GIVE ME NOT TEARS.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

DESPAIR. Oear, when you see my grave, 9h, shall you weep? n, no! That were to have Mistaken care:

But when you see my grave, I pray you keep Sunshine of heart that time doth lay me there. Where veiling mists of dream guard endless

Though the young life we mourn That blooming. dies-Ere grief hath made forlorn This other tace-Still sadder are the eyes, The cheeks more worn Than show the dead, of those who seek love's grace;

Death is the gentlest of the world's replies.

Dear, when the sun is set From my life's air, And your eves, newly wet With tears for me. Make my sky darker yet-Remember where Your eyes in light laved a'l my desting:

Remember that through you My rapture came; I gained from faith so true More than I asked-For not the half I knew My need might name, Until I saw the soul your love unmasked;

Then crave not of the night my vanished

# THE TOUCH IN THE HEART.

Old Abel Dunklee was delighted, and business, my house, my factory, my to dream them. iands, my fortune—all shall be his." Meanwhile the

man. Folk had the well defined opinion happy and great with riches. there. Abel's idea of goodness was to child should be imbued with a proper owe no man any moncy. He never gave regard for the value of money from the ther' wuz a littl' boy." He was narrow, close, selfish and hard, child how to put the copper and silver dead, he never made that admission to so his neighbors and the community at pieces into it, and he labored diligently others. On the contrary, it was his

verdict was a just one. no such enthusiasm obtained outside the But little Abel took it all very seriously, sentiment found vent in an expression of made great joy and was wont to rub his his wish that all he gave to and did for man Dunklee had accumulated by years of mine-great genius for finance." he is not long for here.'

never have dared say that to old Dunk-lee, for in his rapture in the coming of had dreamed of his child's future could rest of the money, and when we told him.

ly little babe. Dunklee was familiarly known as Old he was content to lie drooping-eyed and Growly, for the reason that his voice was listless, in his mother's arms all day. harsh and discordant and sounded for last the little flame went out with hardly all the world like the hoarse growling so much as a flutter, and the hope of the of an ill-natured bear. Abel was not a house of Dunklee was dissipated forever. humanity, his rough, unkempt personality dear, white face. He brought treasure Children tiptoed in with flowers, and and his deep, hoarse voice-these things from the vaults and held it up before some cried bitterly, while others-those "Old Growly" an exceedingly appropriate one. And presumably Abel never thought of resenting the slur implied little child, if that little child would only therein; he was too shrewd not to see live. But the fading eyes saw other had lain like one dead for many hours, that, however disrespectful and evil-in-things and the ears that were deaf to the but now at last he seemed to wake of a tentioned the phrase might be, it served old man's lamentations heard voices that sudden, and, seeing children about him, him to good purpose, for it conduced to soothed the anguish of that last solemn perhaps he fancied himself in that pleasthat very general awe, not to say terror,

Yes, I think we can accept it as a fact

lost their expression of shrewdows and soul and lodged there.
the thin, bony hands that elsewhere "Abe., I have touched thy heart !" clutched and clutched and pinched and reached out their long fingers yearningly | the touch was in his heart. and caressingly toward the little child. Then the hoarse voice would growl a ing with the world changed. He had salutation (hat was full of tenderness, always been an honest man, honest as the for it came straight from the old man's world goes. But now he was somewhat heart; only, had you not known how better than honest; & was kind, conmuch he loved the child, you might have thought otherwise, for the old the change and they knew why it was man's voice was always hoarse and dis- so. But the pathetic part of it all was him Old Growly. But what proved his not even to himself-that he was the love for that puny babe was the fact that | least changed from his old grinding, hard every afternoon when he came home self. The good deeds he did were not from the factory Old Growly brought his his own; they were his little boy's-at little boy a dime; and once, when the least so he said. And it was his whim little fellow had a fever on him from when doing some kind and tender thing teething, Old Growly brought him a dol- to lay it to little Abel, of whom he al and the fever left him, but you couldn't His workmen, his neighbors, his townsmake the old man believe but what it men-all alike felt the graciousness of was the dollar that did it all. That was the wondrous change, and many, and natural, perhaps, for his life had been many a lowly sufferer blessed that broken spent in grubbing for money, and he had old man for succor in little Abel's name. not the soul to see that the best and And the old man was indeed much sweetest things in human life are not to broken, not that he had parted with his be had by riches alone.

As the doctor had in one way and anchild did not wax fat and vigorous. Although Old Growly did not seem to see the truth, little Abel grew older only mutterings and incoherent mumblings Weep not, weep not; since so much love was -a cripple. A weakness of the spine child's growth, giving to his wee face a pinched, starved look, warping his emaciated body and enfeebling his puny limbs, while at the same time it quickened the intellectual faculties to a degree of our years went by, little Abel clinging to life with pathetic heroism and Old once did it occur to the father that the child might die, that death's seal was already set upon the misshapen little body; on the contrary Old Growly's 'houghts so was old Abel's wife, when little Abel were constantly of little Abel's famous came. For this coming they had waited future, of the great fortune he was to fall many years. God had prospered them heir to, of the prosperous business career elsewise; this one supreme blessing only he was to pursue, of the influence he had been withheld. Yet Abe had never was to wield in the world—of dollars, despaired. "I shall some time have a dollars, millions of them which little son," said he. "I shall call him Abel. Abel was sometime to possess; these He shall be rich; he shall succeed to my were old Growly's dreams, and he loved

Meanwhile the world did well by the Abel Dunklee felt this to be a certainty, old man; despising him, undoubtedly, and with this prospect constantly in for his avarice and selfishness, but conmind he slaved and pinched and bar- stantly pouring wealth, and more wealth, gained. So when at last the little one and evermore wealth into his coffers. As did come it was as heir to a considerable for the old man, he cared not what the pearl. world thought or said, so long as it paid The joy in the house of Dunklee was tribute to him; he wrought on as of old, not shared by the community at large. industriously, shrewdly, hardly, but with Abel Dunklee was by no means a popular | this new purpose: To make his little boy

a penny to charities, and he never spent very start, so his presents were always any time sympathizing with the misforcash in hand, and he bought a large tin while he implied by his confidences to fortunes or distresses of other people. bank for little Abel and taught the the children that his own little boy was large said, and I shall not deny that the to impress upon the child of how great wont, as I have said, to speak of little When a little one comes into this world him by and by. Just picture to your- humoring him in this conceit, it was the of ours it is the impulse of the people self, it you can, that fond, foolish old custom of the older ones to speak here to bid it welcome and to make its man seeking to teach this lesson to that always of that child as if he lived and austere Dunklee household. Popular and was so apt a pupil that Old Growly the hope that the son and heir would bony hands gleefully and say to him- charity's sake should be known to come grow up to scatter the dollars which old | self: "He has great genius-this boy

of relentless avarice and unflagging toil. But on a day, coming from his factory, But Dr. Hardy-he who had officiated Old Growly was stricken with horror to for I was one of those to whom the old in an all important capacity upon that find that during his absence from home momentous occasion in the Dunklee a great change had come upon his child. household-Dr. Hardy shook his head The doctor said it was simply the prowisely and perhaps sadly, as if he were gress of the disease; that it was a marvel He has this sum of money which he has saying to himself: " No, the child will that little Abel had held out so long; never do either what the old folk or that from the moment of his birth the what the other folk would have him do; seal of death had been set upon him in that cruel malady which had drawn his Had you questioned him closely Dr. face and warped his body and limbs. Hardy would have told you that little Then all at once Old Growly's eyes Abel was as frail a babe as ever did bat- seemed to be opened to the truth, and tle for life. Dr. Hardy would surely like a lightning flash it came to him that that little boy old Dunklee would have never be realized. It was a bitter awaksmote the offender who presumed even ening, yet amid it all the old man was to intimate that the babe was not the full of hope, determination and battle. most vigorous as well as the most beauti- He had little faith in drugs and nursing, ful creature upon the earth. The old and professional skill; he remembered man was simply assotted upon the child that upon previous occasions cures had -in a selfish way, undoubtedly, but been wrought by means of money; teeting even this selfish love of that puny little had been brought through, the pangs of child showed that the old man was colic beguiled, and numerous other ailcapable of somewhat better than his past ments to which infancy is heir had by life had been. To hear him talk you the same specific been baffled. So now might have fancied that Mrs. Dunklee Old Growly set about wooing his little had no part or parcel or interest in their boy from the embrace of death-sought offspring. It was always "my little boy" to coax him back to health with money, -ves, old Abel Dunklee's money had a and the dimes became dollars, and rival in the old man's heart at last, and the tin bank was like to burst that rival was a helpless, shrunken, sick- of fullness. But little Abel drooped and drooped, and he lost Among his business associates Abel interest in other things, and particularly irritable person, but his But even in those last moments of the slavish devotion to money getting, his little cripple's suffering the father strug- rouse him. For many hours he lay like indifference to the amenities of life, his gled to call back the old look into the entire neglect of the kinder practices of fading eyes and the old smile into the very peaceful and there was no pain, combined to make that sobriquet of those facing eyes and promised it all, all who were younger-whispered to one -everything he possessed—gold, houses, another: "Hush, let us make no noise; lands—all he had he would give to that Old Grampa Growly is sleeping."

hour. And so little Abel knew the mysvestige of his love and stood alone in the a feeble motion as if he would have then night and lifted up his face and beat his gather nearer, and, seeming to know his that Abel liked that sobriquet; it meant bosom and mouned at the stars, asking wish, the children came closer to him. more money in his pocket and fewer demands upon his time and patience.

But Old Growly abroad and Old this wise and cried there came to him a "Once there wuz a littl' boy—" Growly at home were two very different people. Only the voice was the same. The homely, furrowed, wizened face lighted up, and the keen, restless eyes its instantaneous way to the old man's —[Eugene Field in Chicago Daily News.

clutched and clutched and pinched and pinched for possession unlimbered themorphisms, and so, have come into the darkness pinched for possession unlimbered themorphisms. selves in the presence of little Abel and light of day and found life beautiful. for

After that Old Growly's way of dealcordant, and that was why they called that Old Growly would never admit-no, Next day the tooth came through ways spoke as if he were still living. shrawdness and acumen, for as of old his every venture prospered, but in this other intimated would be the case the particular his mind seemed weakened; that, as I have said, he fancied his child lived, that he was given to low to become what the doctor had foretold of which the burden seemed to be that child of his, and that his greatest was developed, a malady that dwarfed the pleasure appeared now to be watching other little ones at their play. In fact, so changed was he from the Old Growley of former years that, whereas he had been wholly indifferent to the presence of those little ones upon earth, he nov precocity. And so two and three and sought there company and delighted to view their innocent and mirthful play. And so presently the children, from re-Growly loving that little cripple with all garding him first with distrust, came to the violence of his selfish nature. Never | confide in and love him, and in due time the old man was known far and wide as Old Grandpa Growly, and he was pleased thereat. It was his wont to go every fair day of an afternoon into a park hard by his dwelling and mingle with the crowd of little folks there; and when they were weary of their sports they used to gather about him-some even clamoring upon his knees-and hear bim tell his story that lay next his heartthe story ever and forever beginning with "Once there was a littl' boy." very tender little story it was, too, told very much more sweetly than I could ever tell it, for it was of Old Grandpa Growly's own little boy, and it came from that heart in which the touch—the touch of God Himself-lay like a priceless

So you must know that the last years of the old man's life made full atonement for those that had gone before. People forgot that the old man had ever been other than he was now, and of course that he was selfish, miserly and hard. If Toys and picture books were vanities the children never knew otherwise. But he had not been actually bad, he had in which Old Growly never indulged; to as for himself, Old Grandpa Growly never been what the world calls a good have expended a farthing for chattels of grew tenderer and tenderer and his goodman. His methods had been of the that character would have seemed to Old ness became a household word and be grinding, sordid order. He had always been scrupulously honest in the payment few playthings which little Abel had he loved the little ones and shared their of his debts, and in keeping his word, were such as his mother surreptitiously pleasures and sympathized with them in but his sense of duty seemed to stop bought; the old man believed that the their griefs, but always repeating that

> benefit that same money would be to Abel as if that child still lived, and were known and beloved of all. In this custom the old man had great content and solace. For it was not from him, but from Abel, his son, and this was his express stipulation at al such times. I know whereof I speak, man came upon a time and said: "Ms little boy-Abel, you know-will give me no peace till I do what he requires saved in his bank--count it yourselves, it is \$50,000 -- and he bids me give it to the townsfolk for a hospital, one for little lame boys and girls. And I have promised him-my little boy Abel, you know-that I will give \$50,000 more You shall have it when the hospital is built." Surely enough, in eighteen that the place was to be called the Abe Dunklee hospital he was sorely distressed and shook his head and said: "No, no, not my name! Call it the Little Abe! hospital, for little Abel-my boy, you

know-has done it all." The old man lived many years-lived to hear tender voices bless him and see pale faces brighten at the sound of his footfall. Yes, for many years the quaint, shuffling figure moved about our streets, and his hoarse but kindly voice-oh, very kindly now !-- was heard repeating to the children that pathetic old story of "Once ther wuz a littl' boy." And where the dear old feet trod the grass grew greenest and the sunbeams nestled, But at last there came a summons for thi old man- a summons from away off youder-and the old man heard it and went

The doctor-himself hoary and stooping now-told me that toward the last Old Grampa Growly sunk into a sort of sleep or stupor, from which they could not one dead, but his thin, creased face was

At last the old man roused up, He had lain like one dead for many hours, ant park, under the trees, where so very which kept people from bothering him tery, with their charitable and sentimental Then the old man crept away from that to those little ones. Leastwise he made often he had told his one pathetic story

## PAPA WAS STUMPED.

He Ensw Nothing About Fractions, but Did Not Want to Admit It. "Papa," said a little West End girl

some of these examples. "Certainly, certainly," said the father.

"What's the trouble?" "Why, it says here that if a man travels 25,795 miles in 25½ days, how many

miles will he travel in one day?" he looked beamingly at his wife, "doesn't after the frying and let the butter become that remind us of old times? La, me! it very hot. Then cut six whole boiled just takes me to the little old log schoolmember the day-"

the example again. Now I have it. If a Sprinkle a tablespoonful of parsley over man travels 25,795 miles in 251 days, them, and serve them at once. They how many miles will he travel in one should be very hot when brought on the day? That's an easy one. Maria, do you table. remember that little red-headed fellow who sat in front of you and annoyed you with his beanshooter, and that hideous little Mary Bennett?"

"But, papa, what's the answer?" "Oh, the answer, let me see." The man figured and calculated and said, "oh!" and "ah" and scratched out and began again. Then he put his

pencil in his mouth, paused a long while, and at last said: "Maria, I've sorter forgotten about this fraction of a day business. How

does it go?" "Why, John," said the good woman, "you-er, you-er find the greatest common divisor, and-"

"Say, Maria, that reminds me of the joke about the janitor who saw these very words on the blackboard: 'Find the greatest common divisor,' and he said: 'Well, is that durned thing lost again?' Curious how those-But, papa, what's the answer?"

"Oh, yes, where was I? Well, you divide the 25,795 by 251, and the result keeps well and is always convenient will be the answer.' "I know, papa, but what's the re-

sult? "Didn't I just tell you that the result would be the answer? All you have to do is to put down the multiplicandmultiplicand! Where have I heard that Why, Maria, it just makes me want to get right out and play marbles and hookey and things."
"But, Henry, you haven't solved that

problem for the child." "That's so. Well, here goes. Twentyfive goes into twenty-five once. Twentyfive into seven no times, and into seventynine three times and four. And forty-five

once and twenty, or twenty twenty-fifths of twenty-five and one-halfths, or 1,031 and one-fifths or-" "Henry, what are you talking about?" "Maria, I started out to find that great-

"I say that any man who would undertaker to walk 25,795 miles in twenty-five and one-half days is just a plain, ordinary, every-day fool. He can't do

est common divisor of yours, but 'tain't

"But, papa, what's the---" "It hasn't got any answer. Just say to your teacher that it is preposterous idea of a man takin destrian tour as that, Truth is, Maria, he added, confidentially, to his wife, "I never did know anything about frac tions."-[St. Louis Republic,

# The French Bourgeosie.

The bourgeosie is that immense body of the French nation which represents l'epargne, or, in other words, capitalized savings. The bourgeois is the man who has made his money cent by cent during the first three-quarters of his life, and who spends it in pretty much the same proportion during the last remaining quarter. As long as he works he is not a bourgeois. But as soon as he retires from business and lives on his income, however small it may be, he becomes Monsieur Bourgeois. To reach this goal has been his one ambition through a lifetime of want and labor, and I imagine Heaven itself would appear an almost superfluous recompense to those who have attained this stage of human felicity. The bourgeois thinks of nothing, aspires to nothing, but to make money, not in a gay, off-hand, haphazard way, but ever cautiously, calculating over a centime or silently grasping after a

And the bourgeois in this case means the woman as well as the man, the wife as well as the husband, for both work on untiringly, attached by the same bonds to the yoke of labor. I remember once accompanying a friend to a confectioner's. She was a wealthy American who spent money lavishly. On this particular occasion she paid an unusually large bill, and while waiting for the change ate a tempting "fondant." We were leaving the shop when she suddenly re-membered it, and, turning to the saleswoman, with one of her beaming reception smiles, she said: "I have eaten two of your pretty bonbons; what do I owe you?" "Two cents," answered the woman, unhesitatingly. Had not these two centimes been discounted already by the proprietor? No Frenchman throws away two sous on a client unwittingly; no more than a French client would think of eating two sous' worth of candy without paying for it. The bourgeois knows too well what it costs to make two sous in an old country, and the rich man knows exactly the amount of pleasure be is entitled to expect from the same two sous.-[The Marquise de San Carlos, in North American Review.

hours in cold water before peeling them. After this scrub them thoroughly with a brush kept for this purpose, throw them piece of skin about three-quarters of an inch wide entirely around the potato. Do not peel them entirely, but dig out any deep eyes. Put them in a saucepan in cold water—never in boiling water at this season of the year—and bring them slowly to the boiling point. Cook them from 35 to 40 minutes after they have begun to boil. Then drain them. After they are thoroughly drained from all water, shake them briskly in a current of South Seas.

cold air. This process assists to make them mealy. Cover them at once with a coarse kitchen towel, not putting on the cover of the saucepan, and place for five or six minutes at the back of the range. the other evening, "I'm in fractions now, Then peel them and serve them at once. but I don't understand it. Tell me about | Cold potatoes which have been boiled in this way may be served again in a num-ber of delightful ways which have not palled upon the taste because of their frequent repet.tion. For potatoes a la Lyonnaise chop an onion fine, fry it brown in a tablespoonful of butter, add "Say, Maria," said the old man, as another tablespoonful to the iron spider potatoes into even slices and lay them in house in the woods. Why, Maria, I re- the spider, which should be ample enough to hold them without their lap "But, papa," interrupted the child.
"I'm in a hurry. What's the answer?"
"Oh, yes. Yes, of course. Give me sionally to prevent their burning.

> DELICIOUS MINCES, -A mince of veal is a very delicious breakfast dish if properly served. Heat the gravy of the day before or some stock. There should be about a cup and a half to the pound and a half of minced veal. Add half a cup of tomato sauce made as follows: Mince fine a balf a carrot and a tiny white onion or a quarter of a large one, add a quarter of a bay leaf, a clove and a couple of white peppers. Fry these ingredients in a tablespoonful of butter for five or six minutes, or till the vegetables are browned, then add two teaspoonfuls of flour, and stir the roux till it is well browned. Now add slowly a quart of ripe or canned tomatoes. sauce boils add a teaspoonful of salt, the same amount of sugar and a saltspoonful of pepper. Boil the sauce for threequarters of an hour. Strain it through a purce sieve. It is better to always make as large a quantity as this rule calls for at once, as the sauce to have on hand to serve with chops or a veal cutlet or with macaroni. the half cup of tomato sauce is added to the veal gravy, ad/also the minced veal and let the dish hoil up once. Serve it surrounded by a border of potatoes cut in tiny balls and fried trown or drained well after washing, rolled in melted butter and put in a very hot oven for twenty minutes to brown. Shake a very little salt over the potatoes after putting them around the mince. A mince of mutton is made but little differently. Fry an onion in butter, then add half a clove of garlic, a tablespoonful of raw tomato, and a little parsley minerd fine. Add now a cup of rich gravy or stock, and when the whole boils up add the mutton minced. Serve it at once. Sometimes this mince of meat is covered with fine breadcrumbs, scattered with bits of butter and set in the oven to brown for about ten minutes. A chopped pickle may be advantageously added to a mince of mutton. Venison, or almost any game, is very nice minced and warmed up in some of the gravy or sauce in which it was originally served. Add two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly to a mince of venison, or of any dark meat, like grouse. Turkey makes a most delicious mince.

# A NARROW ESCAPE.

Thrilling Experience of a Telegraph Operator.

One night during the winter of 1879, I sat at my desk sending some reports that had accumulated through the stress of more important work on the wire. I well remember what a blustery, disagreeable night it was, with the snow and sleet driving against the windows, and the wind fairly shaking the depot, Immediately after my task was done, the train dispatcher sent me an order to flag and hold No. 7 for orders. No. 7 was a western bound passenger train that did not stop at that point; and, moreover, seldom flagged, being first - class, and having right of way. was somewhat surprised, but made no remark, simply repeating the order as is customary to receive "O. K." from the dispatcher. As the train was nearly due I lighted my red and white lanterns and went out on the platform to wait. The storm had increased in fury and every blast chilled me through and through. I could scarcely see the switch light at the end of the freight-house through the snow. Presently the shriek of a whistle was wafted through the storm, which I knew was for a crossing about a mile castward. It seemed but a few seconds until again it sounded for the station and atmost instantly the headlight sprang into view.

At the same moment I stepped off the platform into the deep snow immediately in front of the oncoming train, and in my endeavor to save myself dropped one of my lanterns. It was the red one, Excited and dazed I sprang upon the platform forgetting to signal with the white light until the engine was abreast of me, when with all my force I swung it round my head and threw it at the cab window.

Horrors! It missed the cab entirely and went flying over the tender into the ditch beyond. The fireman was coaling up as I let go of it, and the light of the furnace almost blinded me. collecting myself I let a yell that under favorable circumstances could be heard a mile, but it was useless, and No. 7 disappeared in the darkness. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I rushed to the key. My feelings can be better imagined than portrayed when I found the wire dead open. For over three hours, that To Cook Potatoes.—At this season of the year, when potatoes have become somewhat rank and old it is always and of that time for a life time. At the somewhat rank and old, it is always best to soak them for about three or four hours in cold water before peeling them. No. 7's way when she came along, and that everything was all right, but that into clear, cold water, and peel off a fact did not excuse me, for besides being laid up in bed a week from shock, I received my discharge for pegligence. My story was not believed. - (F. A. W., in the Callicoon (N. Y.) Echo.

Free Trip to Chicago. letters to spell as many words as you can by using the letters as many times as you wisheither back wards or forwards, but not use the same letter in making any one word more times than it appears in "World's Fair."

than it appears in "World's Fair."

It is said seventy-fee small English words can be spelled correctly from the ten letters contained in "World's Fair." Example: Wad, waif, soar, idol, etc. If you are good at wordmaking you can secure a free trip to the World's Fair and return, as the Scott Seed Company will pay all expenses, including R.R. fare, hotel bills, admissions to the Columbian Exposition, and \$50 in cash for incidental expenses, to the first person able to make seventy words from the letters contained in "World's Fair," as above. They will also give a free trip to the World's Fair and return with \$25 for incidental expenses, to the first terson sending sixty words as above. They will also give a free trip to the World's Fair and return

for incidental expenses, to the first person sending sixty words as above. They will also give a free trip to the World's Fair and return (without cash for incidental expenses) to the first person sending fity-fire words.

To the first person sending fity-fire words will be given \$50 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair; to the first sending forty words will be given \$25 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair; to the first sending forty words will be given \$35 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair, to each of the first fit sending tairty words will be given \$55 in cash. Only one prize will be awarded to the same person. Write your name on list of words (numbered) and enclose the same (ostpaid with fitner U.S. two-cent stamps for a large package of our Choice English Cottage Garden Flower Seeds.

This combination includes the latest and most popular English flowers of endless varieties (same as will be contained in the elaborate exhibit of English flowers at the World's Fair).

This "World's Fair" Contest will be carefully and con-cienticusly conducted solely for the purpose of introducing our business in the U.S. You will receive the biogest value in flower seeds ever offered, and if you are able to make a good list of words and answer promptly you will have a first-class opportunity to secure a free trip from your home to Chicage and return.

We are spending a large amount of money to start our trade in the U.S. and want your trial order. You will be more than gratified with the result. Send to-day, and address the Scott Seed Company, Toronto, Canada.

But one in a thousand.—The figure one.

But one in a thousand, -The figure one.

# Hood's is the Best

The Judgment of Long



Mr. Grant W. Barnes

" Richford, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1893. "Hyself and my wife have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla with gratifying results. For years I have had kidney trouble, and also heart difficulty. I was unable to sleep on my left side for years. Hood's Sarsa-parilla has done me a great deal of good. I am free from kidney trouble, and can sleep on either side now, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. My wife has had a chronic sore throat for

Hood's Farilla Cures more than 20 years. It always troubled her more or less, but for the last 6 months, since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, she has not had a sore throat except once when she took a slight cold. We cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a good reliable medicine for the olood and to build up the system; I consider it the best medicine in use." GRANT W. GET HOOD'S. ARNES.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box. 25 cents

# 'August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years and first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried, but to no purpose. A friend recommended August Flower and words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold it. It has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia and biliousness." BARKER, Printer, Humboldt, Kas.@



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