

## SOAP BUBBLES.

The bubble rose—  
A shimmering, glimmering, airy thing,  
An emerald shallop on silver wing  
O'er the silver sea;  
Luminous, changeable, quivering,  
It slowly grew;  
A fairy castle appeared to view,  
With turrets and towers of rainbow hue,  
Moored on the sand.  
The wondering child reached forth its hand  
And the bubble burst.  
'Tis thus that we  
On the mystical, wavering, dim threshold  
Of the dawning day watch slow unfold  
Our dearest hopes,  
As they change in the flight from gray to gold;  
And with bated breath,  
Like children, we stretch our hands to clasp  
The cherished things that elude our grasp  
And, mocking, fly  
Far, far o'er the blue of the smiling sky  
Into nothingness.  
Lillian Cleveland Brock.

## AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

By Louise Wellington.

When the maid left her to seek the person for whom she had inquired, she took a long, curious look around the plain, stately furnished room. The parlor it evidently was, and that the parlor of a boarding house. She found herself wishing that she could rearrange the chairs, which were set around the walls as if for a funeral. Then she smiled to herself—half nervously, half humorously—as if she were some one else and there were something ludicrous in her present call.  
The room was dark and cold, and she walked over to the fireplace and held out one small, daintily gloved hand toward the blaze. She was a dainty little person altogether; rather below the medium height, with a slender but perfect figure, and carrying her head haughtily, as if to make up in dignity what she lacked in stature. Her hair and eyes were a brilliant brown; the eye proud and a trifle hard in their expression, though just now the red lips—a little too thin for beauty, perhaps—are quivering with suppressed nervousness. Her dress is plain and simple, as is also the cloth cape she has loosened at the throat, thus revealing a pretty silken waist with faint touches of red in it. There is a suggestion of red at one side of the small, dark hat. The hand holding her muff has dropped to her side, but she raises it as though to shield her face from the fire when she hears the door open. A man came forward, part way to the fire, but as her face was in shadow he did not recognize her.  
"A woman wishes to speak with me," he said with polite surprise; then as she turned toward him, "Anne?"  
The woman looked at him calmly, seeing almost at a glance that the clustering dark curls were tinged with gray, that there were deep lines around the firm mouth and piercing gray eyes. After a moment she said quietly,  
"You are surprised to see me here. I did not send up a card. I was afraid, if you knew, you might not come down."  
He did not answer her; he gazed at her with a sort of dazed astonishment, while she looked out of the window. The blustering March afternoon was drawing to a close; the few straggling pedestrians seemed to move in the midst of a thin, gray mist. The woman turned her head slowly and held her hand out to the fire again, saying,  
"It is bitterly cold."  
"How beautiful you are still, Anne!" the man replied. "Not a gray hair, and you are almost forty."  
The woman's eyes softened in their expression, but only for a moment. Still, she had enjoyed the compliment.  
"I see you have grown gray, Albert," she said calmly. "Twelve years make changes in most people. Eleanor is nineteen now."  
"Eleanor?" repeated the man.  
"Yes, Eleanor; my daughter and yours. Have you forgotten her? It is twelve years since you have seen her." The woman spoke slowly, his evident confusion keeping her calm. "Time does not stand still with children; and Eleanor has grown quite pretty. I think—with a quick glance at him—"I think she resembles you."  
The man gave himself a little shake, and came nearer the fire. He seemed to shake off his astonishment at the same time, for he said, with a cynical smile, which came so easily that it must have been habitual.  
"May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit?"  
The woman's cheeks flushed painfully, but her voice was as hard as the expression in her eyes when she replied,  
"I should not be here if it were not that I would do anything for Eleanor. She is your child too, you know; she has some claim on you still, even if you have given me up."  
"Then why not send Eleanor, since you are so loath to come? To be sure I should not know her." He spoke carelessly, indifferently.  
"I think you would; as I said, Eleanor is very like you."  
"Ah, she is!"  
The woman wondered whether it was merely an exclamation or a question. Suppose it were the latter? Well, she would answer it.  
"Like you, Eleanor is tall and dark with beautiful gray eyes; they are soft in expression, though she has also you disposition—and temper."  
"Ah, she has!"  
This time it was only an exclamation and as such she let it pass unanswered

At length he spoke again.  
"How unpleasant for you that she did not inherit yours," he said ironically.  
The woman moved her muff uneasily. "I am glad she did not. Still it has been hard. It was bad enough to have been—but to have a—"  
She stopped abruptly, and walked over to the window. He noticed that she moved quietly, without the usual accompaniment of silken rustle. He liked that; the silken rustle had always jarred upon him. As he stood looking at her, silhouetted against the gray light of the window, it took no great stretch of his imagination to fancy her young again. The day he asked her to marry him she had worn some such little hat. How well he remembered it! They had been out walking, and the crisp autumn winds had brought the bright color to her cheeks, and the confession of his love to his lips, even before they had returned to the cosy little parlor of her home. What a fool he had made of himself! And the last time he had seen her—twelve years before—he had noticed the usual hat with its scarlet wing, though he saw it through a midst of heart broken anger. Now she turned her head a little, and he saw that her cheek was no longer rounded softly; it had grown thin. Yet she did not look faded to his eyes; he saw the reflection of her youth.  
She walked back from the window, and stood leaning upon her muff on the table.  
"Eleanor is going to be married," she said slowly.  
"Yes?" he said absently. He seemed not to be interested; he was thinking of the girl, but of the girl's mother.  
"He is a very nice young man, and will, I think, make her a good husband—as husbands go."  
"You were unfortunate in the choice of yours," he suggested.  
"I like the young man," the woman continued, ignoring his remark. "We have seen a good deal of him; and he has fancied Eleanor from the first. She—she loves him."  
"That last is, of course, necessary," said the girl's father with a light laugh. "It is," said the woman firmly. "My daughter would not marry without it. And I hope she may never suffer as I have suffered." She spoke bitterly, and as if to herself. The man looked at her earnestly, and said more gently than before.  
"Has your like been so hard, then?"  
"A divorced woman does not lead a particularly pleasant life. You have been quite generous—she looked at him gratefully—"but you could not make some things any better, you know. I don't wish to complain; I did not come for that. We agreed to it long ago, and it is better so; you have done your share, and I should not ask for more."  
She paused. The man raised his eyebrows interrogatively.  
"Does Eleanor complain?" he asked.  
"Why should she? I try not to give her a chance. But for her sake—"  
"Yes?"  
"For her sake I have come here. I do not wish, if anything should happen to me—if I should die—you must know that Eleanor is married." She hesitated, and then went on hurriedly. "I wish you to know that Eleanor is married, and to know before, so that you can never blame me. I will give you the young man's name; and if there is anything you know or hear about him you do not approve—well, Eleanor is your child too, you know."  
"This is very generous, Anne," the man said gently. "And you are willing to abide by my decision even if it be contrary to your wishes—yours and the girl's?"  
"It is nothing," said the woman, forcing herself to speak quietly. "There was no one I could come to but you—but her father. A man has so much more chance to find out things about other men, and a young man shows only the good side of his life to the girl he loves."  
"Was this the only reason for your coming, Anne?" What did the note of pleading in his voice expect for an answer?  
"Certainly," she said brusquely. "You as Eleanor's father, had to be told; and I could not send her."  
"No, I suppose not," he said, ironically again. "It would not be proper for a child to come to see her father; and in this case it would be especially embarrassing, as we might not recognize each other."  
The woman did not reply, but she drew her cape up around her shoulders, as though she were cold.  
"I suppose you have given the girl a pretty lively impression of my character," she continued.  
The mother shivered slightly.  
"I have not talked about you," she said coldly.  
"No? Well, what else could I expect?"  
He did not look at her, so she did not feel it necessary to answer him. They stood in silence for some minutes. When a piece of coal dropped with a slight noise in the grate, they both started, and the man said abruptly,  
"Have you had enough for your needs? I am richer now, you know."  
"I have heard of it," she said. "We have had enough, but—she hesitated, and turned slowly, painfully red. He looked at her inquiringly, but his masculine mind failed to grasp the situation.  
"Eleanor is going to be married," she added lamely.  
"Yes; you said so before."  
Then for the first time during their interview, she smiled.  
"But," she said bravely, "a hundred dollars a month will not provide a very elaborate trossseau; and Eleanor is your only daughter."  
The man smiled too.  
"Ah! I see. A financial difficulty! Eleanor must have clothes."  
"Yes. The girl is fond of pretty things, and has not had many of them

in her life. I would like to have them for her now." She spoke impulsively, looking at him with frank, appealing eyes.  
"Yes?" He looked slowly, thoughtfully, over the daintily clad figure before him. "Do you wish me to give her the wherewithal for them?" he asked.  
The girl's mother drew back.  
"I have no wish in the matter," she said, without a trace of her momentary impetuosity.  
"Then why did you come to me?" he asked, almost angrily.  
"Because I think it your duty to provide for your daughter. I believe I told you I would do anything for Eleanor—even coming to you."  
There was a hint of petulance in her tones, and he looked at her intently for a moment before he asked,  
"How would a thousand dollars do?"  
"If you can spare it." She paused, then added, "It will please Eleanor."  
By the soft light in the woman's eyes he saw that she was pleased too; but he asked in pretended surprise,  
"Would she be pleased with anything coming from me, a hated father?"  
"She does not hate you," the woman said gently. "I have not talked to her about you at all in the past twelve years. She probably has a natural fondness for you deep down in her heart."  
"I hope so," said the girl's father huskily, as he turned away half regretfully.  
"Will you take a check for the thousand dollars?"  
"Now?" she asked.  
"Very well."  
"May I trouble you to wait here for it?" He moved toward the door.  
"It will not trouble me." The woman made her answer quietly, but she felt oddly oppressed, as if she had found something lacking in the interview, aside from its being painful. With his hand on the door knob, the man turned to say lightly,  
"Of course I may expect an invitation to the wedding?"  
The woman gave a little start, and dropped her muff. He came and handed it to her.  
"You will come?" she asked.  
"I should like to see her again; besides, a man generally likes to be present at his daughter's wedding. I am sorry—" he paused—"I am sorry she does not resemble you more."  
The woman raised her head, looking at him with a strange earnestness. Something compelled her to say,  
"She does not resemble me at all. She loves this young man."  
The man came nearer her.  
"Did you never love me, Anne?" he asked softly.  
A shadow lingered across her face, and her voice trembled as she said,  
"I never did. You know I married you for your position."  
"I know it," he said bitterly. "And because you did not love me, you had no patience with my faults. I have overcome some of them, Anne."  
"I was too ready to find fault, I am afraid," she said. "I have grown wiser, too, Albert."  
"Anne," he said abruptly, fiercely—"Anne, despite it all, I love you—I have always loved you." She leaned heavily against the table. "I shall always love you, Anne," he continued more quietly, "though we have been separated twelve years, and may live so to the end."  
"You love me still?" she asked, looking at him with wide open eyes. "After all these years?"  
"Yes, Anne," he replied bitterly. He was not looking at her now. "You may think me a fool, but I do."  
"After all I did?" she continued contritely.  
"Listen"—as he looked at her in surprise—"I knew—after our divorce—I knew then that I loved you; I must have loved you all the time. My wretched pride kept me from telling you then; besides, I had Eleanor to live for, while you—had nothing." She stopped with a little catch like a sob in her voice.  
"You loved me, Anne?" he asked, scarcely believing what he heard.  
"I have loved you for twelve years, at least," she went on softly; "and shall I think, forever."  
He took her hand quickly, firmly.  
"Do you mean it, or are you trifling with me?" he demanded, almost fiercely.  
She looked up into his troubled face, and he saw something new and very tender in her moist eyes. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her.  
Presently she drew herself gently away from her husband.  
"It is growing late. Eleanor will be expecting me," she said.  
"Had you not better have some tea before you go?" he asked.  
She looked around the dreary parlor.  
"Wouldn't you rather," she asked with a tender smile—"wouldn't you rather come home?"  
When he put on his greatcoat, and they stood equipped for the windy night, he said, looking down with a little laugh:  
"I did not draw the check I promised you; I can pay Eleanor's bills so much better as they are sent in."—Munsey's Magazine.

### Hours of Sleep.

The truth of the old adage that one hour of sleep before midnight is worth two hours after midnight is questioned by Dr. E. P. Colby, who states that he made some study of the subject while in naval service during the Civil War. The ship's company on shipboard—officers and men alike—stand four-hour watches, day and night, with the interpolation of a dog-watch of two hours to change the time of each set of men on successive days. These men are therefore obliged to get their required sleep very irregularly, but in more than two years' observation, Dr. Colby could never discover that the watch officers and men were not as fully refreshed by their sleep as were the officers of the ship who were required to stand no watch at all.—Philadelphia Item.

## REMEDIAL FOODS.

### Standard Articles of Diet Which Are Said to Have Medicinal Value.

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism, for diseases of the nerves, and nervous dyspepsia.  
Lettuce for those suffering from insomnia.  
Watercress is a remedy for scurvy.  
Peanuts for indigestion. They are especially recommended for corpulent diabetes. Peanuts are made into a wholesome and nutritious soup, are browned and used as coffee, are eaten as a relish simply baked, or are prepared and served as salted almonds.  
Onions are almost the best nerve known. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza; in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel, and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.  
Spinach is useful to those with gravel.  
Asparagus is used to induce perspiration.  
Carrots for sufferers from asthma.  
Turnips for nervous disorders and for scurvy.  
Raw beef proves of great benefit to persons of frail constitution, and to those suffering from consumption. It is chopped fine, seasoned with salt, and heated by placing it in a dish of hot water. It assimilates rapidly and affords the best nourishment.  
Eggs contain a large amount of nutriment in a compact, quickly available form. Beaten up raw with sugar they are used to clear and strengthen the voice. With sugar and lemon juice the beaten white of egg is said to relieve hoarseness.  
Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleaning, healing and nourishing.  
Fresh ripe fruits are excellent for purifying the blood and toning up the system. As specific remedies, oranges are aperient. Sour oranges are highly recommended for rheumatism.  
Cranberries for erysipelas are used externally as well as internally.  
Lemons for feverish thirst in sickness, for biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, coughs, colds, liver complaint, etc.

Blackberries as a tonic. Useful in all forms of diarrhoea.  
Tomatoes are a powerful aperient for the liver, a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. Tomatoes are invaluable in all conditions of the system in which the use of calomel is indicated.  
Figs are aperient and wholesome. They are said to be valuable as food for those suffering from cancer; they are used externally as well as internally.  
Apples are useful in nervous dyspepsia; they are nutritious, medicinal, and vitalizing; they aid digestion, clear the voice, correct the acidity of the stomach, and are valuable in rheumatism, insomnia and liver troubles. An apple contains as much nutriment as a potato in a pleasanter and more wholesome form.  
Grapes dissolve and dislodge gravel and calculi, and bring the stomach and bowels to a healthy condition.  
Pie plant is wholesome and aperient; is excellent for rheumatic sufferers and useful for purifying the blood.

### Artisan Colony Experiments.

According to Robert Donald, editor of London, artisan colonies near great cities are, from an economic, educational and municipal point of view, a mistake. It is not surprising, in his opinion, that such places as West Ham and Tottenham should desire to be incorporated in London. Of Tottenham, a place with a population of 100,000, he says it "is nothing but a great dormitory for London workmen. They start early in the morning; they return late at night; they take no interest in their system of government, and have no opportunity of participating in it. The place is run by Jerry-builders for Jerry-builders. A colony of workmen, isolated from the place where they labor, must necessarily be a poor community. The houses are of one low dead-level of value, and the lower the assessment the higher the local taxation. In Tottenham, West Ham and Edmonton—all residential districts for artisans—the cost of local government is 50 per cent of the value of the houses; that is, if a man pays \$50 a year rent, he will pay another \$25 in purely local taxes. And, what is worse, there is extremely little to show for the money."

### Long Trip On a Prairie Schooner.

A prairie schooner, drawn by a pair of horses and containing a man and his wife with their household goods, passed through Richmond, Ind., a few days ago en route to Oklahoma City to Newark, Ohio. Man and wife had traveled nearly 1,700 miles in the wagon, and had been on the road since last May 15. The wagon and horses looked a trifle the worse for wear, and the man and his wife were a little weather travel stained, but they declared they had enjoyed the long trip.—New York Sun.

### Gregorian Calendar in Russia.

Russia, whose calendar is twelve days behind ours, proposes to change to the Gregorian calendar after beginning of the new century. The authorities have not yet decided whether to jump over the thirteen days at once or to accomplish their object gradually by omitting the first twelve leap years of the century. It would require forty-eight years to bring about the change.—New York Independent.

## GREEK AND ROMAN SWORDS.

### They Were Well Fitted for Desperate Fighting at Close Quarters.

Of the swords of the three great nations of antiquity, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans, we are able to get a remarkably clear idea from the carvings they have left on tombs and temples. The Assyrian sword had a slim, two-edged blade merging into a handle that was scarcely more than a haft. The decoration was limited almost entirely to carvings of the heads and bodies of animals, so placed, as to give a singularly striking and distinguished character to the weapon.  
In the many lively skirmishes that took place around the walls of Troy during the famous ten years' siege, the Greek warrior carried an admirable sword. The rather long two-edged blade with its gradual swell, that tapered gracefully to a sharp point, has been likened very aptly to the form of the sage-leaf. These outlines were so good in themselves that any extra decoration seems out of place. We find, however, that delicate traceries on the blade, and silver studs set thickly in the hilt, were favorite ornaments. Although this sword was shortened in later years, its beautiful outlines were retained, and the sparing decoration of blade, scabbard and hilt was remarkably simple and artistic, as befitted the Greek race.  
But the sword that gained the greatest renown in classical antiquity was the broadsword of the Romans. The weapons commonly used in the times before the Christian era were the lance and the javelin. It was with these that the unshaken strength of the far-famed Macedonian phalanx had been maintained against many a fierce attack. The phalanx consisted of foot soldiers drawn up in line of battle, four, eight, sixteen, or twenty-five ranks deep. The men, who were heavily armored, held their shields close together, edge to edge, and their long spears tilted forward to protect the rank in front.  
The broadsword of the Roman legions, however, those sturdy fellows who knew how to fight with a fortitude and tenacity that have never been surpassed—taught the Greek a new lesson in military tactics. A successful formation of the phalanx required careful preparation, and a fairly level country was absolutely necessary. When it was possible to command these conditions, the compact square of spearmen presented a front that it was almost impossible to break. But in a sudden encounter, or fighting at close quarters, an effective use of the broadsword did not depend on any definite order of formation, and it brought into play quite another sort of courage. Men then no longer fought as machines; it was the personal bravery of the individual, and not the dumb, stolid resistance of ranks of human beings formed into a living wall, that won the day.

### Pussy Helps an Equine Friend.

For some time past a large Maltese cat, which appeared to be an outcast, has taken up its abode in the barn on Oscar Willard's premises, which are rented by James Rogers at Nunda. Mr. Rogers keeps a valuable horse in this barn, and for several weeks he has noticed this large cat was on very friendly terms with the horse. It was a common occurrence when he came to the barn mornings to find the cat perched on the horse's back, sound asleep.  
Yesterday morning Mr. Rogers was awakened at an early hour by a noise on the outside of the door, and upon opening it in came the cat. It would not eat a mouthful of anything, and continually pulled at Mr. Rogers' trousers and kept running towards the door. Its strange actions caused Mr. Rogers to leave the room and go to the barn, headed by the faithful animal. There he found that his horse had been loose in the barn, and after doing considerable damage to things in general, had fallen, and in some way become wedged down. It was nearly exhausted by its repeated efforts to rise. After the horse had been helped to its feet, the cat made one leap and was on the horse's back, purring and acting in every way as if satisfied with its noble deed in helping its strange mate out of its difficulty.

### The Great Swordmakers.

The Italian cities produced some excellent swords. The smiths of Milan and Florence forged blades of exquisite temper, to which they applied tasteful decorations. Benvenuto Cellini made many a noble masterpiece in the enduring steel, and Andrea Ferrara, whose swords were in high favor in England and Scotland, has left his signature on some weapons of fine temper and rare workmanship. There were celebrated sword-cutlers in France, the armorers of Bordeaux being especially noticeable. The German smiths excelled in the manufacture of heavy armor, and the hilts of Nuremberg were admirable. It would take, however, less than the fingers of one hand to tell of the really great swordmakers of England—those worthy of lasting fame.

### Canada's Black Musk-Rats.

Along some of the rivers in Eastern Ontario, says the Pilot Mound (Manitoba) Sentinel, there exists colonies of jet-black musk-rats. The fur is much more beautiful and valuable than that of the ordinary brown musk-rat. It would be an interesting experience to introduce a few of the little black animals into the lakes and rivers of the northwest, where they would soon increase in numbers.

In 1830 there were 100 practicing dentists in the United States.

## STAGE HORSES BRING LUCK.

### Actors Like to Play in a Company that Utilizes the Animals.

There is an old theatrical superstition that horses are very lucky to have in a play, and theatrical superstitions, like all others, die hard. There are one or two leading London managers who, if they were to reveal their inmost thoughts, believe in this superstition, and to this very day. "Cut the tackle and come to the 'osses," was the favorite maxim of the celebrated Ducrow, and he had good cause to believe in "osses," for they made him one of the most prominent men of his time.  
Sir Augustus Harris is a firm believer in the horse theory, for there has not been a recent successful Drury Lane drama in which a horse has not appeared, while a great many of them have owed their success in a great measure to the introduction of the equine. In the present drama running at Drury Lane is represented for the first time in the history of the stage a polo match with trained ponies, that have often played in matches on the actual ground at Hurlingham, in the mimic representation of which, on the stage, they appear every night.  
Sir Augustus Harris tells a good story of one of these ponies, a beautiful little gray, formerly the property of Sir George Scott. During one of the rehearsals the ponies were brought down near the footlights that they might get accustomed to the glare and so not get frightened during the performance at night. It so happened that one of the dummy horses that are used in the battle scene—the Last Stand—was lying on the stage. The little gray pony caught sight of it, and struggled until he got over to where it lay. He sniffed and sniffed at it for some minutes; and seemed to be very much puzzled; finally, to the great amusement of everybody on the stage, he made a vicious bite at the dummy's ear, which, not being very firmly attached, came off. The pony stood still for a minute with a strange, frightened look in his eyes, and then took to his heels up the stage. For weeks afterward it was impossible to get the pony to come down anywhere near the footlights.  
The largest theatrical stables in the world are those kept by a horseman near Drury Lane Theater. Here one often sees more than 100 horses that are being used for various theatrical purposes. From these stables horses are sent all over England with touring companies. Often there will be as many as 200 horses traveling in various parts of the country from this establishment alone.—Boston Traveler.

"What! You say that Herr Schmidt, the merchant, has gone blind? Here's a pretty how d'ye do—I have a bill on the man which is made out 'payable at sight'!"—Dorffharber.

### One Thing Left Out.

In acrobatic, gymnastic and athletic training one thing seems to be entirely left out; a thing which, if practiced, might prevent many serious consequences and thereby become the useful part of training. How to fall down easily and gracefully, with the least amount of resistance by the muscles, might be made a fine art. Why not adopt a slide and practice feet-slipping with these objects in view. Everybody knows that at this season the worst injuries result from not knowing how to fall. There seems to be nearly always a complication of injury in every fall, such as sprain, bruise and often mishaps, either separately or in complicated form, and especially for sprains. St. Jacobs Oil is the best known and surest cure. Speaking of sprains, the very worst often result from falls, because the muscles sustain such violent twists from resistance. But whether there is practice of the art or not, the great remedy for pain is sure to cure.

Brute force is the logic of savagery. "Mind over Matter" will be a fiction as long as war exists.

### Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

It needs a better sort of courage to wait than to storm a redoubt.

## Spring

Is the season for purifying, cleansing and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force and awakening power.

## Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should, but have accumulated in the blood.

## Spring

Is, therefore, the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills, easy to take, easy to operate.