fear as well as respect him. When these Indians have, at various times, committed offenses against the State laws, it has often fallen to Smith's lot to go after the man or men wanted, and he has never yet failed in his mission.—(Helena (Mon.) Independent.

#### The "Bear-Fighter" Myth.

The gentlemen who figure in fiction as "scouts" and "guides" and what not are reputed to have stood in fringed buckskin, about the camp-fires and told of desperate attacks upon themselves by ferocious bears. They are supposed to have carried so many scars that their bodies looked like road-maps. But the black bear of to-day is not a fighter. Of course, when cornered he will make a fight for his life, as a gray squirrel will. A she bear will fight to protect her young. A wounded bear will turn and beat off the dogs. If expatriated in close quarters, a bear may let drive savagely with both paws and sharp claws and bite with great fierceness. In this case, it is advisable to retire, if convenient. An old bear encountering some one accidentally in the woods will show his teeth. If the man insists on a row he will get a fine one. But the modern black bear is not a fighter by choice. He depends more on his four feet and his keen sense for safety than he does upon his prowess.—(New York Tribune.

In Surry County, North Carolina, there is a remarkable natural curiosity in the shape of a mountain resembling the famous Sphinx of Egypt in all its details. It lays east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, on the Piedmont Plains, and looks for all the world like a gigantic crouching lion. Its body stands at right angles to the "Ridge," and its head is reared aloft as if in the act of rising. The whole of this wonder is of rock, and it is several hundred feet high. The shoulders and head and neck are finely proportioned, and at the distance of a few miles it looks like a thing of life and intelligence. It is said that it can be seen for fifty miles in one direction.

#### He Voted as She Desired.

Mrs. Seymour-Howells tells a story of a woman who had a husband in deadly fear of her, says the Kansas City Times. He was a member of the Legislature, and his wife had insisted upon his voting for a woman-suffrage bill. He had promised to do so, but his better half was afraid to trust him, and so on the day the bill was to come up she hid herself to the gallery in the legislative hall. The roll was being called, and when the husband's name was reached he got up and said: "Mr. Speaker, I regret to cast my vote against this bill, but—"

At this instant a tall woman with a penetrating voice leaned over the gallery rail and said: "Wilbert!" And then Wilbert's knees began to shake. He said in a trembling voice: "Mr. Speaker, I vote are."

#### Lots of Walnuts.

The annual crop of English walnuts in southern California reaches a million and a half pounds.

#### To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys an liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The largest piece of asphaltum ever mined in California was gotten out near Santa Barbara, it weighing two and one-half tons.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malacia, Biliousness and general debility. Gives strength, aids Digestion, tones the nervous system, increases appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

The leap-year girl might try him delicately with a little pop-corn.

### As a Drowning Man

Clutches at a Straw So Mr. Powell Took Hood's Sarsaparilla

And It Rescued Him From Danger.

"A year ago I was in very bad condition. I run down to 125 lbs. The trouble was dyspepsia in its worst form, accompanied by Nervous Prostration. I could not eat, I could not sleep, and at times I could scarcely move my hands. I felt that unless I did get relief soon that I should surely die. I at length concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, for

#### Liko a Drowning Man

I could catch at a straw. When I began taking it my face and hands were covered with sores, which are all gone. After I had been taking it a couple of weeks I could not deny that I felt better. I have now taken 3 bottles and as a result I weigh 150 lbs., am able to work again and feel a thousand times better. I am certain that in a short time by continuing the medicine I shall be completely cured as I am now so near it. My friends all express surprise to see such a change.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is indeed a wonderful medicine, and its claims are fully justified in my experience." B. C. POWELL, Bigelow, N. Y.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

### "August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N. Y.

### RISEING SUN

#### STOVE POLISH

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