TWO DREAMERS.

Under a tree two freamers lay. And unto one did the w nd's voice sav. "Castle Pleasure is building fast; I heard the hammers as I flew past." But to the other the wind's voice said,

' Pal Endeavor lies just ahead." dreamers tose. The years sped by, and the wind blew out of the changing sky. He who wrought for his brother well

Came to the castle of Joy to dwell; He who turned from the toil-ome hill, Beeking his castle-is seeking still. -[James Buckham.

A GOOD BEGINNING

"Well," impudently queried the man as he stood in the door of a fourth floor room and looked into the face of a woman whose cheeks had grown white as she heard his step on the landing.

"I'm sorry, sir, but ""
"Same old story, is it?" "I've had to tell you for the last two

months that I was out of work and couldn't pay my rent. That was bad enough, but now my Tom is out of work, too. He's there on the bed, sir, and the doctor says it's a touch of pneumonia." "You owe two months' back rent," he

said as he inspected the poor old furniture and wondered if it would pay to at-"Yes, sir, but if you'll only have a

little patience we'll pay you." "Patience won't pay taxes nor make repairs. I'll give you the day to pack your traps.

"But where will I go?" "Beat some other landlord out of two months' rent."

"I haven't a shilling in the house and there lies my sick boy! Give me a week anyhow. It will be the death of Tom to be carried out. It's too cold in the room here, but I've only a little coal and have to use it more carefully than you do

"You can talk to the constables when they come; I'm sick and tired of hearing these varns.

Before the week is out I may find work. If Tom was well I wouldn't say a word, but don't set us out with him so badly off that the doctor -Talk to the constables!" shouted the

man, as he turned to go. 'But, sir, if you would only let us stay another week, I'm sure you wouldn't lose by it. There's such a thing as the

ready to give up. "Can't stop-talk to the constable-two month's back rent or out you

That was the way the year opened for the Widow Flint and her boy Tom. It was hard times all around. Plenty of energetic, skillful mechanics were out of work and behind in their rent, and dealers and manufacturers who generally had plenty of work to give out were holding back to watch the business outlook. Tom might have kept his place at \$3 per week in the box factory, but had made him susceptible to exposure and brought him low. There wasn't money enough in the house to get the doctor's prescription filled out at a drug store, and it was well that the boy's fever blunted his appetite, as a loaf of bread house. Neighbors! Yes, plenty of them. There were forty families under that roof, but most of them had little else but bread. When poverty begins to hunger their poverty is selfish.

It makes people selfish to herd them together. The sight of each other's destitution blunts all sentiment.

"But-he's like the mayor, ain't henever noticing anybody but well-off

"Tom, the Lord looks down upon us all-the poor as well as the rich. are all in His keeping. Don't doubt His goodness. It's hard work to be sick and freezing and hungering, but if it's our burden to bear, we must do it. You must have medicine, Tom. I'm going out to see if I can pawn my shawl. "And then you can't go out to look for work."

"But it may save you." She went out and walked about for an hour, but pawnbrokers and second-hand clothing dealers were taking a holiday with the rest of the world. She finally entered a drug store, and asked of the urbane proprietor, who came forward rubbing his hands, to take the shawl and fill the prescription.

"Very sorry, you know, but we couldn't do it," he replied. "Medicines are cash, and the shawl is old and thin and not worth anything."
"But my Tom is threatened with

pneumonia, sir." "Y-e-s. Just the sort of weather for

pneumonia, and most of the cases seem to prove fatal." "And must he die for the want of this

medicine?" "Good-day, ma'am-good-day. I notice the thermometer is down to zero, and I shouldn't wonder if it would go lower before night."

She had assured Tom that there was only one God, and that He watched over the poor as well as the rich, but as she wended her way homewards she had to combat her doubts. His fever was worse, and he was out of his mind, and all day long he moaned and tossed about, and she could do no more than hold a cup of water to his lips now and then. When night began to fall she made up a bundle of Tom's clothes. They were old, but of more value than her shawl. If he died she would not redeem them; if he get well—— Well, she had said that the Lord sometimes raised up a friend for the poor and distressed.

. . . . "Humph! Four o'clock p. m., and New Year's Day, and you not out of bed

It was a young man of 25, who had gone to bed at 2 o'clock that morning. His face was pinched and pale, his eyes hollow and bloodshot, and one looking at him might have taken him for an old

"Made 2 === of yourself again last night, didn't you?" he growled, talking to himself as he lay looking around. The Hebrew scribes were the lawyers, registers and notaries public of their nation.

"Old man, do you know that I'm about ready to cut your acquaintance? young man of decent family-plenty of money, good prospects, and yet how are you using yourself? Champague, cards, dissipation. Going right to the dogs on the gallop. At 25 you feel like a man Health, prospects and the whole outfit going to the devil, and what are you getting in exchange? You are the son of your father and a high roller-

He lazily turned over, sat up on the side of the bed and continued:

"Head as big as a house, and your stomach full of vitriol. Nice chap you are. A decent mule ought to be ashamed to kick you. No sand-no energyhardly strength enough to get into your clothes aud wash up. You and I are going to have a talk after a bit. Had no idea where the boys tucked me away this morning, but I guess this is a hotel, and I'll order up a bite to eat."

Half an hour later the high-roller sat down to his cigar, and as he smoked he

"What I want to know is how much longer you are going to continue this sort of business. You've had six or seven years of it, and it seems to me that you ought to be through. When a young man gets to that point where he realizes that he is an ass he's ready for a change. Suppose we swear off? Suppose we surprise the old folks by dropping this high-roller business and living a half-way decent life. Champagne, cards, songs, eigars and all that last night till you were drunk as an old bum. That reminds me. Seems to me I had a

streak of luck. Let's see!" He had money in every pocket-twos, fives and tens. The bills were crumpled and rolled, but he smoothed them out on his knee and counted them over and

"A fool for luck! Here's an even \$300, and I must have had luck, just about enough to pay for a wine supper, and just about a hundredth part of what I've lost at cards. Well, what are you going to do about the other matterswearing off? Strikes you as about the correct thing, does it? All right. Hold up your right hand and repeat after me.

'I, James Forbush, being in my right mind for the first time in several years, and fully realizing that I am the biggest idiot in North America, do hereby affirm and declare that I am no longer a highroller on wheels. In other words, I pledge myself to eschew cards, drink and other rapid transit matters, from and after this first day of January, 189-, and if I break my word may I be despised by men and kicked by animals."

"That's all right, old man-all right. Lord raising up a friend for the widow May come hard, but you'll wobble and the fatherless just when they are through. Now, as to the money. You don't need it. It was won at cards, and there's wine stains on every bill. In being a high roller you've forgotten all about charity. You've been ready to flip a dollar to the waiter who held your overcoat, but never a nickel to the beggar on the street. Let's take a walk."

> "Well, what's the matter with you?" "Don't arrest me, sir; I'll move on."
> "Arrest nothing! What's in the bundle?"

"Tom's suit, sir." "And who's Tom?"

"My boy, sir, and he's sick with pneumonia, and I'm trying to sell his clothes to get medicine

"Come off! I never heard of such a thing!

yourself?" She led the way and he followed. When he saw the pinching poverty and heard her story—when he stood by the bed and saw how sick poor Tom was, he of the geome

smiled grimly, and said: "Then there are high-rollers and lowrollers! Never knew that before. Never from poverty. So this is poverty, eh?-

boy's clothes for medicine! At that moment Tom ceased his moaning and opened his eyes and saw the strange man in the room.

"I thought it was a dream, mother!" "What, Tom?" "About the Lord. I was walking the streets and looking all over for Him, and He was right here all the time! Now

was a Lord, but-I-I-." "What does he mean?" asked the high-"Why, sir, I told him that the Lord might raise up a friend for us. He was aspect due to seasonal changes would

if the Lord watched over the poor." One by one he counted the bills into her hand-just \$300, and put on his hat

Why, sir-but you see-you don't mean all this for me?" "Get medicine-a doctor-coal-provisions-save Tom's life!" he said, as he went out.

She sat down in a chair, dazed and faint and wondering if she had not passed from earth to heaven, and as he clattered

the night-he muttered: "Old man, you've made a beginning, and now see if you can't keep it up."-

Absence of Mind.

Detroit Free Press.

The celebrated Lessing was remarkable for frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a hand ful of gold on the table.

"Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends. "Count it?" said Lessing, somewhat embarrassed; "no; I forgot that."

At a public sale there was a book which Lessing was very desirous of possessing. He gave three of his friends at different times a commission to buy it at any price. They accordingly bid against each other till they had got as high as ninety crowns. Happilly, one of them thought it best to speak to the others, when it appeared they had all been bidding for Lessing, whose forgetfulness on this occasion cost him eighty crowns.—
[Sala's Journal.

HOW PAPER MONEY IS MADE.

Work of Uncle Sam's Expert Engravers at Washington.

If you will look at the pictures upon a one-dollar bill, you will see that the portrait of Martha Washington or of Stanton is composed altogether of curved or straight lines -- the only kind of engraving that is allowed to be done in the bureau because unless it is done in this manner that's all. When you come to figure it and unless the lines are cut very deep, the engravings cannot be used. Now this down you are a champion fool-nothing portrait was engraved in a piece of steel by the use of a very sharp little instrument known as a graver.

Every little scratch on the steel plate will, in printing, show a black line, so you will see how very careful the engraver has to be that he shall not make any false scratches, and that the lines shall be just so long and just so broad.

Now, steel engraving is the direct opposite of wood engraving. The scratches and cuts made on a wooden block will be white in the print, and it is only the uncut portions of the block that print black; while on the steel the unscratched portion leaves the paper white.

When a design has been cut on a steel plate, and is ready to be printed, the ink is put on the plate or block, and all the cuts and scratches become filled with ink. Then the ink is carefully rubbed off of the surface, so that none remains | child !- [Judge. except what is in the lines. When a piece of dampened paper is placed on the plate and subjected to very heavy pressure, it sinks into the lines; and when it is taken off it draws the ink out with it. and thus the picture is printed on the

or two months to complete one portrait, and a man who engraves the portraits never does any other kind of engraving. Each engraver does only a certain portion of the work on a note; no one is permitted to engrave an entire note; so that besides the portrait engravers there are some who do nothing but engrave the figures, the seal, the lettering, the border, etc. In this way it would be impossible for an engraver to make a complete engraving for his own use, if he were dishonest enough to want to do such a thing.

Besides this manual work, some of the engraving is done by machinery, as for example, the background of the portrait and of the borders, and the shading of the letters- this being done by what is known as the ruling-machine, which can rule several hundred perfectly straight lines within an inch. The intricate scroll and lace-like work around the figures on the face and the back of the note is done by a wonderful machine known as the geometric lathe. This machine consists of a large number of wheels of all sizes and in all sorts of arrangements, together with a complicated mechanism of eccentrics and rods, all of which is incomprehensible to any one but an expert machinist.

By a proper adjustment of its parts the delicate diamond point that moves about over the face of the steel is made to work out a perfect and artistic pattern with greater accuracy and much more speed than could be done by hand; and hence this delicate and intricate part of Drama. the engraving is one of the greatest obstacles with which the counterfeiter has to contend, for he finds it next to impossible to imitate it correctly.

Fortunately for Uncle Sam, the geometric lathe is a very complicated and very expensive machine, and the counterfeiter is generally a poor man; and even if he did manage to lay up enough money "Here's the prescription, sir, and will to buy the lathe, it is hardly likely he was the only palatable thing in the you come home with me and see for would live long enough to learn how to use it properly; for there are only four men in the world who understand how

Indeed, the man who now has charge of the geometric lathe at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is the only one in the United States at the present time who knows how to manage it; and had an idea that people really suffered if anything should happen to him, it might tangle matters up for a while in no money-no hopes-boy sick-rent due this important branch of our Uncle -coal out-and you trying to sell the Sam's big government .- [St. Nicholas.

HUES OF THE EARTH.

The Color of Mars Believed to Be Due to Its Red Vegetation.

The wonderful difference between the same landscape in winter and in summer is a phenomenon familiar to all dwellers we'll have the medicine and a good fire in the temperate zones. The two great and something to eat! You said there elements of changes are the presence of snow in winter and of leaves and grass in summer. If we could look at our globe from the moon, says a writer in Youth's Companion, the variation in its so ill and we were so poor that he doubted perhaps be even more striking than it appears to those upon its surface.

In fact, we sometimes lose sight of the very important part which vegetation plays in giving color to what might be countenance of the planet.

It is not the higher forms of plants that always produce the greatest effect in this way. Some of the most striking scenes upon earth owe their characteristic features to mosses and lichens. The famous "crimson cliffs," of Greenland, which extend for miles northward from down stairs and got out into the cold and | Cape York, derive their splendid color from the growth of red lichen which

covers their faces. The cliffs rise between 1,700 and 2,-000 feet straight from the water's edge, and being composed of gray granite their aspect would be entirely different from what it is but for the presence of

the lichen. Coming to less magnificent, but not less beautiful scenery, the rocky pass, called the Golden Gate, in the Ye'lowstone National Park, owes its rich color and its name to the yellow lichen cover-ing its lofty walls, and the indescribable hues of the great hot spring terraces arise mainly from the presence of minute plants flourishing in the water that over-

lows them. Considered as a whole, the vegetation of a planet may give it a characteristic aspect as viewed from space. Many have thought that the red color of Mars may be due to the existence of red instead of

green vegetation there.

That its broad expanses of forest and prairie land cause the earth to reflect a considerable quantity of green light to its neighbors is indicated by the fact that at the time of the new moon a greenish tint has been detected overspreading that part of the lunar surface which is then illuminated only by "git from the

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Unavoidable-Why She Decided-An Confession, Etc., Etc.

UNAVOIDABLE.

Tapeleigh - When the boss commenced to bully you for not showing up yesterday you ought not to have lost your head. Scrapeleigh-How could I help 'it? The first thing he did was to cut it off.

- New York Herald. WHY SHE DECIDED.

Maud-Which will you accept, Frank Waite or Charley Pruyn? May-Well, I prefer Charley, but I think I shall accept Frnk. Maud-For his money?

May-No; for his asking .- [Truth. AN INFANT PHENOMENON.

Fond Mother-Big? Do you think so? Why, we think he is rather small for his age. Talk? Oh, yes, he talks; but he hasn't said anything remarkable-yet. Visitors (together)-What a wonderful

WOMAN'S WAY OF KEEPING PEACE. Mrs. Muzler (on a visit)-I trust, my daughter, that you make your husband happy?

The Daughter (bride of one year)-Oh, yes, mamma! Whenever we quarrel It takes an engraver about six weeks I get him to give in and make up .- [Chicago Record.

> AN UNEXPECTED CONFESSION. "I know I play a poor game of billiards now," said the man with a cue in

his hand, "but"-"You used to play a great game," interrupted a sarcastic bystander. "But," continued the man with the cue, not noticing the interruption, "but,

as I was saying, I used to play a far poorer game."-[Detroit Journal. DESERVING OF MEDALS.

"Brown has received fifteen medals from the cycle club this week. Are they tor good work?" Bragg-Yes; they are for the people

he has run over and not killed .-- [Chicago Inter-Ocean. A SLIGHT CONFUSION.

She tripped down the stairs and an-

swered the postman's knock, for she was expecting letters far too precious to be intrusted to footman or maid. "What have we here?" she inquired

smilingly, as she took the missives; 'Billets doux?" "Not exactly, miss," replied the new 'etter-carrier with a blush, "my name's

Billy Dooley."-[Washington Star.

IT TROUBLED HIM.

Willis-You have a cold. Does it trouble you much? Wallace-Yes. Every blamed fool I meet asks me about it .- | Music and | Life.

The Old Gentleman-And you really think you must have my daughter's

He (devotedly)-I do, sir. The Old Gentleman-Well, remember it includes a sixteen-button glove. Take her; be happy!--[Truth.

IT OFTEN WORKS THAT WAY.

Mrs. Wayback-Young Jim Junkett don't seem to amount to much since he

Mr. Wayback-No; you see his college education made him too smart to work and not smart enough to get along without work .- Puck.

HIS LAST WORDS.

"What did you get, popper?" asked the little fish, as he saw his parent make a dart at a nice fat worm.

" Hooks," answered the parent. And then he soared to the world above. - [Iudianapolis Journal. THE ESSENTIAL PEATURE.

"I'm afraid this picture is spoiled; the

baby moved her head. Mother-Oh, that doesn't matter; her Inter-Ocean.

ACTED ON HIS PRINCIPLES.

a soft answer turneth away wrath? Johnnie-Yes, sir. Mr. Goodman-And what did you say to him? Johnnie-Nothing, sir. I threw a rot-

ten apple at him. - [Truth. A DEGENERATE NEW ENGLANDER.

"Beans, ma'am," exclaimed the man at the kitchen door, aghast. "Beans! Why, ma'am, I've come more'n a thou sand miles to git away from 'em!" And the tourist from Boston went sadly away and tried the next house. -[Chicago Tribune.

A DIABOLICAL SCHEME.

"I want to go home. Not one gentleman has come near me the whole evening," said a neglected maiden at a Har-lem sociable. Whereupon her mother whispered in her ear:

"I'll tell you what to do. There is a gentleman's hat on that chair. Sit down on it, and the owner of that hat will have to hunt you up sooner or later, and then you can scrape an acquaintance with him."—[Texas Siftings.

NOT TO BLAME.

Tenant-See here! That house you rented me is infested with rats. Every night we are waked up by the racket, Agent-That's very strange. The last tenant never said a word about rats. "Well, then, of course you are not to

"No. The people who lived there be-fore never complained of anything except ghosts."

HEROIC REMEDIES. Student-Professor, is it proper to amputate when you can't check erysipe-

Student—I thought so, but I was a little nervous before I (decapitated that patient at the hospital.—[Life.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Teacher-Now, children, who can tell me what comes under the head of meat! Bright Boy-The neck, ma'am .-[Puck.

AND HE LEFT.

"Rose," said the adorer, taking his hat Infant Phenomenon-An Unexpected and cane for the seventh time, and mak ing the third bluff at leaving since 11 o'clock, "Rose, bid me but hope. I

could wait for you forever."
"That's all very well, Mr. Staylate," said the beautiful girl, coldly, "but you needn't begin to-night."

Mrs. Kings-Dorter (impressing one of her proteges) - Be brave and earnest and you will succeed. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with? same household. Willy Raggs--Yes, mum; he couldn't tell a lie!- Puck.

GONE FROM HIM.

First Steamship Passenger-Do you know what they had for breakfast this morning? Second Steamship Passenger-No. gave it up long ago. - [Judge.

WANTED TO BE KICKED. Caller-I have a little bill here which

Hardup (interrupting) -The cashier is Caller-Very well; I'll call around ome other day and pay it. Good day. Hardup requested the office boy to kick him six times .- [Philadelphia Rec-

TWENTY-ONE IN ALL.

"How many neighbors have you, all "Eighteen, and three my wife doesn't speak to."- [Detroit Tribune.

A SENSIBLE YOUTH.

"How do you begin to shave, Chap-"Aw-I follow the good old wule,

deah boy, youah know: first catch youah haish."- Truth. AN INAPPPOPRIATE SIMILE.

"Milton is a regular mouse in dispo sition, isn't he?" "Great Jupiter! no; his wife hasn't an idea of being afraid of him."

"Mrs. Jones, your husband is down town on a big bat.

ANOTHER KIND OF BIRD.

"Is that so? He told me he was only going on a little lark."- New York NO HELP FOR IT. Dashaway-Old man, can't you dine with me to-morrow night?

you will have to make it eight o'clock. Dashaway-Why so late?

Stuffer-I have another at six- Puck. TO BE CONGRATULATED. Willis-Borrowit has removed to Kansas. He says his nearest neighbor is thirty miles away. Wallace-Lucky neighbor. - Brooklyn

EVERYTHING IN STOCK.

Customer-I'm looking for a tall man with one arm. Floorwalker-Certainly. The remnant counter is just across the store. - [Puc

NOT A HARE CASE.

"That woman doesn't know her own mind. "What's the reason?"

"She changes it so often." "Gatored Mules."

The Washington News says that a ''gatored'" mule is, according to Florida dislect, a mule that has been driven partially insane by an alligator. There are hundreds of such demented mules in Florida, and it is a fact that they are never the same after a genuine fright of this sort.

I helped to 'gator one myself, writes a traveller. I had been staying at Ocala, and finally agreed with several friends to go hunting in the south. Some distance abounding in game. After pitching camp I went for a walk, and before long I found a gator hole From the strong, dress looks perfectly lovely .- [Chicago musty odor issuing from it I knew the owner must be at home. I decided to capture him, and called my companions. Several times we fammed a long pole Mr. Goodman-When Willie Tuffun into the burrow. Finally we heard a called you a liar, did you remember that snap like the report of a gun, and the pole remained fast. The 'gator had seized it. We tried vainly to pull him out. Then some one suggested that we try our camp mule. The mule was led down to the hole, a chain fastened to him and the pole, and the frightened animal was started. There was a creaking of chains, a roar, and an alligator, fully seven feet in length, came out with a rush, as the mule started on a wild run for the road. The saurian's teeth were sunken so deeply in the pole that he could not release himself, and away went mule, pole and all. The alligator spun round, hissing like a steam-engine; but he held on, while the mule, thinking himself pursued, snorted and ran. We followed. Into the main street of Ocala flew the mule and his queer load. Completely exhausted, he was stopped by a party of men near the post-office. The 'gator was dead. We skinned and stuffed him. The mule recovered, but the sight of a swamp now throws him into a perfect frenzy of terror.

A Puzzle.

Among the puzzling questions sometimes put to young men and women in collegiate examinations is this: "What were the ten days in the world's history in which nothing was eaten, nothing drunk, and nothing spoken?" The answer is, of course, the period between October 5th and 15th in the year 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII, sliced ten days off the calendar. That was the beginning of the Gregorian calendar. From 1582 to 1700 the difference between the old and new styles was ten days. In the eighteenth century it was eleven days. In the present cenury it is twelve days. From 1900 to 2100 it will be thirteen days .- [Worthington's Magazine,

In 1890 Pennsylvania had 5,250,000 inhabitants and produced 4,250,000 tons

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE. RAILROAD ENGINEER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

THE WONDERFUL STORY TOLD BY FRED C. YORK AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW TO A RE-PORTER OF THE BOSTON HERALD-BOTH ARE RESTORED AFTER

YEARS OF AGONY. [From the Boston Herald.] The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Fred C. Vose, his wife and his mother-in law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the

To the Herald reporter who was sent to

investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose said: "I am thirty-seven years old, and have been railroading for the Fitchburg for fifteen years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past seven years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stomach would not retain food ; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn, and my breath was offensive. I had physicians, but they failed to help me. My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs and couldn't sleep nights. If I lay down my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all. I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit when, sometime in February last, I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Beof boxes of Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxee I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas beiching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am leeling better than at any time during the last eight years. I can confi-dently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medi-cine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in legs and hands are all gone. The plans in the small of my buck, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I am feeling 100 per cent, better in every shape

and manner. The reporter next saw Mrs. Holt, who said:
"I am 57 years old, and for 14 years past I
have had an intermittent heart trouble.
Three years ago I had nervous prostration, Stuffer-Certainly, old fellow; but by which my heart trouble was increased so badly that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had con-tinual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. In 14 weeks I spent \$309 for doctor bills and mediweeks I spent 7500 for doctor blisant means for cines, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctoring in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, and the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping entirely the pain in the spine and in the region of the liver. My stomach is again normal, and the palpi-

tation of the heart has troubled me but three times since I commenced the pills."

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shatand richness to the blood and restore shat-tered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxis, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neural-gia, rheumatism, nervous licadache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be seen post paid on receipt of price or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont.

Another Great Ship Canal. The great canal between the North and Baltic seas is fast approaching completion, and the engineers say that will be opened without fail next year. It has no locks or sluices along from town we located upon a small stream | its course, but at each end there are gates regulating the water level in the canal. The average level will be the same as that in the Baltic. The bed of the canal is 27 feet below normal water level and it has a bottom width of 68 yards. The slope of the sides is either two to one or three to one, and the least depth of water is to be about 18 feet deep. The Baltic trading steamers generally draw less water than this minimum and are of such a beam that they can easily pass in the canal. The greatest amount of curvature is made with a radius of 3,000 feet, and 63 per cent. of the canal is straight. During the summer about 5,000 men have been at work on the great ditch, and up to the present time about 100,000,000 cubic yards of excavation have been completed at an expense of about \$17,500,-003. The entire cost of the canal is es-timated at \$39,000,000, of which sum Prussia contributes \$12,500,000 and the German Empire the balance.



Mrs. Eliza Logree

SORE EYES and headache made me blind. I tried everything I heard of and went to the Rhode Island
Hospital, but found no relief. A friend advised Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have now become
as well as ever. My eyes have perfectly healed and the headache is cured. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done it all." Mrs. E. LOGRER.
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