

THE GLOAMING.

A wish at close of day,
The evening waits;
A hope, a morning ray
From eastern gates:
A bright and sunny spot
Along the stream;
A quiet sheltered grot,
Where we can dream;
A window looking west
Toward sunset gold,
Bespeaking gentle rest
When we are old:
A glow in yonder sky
When shadows creep,
And love's soft lullaby
Invites sleep:
A hand to clasp in ours
With pressure dear,
And then—some simple flowers
With friendships near:
A good-night gloaming kiss,
Life's day complete;
A lingering hour of bliss
Where twilight meets.
—(Wallace Bruce in Blackwood.)

THE RED FORESTER.

BY JANE L. ROBERTS.

One fine day in October three children were merrily at play on the outskirts of one of the grand old forests that are found on the Baltic shore. The pretty red and yellow leaves under their feet afforded them immense delight as they massed them into a pile, upon which the three-year-old Elsa was seated in great contentment, making the bright things fly in all directions with the stick in her hand.

The eldest child, a boy of ten, had a kind, thoughtful face; the other, a happy and light-hearted boy of eight, did not rest until he, too, had found a good, stout stick, with which he aided his sister in scattering the fluttering leaves to the four winds.

Suddenly the air about them was darkened, and over their heads a great bird came flying low with flapping wings and dismal croak. Down it came on the pile of leaves beside the little one. Its eyes were keen and piercing, and the child gave a scream of terror as it looked into her face with a hoarse cry. In a moment the older boy had caught up his brother's stick and, aiming two or three stout blows at the bird's head, laid it lifeless.

As he took Elsa in his arms and soothed her the younger boy examined the raven. "Oh, Hans," said he, "I fear that was one of the Red Forester's birds, it is so large and its look is so evil. Old Walther says sorrow comes to any who molest them."

"Mother says old Walther is not always truthful," answered Hans. "We must not mind his stories. Leave the bird, Otto. Come, the wind is cool, and Mother will look for the baby now."

Two or three hundred yards from where the children played might be seen the straw-thatched roof of their little home, and from the sand bluffs before the cottage one had a view of miles of seacoast. To-day the waves rippled and danced in the sunlight as if no storms could ever disturb their calm. At anchor near the shore lay a number of fishing boats, making a pretty bit of color with their copper-hued sails; and the white, sandy beach was covered for a long stretch with the nets hung out to dry on the endless frames, showing plainly the general occupation of the breadwinners of that pretty village nestling between the forest and shore.

Fisher Muller and his wife, although simple folks, were superior to the people with whom their lot was cast. In his youth the fisher had hoped to attain some better station; but the military service of his country held him the best years of his life, and he returned from service to find the only means left him of procuring a livelihood was to follow his father's calling, and so he continued to be a fisherman.

Frau Muller was gentle and thoughtful, and, as the little home was well tended and snug, they were content and only longed for something better for their children.

The mother met the children at the door and taking Elsa from Hans, asked the reason of her cry. The boy eagerly told the story of the great bird that would have eaten Elsa's eyes, but that Hans gave him a whack in time. "Mother," said Hans, "Otto says the Red Forester will punish me. Old Walther told him so."

"What did Walther tell you about the Red Forester?" said the mother. "Have you not heard of the old red man?" asked Otto.

"What about him?" said Frau Muller, as she clasped Elsa close in her arms and pressed her lips to the rosy cheeks.

"He has a castle in the wildest and darkest part of the forest, but no one ever returns that seeks it; and if one kill his favorite bird, the raven, sorrow will come—bitter sorrow."

As the boy told his story, darkness had come on and the wind began to moan round the house.

The mother sat quiet, with her baby asleep on her knee. "Mother," said Hans, troubled at her silence, "you don't speak; do you believe old Walther's story?"

"No, Hans," said the mother; "but you should have tried to frighten away the bird before killing it."

Poor Hans. He felt sad and heavy-hearted. His mother's face wore a troubled look, he was sure. And this was true; for the entire force of fishermen were out at sea, and old Walther had called to tell her a heavy

storm was brewing; many shooting stars had been seen the night before, showing clearly from which direction to expect the wind. Did she not recall the woe the last October storm had brought to three families?

Indeed, she remembered it only too vividly. The wind as it blew stronger sounded more and more dreadful to her. If, as last year, they were driven far out, it would be days before all could return; until then what terrible anxiety! The sight of a great pair of boots in the corner made her shudder, for she knew they were the fisherman's doom. Weighted down by these heavy rubber things, which are buckled securely about the legs and loins, there is no possible chance for a man to save himself in the water. And thus it is that none of the fishers learn to swim, preferring the drowning agonies to be over as soon as possible.

Frau Muller rose at length and put the little one to bed, not dreaming that Hans was watching every look. Old Walther's forecast was indeed true, and before morning the sea was terrific to look upon. The rain fell in sheets, and the beautiful leaves of yesterday lay sodden and colorless when the children looked in dismay from the windows. Could things change so quickly?

The next day the storm grew still more furious. The mother's heart became as lead. Her husband had gone from his home young and strong. Was he never to return? She would not, could not believe it.

The second night of the storm she was startled by a cry of pain from Hans, and running to his bedside she found him sitting up, white with terror. "Mother, the raven wants my father's life or mine. It came to me in my sleep."

"My child, pray for your father's life; he needs all our prayers," she answered, full of her sad forebodings. The boy was in despair; did his mother really think he had brought trouble on his home? Would the Red Forester demand an equivalent?

The little fellow spent the next day in a dazed condition. His mother was too full of anxieties to notice that he neither ate nor spoke. One thought grew stronger in his mind as the storm increased. He would find the abode of the Red Forester. What was his life if only his father was saved to the rest?

As the third morning dawned the storm was lessening; but when no boats came in all was gloom and sorrow. The old men shook their heads as they looked on the sea. No doubt some had gone out who would never return.

The little fellow's brain was distracted. It was still early morning. The mother slept, worn out with care. He must go at once. Putting on his old jacket and looking his last on all he loved, the little fellow made his way into the wildest and most unfrequented part of the wood. He was a good walker and strong enough for his age, but his condition of mind for the last three days had brought on a feverish state; for he had neither eaten nor slept save to dream of horrors.

Hans had not walked far in the cold, damp place before his limbs began to fail him. A few hours found him in a strange, lifeless condition, with only one idea before him, to go deeper and deeper into the black, untrodden wilds.

By and by the fever took possession of his reason, and he began to mutter as he walked: "Oh, my father, my life for yours; spare my father!"

Hours went by and still he walked on, not knowing how he moved. The darkness came on early, and the boy began to fall in his weakness.

All at once he found himself in a clear space, in the middle of which a great fire was burning. Had he indeed found the Red Forester? Yes; it must be so. A man in a red gown and a golden cap was feeding the fire with fierce delight.

He would be burnt alive. That would be his fate. But what did it matter? He could not suffer more than he had done. He made an attempt to attract the red man's notice, but could not. His strength was gone, and tottering nearer the dread being with the cry, "My father, save my father!" Hans fell down beside the fire unconscious.

It was a most surprised old gentleman into whose presence the boy had tumbled. Lovingly and tenderly he carried the child into a warm, pleasant room where all was done to restore him. His wet clothing was removed; and although Hans felt the comfort of a warm bed, still, all night long he tossed and cried in fever; "My father, oh, Red Forester, my father!"

It was into a hunting lodge of one of the royal family that Hans had wandered. The old gentleman, who looked so fierce in the glare of the fire, was a most benevolent and gentle doctor of eminence, a friend of the Prince. The gnats had troubled him so during the day that a fire had been made to attract them from the lodge.

"I shall never be thankful enough that I made the fire," said the doctor, as he worked over the child. "Thank God, too, I have my medicine chest; what could the child mean about his father? Well, had he lain out there all night no mortal help could have saved him."

By morning the doctor had done much to reduce the fever, and when Hans opened his eyes at last to consciousness the red man stood at the door looking out. The child glanced around. What had come to him? What place was this, so warm and beautiful, yet fearful? The skins of animals hung everywhere; not only skins but heads with eyes, living eyes glared at him. All kinds of terrible, gleaming weapons shone on the wall. Oh, what a horrible place! Yet

there were flowers in the windows, and the bed was so soft.

As he tried to move, the man in red turned and came to his side. The child clasped his hands and cried, fearfully: "Red Forester, take my life, but not father's. Mother could not live without him, and what would we poor children do then? Your raven gave Elsa such fear, and I did not know that you loved him so."

"My child, before I hear another word," said the doctor, "you must eat this good soup I have ready and drink a glass of cordial. My old red gown has given your mind a twist, I fancy; so off it goes." Hans looked up from his food and saw a fine old gentleman in a black coat with a face kind and winning as a child's. In the most loving manner he drew the story of the boy's trouble from him. "My dear child, your father's life is in the hands of One who rules all things for the best. The storm has been a dreadful one, but we will not think of sorrow. Think only that you are safe, and sleep again so that you will be able to return to the mother, who must be bearing more trouble on your account."

In a few moments Hans was again sleeping, content and almost happy. The Prince and a number of his friends came in to look at him as he slept, and to them the doctor told of the mental and physical suffering the little fellow had undergone. The gentlemen were deeply interested.

"That boy will grow to be a fine man if he only has the right training," said the doctor.

"You cannot do better than train him yourself," said the Prince. "You are without family. In the meantime if sorrow has come to the home we must help that mother. How soon will he be able to return?"

"As soon as he awakens I shall drive him home," answered the doctor.

A sleep of some hours almost restored Hans. He was lifted into a comfortable carriage, with the doctor by his side; and in the long drive that followed Hans was taught in the pleasant way the folly of believing the silly stories so common among the people.

A drive of a few hours brought them in sight of the shore and the home Hans had left in despair the day before. The boy was still weak; but as the sea, now calm and still, came in sight, he sprang up and gave a long look at the boats at anchor. A shout of joy burst from him. The doctor also sprang up. "My father's boat!" he cried, pointing to one of the number. "My father is safe!" and the tears and sobs came fast.

The Herr Doctor found himself blowing his nose and wiping his eyes as well. In a few moments the boy was in his father's arms, the doctor himself telling his story; and then fisher Muller related how they had been blown far out the first night of the storm and had taken refuge on the island of Rugen, where a benevolent Danish lady of title had built a refuge for fishermen, who find there warmth and food awaiting all who are driven on that shore; and many there are who bless this good woman for their rescue from the horrors of exposure.

The good language and clear intellect of the man, his honest bearing and the neatness of the simple home won the doctor's heart. "Give Hans to me," he said. The father and mother did not speak.

"Forgive me, that is not right, you must all come to me; I have long needed some one honest and true to take an interest in my comfort and home. Hans can still be with you; we will share him together." So after a time all was arranged.

The doctor never repented his interest in the Muller family, to the end of his life; for they remained his devoted and trusty servants. Hans studied the profession of his beloved friend and teacher, becoming his right hand truly. To-day his name stands first among the eminent and benevolent men of his time.—[New York Independent.]

Terrapin Farming.

Terrapin farming is an undeveloped industry, but susceptible of yielding good returns. Over \$1,500,000 worth of diamond-back terrapin are taken out of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries every year. As the price averages \$80 a dozen, this represents 600,000 terrapin annually. During the season 500 men are engaged in catching them. In two or three places along the Chesapeake bay the precious diamond-back variety are hatched and reared in "crawls." Such a "crawl" is simply an inclosure through which the tides ebb and flow. The bottom is of mud and grass, and there is a convenient sand bank for the mother turtles to lay their eggs in. At breeding time the turtle scratches a shallow hole in the sand and deposits from eight to twenty eggs, which she covers up, and then goes back to the water.

Lest gulls and crows should scratch the eggs up and eat them, nets are sometimes spread over the nests. The young are hatched about September 1, but often remain buried until spring. Sometimes they are packed in boxes with straw until they get to be a few weeks old and are ready to go into the water. They grow about one inch a year, and at the end of six years are big enough to be called "counts" and to sell at the highest market price. They are fed twice a week with crabs and fish to fatten them.—[New York World.]

A mirror only reflects a body to ninety-two per cent. of the light thrown on it.

HOME OF THE BANANA.

HOW IT GROWS IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

Strange Result of a Scheme to Rid the Island of Rats—Description of a Banana Field.

The great garden for banana growing is in the island of Jamaica. Mr. C. T. Simpson, who is connected with the department of mollusks in the Smithsonian Institution, has just returned from a journey there in search of shells in company with Mr. John B. Henderson, Jr. Mr. Simpson is a man of observation, and in his travels through the home of the banana has brought away many interesting tales of its tropical life and surroundings. "The banana is the successor in the island," said Mr. Simpson, "to sugar and the old brand of Jamaica rum. With the abolition of slavery and the fall in the price of sweetener, coupled with other causes, the island became much reduced in its wealth and resources. Some fifteen years ago a Yankee skipper, Captain L. D. Baker, in coasting around the island, noted that the flavor of its bananas was unusually fine, and there conceived the idea of raising them in large quantities and shipping the product to the United States. He met with violent opposition, but he had a sublime faith in his business, and now his fields cover a large part of the eastern and northeastern end of the island, near the shore. He has a line of steamers running to Boston and Baltimore freighted with bananas. His company has the largest facilities for supplying the market with this kind of fruit, and has made the island of Jamaica blossom as the rose."

"Probably there is nothing," said Mr. Simpson, "that represents better the great power of nature than a growing field of bananas. It is a magnificent sight. The plants grow to be the size of a large man's body and 25 feet high. It requires but 16 or 18 months for the gigantic plant to grow. The leaves shoot out 14 or 15 feet from the stalk, are a soft pea green color, and are beautiful and delicate. The edges are perfectly entire when the leaf first comes out, but it is feather-veined, and the slightest wind cuts them into hundreds of slips, which wave and rustle and rise and fall. The poetry of the undulating wheat field is not to be compared with the beauty of these waving leaves. A marvelous thing about these trees is that they are as soft as a pumpkin vine. The natives with the machetes, or saber, which everyone carries, are able to slash down the towering tree with one fell stroke.

"On the stump of the fallen tree one can behold a marvel of nature's power which outmarvels the jugglers of India and their feat with the famous mango tree. These trees grow to maturity in about 15 months, and they grow from the inside, like the palm and canes and grasses, but unlike the oak and other trees, which grow by successive layers added from the outside. When the tree is cut off one can actually see the tree grow, the leaves unfolding from the inside as rapidly as the hands of a watch.

"Another curious thing about the banana tree is that it is the home of rats, and thereby hangs a tale. Some 25 years ago a member of the Jamaica Legislature, Espeut by name, laid a deep scheme to rid the island of rats, and to this end introduced from India a weasel-like animal called the mongoose. The greatest difference between the mongoose and the weasel is that the former has a short, thick tail, and instead of making war on poultry-houses and setting hens he pitches battle with any kind of a rat on short notice, and always comes off conqueror.

"The scheme of the statesmanlike Espeut worked to a charm so far as the extermination of the kingdom of rodents was concerned, but it upset the balance of nature. The rats had hitherto lived in peace, but when the mongoose began to multiply exceedingly the two could not live together, and after a fierce war the rats were worsted and compelled to take flight. This resulted in a change of habits. The whole rat tribe took to the coconut and the banana trees as a place of habitation, so that Jamaica of all countries in the world has a species of tree-living rats.

"This proved a most unfortunate result for the banana grower, for the rats fed voraciously on the product of his toil.

"This proved truly destructive of cacao, a nut from which chocolate is made. The coconut trees are more lasting, and the tree-climbing rats are kept down by a Yankee contrivance of zinc which is nailed about the trunk. This cannot be done with the banana tree, and no plan has been as yet devised by which they shall not have free passage to the luscious fruit.

"There is a prospect that in time the rats will come down, for nature will not long allow her balance to be upset. It comes about in a curious and indirect manner. The mongoose was not satisfied with rats alone, but he destroyed with equal avidity all the ground birds that came within his reach. Now, the ground birds were wont to feed on ticks, among other things, and so kept down the supply. But when the birds were killed off the ticks began to multiply with marvelous rapidity, so that stock-raising has become well nigh unprofitable, for the ticks attack oxen, sheep and other domestic animals with the greatest voracity and their hunger for the blood of live animals is never satisfied.

"There was another circumstance, however, which shows the truth of

Shakespeare's saying that ingratitude is a marble-hearted fiend, and it certainly applies to the tick. It happened that the mongoose took up his residence in the guinea grass which abounds in the island. It was a favorable place for his burrows. The tick also lives in the guinea grass, and so soon as the mongoose relieved him from the pest of the ground bird, which was a terror to his life, he turned about and infested the haunts of his benefactor. The latest development in this many-sided war of lower animal life is that the ticks are thinning the numbers of the mongoose. Their special manner of attack is upon the young, whom they fasten upon around the eyes. The first result of this is that the youngster becomes totally and forever blind, from which he is of no use for rat eating, or for any other purpose for which he is peculiarly made. Hence, it comes about that at last the scheme of the wily legislator will be thwarted, for the mongoose will probably be destroyed, and the balance of nature will be restored and the rats can come down and leave alone the festive banana tree.

"The plants are grown about 14 feet apart, and the fruit is formed from a big red bud, about the shape of the two hands of a diver when they are raised together over his head preparatory to a plunge, which shoots out from the top. This grows heavy and bends over on its stem until it hangs like the lash of a whip. Then dainty and delicate buds start out by rows, which blossom and form the fruit in season. Then the rats truly have a picnic, for the banana is their favorite diet."—Washington Post.

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

Vivid Description of One of the Plagues of Egypt.

I saw for the first time that afternoon a flight of locusts, says Sir Edwin Arnold in the London Telegraph. We were sitting on the hill with our backs turned to the west wind, which was softly blowing from the Mediterranean. The horses were picketed close by grazing the sweet mountain grass. The Arabs of our caravan were cooking a "pillaw" a little distance off. Around us were laid out the wherewithals of a light lunch, among which was an open marmalade jar. I was thinking of Ahab, and wondering how he could put up so long with Elijah, especially when, on this spot, the prophet said to the king, "As the Lord liveth, in this place, where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood—even thine"—when suddenly, right into the marmalade there dropped what I took for a large grasshopper. It was yellow and green, with long jumping legs and a big head, and while I was taking it out of the jar two others fell into a plate of soup, and half-dozen more of the same kind upon a dish of salad.

At the same moment my horse stamped violently, and I saw more of these grass-hoppers pelting his locks and haunches. Turning round from whence this insect shower came, I witnessed what was to me an extraordinary spectacle, though common enough, of course, in the east. A large cloud denser in its lower than its upper part, filled an eighth part of the western hemisphere. The remoter portion of it was as thick, as brown, and brumous as a London fog. The nearer side opened suddenly up into millions and billions, and trillions and sextillions of the same green-and-yellow insects, pelting in a close-winged crowd quite as quickly as flakes of snow upon all the hillsides near and far. You could not stand a moment against the aggressive and offensive rain of these buzzing creatures. The horses even swung themselves and stood with lowered crests, taking the storm upon their backs and flanks. You had to turn up the collar of your coat to keep them out of your neck, and button the front not to have your pockets filled with the repulsive swarm, which in two minutes had so peppered the whole scene round about that its color and character were entirely altered. Every little creature of the interminable flight on alighting veered himself round head to wind on the earth, just as if he had dropped anchor and swung to the breeze; and it was curious to notice that the general tint of the ground of their countless bodies was brown if you looked to windward and green if you gazed to leeward.

But very quickly the only green to be seen round about was the hue afforded by this sudden invasion. Even while we prepared to yield up the spot to them and pack our lunch baskets for departure they had cleared off grass and leaves and every verdant thing around; and where they rose again from the soil, or from any clump of trees, in a hungry throng, the place they quitted had already assumed a barren and wintry aspect.

The Syrian peasants passing along the roads were beating their breasts and cursing the ill fortune of this plague. Some of them, none the less, gathered up a clothful of the noxious things; for the locust is distinctly edible. Half in wrath and revenge, and half for a novelty in diet, the Arabs to this day eat a few of them, roast them in wire nets or in earthen vessels over a slow fire till the wings and legs drop off and the locust becomes crisp, in which state it tastes, as I am able to say from personal experiment, something like an unsalted prawn. But it seemed as if, had all Syria and the globe itself taken to living on locusts, they would hardly have made a sensible rank upon the extraordinary number that drifted that day over our heads.

SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

RESTORATION OF PHILANDER HYDE FROM PARALYSIS.

Helpless and Bed-Ridden—His Recovery From This Placid Condition—A Remarkable Narrative.

[From the Syracuse Standard.]

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the Albany Journal, the Detroit News, Albany Express and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as stated. Different schools of medicine and some of the brightest lights in the profession had treated these cases, unsuccessfully; and their recovery later on, therefore, and its means, have created a profound sensation throughout the country.

The Standard has published the above accounts for what they were worth, and are happily able to supplement same to-day by an equally striking case near home. The case is over in Madison County, at Solville, and the subject is Mr. Philander Hyde, who told the reporter the following:

"I will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison County, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, I came to live with my daughter here. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always well and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When I left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and the stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach, and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my back bone. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless. While in this condition I was treated by a number of prominent physicians. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed."

"The physicians consulted pronounced father's case creeping paralysis," said Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, "and when we brought him home he had to be carried all the way in a bed. The doctors said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose he took a pint of whisky a day for three months, and morphine in great quantities. When he began taking Pink Pills we stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, and out of all stimulants. In ten days after father began taking the pills, he could get out of bed and walk without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite." And then, after a pause, "But, ah, me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days, and cannot hope to recover my old vigor as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Others in Solville are taking Pink Pills, notably the mother of Abel Curtis, who is using them with satisfactory effect for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex-Senator Lippitt, is using them with much benefit for nervous debility.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of influenza, palpitation of the heart, and that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressed, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

Tool Hardening.

German engravers harden their tools by beating them to a white heat, and then plunging them into sealing-wax, continuing the operation until the tool cools. By this method the steel becomes almost as hard as a diamond; and, when touched with a little oil, is excellent for engraving or for drilling into other metals.



Capt. Thomas Crane

Eighteen Years

A Suffering Man Suffers From Impure Blood Poisonous Sores Expelled and Health Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I, Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., wish to let you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me, I have been troubled with a Scrofulous Sores for about eighteen years. For the past year the poisonous impurities have spread through my system, and sores have broken out all over my body. I tried many kinds of medicine and nothing did me any good until I began to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, continued with it regularly and have taken four bottles. I am now perfectly well and sound, being 38 years of age. Several of my friends using the benefit Hood's Sarsaparilla has been to me are now taking it with good results. I shall gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla at every opportunity. CAPT. THOMAS CRANE, Beach Haven, New Jersey. Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25 cents.