

# Always

Taking cold is a common complaint. It is due to impure and deficient blood, and it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood, and the one true blood purifier is

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

### The Fastest Boat.

The fastest war vessel afloat is owned by France. The sea going torpedo boat, the Forban, recently tried, built under a contract for a speed of 29 to 30 knots, easily made 30.2 knots, or 34.7 land miles per hour, despite a heavy sea and high wind, which shows her to be faster than any other ship in the world. The Forban is 144 feet long, 13 feet 6 inches beam, and draws 3 feet of water. She has two screws, and her engines are capable of developing 3,200 horse power. She carries two 37-millimetre (1.45 inches) quick-firing guns, and two torpedo tubes above water.

### High, Low Jack.

Fine ice means very cold weather, then comes a high old time in skating rinks, and skating ponds, on slides and rides, and we go home tired and overheated. It's the same old story of cooling off, off with wraps and on with all sorts of aches and pains, rheumatic, neuralgia, sciatic, lumbago, including frost-bites, backache, even toothache. They who dance must pay the piper. We sit up Jack and are brought low by our own folly. What of it, the dance will go on, all the same. It is generally known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure all such aches and pains separately or collectively, and the cry is, on with the dance.

Without poetry and art the spirit grows weary in this earthly clime.

### A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

"This pitiful to court a smile when you should win a soul."

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Very often the world never knows that a girl is accomplished until it is so announced in writing up her wedding.

# get all You can

Some say that the hypophosphites alone are sufficient to prevent and cure consumption, if taken in time. Without doubt they exert great good in the beginning stages; they improve the appetite, promote digestion and tone up the nervous system. But they lack the peculiar medicinal properties, and the fat, found in cod-liver oil. The hypophosphites are valuable and the cod-liver oil is valuable.

## Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, contains both of these in the most desirable form. The oil is thoroughly emulsified; that is, partly digested. Sensitive stomachs can bear an emulsion when the raw oil cannot be retained. As the hypophosphites, the medicinal agents in the oil, and the fat itself are each good, why not have the benefit of all? This combination has stood the test of twenty years and has never been equalled.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION** has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of man and fish. Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

# The Best. Rest. Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

### A Dog's Ruse.

The other day I witnessed an amusing instance of canine sagacity worthy of commemoration in print. I was staying with friends who have a varied collection of dogs—a Blenheim spaniel and her five puppies, a fox terrier and two fine deer hounds. This happy family are allowed to spend part of the day in the drawing room, provided they conform to certain rules as to boundary lines and an amicable agreement among themselves. The hearthrug is the favorite "colony of vantage" with them all. Zuna, the deer hound, sauntered in one morning and found every approach to the fire blocked by the slumbering forms of her companions. She tried gently to scratch a passage for herself, but was repelled with growls. So, apparently suffering from extreme lowness of spirits, she retired to a distant corner of the room! but not to sleep. For ten minutes she crouched there, pondering silently, then, suddenly bounding up, flew to the window and barked as if an invading army were in sight. Of course everyone, human and canine, followed in mad haste. The hearthrug was left unoccupied, and Zuna quietly trotted round, stretched her huge form before the fire, and in an instant was snoring heavily, leaving us all staring out into vacancy—emphatically "sold!"—Land and Water.

### Bores.

Dean Hole, of Rochester Cathedral, England, in his lecture on "Bores and Impostors," did not refer to the man who is a "bore" because he will talk when you wish to speak, but to those social mosquitoes who annoy and irritate. Said the dean: "The bore always talks to you about what you don't understand or don't like. One of them wrote to me some time ago, stating that he had heard that many years ago the Danes stretched the skins of their dead on the cathedral doors, and asked for some information on the subject. I replied that I was too much occupied with the bodies and souls of Christians to give much thought to the epidermis of the early Danes. Another wrote me that a man in Rochester owed him money, and asked whether I could not collect it for him. I replied that I was a dean, not a dun.

"Then there is the idle bore. He is a terrible nuisance. I knew one of them, an idle farmer, who used to call upon an industrious farmer and talk, and talk, and talk. Once, after wasting a whole afternoon, he got ready to go. His horse was at the door.

"Going through the town?" the industrious farmer asked.

"Yaas.

"Know the cooper's shop?"

"Yaas—follow who makes barrels."

"Well, just stop there and have two hoops put around your waist or you'll burst with self-importance."

### Suggested Titles.

The editor of a London journal lately offered a prize for the wittiest list of titles for twelve sham books on a dummy shelf. The following were some of the titles received in the competition:

"A Binding Oath," by Scott.

"Badly Brought Up," by the author of "Molly Bawn."

"A New England Puss," by M. E. W.

"Thoughts On My Bed," Stead.

"On Different Tacks," by Van Hammer.

"Lizzie Wouldn't," by John Wood.

"The Fatal Blow," by John Knox.

Porter's "Tales of Lost Luggage."

"Lost in the Wash," by the author of "Bachelor's Buttons."

"Grinding the Poor," by Mill.

To this list a Yankee humorist adds:

"Owe No Man," by O. W. Holmes.

"Against Shiftlessness," by Thoreau.

"A Treatise on Abbreviations," by the author of "Ben Hur."

Poe's "For Effect."

"Harvard Freshmen," by the author of "Innocents Abroad."

"After the Ball," by the author of "Our National Game."

Morse on "Our Old Houses,"

"Woodchucks and Rabbits," by Burg roughs.

"E. L.," by the author of "My Double."

More riots against Christian missionaries in China are reported, yet missionaries continue to invade that barbarous country to make the hopeless attempt to do some good there. The day surely cannot be distant when the churches will learn that energy is worse than useless unless it be wisely directed. As long as only one-third of the population of the United States is Christianized the missionaries have a large enough field for work at home.

### JUST WHISTLE!

When times are bad and folks are sad An' gloomy day by day, Jest try your best at lookin' glad An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle; Jest take a rose or thistle; Hold your own And change your tone And whistle! whistle! whistle!

A song is worth a world 'o' sighs; When red the lightnings play, Look for the rainbow in the skies An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle; The rose comes with the thistle; Hold your own An' change your tone An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

Each day comes with a life that's new—

A strange, continued story; But still, beneath a bend 'o' blue, The world rolls on to glory!

Don't mind how troubles bristle; Jest take a rose or thistle An' hold your own, An' change your tone, An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

J. L. STANTON,  
in Atlanta Constitution.

### Modern Knight Errantry.

She was bewitchingly pretty, and her name was Ethel Fontaine. Ted Eccles pronounced her a little fairy, far too good for this rude work-a-day world. And he longed to have her all to himself, her earthly dress notwithstanding. He saw no reason why his suit should not be successful if "that ass, that he was not wanted, would only take himself out of the road, and not be such an unmitigated nuisance."

Jack Bowles, the gentleman referred to, also thought her a jolly nice girl. His thoughts ran on lines more prosaic than sentimental. He gave them vent in a frequently-muttered desire to punch the devoted head of Mr. Eccles for presuming to interfere between himself and the affections of Miss Fontaine.

The conversation one evening was apropos of poetry in general and one of Mr. Ted Eccles' effusions in particular. He had composed a pastoral idyll after the most approved classical models, with the reading of which he entertained the company.

"You know, I think we are living in most degenerate days," Ethel remarked to Maud Eccles, who was seated at her side; "men do nothing nowadays to justify the extravagant expressions they make of undying affections, and all that sort of bosh."

"Surely, Miss Ethel, you do not class us all as hypocrites?" pleaded Ted, with a slight accent on the word "all," as if he felt that the remark might not be without some justification in the case of his rival.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," she responded archly. "You're all pretty much alike. When there's any talking to be done, each strives to outdo his neighbor; but there's no great hurry to put all these fine speeches into practice."

"I don't quite understand what you mean," interposed Jack Bowles, evidently much interested.

"Well, I think my meaning plain enough. A poet, or, for the matter of that, any person in love, or who imagines himself to be in love, throws himself into a dramatic attitude and exclaims that he is ready to do anything, go anywhere, for the object of his devotion, and, if need be, sacrifice his life for her sake; while, as a matter of fact, he wouldn't even go without his dinner for one day."

This fragment of conversation left a great impression on the minds of Ted Eccles and Jack Bowles. They each regretted that the days of knight-hood were passed; that no joust or tournament could afford them the opportunity of covering themselves with gore and glory in honor of Miss Fontaine. Ted's fervid imagination pictured himself, as the hero of a hundred combats, kneeling at her feet to receive the laurel crown of victory. Jack entertained the conviction no less that he would have vanquished whole armies in such a cause.

Ted dwelt long on the agreeable theme. And there came to him a happy inspiration, upon which he proceeded to act.

"Bob," said he to Mr. Fontaine's coachman, a night or two later, "is that brown mare of yours restive?"

"Quiet as a lamb," was the response. "But still, she could kick if you vexed her?"

"I dare say," was Bob's cautious rejoinder.

"Well, look here, Bob," said Ted, confidentially, "I want you to do me a favor." Here Bob's fingers closed over half-a-crown. "I want you to assist me to carry out a little scheme of mine. Miss Ethel will be going out for a drive to-morrow afternoon, and if you could manage—a wink—"er—manage to seem like as if the horse was—er—running away, and I was on the spot to stop her, I'd give you half-a-sovereign, Bob."

Ted hurried over the latter part of his explanation somewhat nervously, and awaited the reply with apprehension.

Bob looked mystified, as, indeed, he was.

Ted explained again.

"You see, Bob, I don't want Miss Ethel to run any danger," he added, "but I'd like her to see me ready to risk my life for her. It wouldn't take much to make believe the horse was running away, and you could shout and yell, and I'd be ready to rush forward and stop the blamed thing."

It took Bob some time to see the affair in all its bearings. At last, however, after much persuasion, he consented, for the sake of a sovereign, to carry out a runaway incident with as little danger as possible to Miss Fontaine, and as much glory as possible to Mr. Eccles.

The next afternoon the latter was strolling, to all appearances accidentally, along a country lane, when he saw a carriage coming in his direction at a very unusual speed. The coachman on the box seemed to have taken temporary leave of his senses. He was gesticulating like a lunatic, and yelling at the top of his voice for help. A young lady clung, white and terrified, to the carriage back.

Ted braced himself together for a heroic effort. He jammed his hat firmly down on his brow, and, as the mare dashed up, breathless and foaming, spurred to unusual exertions by the erratic outcries of the son of Nimshi, he bounded forward, and, flinging his arms round the astonished animal's head, speedily brought her to a standstill.

Then he rushed to the carriage door and assisted the agitated Miss Fontaine to alight. Bob had done his work so well that she sank trembling into his arms.

A great longing came over him to stoop down and kiss her. But while he hesitated she recovered. Her color rapidly returned, and gently disengaging herself, she lifted a pair of grateful eyes upon him and exclaimed: "Oh, Ted! how good and brave you have been! What would have become of us if you had not stopped us?"

"We should 'n' been smashed to smithereens," said Bob, solemnly.

A week later Miss Fontaine was directing her steps along the self-same pathway across the fields which she had so lately traveled in the company of Mr. Eccles. She was attended only by Tommy, a strapping lad of 15, who performed odd domestic jobs in the Fontaine household. Miss Fontaine had an old pensioner, a bedridden woman, whose cottage she had been in the habit of visiting periodically. On these occasions Tommy carried a basket containing jellies and other delicacies for the invalid.

The pathway was solitary, and in one part skirted the edge of a thicket. It was just at this point that Miss Fontaine found herself, to her dismay, suddenly confronted by six sturdy ruffians, armed with cudgels, who demanded charity in tones as plausible as their gestures were menacing.

Tommy, not by any means a brave youth, dropped his basket and fled across the empty fields, shrieking for help. The thought of pursuit lent wings to his feet, and he tumbled headlong over the first stile into a dry ditch, where he lay breathless and too frightened to move.

Miss Fontaine was by nature timid, but, left alone in the face of imminent danger, she did not lose her presence of mind. As calmly as possible she handed her purse to the men and sought, not without much inward trepidation, to pursue her way. A dozen hands were instantly laid upon her, and—

At this moment Mr. Jack Bowles came tearing along the path at his utmost speed. He dashed headlong into the group, upset one man with the impetus of his charge, drove his fists into the faces of the second and third, and then, thrusting Miss Fontaine aside, commenced a vigorous onslaught on the remaining three. A severe struggle lasted for several minutes, in which blows and muttered curses succeeded one another without intermission. Then, just as it seemed as if Jack would have to yield to superior numbers, the whole body of ruffians suddenly took to flight, leaving him master of the field, with a torn coat and a generally disordered attire.

The victor turned to Miss Fontaine, who had been anxiously awaiting the issue of the doubtful conflict. He took her tenderly by the arms, and, with eyes full of concern, inquired if she had been hurt.

Poor Ethel was too overcome to make any reply. Her breath came and went in fitful sobs, and she was evidently on the verge of an hysterical attack. Jack drew her to his side and soothed her, as only a devoted lover could. Then, as she grew calmer, she poured forth her thanks in such broken and grateful language that he felt himself a disgraceful brute for having caused her so much distress.

Ted's exploit was now put altogether in the shade, and he was highly wroth in consequence. Miss Ethel's lady friends all agreed that the encounter with the six ruffians and their defeat single-handed was a far more heroic performance than the stopping of a runaway horse. Jack was set up on the pedestal lately occupied by Ted, and Miss Ethel's favors veered round in the direction of her late deliverer.

But Ted was not going to let matters rest here. His fertile imagination speedily evolved another exploit to recover his lost glory. During the next few weeks Miss Ethel led a most exciting and precarious existence. She seemed to be under a perpetual sword of Damocles. Hardly a day passed but she was in some perilous situation, from which she was only rescued in the nick of time by the prowess of one or other of her lovers. A burglarious entry into her father's house was discovered and checked by Eccles. A midnight fire, whose origin was a mystery, gave Bowles the opportunity of mounting to her bedroom and carrying her off, amid clouds of smoke and shouts of applause. Eccles dragged her from under the feet of a cab horse, whose reckless driver was certainly not above the suspicion of having tracked her along the streets for several days. Bowles was just in time to prevent her from being gored by an infuriated bull while crossing the fields. And so, turn by turn, each rival constituted himself her guardian

angel at some critical juncture. And each adventure became more alarming than the last. Miss Ethel's latest escape was the general topic of conversation. People wondered at her extraordinary career. Insurance agents looked askance on her father's prudent efforts to take out a policy on her life. She herself began to find life a very uncertain quantity and far too exciting to be enjoyable.

Matters came to a crisis at last. The competition could not possibly go on forever, and Ted Eccles determined to make one decisive stroke which should "settle the hash of that ass, Bowles," once and for all.

There was to be a picnic on the river in a few days. Ted's ready invention gave birth to the idea of a thrilling rescue of Ethel from a watery grave. He thought the matter carefully over, and laid down a scheme as feasible as possible. He then strolled down to see Jim, the boatman.

Jim was the owner of some light river craft, and he had undertaken the duties of pilot and oarsman in the forthcoming excursion.

Very cautiously Ted explained to him the object of his mission. Nevertheless, Jim was considerably astounded at the audacity of a proposal to upset a whole boatload of people into the water. It took him several minutes to grasp the fact of Ted's sanity. He shook his head very determinedly.

"Nay, nay, sir, thee's not going to get me hung for murder."

Ted pleaded and persisted. He offered bribe after bribe on an increasing scale. Jim was obdurate. Still Ted waxed more importunate. With the offer of a £10 note Jim wavered. It was a sum not lightly to be rejected. He reflected a minute or two and then remarked tentatively:

"It's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescue?"

"That's all, Jim."

"Well, what about th' others?"

This was a poser. Ted had not troubled himself about the fate of the remainder of the party.

"Oh, they'll manage to scramble onto some way or other," he said, offhandedly.

"Look here, sir," said Jim, thoughtfully; "seeing as it's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescue, it's no use upsetting the whole boatload. Besides, that'd be too big a job. How'd it be if Miss Ethel was persuaded to go for a bit of a row after the others had got out; and then, seeing you wish it particular, I might manage to tip her in, nice and quiet like, close agin the side, so there'd be no danger?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed Ted, grasping Jim's horny hand in his enthusiasm.

It was arranged then for the sum of £10 (£5 down and £5 on the competition of contract), that Jim was to offer to indulge Miss Fontaine's well-known penchant for rowing, and by this means take her further up the river than the rest of the party; and then, having reached the selected spot, to sink or overturn the boat, so that Mr. Eccles, who would be at hand, might plunge in and obtain all the credit of her rescue.

Ted took his leave. Scarcely an hour elapsed before Jack Bowles popped into Jim's workshop.

He also had a communication to make to the astonished boatman. It was none other than the identical scheme of his previous visitor. Jim stared at first. He wondered if everybody was going crazy. Then he decided to keep his own counsel. He listened attentively to Jack's exposition of the plot, raised various objections, and finally allowed himself to be persuaded into an arrangement with him on the same terms as with Ted Eccles.

As Jack closed the door behind him, Jim remarked sententially:

"The work's well paid as is twice paid. Well, I've no objection to twenty quid. As for them, they can fight it out who has her—it's none of my business."

The day of the picnic was a glorious one, as all days should be. The river flowed clear and limpid, dromedary reflecting the panorama of foliage extending along its banks. The party set out in the best of spirits for the day's enjoyment.

Ted Eccles took his station behind a tree, close to the river's brim. He was not aware that Jack Bowles had ensconced himself behind a similar tree on the opposite bank. Neither was Jack conscious of the proximity of his rival.

At length the boat drew abreast of the chosen spot. Ted and Jack scarcely breathed as they saw Jim, unnoticed by Ethel, skillfully withdraw a plug from the bottom of the boat. There was a moment's intense silence. Jim had resumed his oars. Then the dreamy look suddenly vanished from Ethel's face, and she started to her feet.

"O, Jim! quick! the boat's sprung a leak."

Jim leaped up, too, and, in doing so, caused the boat to lose its equilibrium. It overturned both its occupants into the water.

Now was the moment. Both rivals plunged into the water with one impulse. Both were excellent swimmers, and reached the overturned boat in a few vigorous strokes. Then, for the first time, they became aware of each other's presence.

Ted, with his arm round Ethel's waist, glared with astonishment and anger at Jack. The latter reciprocated with interest. Ted felt that he was being defrauded out of his legitimate laurels. Jack felt that his pet scheme was being frustrated by the malignity of his foe. Angry blood surged through their veins.

Ted was for bearing the clinging Ethel to his side of the river; Jack had the intention no less of taking her to his side, in spite of Ted Eccles or any other mortal. He caught her by the arm.

"Let go!" spluttered Ted. "She's mine, I got her first!"

"You be langed!" ejaculated Jack, fired with indignation.

"Let go, I tell you!" screamed Ted.

"I'll smash your head for you," was the response.

"Let go! you scoundrel!"

"Go to blazes, you idiot!"

Ted raised his arm and struck Jack violently in the face. In doing so, he lost his hold of Ethel, who, shrieking with fright, drifted away down the stream. Fortunately Jim was at hand. He overtook her before she had gone far and conveyed her safely to shore, more frightened than hurt.

Meanwhile, the fight waxed furious. The blow maddened Jack; the looks of Ethel infuriated Ted. Closely interlocked, they floundered about in the water, now one uppermost, now the other, striking, parrying, splashing, blowing, plunging and spluttering, like a couple of great fish in mortal combat. Ethel's shrieks had attracted the attention of the picnic party, and the banks were soon lined with interested spectators. Jack and Ted, heedless of everything save each other's existence, fought on like maniacs. In vain the crowd shouted to them; they neither heard nor cared.

The duel must have continued until one or the other of them was hors de combat, had not Jim, in a moment of inspiration, procured a boathook from an adjoining cottage, with which he hooked the combatant who first floundered within reach. This happened to be Ted, and he was fished out of the water by main force, and the cheers and laughter of the onlookers. Jack had no alternative but to follow sheepishly.

The curtain must now in charity be drawn upon the crestfallen rivals. They both lost Ethel. She, to put an end to her perilous adventures, married another fellow.

### Safety in Old Clothes.

"It is a strange thing," said a well-known trainer of animals, "how many outbreaks and accidents have resulted from a trainer wearing a strange costume. Quite recently a lady performer who had made some alterations in her dress had a narrow escape. The tiger with which she usually appeared turned sulky from the start, and at last absolutely refused to do one of the tricks. Its mistress urged and threatened to no purpose, and finally attempted to use the whip. The moment she attempted to do so the infuriated animal flew at her, and if it had not been for a boardwalk, which was performing with them, Miss S— would probably have lost her life. The brave dog snapped at the tiger and distracted its attention until his mistress had succeeded in making her escape. Unfortunately, he was injured by the tiger's claws."

"How do you account for such outbursts?"

"The tiger evidently did not recognize his mistress in her change of costume. As a rule, very few alterations are made. The same dog always appears in the same act, and so on, the idea of acquaintanceship and familiarity thus being maintained. Why, even if a hat or a wrap happens to lie within reach outside the arena the animal is sure to see it at once, and if it can get at it will promptly tear it to pieces."

"Have there been many such accidents recently?"

"About a year ago a lion-tamer in New York wore a full dress suit instead of his usual military costume at one of the performances. As soon as the lion saw the change of clothing he made direct for him. Now lions do not, like tigers, try to kill instantly, but strike out with the paws to knock their enemy down. In this case the lion's claws caught the trainer's face, inflicting severe injuries. But he is still in the business, though the scars of the struggle are very plainly visible."

"Do these outbursts ever have fatal results?"

"Sometimes. Another lady performer made an alteration in her dress that displeased the tiger with whom she was acting, whereupon the savage beast pounced upon her, killing her instantly. This animal has never been allowed to perform since."

### Responding to the Bugle.

Apropos of the intense love that cavalry horses have for music, a correspondent of the Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette writes that when the Sixth Dragoons recently changed their quarters, a mare belonging to one of the troopers was taken so ill as to be unable to proceed on the journey the following morning. Two days later another detachment of the same regiment, accompanied by the band, arrived. The sick mare was in a loose box, but hearing the martial strains kicked a hole through the side of her box and making her way through the shop of a tradesman took her place in the troop before she was secured and brought back to the stable.

### A Rifle Surpassing All Others.

The Petite Republique says that some English capitalists have just completed the trial of a new rifle which has been proved to far surpass every other known pattern. It adds that this rifle was invented by a French officer, and offered to the Ministry of War in Paris, but the invention committee attributed no great importance to it. The weapon weighs only seven and a half pounds, and is yet capable of killing a man at 4,500 yards. The invention committee of the Ministry of War would now like to obtain all rights to the weapon, but it is feared that they are too late.