

AT MORN.

When the song of the stars dies away
And the tremulous, mystical gray
Lifteth up, God again calleth good the whole world.

SIBYL'S SLIPPER.

BY NORA PERRY.



HE year Sir William
How he succeeded
General Gage as
Governor and military
commander of the
New England
province, he at
once set to work to
make himself and the
King's cause popular
in a social way, by
giving a series of fine
entertainments in the
stately Province House.

To these entertainments were
bidden all the Boston townfolk
who were loyal to the British crown.
Amongst such, none were more
prominent or made more welcome,
than Mr. Jeffrey Merridew and his
pretty young niece, Sibyl.

Mr. Merridew was a stanch
Royalist, though he was by no means
a violent hater of the rebels. Many
of them were his old friends and
neighbors, and his only brother, Mr.
Ephraim Merridew—Sibyl's father—was
a rebel at heart, though in far away
Barbadoes, where he was at that time
engaged in business, he could not
serve the rebel cause in person, as he
would gladly have done. But he left
behind him a son who, in full sympathy
with his father's views, ranged himself
boldly on the rebel side, as part and
parcel of the American Army.

A rebel relative in Barbadoes
was not a matter to trouble oneself
about greatly, but a rebel relative on
the spot, so to speak—for young
Ephraim was only six miles away at
the Cambridge rallying ground—was
a different thing, and amiable and
easy-going as Mr. Jeffrey Merridew
was disposed to be, his nephew's
close proximity could not, under the
peculiar circumstances, but be
embarrassing and disturbing on
occasions; for the young man,
besides being his nephew, was
Sibyl's brother, and Sibyl, as a
member of the Royalist's family—for
her father on his departure for the
Barbadoes had left his motherless
girl in her uncle's charge—could not,
of course, be allowed free intercourse
with one who had placed himself in
an attitude of active hostility to the
Royal cause.

When Sibyl was apprised of this
dictum she at once made passionate
demands against it. "What harm do
the King's soldiers think poor Eph
can do them by now and then paying
a visit to his sister?" she asked her
uncle scornfully.

"Harm? You are very young,
Sibyl, and don't understand these
things. Your brother has chosen very
foolishly to join the rebel forces, and
so has made himself one of our
acknowledged enemies and I never
heard of declared enemies in time of
war walking in and out of each other's
houses like tame cats," answered Mr.
Merridew sarcastically.

"But Eph, such a boy as Eph—only
nineteen, only two years older than I!
What harm could he do now, more
than he has ever done, by coming out
to his uncle's house as a visitor?" still
persisted Sibyl rather foolishly.

"What harm!" exclaimed Mr.
Merridew impatiently. "What a child you
are, Sibyl! Why, his coming here
would compromise me fatally with the
royal Government. I should be
suspected of disloyalty, and do you
think that he, your brother, could be in
any such communication with us and
fail to see and hear things that might
bring us disaster if reported to his
officers?"

"You think Eph would be so mean
as to tell tales?" exclaimed Sibyl in
high indignation.

"Tell tales!" repeated Mr.
Merridew, flinging back his head with
irrepressible laughter at Sibyl's ignorance.
"Why, my dear, the reporting of
important facts, however gained, in
times of war, is part of war tactics—it is
not called 'telling tales.'"

"And would you—would you, if you
were in Ephraim's camp as a visitor,
would you—"

"Tell tales!" laughed Mr.
Merridew, "indeed I would, if I heard anything
worth telling—anything that I thought
would save the cause I believed to be
a righteous cause." Then more
seriously, "Why, Sibyl, it would be my
duty to do it."

"Oh, oh!" cried Sibyl, "it is
odious, odious, all this war business."

"Yes, I grant you that; but who is
to blame for bringing this odious
business upon us? Who but those
foolish malcontents, these rebels, like—"

"Like my father and my brother,"
broke in Sibyl hotly, as Mr. Merridew
hesitated.

"Yes, like your father and your
brother, I am sorry to say," concluded
her uncle, gravely.

the people with unjust taxes, that they
may live in greater grandeur."

Mr. Merridew stared in silent
astonishment at this unexpected outburst.
Then in a severe tone than his niece
had ever heard from his lips he said:
"So this is the reasonable talk you
have heard from your brother—these
are the teachings that he has been
instilling into you? Ah, it is none too
soon that you are cut off from the
influence of that head-strong boy."

"But it was my father who instilled
these teachings into my brother. They
are his principles and they are my
principles, too!"

"Your principles," and Mr.
Merridew, his sense of humor immensely
tickled at the sound of this fine word
that rolled off with such an assumption
of dignity from those rosy young
lips, burst into a great laugh. "That
Jackanapes of a boy, to fill her head
with this treasonable stuff! But we'll
see if we can't crowd all such stuff out
with livelier things when we have
those fine doings at the Province
House. Sir William is talking of
Her principles! The little parrot,"
and he laughed again.

"And you're to dance the last dance
with me, remember, Miss Merridew."

"Indeed, Sir Harry, I will not
promise you that."

"You will not promise? But you
have promised."

"Have promised! What do you
mean, sir? I think you are forgetting
yourself?" and Miss Sibyl Merridew
lifted up her graceful head with a
little air of hauteur that was by no
means unbecoming to her piquant
beauty.

But young Sir Harry Willing
was not to be put down by this pretty
little provincial—not he; and so, lifting
up his head with an air of hauteur, he
said to Miss Sibyl: "I crave Miss
Merridew's pardon, but perhaps if she
will reflect a moment she will recall
what she said to me yesterday
morning when I begged her to give me
the pleasure of dancing the last
minuet with her to-night."

Waving her great plumed
feather fan to and fro Sibyl looked
across it at her companion, and
answered in a little sweetly impertinent
tone:

"But I never reflect."

"So I should judge, Madam,"
replied the youth wrathfully, "but
perhaps," he went on, "if Miss
Merridew will begin to bestow a glance
upon this"—and the young fellow
pulled from his pocket a gold-mounted
card and letter case, out of which he
took a tablet upon which was written:
"Met Miss Sibyl Merridew this morning
on the mall. She promised to dance
the last minuet with me to-morrow
night. Mem. Send roses if they are to
be had in the town."

Sibyl blushed as she read this.
Then lifting the flowers—Sir Harry's
roses—to her face for a moment she
dropped a demure courtesy and said
with a gleam of fun in her eyes:

"If Sir Harry finds that it is
necessary for him to recall his friends
and engagements by memorandum
notes, he certainly cannot expect an
untutored provincial maid who carries
no such orderly appliance about with
her to charge her mind unaided."

"An untutored provincial maid,"
exclaimed Sir Harry, all his wrath
extinguished by her pretty recognition
of his flowers, and his admiration of
her ready wit; "an untutored provincial
maid! By my faith, Miss Sibyl, you'd
put to shame many a court dame.
But hark, what's that? As I live, the
musicians are tuning up for the
minuet, and smilingly he held out his
hand to her.

"A very pretty pair," said more
than one of the assembled company as
the two took their places in the
beautifully decorated ballroom; and
as the dance progressed Mr. Jeffrey
Merridew, watching his niece from his
post of observation, said to himself
with a congratulatory smile, "Where
now are Miss Sibyl's fine rebel
principles?—I scarcely think they
would stand a test."

Almost at that very moment Sir
Harry, boy as he was, spite of his one
and twenty years, was giving vent to
a little boastful talk about "those
undisciplined rebels who would never
stand the test against a full regiment
of regulars."

"Why," Sir Harry declared, at
length, led on by Sibyl's air of great
interest, "we have positive information
that their troops at Cambridge
have neither arms nor ammunition to
carry on a defense, and they are in a
sorry condition every way—it is
impossible for them to resist us
successfully; we shall literally sweep them
off the face of the earth if they attempt
it."

"And you—the King's troops?"
inquired Sibyl.

"We, well, we have been a little
straitened ourselves for the munitions
of war," replied the young aid-de-
camp, "but by to-morrow night a
vessel will arrive for us that will
relieve all such necessities. Ah," with
a gay smile, "what would not these
rebels give to get possession of this
information and put their cruisers on
the alert to capture such a prize!"

"But there is no possibility of this?"

"Not the slightest. But you are
pale—don't be alarmed, there is no
danger. The rebels have no suspi-
cion of the expected arrival, we are
certain."

"But if they had?"

"Well, that might alter the case.
Their seamen know their business
better than their landmen."

All this in the pauses of the
dance. When they started up again, the
music had accelerated its time, and
down the great hall they led the way at
a fine pace. But in swinging about to
return Sir Harry felt his companion falter.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

shoe, the high hollow metal heel of
which had suddenly given away.

Certainly no more dancing that
night. For that matter, though, it
was near the end of the ball. But
could not he do something, Sir Harry
asked; he had tinkered gun screws,
why not a slipper? No, nothing could
be done then and there; a new heel
must be hammered and fitted on.

But—then and there, Sibyl had
a sudden inspiration! Something could
be done. She was to go to Mrs.
Bontineau's room the next evening.

She needed those very slippers for
that occasion. Would Sir Harry—on
his way to his quarters that night—
would he think it beneath his dignity
to leave the slippers at Anthony
Styles, the shoemaker's?—it was just
there by the tavern, at the sign of the
gilded boot. He had only to drop the
shoe—with a message she would write
to go with it—into the tunnel box, by
the door, and Anthony would find it
by daylight and set to work upon it
at once, that she might not be disap-
pointed, for it was a longish job, she
knew.

Beneath his dignity! Sir Harry
laughed. He was only too glad to do
her bidding.

And would he then give her a bit
of paper and pencil and take her to the
cloakroom for a moment?

Alone in the cloakroom, Sibyl
wrote her message to Anthony Styles.
Folding the paper in the slipper, and
wrapping the whole in her pocket
handkerchief, she fastened the parcel
securely with the silken cord that had
held her fan.

"And may I have the last dance to-
morrow night?" asked Sir Harry,
smilingly, as he took leave of her a
few minutes later.

"Perhaps—if I may depend on you
—and Anthony Styles," she answered.
Her eyes sparkled like dark jewels as
she spoke, her cheeks burned like two
red twin roses.

In the midst of a pretty disorder
of satin and lace and flowers Sibyl,
far into the night, or rather morning,
turning over and over in her mind
something that effectually banishes
sleep.

By and by, as she turns it over for
the twentieth time, she says aloud to
herself: "To think that it should be
given to me to do—made my duty!
Uncle Jeffrey taught me that, as he
has taught me many things these past
months—to keep my own counsel, for
one thing."

"Ah, Uncle Jeffrey, you have
fancied me all these months naught but
a vain little puppet who could be led to
forget anything in a round of ronts and
balls. Well, I like the ronts and balls
dearly, dearly, but I like something
else better. I like what my father has
taught us, what my dear Eph is going
to fight for, far, far better. Yet I felt
like a cheat to-night as I led Sir Harry
on to tell me what he did—Sir Harry,
who thinks me, as all the rest do, a
staunch little Tory, for I have kept my
counsel indeed, and no one suspects
me. But, oh, it is odious, it is odious,
this war business, yet I have been
taught how to do my duty, and I have
done it. Yes, I have done my duty, for—
the reporting of important facts,
however gained, in times of war is
part of war tactics." Yes, these are
your words, Uncle Jeffrey, and, oh,
how they flashed up to me to-night
when Sir Harry told me of the British
vessel, and how they fairly rung in my
ears like an order when it suddenly
came to me how I could get this
important fact that I had gained sent
to the right quarters by means of good
Anthony Styles and that parcel box of
his, through which so many messages
have gone safely.

"Oh, I could laugh, I could laugh,
if I didn't shiver so, when I think of
it! Sir Harry, Sir Harry of all persons,
dropping the message into
Anthony Styles's hands—Anthony
Styles, the stanch rebel whom they
think a stanch Tory! Oh, I could
laugh, I could laugh! And now if
everything goes well—if everything goes
well, my dear rebels will not be
swept off the earth by the British arms
quite yet?"

"But hark, that is the clock, it is
striking one, and I out of bed and
gabbling to myself in this foolish way
of mine 'like a playing acting woman,'
as Uncle Jeffrey would say of me! But
I will not stay up a minute longer, so
good night, good night, my dear rebels,
good night."

The clock was striking four the next
afternoon, when a weather-beaten man,
who had a look as if he had once been
a seaman, knocked at the side door of
Jeffrey Merridew's mansion and asked
to see young Mistress Merridew.

"It's Shoemaker Styles," the maid
informed Sibyl, "and he says you must
come down and try on the slipper he
has brought—he's not sure about the
heel. He's in the hall, men."

It was with a wildly beating heart
that Sibyl, obeying this summons, ran
down to the little hall where
Anthony Styles awaited her.

He stood with the slipper in his
hand as she entered the room, and
before he could close the door behind
her, he called out in a frank, loud
voice: "I thought you had better try
on the shoe, miss—I wasn't sure of the
heel."

The moment the door was closed,
however, he came forward eagerly, and
in a low tone said: "It's all right, little
mistress, I heard the click of the
tunnel box last night, for I hadn't turned
in, and afore many minutes I was up
and off in my boat with the message,
in my hand—I burnt the paper! There
was a stiff breeze, and I reached the
cutter in the quickest time ever made,
and I got back afore daylight, with
nobody the wiser. Shoemaker Styles
understands his old sailor business
better than shoemaking," with a grim
laugh, "and no Tory knows these
waters as I do."

"And it's all right, and the end will
be all right?" faltered Sibyl anxiously.

"All right!" You'll know for your-
self by nightfall perhaps, and now
God bless you, little mistress; you've
done a great service, and if ever
Anthony Styles can serve you, he'll do it
with a whole heart—God bless you,
God bless you!" and with these words
Shoemaker Styles hurried off leaving
Sibyl with the slipper still in her
hand, and both of them quite obliv-
ious of that important trying-on pro-
cess.

The day after the ball was a busy
one for Sir Harry Willing, and it was
not until late in the afternoon that he
found himself at liberty to take his
accustomed saunter about town.

As he came in sight of the gilded
boot, he smilingly thought: "I wonder
if Shoemaker Styles has done his
duty by the little slipper—if he has, I
shall dance with my lady Sibyl at
Mme. Bontineau's this evening."

But Sir Harry did not dance at
Mme. Bontineau's that evening, for
when at nightfall he returned to his
quarters he was met by the disastrous
tidings that the long-looked-for and
eagerly expected British brig loaded
with supplies for the King's army had
been captured off Lechmere's Point
by the Yankee rebels.

It was not many months after this
capture that the British evacuated
Boston. When Sir Henry Willing took
leave of Sibyl Merridew he pleaded
for some token of remembrance.

"You will not promise yourself to
me," he said in reproachful accents,
"but give me some token of yourself,
some gage of amity, at least."

"But what—what can I give you,
Sir Harry?" asked Sibyl, not a little
touched and troubled.

"Give me the little slipper you wore
that night we danced together at the
Province House."

"That—that slipper?" and Sibyl
blushed and paled.

"Yes—ab, you will, you will."

A moment's hesitation, then with a
strange smile, half grave, half gay,
Sibyl answered, "Yes, I will."—St.
Louis Republic.

WISE WORDS.

The first of the new in our race's
story beats the last of the old.—Browning.

Most men, until losing rendered
sager, will back their opinions by a
wager.—Byron.

Walk boldly and wisely in the light
thou hast; there is a hand above will
help thee on.—Bailey.

He draweth out the thread of his
verbosity finer than the staple of his
argument.—Shakespeare.

The gem cannot be polished without
friction, nor man perfected without
trials.—Chinese Proverb.

Trust not him with your secrets who,
when left alone in your room, turns
over your papers.—Lavater.

Men are generally more careful of
the breed of their horses and dogs
than of their children.—Penn.

A person is always startled when he
hears himself called old for the
first time.—O. W. Holmes.

The avarice of the miser is the grand
sepulcher of all his other passions as
they successively decay.—Colton.

Excess of grief for the dead is
madness, for it is an injury to the living
and dead know it not.—Xenophon.

Life, I repeat, is energy of love,
divine or human, exercised in pain, in
strife and tribulation.—Wordsworth.

The hours we pass with happy
prospects in view are more pleasing than
those crowded with fruition.—Gold-
smith.

Explaining the Puzzle of Spinning.

A top, while spinning, keeps erect
because it is under the influence of and
is balanced between opposing forces.
Its rapid rotation gives to all its
particles a tendency to fly from the
center. If the atoms of wood were not
held together by the attraction of cohesion
they would fly away in a circle out-
ward from it, just as the drops of
water fly off a mop while it is being
twirled. A little sand, salt or dust
thrown on a top while in motion would
be scattered in a circle, just as its own
atoms would be if they were free to
separate, but not with the same force,
because the atoms of salt, etc., are not
in an active state of rotation, and so
would only be influenced by momentary
contact with the rotating body. This
tendency of the particles of a rotating
body to fly outward from the center is
called the centrifugal force. The other
force influencing the top is the attraction
of gravitation, which, were the top
not spinning would draw it toward
the earth. The motions of the earth
and all the heavenly bodies are con-
trolled by precisely the same guidance
as that which keeps a spinning top up-
right.—Chicago Herald.

Molecules in Diamonds.

If you think your polished diamond
is a mere aggregation of inanimate
crystals you are away wrong. If you
imagine that its components are de-
void of orderly, coherent motion, you
are equally mistaken. It has come to
pass that we are given to understand
that diamonds are masses of active
molecules.

Sir Robert Ball, of Liverpool, as-
serts that were the sensibilities of our
eyes increased so as to make them
a few million times more powerful it
would be seen that the diamond atoms,
which form the perfect gem when ag-
gregated in sufficient myriads, are
each in a condition of rapid move-
ment of the most complex description.

Each molecule would be seen swing-
ing to and fro with the utmost violence
among the neighboring molecules and
quivering from the shocks it receives
from encounters with the other mole-
cules, which occur millions of times in
each second.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BANANA SOUFFLES.

Peel and pound six bananas to a
pulp; mix with it the juice of two
lemons, rub it through a sieve, add a
pint of whipped cream sweetened, then
freeze. Have ready some paper soufflé
cases; pack the banana-ice into these
in a charged ice-cave, for two and a
half hours. To serve, remove the ex-
tra paper bands and lay a crystallized
violet on each soufflé.—New York
Ledger.

USING STALE BREAD.

Bread pudding with cherries is one
of Mrs. Rorer's ingenious methods of
using stale bread. Put one cupful
(one half pint) milk in a double boiler.
When hot add two ounces of stale
bread crumbs, a grated rind of lemon,
one tablespoonful butter. Cook ten
minutes. Beat two eggs, without sepa-
rating; add four tablespoonfuls sugar
and another cup of milk; add these
now to the boiler, then turn into a
greased baking dish, sprinkle with
dried cherries and bake in a moderate
oven until a golden brown. Serve
hot.—New York Observer.

GEMS FOR LUNCHEON.

A good way to use a cupful of cold
boiled rice is to put it into gems for
luncheon. Separate the yolks from the
whites of three eggs, beat the
yolks light, and add to them a pint of
sweet milk and three cupfuls of flour.
Mix thoroughly, then add a table-
spoonful of butter melted (which is
not one tablespoonful of melted but-
ter), a teaspoonful of salt and the
cupful of boiled rice. Beat vigorously,
then add two teaspoonfuls of baking
powder and the well-beaten whites of
the eggs. Grease the gem-pans thor-
oughly and bake twenty minutes in a
quick oven.—New York Post.

POT ROAST OF MUTTON.

Buy a shoulder of mutton, instructing
the butcher to take out the bones,
which must be kept for soup. Over
the inside of the meat put a few bits
of bacon and sprinkle over it salt,
black pepper, minced parsley and a
little thyme, if you have it. Roll the
meat closely round, bind it with a
string and put into a stewpan in which
has been heated a tablespoonful of
butter. Turn the meat quickly, to
brown all over, then add boiling water
to half cover. Put around the meat
some small onions, two carrots in quar-
ters and a small turnip in slices, a
little salt and a couple of cloves. Let
all come to a boil, then place in a slow
oven and let it stew gently till done.
Remove the meat to a hot platter, ar-
range the vegetables about it, stir
smoothly into the gravy in the pot a
tablespoonful of flour, let it boil two
or three minutes, adding salt or pep-
per if needed, and pour the gravy over
the meat.—New York Advertiser.

POTATO SURPRISE FOR AN INVALID.

Take a smooth, medium-sized potato,
wash and cut the small end partly
off, leaving just enough attached to
form a little hinge. Scoop out part
of the raw potato and fill with beef
or mutton that has been prepared by
removing all gristle and fat, chopped
very fine and seasoned. When filled
tie the potato cover on, and bake
until tender. When done, take from
the oven, raise the cover, and, if the
meat looks dry, turn over it a little
dressing made with butter, water and
flour, or, if there is any on hand, a
little meat gravy. Serve in the skin,
and, as its name suggests, it will be
a tempting surprise. Or, for a change,
simply bake the potato and when done
cut off the little end and scoop out all
the inside, season this with butter,
salt and chopped celery; beat up fine
and light, then refill the skin and
serve.—Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Salt fish are quickest and best fresh-
ened in sour milk.

Cold rain water and soap will re-
move machine grease from washable
fabrics.

Fish may be scaled easier by first
dipping them into boiling water for a
minute.

Apply kerosene with a rag to the
stoves you put away in summer, and
they will not rust.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a
cup of water, applied with a rag, will
cleanse gold or silver jewelry.

A tablespoonful of turpentine,
boiled with your white clothes will
greatly aid the whitening process.

A teaspoonful of borax put into the
last water in which the clothes are
rinsed will help make them white.

Breakfast bacon is said to be almost
a cure for dyspepsia, and is one of
the best things a dyspeptic can eat.

Dried blackberries, to be had in all
groceries, make a very nice blackber-
ry roll and can hardly be told from the
fresh fruit.

Canned salmon makes excellent
sandwiches. The salmon should be
chopped fine and flavored with a dash
of lemon juice.

Tar soap is the best cure for falling
hair. The hair should be washed with
it and at night well-lathered with it and
left to dry in the scalp and washed
out the next morning.

Furniture that is covered should be
looked over carefully every two or
three weeks, and if there is the least
sign of a moth the chair or sofa should
be saturated with benzine, which will
not affect the most delicate colors, but
will effectually destroy the moth.

Window shades that are pulled down
their entire length and dusted regu-
larly will preserve their fresh appear-
ance and last twice as long as those
that receive no such attention. Dust
helps to rot the shades, and if the shade
becomes spotted with the rain dust
leaves an unsightly mark.

How to Cure a Catarrh.

Let the mother become sick and helpless,
and the house is all in disorder. When both
father and mother are down, you may as
well close the shutters. Order is brought out
of chaos often very easily, and Mrs. John
Malin, of South Butte, Mont., Feb. 17, 1893,
found an easy way out of her difficulties, as
she writes thus: "My husband and I took
very bad rheumatism from severe colds, and
my arms were so lame I could not raise them
to help myself. I sent at once for a bottle of
St. Jacobs Oil, and before the bottle was half
empty, I could go about my work. My hus-
band became so lame he could not get out of
bed. Two and a half bottles completely cured
him. I will always praise St. Jacobs Oil and
you may use this as you see fit." This is a
clear case of what is best at the right mo-
ment, and how every household can be made
happy where pain abounds.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the
country than all other diseases put together,
and until the last few years was supposed to be
incurable. For a great many years doctors pro-
nounced it a local disease, and prescribed local
remedies, and by constantly failing to cure
with local treatment, pronounced it incurable.
Science has proven catarrh to be a constitu-
tional disease and therefore requires constitu-
tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, man-
ufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio,
is the only constitutional cure on the market.
It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops
to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood
and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer
one hundred dollars for any case it fails to
cure. Send for circulars and testimonials
free. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A SLIGHT COLD, if neglected, often attacks
the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give
sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes.
Price 25 cents.

Dr. Huxsley's Certain Urinary Cure
Will check an ugly cough at once and prevent
a cold from going to the lungs. 50 cts. A. P.
Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., M'F'r.

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