

Mrs. Eva Covert Of Bath. N. Y.

"I am glad to have my experience with Hood's Saraparilla widely known, because the medicine has done me so much good, I think it will benefit others who are out of health. I was in a very distressing and discouraging condition. I had no appetite whatever; could not alcop well; suffered with excruciating headaches. I felt

Tired and Languid. Had no ambition and seemed all broken down. After I had taken medicine prescribed by two of our best physicians, a kind neighbor advised me try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed her advice, and the result is, I am perfectly well. I do not have the headaches now, sleep well, that tired feeling is vanished, and I am bright and ambitious. I can eat heartily at every meal, and have gained in weight from 95 to 105 pounds. I do not have any distress in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

my stomach, and epileptic fits, to which I was formerly subject, never trouble me now. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla and do not wish to be without it." MRS. EVA COVERT, Bath, Stuben County, N. Y.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effisiently, on the liver and bowels. 25 cents



ackage with every purchase

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

COMMON THINGS. Give me dear Lord, Thy magic common

things, Which all can see, which all may share-

Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea---

Nothing unique or new and nothing rare. Just daisies, knapweed, wind among the

thorns: Some clouds to cross the blue old sky

above; Rain, Winter fires, a useful hand, a heart, The common glory of a woman's love.

Then, when my feet no longer tread old paths

(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),

Write one old epitaph in grace lit words: "Such things look fairer that he sojourned

bere," -The Spectator.

WITH MAIMED RITES.

RS. CARNEGIE'S last word's had been, "For heaven's sake, Letitia, don't let it be late again to-day!" It was luncheon, and luncheon to men who have spent the morning on the moors is important. At 12.15, therefore, just fifteen minutes be-

fore it was necessary to start, the wagonette was, by Mrs. Carnegie's orders, at the door, the baskets put in, and Mrs. Carnegie in the breakfast room worrying her sister, Mrs. Mainwaring, by assurances that the girls would make them late, as usual.

"Dollie was ready half an hour ago," said Mrs. Mainwaring. "I saw her in the hall."

"Dolly is not going with us. I don't often take her out. It wouldn't be fair to the two others."

"But it is not fair to Dollie to leave her so much at home. She has not gone

out with us once since I came." "Don't distress yourself about Dollie; she is quite happy."

"How does she make herself so?"

"Oh! I don't know. We are going to be so late. She gardens, she sketches, she does all kinds of things. I don't think she milks the cows, but she certhinly feeds the chickens." "Ob, Letitia!"

"Why do you say, 'Oh, Letitia;' ought I to know whether she milks the cows or not?"

"You ought to know a great deal more about her than you do. There is such a thing as getting tired of gardening and feeding the chickens."

"Yes, I know, but that hasn't happened to Dollie yet, and you see going out is so much more important to the other girls. Just think, Evic is twentysix and Agnes is only a year younger." "But Dollie is twenty-one.

sketch, but at her niece's rosy cheeks. "He gives you hints about your painting, you say?" continued Mrs. Carnegie,

who had seen nothing of this. "Yes, mother," replied Dollie, rising to escape as quickly as she could. "Take care that he is not teaching her how to fall in love, said Mrs. Mainwar-

"That child! No."

"That child! Yes! Be quick and stop it."

"I will-I really will. Just now it is hard to attend to anything but Evie and here. Don't distress yourself about see-Sir Philip, but when that business is ing Dollie. It is much better that you settled Dollie shall always be with me. Did you see how he watched Evic at luncheon?"

"No, I thought he was rather vexed or disappointed about something."

"I hope not. Evie may perhaps have been making some of her stupid speeches. But he loves her, I am sure! I am so happy about it that I am not able to think of anything else."

"So it seems," thought Mrs. Mainwaring; so she spoke to Dollie herself and gave her much good advice. From Dollie she learned that the landscape painter's name was Fleming, that he was young, good-looking and clever, lived in Edinburgh, was quite a gentleman, and not at all the kind of man that Aunt Cecelia seemed to imagine.

Two days afterward Aunt Cecelia was rather unexpectedly summoned home, but before going she again spoke to her sister about the danger of allowing Dollie to sit for hours sketching in the glen. Being informed that Dollie had been forbidden to go there, Mrs. Mainwaring advised her sister to assure herself that Dollie had understood and was obeying this order. This Mrs. Carnegie did, and then once more gave her whole mind to Sir Philip and Evie. Why did he not propose? The day of his departure was drawing very near.

It came two days earlier than had been anticipated. A rich old bachelor, uncle of Sir Philip, who was then in Sundarlandshire, despatched this telegram to him: "Am ill, and must have rest. Have a large party here, and can get none. Come at once and help me, or I shall die outright. Why are you so long in arriving ?"

Ten minutes after the telegram came Sir Philip followed Mr. Carnegie to the study-a study in which no book was ever opened but that which he had gone to fetch-Bradshaw. Mrs. Carnegie thought she knew what Sir Philip had gone to do, and tried to be patient while she awaited the result.

In a quarter of an hour her husband came and said: "My dear, I have had a great surprise-a very great surpriseit almost amounted to a shock."

"Why should I? You didn't." "Indeed, I did. I have known for

ten days that Sir Philip wanted to marry Evie." "But he doesn't-it is Dollie."

Even if Sir Philip did happen to be in love with the young daughter he was still Sir Philip; so, after Mrs. Carnegie was sufficiently recovered to fit a new

expressing much sympathy. "Oh, you must not do that-you must not offend your uncle, besides, Dollie

may not be well enough to see you tomorrow." Sir Philip sighed woefully. "She is not seriously ill. If you will

your uncle wishes; you will stay at Glenfindie as long as he stays-I think you said he would be there a month-and Black and White. when you have done that you will do us

the great pleasure of seeing you back have not seen her. You would not have been able to get her to say what you wish without a great deal of persuasion certainly not in one day-even if she had been well. She has not the slightest idea that you care for her, and she is very shy and timid."

Sir Philip departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie repaired to the study to write to Mr. Fleming. Their daughter, they

said, might have been temporarily led away by persuasion, but now saw, as any one with any judgment must see, that a marriage with him was out of the question. They enclosed a letter from her which would inform him of the true state of her feelings, and trusted that he would see the propriety of leaving the neighborhood at once.

"But can you get her to write that letter?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Ob, yes," replied his wife, and went to Dollie's room, which she did not leave until she had succeeded. Two tears had fallen on Dollie's paper while she was writing. Mrs. Carnegie had seen the blisters which they raised.

but Dollie had suffered so cruelly while thing. writing the leter, that it was impossible to insist on her making a clean copy. So it went with its blisters to Fleming and fearing you have mistaken your talents, strengthened his conviction that Dollie was acting under coercion.

He wrote to her, but his letter was re turned by Mr. Carnegie unopened, with the words, "You have had your dismissal from my daughter, and you have had it from me. I request you at once to leave this neighborhood. Should you persist in remaining, steps will be taken to enforce this request.'

Fleming became desperate, and being powerless in other ways, called the wisdom of the serpent to his aid, and wrote. 'I find it so hard to believe that your laughter's mind can have changed so suddenly that I entreat you to let me see her alone for ten minutes. If you permit this, and she then speaks as she has written, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman to accept her decision as

final, and to leave this place at once." "What a nuisance the man is!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnegie. "Weshall have to let him come. Sir Philip returns next week-we can't have this kind of thing going on then."

So, with great reluctance, Mr. Carnegie replied, "Since you refuse to believe the truth, and insist on giving my daughter this pain, you may come to-morrow at 12, when she herself will tell you what her wish is. You may see her for ten minutes, but her family will be pres-

sent."

She was not, however, looking at the till to-morrow," said Sir Philip, after shock of hearing these words, Dollie had faltered forth. "I declare this man to be my husband."

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Carnegie, who knew something of Scotch law.

"It means that we are married! Don't be anxious about your daughter's future. take my advice you will go to-day, as I am not a Lord of Burleigh, but her home will be one in which we can receive you if you will come."--London

WISE WORDS.

A bird doesn't sing by note.

Friendship is love disinfected.

Love is a spray of forget-me-nots.

Babies are sunbeams with clothes on. There are volumes in a woman's eyes.

Learn to explain thy doctrine by thy life. Fiesh without a thorn in it isn't hu-

man. Kindness out of season destroys

power. An ounce of action is worth a pound of talk.

Happiness doesn't always ride in a carriage.

Blessed are the sorrowful who carry beery face.

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich.

To speak out and to offend, with some people, are but one and the same

There are three supreme agonies in life: the agony of jealousy, the agony of and the agony of ennui.

"God bless you," is the old-fashioned summing up of sincere affection, without the least smirk of studied civility.

In men of the highest character and noblest genius there generally exists insatiable desire of honor, command, power, and glory.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

With meekness, humility and diligence apply yourself to the duties of your condition. They are the seemingly little things which make no noise that do the business.

Knowledge of books in a man of businsss is a torch in the hands of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered the way which leads to prosperity.

"Squaw Men."

"A squaw man," said James B. Hoffman, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, at the National, "is a white man who has married an Indian squaw. There are thousands of them out West and in California and Nevada. In the last named States they are a disreputable lot, ostracised by their fellow whites and lowered generally to the plane upon which they have voluntarily placed themselves. They live in cabins in the mountains, fish, hunt and work and mine a little, roll in the mire of a social degredation well deserved, for it is beyond the comtwo eldest daughters were assembled to prehension of a decent white man how receive him. Mr. Carnegie felt Dollie's one can marry an average Indian squaw, especially when there are so many white women who may be had for the asking.

The Parrot Learned to Cough.

In one New York family three children were afflicted with whooping cough. They coughed and coughed, and the family parrot took it into his head to imitate them. When any one of the children coughed he would accompany it with a coughing paroxysm so natural that it was impossible to tell whether it was one of the children or the parrot that was coughing. The bird seemed to enjoy having the whooping cough, and after a while he clamored for medicine whenever he saw that it was being administered to the children .- Chicago Herald.

The demand for cheap street shoes is remarkable. Customers who formerly paid \$7 for walking boots now ask for \$3.50 goods, taking in addition \$5 low shoes for house wear.

Farmer agents make from 25 to \$20 per day selling \$17 Spray Pumps at \$5.50, expressage paid. Proof of this, together with illustrated catalogue, can be obtained by addressing P. C. Lewis Mfg. Co., Box A., Catskill, N. Y.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole sys-tem when entering it through the mucous sur-faces. Such articles should never be used ex-cept on prescriptions from reputable physi-clans, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F.J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly user and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

We eat too much and take too little out-door exercise. This is the fault of our modern civ-litation. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used BROWS'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."-Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn,

Wanted. -- 5000 Pale People to buy 50c. Bot-tles of Forestine Blood Bitters of all dealers for 25c. Gives you Strength and Vigor with the Freshness of Youth.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomp-son'sEye-water. Druggists sell at 25c, per bottla



Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colda, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

"What nonsense, Charles! You must have known what was coming.

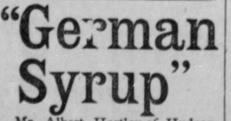


CURES A PHYSICAL WRECK!

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen :-- I desire to tell you just how] was, so that the public may know of your wonderful Swamp-Root. Two years ago last October I had spells of vomiting, I could not keep anything in my stomach; the Doctor said I had consumption of the stomach and bowels; continued to run-down in weight; I was reduced to 60 lbs. I would yomit blood, and at one time as much as three pints; we had two of the best Physicians and they said, my case was hopeless. "Oh, my sufferings were terrible." A neighbor told us of your Swamp-Root, and my husband got a bottle ; I "Oh, my sufferings took it to please him. I used six bottles of Swamp-Root and I am now nearly as well as ever. I weigh 108 ibs., do my own work and take care of my baby. Every one says, I was raised from the dead, and many will not be lieve that I am still living until they come and see me, and then they can't believe their own eyes, I am looking so well. Very gratefully.

MRS. JOHN CHAMPINE, Jan. 10th, 1803. Antwerp, N. Y. At Druggists, Price-- 50c. or \$1.00.



Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardiner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy-Boschee's German Syrup-for lung diseases.



"My dear, you worry me. I must do my duty to the eldest-but I wish they would come."

"An age when amusement is not un-

palatable.

"And while you are marrying them Dollie will marry herself, and probably not to your liking. In a fairy tale she would fall in love with the gardener, who would, of course, be the king's son in the ample and effectual disguise of a shabby coat and cap, in real life, she may perhaps give her poor little affections to some photographer from Glasgow, who is taking a holiday at the 'Blue Bonnet.' "

"Oh, Cecilia! Dollic is not a girl of that kind. She is as good as gold, and perfectly bidable, and she shall go everywhere when Evie gets engaged. Has it struck you that Sir Philip 18 in love with Evie? I am almost certain that he is, and I am delighted. Oh, here the girls come. How charming they both look !"

Mrs. Mainwaring, who had so lately seen Dollie in her plain morning dress, looking like a sweet flower refreshed by the dews of heaven, did not particularly admire the two tailor clad girls who were playing at being in the country. They were pretty, but worn out and faded by a long London season, and yet they had only come North to recover strength to go through another.

They had no liking for scenery unless it were accompanied by a large amount of human interest, and while they trod the heather pined to have the London pavement beneath their feet again and London shops before their eyes.

"And what have you been doing this afternoon, Dollie?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring at tea time.

Dollie blushed (her aunt thought because it was so unusual for anyone to take any interest in her employments), and said, "sketching in the glen, aunt."

"And you had a dull little luncheon all alone by yourself, in that great dining-room?'

"No, I was working so hard that I could not spare time to come in. I ate all the bread I had taken with me to rub out with. I wish you would come to the glen, aunt; it is so pretty."

"Dear child, I am much too old to scramble. May I see your sketch?"

Dollie brought it. Her mother looked at it, too, and was startled at its merit. "Why, Dollie!" she exclaimed, "you have improved wonderfully! That bit in the left-hand corner is excellent."

Again Dollie colored, "I had some failed her. help there, mother," she said, "an artist

who comes to the glen sometimes-" "An artist, Dollie! What do you mean?"

"I mean a gentleman, mother. He strayed in by accident three weeks ago when I was there painting. He has of-ten been to work there since, and whenever he comes he gives me really beautifully hints. He has taught me-"

Here her mother's attention was distracted by a servant with a message, and has been too much for her. Sue had to Mrs. Mainwaring finished Dollie's sen- go to bed with a frightfully bad headtence for her, "to color, my dear, yes, I ache." ache."

heroine into the romance in which she

was so much interested, she sent out emissaries in search of Dollfe. No one could find her, until at last an undergardener, being much pressed by Mrs. Carnegie herself, said, with evident reluctance, that Miss Dollie might, perhaps, he thought, be painting in Ladywell Wood.

To reach this wood a cornfield had to be traversed, and just as Mrs. Carnegie was half across it she saw Dollie in the distance, bidding farewell to a gentleman with a sketching bag on his back. The unhappy lady stopped short in horror. "This must," she thought, "be that odious artist Cecelia Mainwaring was so atraid of. How can Dollie dare to see him, when I have forbidden her?" "Dollie," she exclaimed, "this is shameful! I have been trusting you all

this time, and you, it seems, have been breaking your word !" "Oh, no, I have not! I have not been

near the glen, and I have never seen Mr. Fleming until this morning! Don't look like that, mother, I am speaking the truth, I was on my way to tell you all about it."

"Tell me nothing , of that kind! I want to know nothing."

"But you must know, mother-you will be forced to know. Mr. Fleming has asked me to marry him, and I have said I will."

"You have! Well, girls do stupid things, sometimes; but the sooner you undo this the better !"

"Ah, you are angry because you still think that he and I have been deceiving you," said Dollie, tenderly "but, mother, we have not. We really have not seen each other since you spoke to me, until to-day, and how he found out where I was sketching I don't yet know."

"And you never will. You will not see him again."

"Oh, but let me tell you how it all happened and you will see how different everything is from what you imagine. He came to Ladywell Wood-I could not refuse to say a word to him once he was there, could I? Besides, I think he came on purpose to ask me to marry him.

"Say no more about that, Dollie, it only vexes me. You must have known that you would never be allowed to do it.'

"Mother," Dollie began, but her voice

"Make no appeal to me, Dollie. I am sorry for you, of course, if you care, but crossed the room and said : "Dollie have you won't care long. Be a good girl, you told this gentlemen by word of this generally known." and do your best to dismiss this from mouth what he refused to believe when your mind at once and forever, and go you wrote it?"

She was here a few minutes ago, but she has been sketching in the sun, and it go to bed with a frightfully bad head-

"But he is a gentleman, thought Mrs. Carnegie, when Fleming entered the room where she, her husband and their hand trembling on his arm as he led her down, and had at last to support her lest her feet should fail her altogether.

At the drawing room door he kissed her and said :

"Be brave, darling, it will soon be over. You could not have married him ; but I will own that he is better looking than I expected."

"Is hef" she exclaimed eagerly. "Are you quite sure that you would never have said yes?"

"Quite! Stick to what has been agreed on, and let us get quietly over it."

All eyes were fixed on Doltie as she able to stand. No one spoke-all to be said. How would that faltering, frightened girl get through her set speech? They had expected that all that was about to be said would be said within range of their hearing, but Mr. Fleming went to meet her, and then turned to the family group and said:

"As this interview has been permitted entirely to satisfy me that Miss Carnegie is acting in accordance with her own wish, you will not object to my taking her to the other side of the room. It will

I shall be more able to accept them as final." Something in his manner terrified Mrs. Carnegie. What was he saying? What -they ought not to have afforded him this opportunity, for the girl who had

yielded to her parents, when they had asked her to do what was contrary to the wish of her heart, might yield to her lover when he asked a reverse.

"Charles," she whispered, "we have been fools to let him see her! Who--' "Do be quiet, my love," said Mr. Carnegie. "It can't be helped now." But he was sitting, watch in hand, longing as much as she did for the ten minutes to come to an end. Fleming was

intently. . .

"Time is up!" Mr. Carnegie ex-

man that you intend to do so." "Where is Dollie?" asked Mr. Car-negie when he and Sir Philip came. She was here a few minute came. with us, for I have something to say which requires the presence of witnesses. Before those here assembled I declare this woman to be my wife. Now, Dollie, speak !" And before any of the unwill-"Then I shall not see her unless I stay ing witnesses had recovered from the Orleans Picayuna.

"But down in my country the conditions are slightly different, but as a great class they are a pretty low down set of men. I never saw an intelligent, refined squaw man. Most of them are of the very ordinary caliber, and in, perhaps, seven cases out of ten it is generally supposed that they have left their respective communities for their own protection.

"The most prominent squaw man in the United States is old Amos Chapcame in, looking pale, ill and scarcely man, out in the Territory. While some of them are well-to-do, even wealthy, as waited to hear the words that were about things go out there, old Amos overtops them all with his cattle, horses and lands. He has been there for many years, and is above the class I have just referred to, for he enjoys the respect of those who know him, and is a smart, goahead fellow.

"For over fifty years the whites have been marrying with the five great civilized tribes in the Territory, including the Choctaws and Cherokees, and their children intermarrying have produced an intelligent race that may be said to be not be a private interview even then, but | educated, and though they preserve their if we can exchange a few words unbeard tribal relations, for the advantages gained in holding lands, they are practically whites, and this class of men is, of course, removed from the squaw men I have described. The average squaw might not he be trying to persuade Dol-lie to do? She was a weak little thing I may say, as repulsive as a companion as one can imagine."- Washington Star.

Tomatoes and Cancer.

In a late issue of the London Times appeared a letter to the editor containing the following: "There is a very prevalent idea that eating tomatoes is an exciting cause of cancer, and for the last two years we have been so inundated with letters on this subject that the Medical Committee of the Cancer Hospital would be greatly obliged by your publishing in the Times their opinion-viz., excite cancer formation, and that they are not injurious to those suffering from this disease, but are, on the contrary, a very wholesome article of diet, particularly so if cooked. We shall also be greatly obliged by other papers making

A Gun of Extraordinary 'Power.

For a light weight gun of extraordin. ary power, the Cail, invented by Colonel de Bange, of the French army, is attracting much favorable attention abroad. It was only a few weeks ago that it was given first preference in competition with the Krupp and other field guns at Constantinople, and now it has won like distinction in BrazH.-New

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, RY &FW YORK, N.Y.

A Powerful Flesh Maker. A process that kills the taste of cod-liver oil has done good service-but the process that both kills the taste and effects partial digestion has done much more.

Scott's Emulsion stands alone in the field

of fat-foods. It is easy of assimilation because partly digested before taken. Scott's Emulsion checks Consumption and all other wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Lowns, Chemista New York. Sold by druggists everywhere

OTHING LIKE ENERS SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is totally unlike any other blood medicine. It cores diseases of the blood and skin by removing the poison and at the same time supplies good blood to the wasted parts. Don't be imposed on by substi-tutes, which are said to be just as good, it s of trac. No medicine **IN THE WORLD** wonderful cures, or relieved so much suffering.

"My blood was badly poisoned last year, wh got my whole system out of order-diseased a a constant source of suffering, no appetite a boot of the two bottles of prought me right out. There is no botter remedy for blood diseases. "JOHN GAVIN, Dayton, Ohio' S.S.S.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SPRAY PUMP \$5.50

talking so serious and Dollie listening so that tomatoes neither predispose to nor

claimed, almost joyously, as he put his watch in his pocket. Then he half