ODE TO SPRING

I wakened to the singing of a kird I heard the bird of spring. And lo! At his sweet note The flowers began to grow, Grass, leaves, and everything. As if the green world heard The trumpet of his tiny throat From end to end, and winter and despair

Fled at his melody, and passed in air.

I heard at dawn the music of a voice. O my beloved, then I said, the spring Can visit only once the waiting year; The bird can bring

Only the season's song, nor his the choice To waken smiles or the remembring tear! But thou dost bring

Springtime to every day, and at thy call The flowers of life unfold, though leaves of autumn fall.

-Annie Fields, in the Century.

"IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

BY LUKE SHARP.



HE splendid steamship Adamant, of the celebrated Cross Bow Line, left New York on her February trip under favorable auspices. There had just been a storm on the ocean,

so there was every chance that she would reach Liverpool before the next drop. one was due.

Captain Rice had a little social problem to solve at the outset, but he smoothed that out with the tact which is characteristic of him. Two Washington ladies-official ladies-were on board, and the captain, old British sea dog as he was, always had trouble in the matter of precedence with Washington ladies.

So it happened that Mrs. Assistant-Attorney-to-the-Senate Browning came to the steward and said that, ranking all others on board, she must sit at the right hand of the captain. Afterwards Mrs. Second-Adjutant-to-the-War-Department Digby came to the same preplexed official and said she must sit at the captain's right hand because in everyone else on board. The bewilcaptain, and the captain said he would attend to the matter. So he put Mrs. War-Department on his right hand and then walked down the dock with Mrs. Assistant-Attorney and said to her:

"I want to ask a favor, Mrs. Brownrig. Unfortunately I am a little deaf in the right ear, caused, I presume, by listening so much with that ear to the fog horn year in and year out. Now, I always place the lady whose conversation I wish most to enjoy at my left hand at table. Would you oblige me by taking that seat this voyage? I have heard of you have never crossed with me before?"

"And I assure you, madam," said the polite captain, "that I would not for the world miss a single word, that," etc.

And thus it was all amicably arranged between the two ladies. All this has nothing whatever to do with the story. captain more popular with the ladies than he, and besides he is as good a Anyhow there is a hole in her, and sailor as crosses the ocean.

As day by day went on and the good ship plowed her way toward the east, the passengers were unanimous in saying that they never had a pleasanter voyage for that time of the year. It was so warm on deck that many steamer chairs were out, and below it was so mild that a person might think he was journeying sengers and over 800 steerage pasin the tropics. Yet they had left New sengers," answered the captain, York in a snow storm with the thermometer away below zero.

"Such," said young Spinner, who knew everything, "such is the influence of the Gulf Stream."

Nevertheless when Captain Rice came down to lunch the fourth day out his Adamant." face was baggard and his look furtive and anxious.

"Why, captain," cried Mrs. Assistantslept a wink last night."

"I slept very well, thank you, madam," replied the captain. "I always do." "Well, I hope your room was more

find it so, Mrs. Digby?"

"I thought it very nice," replied the lady on the captain's right, who generally found it necessary to take an opposite view from the lady at the left.

"You see," said the captain, "we have many delicate women and children in her and I signal-" on board, and it it necessary to keep up the temperature. Still, perhaps the man who attends to the steam rather overdoes I will speak to him."

Then the captain pushed from him his untasted food and went up on the bridge, casting his eye aloft at the signal waving from the masthead, silently calling for help from all the empty horizon.

'Nothing in sight, Johnson?" said the

"Not a speck, sir." "Keep a sharp lookout, Johnson." "Yes, sir."

The captain moodily paced the bridge with his head down.

"I ought to have turned back to New York," be said to himself.

Then he went down to his own room, avoiding the passengers as much as he could, and had the steward bring him some bee! tea. Even a captain cannot live on anxiety.

"Steamer off the port bow, sir," rang out the voice of the lookout at the prow. anxious faces, and the bluff old captain ing the grinding. After the glass is The man had sharp eyes, for a landsman could have seen nothing.

"Run and tell the captain," cried Johnson to the sailor at his elbow, but as the sailor turned the captain's head appeared up the stairway. He seized the glass and looked long at a single point in the horizon.

"I think so, sir." "Turn your wheel a few points to port and bear down on her.'

Johnson gave the necessary order and the great ship veered around. "Hello!" cried Spinner, on deck. "Here's a steamer. I found her. She's

Then there was a rush to the side of the ship. "A steamer in sight," was the cry, and all books and magazines at once lost interest. Even the placid, dignified Englishman who was so uncommunicative rose from his chair and sent his servant for his binoculars. Children were held up and told to be careful York?" while they tried to see the dim line of smoke so far ahead.

, 'Talk about lane routes at sea," cried young Spinner, the knowing. "Bosh, I say. See! we're going directly for her. Thing what it might be in a fog? Lane routes! Pure luck, I call it."

"Will we signal to her, Mr. Spinner?" gently asked the young lady from Boston.

"Oh, certainly," answered young Spinner. "See, there's our signal flying from the masthead now. That shows them what line we belong to."

"Dear me, how interesting," said the young lady. "You have crossed many times, I suppose, Mr. Spinner." "Oh, I know my way about,"

answered the modest Spinner. The captain kept the glasses glued to his eyes. Suddenly he almost let them

"My God! Johnson," he cried. "What is it, sir?"

"She's flying a signal of distress, too!" The two steamers slowly approached each other, and when nearly alongside and about a mile apart the bell of the Adamant rang to stop.

Oh, look! look! 'cried the enthusiastic Indianapolis girl who was going to take music in Germany.

Everyone looked aloft and saw running up to the masthead a long line of fluttering, many-colored flags. They remained in place for a few moments and then fluttered down again, only to give place to a different string. The same thing was going on on the other steamer.

"How just too interesting for anything," said Mrs. Assistant. "I am Washington she took precedence over just dying to know what it all means. I have read of it so often but never saw it dered steward confided his woes to the before. I wonder when the captain will come down. What does it all mean?" she asked the deck steward.

"They are signaling each other, madam.

"Oh, I know that. But what are they signaling?" "I don't know, madam."

"Oh, see! see!" cried the Indianapolis girl, clapping her hands with delight.

"The other steamer is turning round." It was indeed so. The great ship was thrashing the water with her screw, and gradually the masts came in line and then her prow faced the east again. you, you see, Mrs. Brownrig, although When this had been slowly accomplished the bell on the Adamant rang full speed "Why, certainly, captain," replied ahead, and then the captain came slowly Mrr. Brownrig; "I feel especially compli- down the ladder that led from the bridge.

"Oh, captain, what does it all mean?" "Is she going back, captain? Nothing

wrong, I hope.

"What ship is it, captain?" "The ship," said the captain slowly, "is the Vulcan, of the Black Bowling It is merely an incident given to show Line, which left Queenstown shortly what a born diplomat Captain Rice was after we left New York. She has met and is to this day. I don't know any with an accident. Ran into some wreckage, it is thought, from the recent storm. whether she see Queenstown or not will depend a great deal on what weather we have and whether her bulkheads hold out. We will stand by her till we reach Queenstown."

"Are there many on board, do you

think, captain?" "There are thirty-seven cabin pas-

"Oh, the poor creatures," cried the sympathetic Mrs. Second - Adjutant. "Think of their awful position. May be engulfed at any moment. I suppose they are all on their knees in the cabin. How thankful they must have been to see the

On all sides there was the profoundest sympathy for the Vulcan. Cheeks paled at the very thought of the catastrophe Attorney, "you look as if you hadn't that might take place at any moment within their own sight. It was a realistic object lesson on the ever present dangers of the sea. While those on deck looked with new interest at the steamcomfortable than mine. It seemed to ship plunging along within a mile of me too hot for anything. Didn't you them, the captain slipped away to his room. As he sat there, there was a tap at his door.

"Come in," shouted the captain.

The silent Englishman slowly entered. "What's wrong, captain?" ne asked. "Oh, the Vulcan has had a hole stove

"Yes, I know all that, of course, but what's wrong with us?" "With us?" echoed the captain

"Yes, with the Adamant? What has city. He says: been amiss with the Adamant for the last two or three days? I'm not a talker, nor am I afraid any more than you are, but I

want to know.' "Certainly," said the captain. "Please shut the door, Sir John."

Meanwhile there was a lively row on board the Vulcan. In the saloon Captain Fiint was standing at bay with his knuckles on the table.

"Now what's the meaning of all this?" cried Adam K. Vincent, member of Con-

A crowd of frightened women were standing around, many on the verge of out the empty space with other smaller hysterics. Children clung with pale faces pieces. They then nail strips of wood to their mother's skirts, fearing they knew not what. Men were grouped with fronted them all.

"The meaning of all what, sir?" "You know very well. What is the

meaning of our turning round?" eighty-five saloon passengers and nearly 500 intermediate and steerage passengers who are in the most deadly danger. The is not manufactured here."

"It must be the Vuican," he said at cotton in the hold is on fire, and they have been fighting it night and day. It may break out at any moment. It means, then, sir, that the Vulcan is going to stand by the Adamant."

A wail of anguish burst from the frightened women at the awful fate that might be in store for so many human beings so near to them, and they clung closer to their children and thanked God that no such danger threatened them and those dear to them.

"Why didn't they turned back, Captain Flint?" asked Mrs. General Weller. "Because, madame, every moment is of value in such a case, and we are nearer Queenstown than we are New

And so the two steamships, side by side, worried their way toward the east, always within sight of each other and with the rows of lights in each visible at night to the sympatnetic souls on the other. The sweltering men poured water into the hold of the one and the pounding pumps poured water out of the hold of the other and thus they reached Queenstown.

On board the tender that took the passengers ashore at Queecstown from both steamers two astonished women

met each other. "Why? Mrs .- General-Weller ! ! ! You don't mean to say you were on board

that unfortunate Vulcan.' "For the lands sake, Mrs. Assistant Brownrig. Is that really you? Will wonders never cease? Unfortunate, did you say? Mighty fortunate for you, I Why! weren't you just frightened to death?"

"I was, but I had no idea any one I knew was on board."

"Well, you were on board yourself. That would have been enough to have killed me." "On board myself? Why, what do

you mean? I wasn't on board the Vulcan. Did you get any sleep at all after you knew you might go down at any moment?" "My sakes, Jane, what are you talking

about? Down at any moment? It was you that might have gone down at any moment, or, worse still, have been burnt to death if the fire had got ahead of them. You don't mean to say you didn't know the Adamant was on fire most of the way "Mrs. - Gerald - Weller!! There's

some horrible mistake. It was the Vulcan. Everything depended on her bulkheads, the captain said. There was a hole as big as a barn door in the Vulcan. The pumps were going night and

Mrs. General looked at Mrs. Assistant as the light began to dawn on both of

"Then it wasn't the engines, but the oumps," she said.

"And it wasn't the steam, but the fire," screamed Mrs. Assistant. "Oh, dear, how that captain lied, I thought him such a nice man, too. Oh, I shall go into hysterics, I know I shall."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said the sensible Mrs. General, who was a strongminded woman; "besides, it is too late. We're all safe now. I thing both captains were pretty sensible men. Evidently married, both of 'em."

Which was quite true. - Detroit Free Press.

Lost at a Profit.

The captain of one rather old and slow steamer, finding that he would have to be a long time in China before he received a full cargo of tea, and would have probably to return in ballast, began, to every one's astonishment, to say that, owing to the repairs that had been done to his engines, he hoped to make a racing land, they are permitted to take de-

Then, still more to the astonishment of the captains of the fast steamers and the world at large, he commenced to back himself to make the fastest passage

In such very considerable sums of money did he wager that people began to think there was something in it, and the merchants sent their tea almost entirely by his ship, arguing that, as the captain stood to lose \$2500, the repairs to his steamer's engines had probably put him in a position to bet almost on a

Of course the steamer, whose greatest speed was eight knots an hour, arrived in England weeks after the others, and the captain lost his \$2500, but instead of having to lie in China waiting his chance of cargo coming in from the interior-a probable delay of week-he had cleared in a few days, after his bets became known to the public, with a full ship, thus recouping to his owners, who of course paid his betting losses, a considerable number of thousands of profit. -Blackwood's Magazine.

How Plate Glass is Ground.

Franz Bertram, the United States Consul at Aix la Chapelle, France, has reported to the State Department in regard to the plate glass industry of that

"I regret to have to report that it was impossible for me to find out the cost of grinding, smoothing and polishing for rolled and plate glass, as we'll as crystal plate, owing to the fact that the managers of the stock company at Stolberg decline to give any information whatever, even visitors not being allowed to

see the works. "I managed, however, to find out that the method of holding the glass on the grinding table is as follows: The glass is placed on a wooden table, of which the whole top must be covered. In case one sheet of glass is too small they must fill all around the table to keep the glass steady and prevent it from moving durground it is taken from the table and placed on a second table to be polished. On this table the whole surface is covered with wet gypsum, and in this matrix "It means, sir, that the Adamant has the sheet of glass is laid. After the gypsum is dry the glass is firmly held in place and can be polished. Thin glass



The long glove is again in fashion.

The poke-bonnet has been revived. Very elaborate are the newest buttons. Sleeves have lost some of their height. Crete, Neb., has a young ladies' cornet

Red gloves are the "correct thing" at present. The chief caterer in Washington is a

In gloves all shades of the dress goods are la mode.

Picture wires are now made in colors to match the wall paper. Crape is almost entirely discarded by

ultra fashionable mourners. Morning gowns for summer wear are used to lavishly display Grecian em-

broideries. London society journals refer to the Princess of Wales's mourning as very 'beautiful."

Many women of English aristocratic circles are wearing mourning for the Duke of Clarence.

Bonnet strings are to be quite broad,

and will be tied squarely under the chin in a very large bow if desired. A very wide belt and very big buckle

is the latest addition to feminine street costume by the women of Paris. In all-wool, as well as silk goods, there is a decided tendency to light up the delicately-toned background with dashes

of color. The widow of ex-President Salomon, of Hayti, who has lately died in Paris, leaves a daughter who is a student of

medicine. Miss Mary Reed, an Ohio lady, who went to India as a missionary, is a victim of leprosy, and is hopelessly wasting

away in a leper village in the Himalayas. The hair dressing of ladies was an expensive affair in the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth at one time was possessed of no fewer than eighty attires of

Miss Louise Ward MacAllister, the new Vice-Regent of the New York Daughters of the Revolution, is a tall, dark young women, with a plain face but a most stylish figure.

Margaret Shaw, a niece of the Rev. Anna H. Shaw, will be the first woman graduate in civil engineering to receive a diploma in that course from the University of Michigan. Judging from the newest designs there

is going to be a good deal of difficulty this summer in distinguishing between a girl dressed a la mode and a lattice-work fence with flowers trained over it. The very latest conceit in hair-dressing is to wear a single, old-fashioned signet

ring as a coiffure ornament. A coil of hair is passed through the circlet, hold ing it firmly in any desired position. Mrs. Sangster, the editor of Harper's Bazar, is said to be as attractive on the lecture platform as in the editorial chair.

She has a very musical voice and a sincere and graceful manner of speaking. Women are now admitted to the lecture-rooms of the universities of Vienna, Berlin and Leipzig. At the University of Zurich, in Switzer-

The old-fashioned brass cornices are coming back into style, and the reign of the curtain pole is drawing rapidly to a close. In five years more we will find that no curtain poles will be used over

In only five States has a mother absolute legal right to the custody of her own children. These are Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oregon and Washington. In all other States the right of fatherhood is paramount.

Hulda R. Gracer, a pretty, smart and wide-a-wake Montreal(Canada) girl, just entering into womanhood, follows the business of a customs broker in Cincinnati, Ohio, and can give points to the boys in making it a success.

Refined toilets for the coming season find expression in the quiet gray ginghams which are decorated with brocaded designs in black and white. Collars and cuffs of black velvet add materially to

the charm of this particular mode. Jean Nelson won the first place in the oratorical contest at De Pauw University, Indiana, which has 1200 students. She is the only woman who has attained this distinction, and she is but nineteen years old. Her subject was "Industrial

Freedom."

Caroline Kelly has been for some years the designer of interior car decorations in one of the largest car-building establihments in the country and the first manufactory to employ women as decorators. Twenty or more young women work under Miss Kelly.

Reticules are most likely coming into fashion again, and a very pretty old fashion it is, too. At a wedding bridesmaids wore them slung on their arms with long blue ribbons, the reticules being of white satin. Everybody voted the innovation charming.

The fact that women in East India are making public speeches is a striking evidence of the rapid strides of progress. In the Indian National Congress the women are recognized, and the consensus of thought from the standpoint of both sexes is considered potent.

The first woman chemist in Paris, France, has just taken her first-class degree. She will have to serve three years as an assistant before practicing in her own name. She is a native of France, which is unusual, as nearly all students of medicine and pharmacy in Paris are

A SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE.

HELPLESS FOR YEARS AND EX-CLUDED FROM HOSPITALS AS INCURABLE.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF CHAS. QUANT AS INVESTIGATED BY AN AL-BANY (N. Y.) JOURNAL REPORT-

ER-A STORY OF SUR-PASSING INTEREST. Albany, N. Y. Journal, March 12th. SARATOGA, March 11th .- For some time Saratoga, March 11th.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga County of a most remark able—indeed, so remarka le as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as 'Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the Evening Journal reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testi-mony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor.

And so he drove to Galway and spent a day
and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant,
getting his story and interviewing his
neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the town of Galway, in Saratoga County, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry the residence of Mr. Upon inquiry the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him, and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was of ened by a man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant, Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the Journal reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment be had had, and of his flual cure by the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was been in the village of Galway, and, exwas born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was a traveling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distressed in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They a They all

said it was dyspepsis, and for dyspepsia l was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow grad-ually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I waiked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, an i spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of under-wear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of o I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take mor-phine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had drawn to one side, so that double sight and was dizzy. trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I re turned to New York and went to the Roose-velt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1893, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but severed no benefit. All this time I had been under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with elecmore burns on and treated me with elec-tricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People.

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a promi-nent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had after four years of con-stant treatment by the most eminent Cana-dian physicians been pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams's Pink Pilk, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully re

and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as te taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warner; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only \$4.00—see!—I can, with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I he ve gained 10 pounds; I feel like a stored to health

new man, and when the spring opens I ex-pect to be able to renew my organ and piano

pect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Gaiway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured. oxes of the pills and was already cured.

Mr. Quant had also tried Faith cure, with

experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S. C., but with no beneficial re-

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian church; Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high opportunity of bearing testimony to the light character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease.

The remerkable result from the use of Dr.

Williams's P.nk Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make further inquiries concerning them, and he ascer-tained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus's dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism,

nerves.

Dr. Williams's Pink Pills are also a specific for trouble peculiar to females, such as sup-pressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and re-store the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred), at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be the sold of the property of the sold of the so be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment.

Why a Horse Eats Dirt.

There was a block in the street up town the other day, and a crowd of people and any number of carts, street cars and carriages were generally mixed up and de-

layed for some time. Directly in front of one of the cars was a cart loaded with fresh dirt from some cellar. The passengers on the car noticed that one of the car horses was interested in the load of dirt. Finally he stretched his neck out and picked up a small mouthful of the clay, which he seemed to try to dissolve in his mouth, with con-

siderable satisfaction. "Why, that horse is eating dirt!" said a passenger with some astonishment. "I

never seen the like." "Nor I," said another man.

"Reckon you gentlemen don't know much about horses," said a quiet man. "A hoss," he went on, "knows as much as any animal about his own stomach, and if men knew as much as animals do they wouldn't have dispepsy. A hoss in the country if he can get a bit of grass with his dirt he takes it that way, but here in the city I suppose he must be glad to get the dirt clean. That's why

that hoss is eatin' that dirt. "I don't pretend to know what they eat dirt for," the man went on, "but I know that they do eat it ouce in a while, and it must be for the good of their stomachs and that they know what they

"Animals is knowing things, and so is birds. A hen will eat clam-shells and crackle over them if you'll pound them up fine. A dog will hunt out certain herbs when he is sick. A cow knows when she wants salt as well as a man does, an' it's the same way with any other animal except a man."-New York Mail and Express.

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