Cooking for a Minimum of Cost.

Mr. Atkinson's new and improved Aladdin oven has the sides of glass, and not long ago Mr. Atkinson showed a "household economics club" in Boston how to prepare a five-course dinner on it, that cost only \$1.50 for twelve persons. The dinner consisted of a forequarter of lamb stuffed and roasted, tomatoes, sweet and white potatoes, halibut a la creme, bread and raisin pudding and baked apples. -New York Post.

Test for Eggs.

When four ounces of salt are dissolved in forty ounces of water, an egg a day old will sink to the bottom. one two days old will nearly reach the bottom, three days old will float near the top, and five or more days old will project above the surface more and more as it becomes older. -Atlanta Constitution.

WAS GOULD INSANE!

FINANCIAL WORRY AND PHYSICAL EXERTION NOT THE GREATEST DESTROYER OF HUMAN LIFE.

For Humanity's Sake, After Thirty-six Years of Nerve-Creeping Slavery, He Tells How He Was Set Free.

Caldwell, N. J., March 26, 1895 .- (Special.) -Since one of our prominent citizens suf-fered so terribly from tobacco tremens, has made known his frightful experience in be-half of humanity, the ladies here are making

tobacco-using husbands' I'ves miserable with their entreaties to at once quit tobacco. The written statement of S. J. Gould is attracting wide-spread attention. When interviewed to-night he said: "I commenced using tobacco at thirteen: I am now forty-nine; so, for thirty-six years I chewed, smoked, snuffed and rubbed snuff. In the morning I chewed before I put my pants on, and for a long time I used two ounces of chewing and eight ounces of smoking a day. Sometimes I had a chew in both checks and a pipe in my mouth at once Ten years ago I quit drinking whiskey. I tried to stop to-bacco time and again, but could not. My nerves craved nicotine and I fed them till my skin turned a tobacco-brown, cold, sticky perspiration oozed from my skin, and trickled down my back at the least exertion. trickled down my back at the least exer-tion or excitement. My nerve vigor and my life was being slowly sapped. I made up my mind that I had to quit tobacco or die. On October 1 I stopped, and for three days I suffered the tortures of the damned. On the third day I got so bad that my partner accused me of being drunk. I said, 'No. I have quit tobacco,' 'For God's sake, man,' he said offering me his tobacco, boy 'take a he said, offering me his tobacco box, 'take a chew; you will go wild;' and I was wild. Tobacco was forced into me and I was taken home dazed. I saw double and my memory was beyond control, but I still knew how to chew and smoke, which I did all day, until toward night, when my system got tobacco-soaked again. The next morning I looked and felt as though I had been through a long spell of sickness. I gave up in despair, as I thought that I could not cure myself. Now, for suffering humanity, I'll tell what saved my life. Providence evidently answered my good wife's prayers and brought to her attention in our paper an article which read: 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life

What a sermon and warning in these "What a sermon and warning in these words! Just what I was doing. It told about a guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit, called No-To-Bac. I sent to Druggist Hasler for a box. Without a grain of faith I spit out my tobacco cud, and put into my mouth a little tablet upon which was stamped No-To-Bac. I know it sounds like a lie when I tell you that I took eight tablets the first day, seven the next, five the third day, and all the nerve-creeping feeling, restlessness and mental decreeping feeling, restlessness and mental decreeping feeling. lessness and mental depression was gone. It was too good to be true. It seemed like a It cost me one dollar, and it is worth a thousand. I gained ten pounds in weight and lost all desire for tobacco the first day. and lost all desire for tobacco the first day. I sleep and eat well, and I have been benefited in more ways than I can tell. No, the cure was no exception in my case. I know of ten people right here in Caldwell who have bought no No-To-Bac from Hasler, and they have been cured. Now that I realize what No-To-Bac has done for me and others, I know why it is that the makers of this wonderful remedy the Sterling Persects. wonderful remedy, the Sterling Remedy Company, of New York and Chicago, say 'We don't claim to cure every case. That's Fraud's talk, a lie, but we do guarantee three boxes to cure the to bacco habit, and in case of failure we are perfectly willing to refund money.' I would not give a public indorsement if I were not certain of its reliability. I know it is backed by men worth a million. No-To-Bac has been a God-send to me, and I firmly believe it will cure any case of tobaccousing if faithfully tried, and there are thousands of tobacco slaves who ought to know how easy it is to get free. There's happiness in No-To-Bac for the prematurely old men, who think as I did that they are old and worn out, when tobacco is the thing that destroys their vital-

ity and manhood."

The public should be warned, however, against the purchase of any of the many imitations on the market, as the success of No-To-Bac has brought forth a host of counter-feiters and imitators. The genuine No-To-Bae is sold under a guarantee to cure, by all druggists, and every tablet has the word No-To-Bac plainly stamped thereon, and you run no physical or financial risk in purchasing the genuine article.

An attempt is being made to revive the flax-growing industry in England.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

There are 250 women nurses in the hospitals of Japan.

How's This : We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Carner & Co., Toledo, O.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 year, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially abis to carry out any obligation made by the r firm. West & Thuax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,

Walding, Kinyan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Ha'l's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system. Testimonials and free. Price, 75c. as bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

In the Spring

In the Spring
you feel languid, tired out, depressed in spir';
your liver is torpid; your system requires a
thorough cleansing. You may be troubled with
Bilionsness, Dyspepsia or Sour Stomach. You
may suffer from Headache arising from a disordered stomach. Quirk's Irish Tea, introduced in 1875, will cure you instantly. Thousands have used it with success—It never fais
in removing the cause of the disease at once.
At druggists, or mailed for 25 cents. Elliott &
Rogers, 201 West 141st Street, New York City.

Menial Alertness

depends very largely on the physical condi-tion. Sluggish blood dulis the brain. A Ri-pans Tabuse after meals will clear away the fogs in short order.

"Weak Lungs"—Dr. Hunter's famous book, explaining how consumption arises, in what way it can be prevented and the new treatment by which it is now cured, is advertised in another column.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle. 25c. a bottle

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 56 cts., 15. SONGS.

Strike me a note of sweet degrees-

Of sweet degress-Like those in Jewry hearts of old: My love, if thou wouldst wholly please, Hold in thy hand a harp of gold. And touch the strings with fingers light, And yet with strength as David might-As David might.

Linger not long in songs of love-In songs of love-No serenades nor wanton airs The deeper soul of music move;

Only a solemn measure bears With rapture that shall never cease My spirit to the gates of peace-The gates of peace.

So feel I when Francesca sings-Francesca sings-My thoughts mount upward; I am dea1 To every sense of vulgar things, And on celestial highways tread With prophets of the olden time-

> The men sublime. -T. W. Parsons.

THE REUNION.

Those minstrel kings, the men sublime-



HE stage rattled into the village one pleasant July day and drew up at the store. The G. A. R. man, the only passenger, climbed out of the lumbering vehicle, dragging after him his nondescript

traveling bag. He limped up the steps in the wake of the driver, who was helping the storekeeper with the mail pouch, and once on the porch stopped and nodded a gruff greeting at the three men who were seated on the bench kicking their heels togetherthe Chronic Loafer, the School Teacher and the Miller. The trio gazed at the new arrival solemnly; at his broadbrimmed black slouch hat, which, though drawn down over his left temple, did not hide the end of a band of courtplaster; at his blue coat, two of its brass buttons missing; at his trousers, several rents in which had been clumsily sewed together.

"From your appearance one would judge that you had come home from a battle instead of a reunion at Gettysburg," the School Teacher remarked.

"He'd never come out of no battle lookin' like thet," the Chronic Loafer

cried. "I've come home 'fore my 'scursion ticket expired," said the G. A. R. man, removing his hat and disclosing the great patch of plaster that adorned his forehead. "Getteespurg was a sight hotter fer me yesterday 'an in '63.

But I've got to the end of my story." "So thet same old yarn you've ben tellin' at every camp fire sence the war is finished at last. That's a blessin'.

The veteran seated himself comfortably upon his upturned satchel and

"Fer the benyfit of the Teacher, who I ain't never seen at our camp fires, I'll repeat my experience at the pattle of Getteespurg, and then tell yer all bout my second fight there. I served as a corporal in the 295th Pennsylvany Volunteers, an' was honorably discharged in '64."

the Chronic Loafer ventured.

"Thet ain't so. I got the malary an' several other complaints that I got down on the Peninsula thet hinders me workin' steady. But thet ain't here nor there. Our retchment was allus known as the Bloody Pennsylvany Retchment, fer we'd been in the front in every fight in the Wilterness and Whenever there was any chartchin' to be done, we done et; ef there was Under her cloud a fylorn hope we was in et; if they but took fighters in caset the enemy honorable discharged. give the boys in front a slip and sneaked in on our rear.

the country watching a lot of mules an' our Captain, an' a hundred odd when the boys was hevin' et hot bang- others.

orders.

ond day an' we could hear the roar of felly in a uniform leaning agin the the guns an' see the smoke risin' in bar watchin' us quiet like, an' when I cloulds an' then settlin' down over the | begin he pricked up his ears a little, country. We got our wagons going an' as I got furder an' furder he bean' I tell yer we felt pretty blue, fer gin ter get more an' more 'interested, the wounded and the stragglers begin I noticed. By an' by I seen him beler come hobblin' back bringin' bad comin' red an' oneasy, an' final, when news. They would tell how the boys I finished, he walks' crosst the room was being all cut up along the Em- ter where we was an' stands there nettsburg road and how we'd better starin' at me, never sayin' nothin'. nove fast, fer we was losin', an' then they'd hobble away agin. Then be- 'Well, comrade, what's you uns starin' sides the trouble with the mules and so fer.' wagons and the wounded, we had to be continual watchin' for them Confed'rit | Mary Parker.' cavalry we was expectin' ter pounce lown on us. Evenin' come an' we lay to an' prepared for the night. The 'You fool, I've tended 'most every reires was started and the coffee set union here sence the war horin' ter

set down and rest for a while. that jest filled the country were com- years I've foun' you.' in' in all the time, sometimes alone, cometimes in twos and threes, some all jumps up. I, half skeered ter with their arms tied up in all sorts of death, yells: 'But you ain't the dead queer ways, their heads bandaged, or | man !' hobblin' on sticks, about the miseraplest lookin' set of men I ever seen. et. Nor did I ever 'tend ter hev incline can probably be found no-The noise of the fight had stopped, an' every blame fool in the army mailin' he whole country was quiet, as though my letters, nuther. Never be'n dead. even more remarkable than the geyaothin' had be'n happenin'. The quiet | Because you finds a man with my coat | sers of the Yellowstone."-Cincinnati

with the stories them wounded fellys coat because et was warm runnin'.' give us we didn't rest very easy. At 10 o'clock I went out on the picket for'a'd, grabbed his arm I was so ex line an' seemed 1 hadn't been there cited, an' yells: 'An did she marry more than an hour when I made out a | Silas Quincy?' dark figure of a man comin' through the fields very slow like. Me an' the he said deliberate like, rollin' up his fellys with me watched sharp. Sudden sleeves. 'Fer I got home two days he stopped and sank down in a heap. Then he picked himself up and came din' party on their way to church.' staggerin' on. He couldn't hev ben more 'an fifty yards away when he threw up his hands and pitched for'a'd on his face. Me an' 'nother feller run out an' picked him up au' carried him inter the fire. But et wasn't no use; he was dead.

"There was a bullet wound in his shoulder and his clothes was soaked with blood thet hed ben drippin', drippin' as he walked tell he fell the last time. I opened his coat and in his pocket found a letter, stamped and directed apparent to his wife-thet was all to tell who he was. So I went back to the line thinkin' no more of et an' never noticin' thet thet man's coat 'ud 'a' fit two of him.

"Mornin' come, and the firin' begin over toward Getteespurg, an' we could see the smoke risin' agin an' hear the big guns roarin' tell the ground beneath our feet seemed to swing up an' down. I tell you uns thet was a grand sight. We was awful excited, for et seemed like the first two days hed gone ag'in us, an' more stragglers an' the wounded come limpin' back more an'

more, all with bad news. "I was gittin' nervous, an' thinkin' an' thinkin' an' wishin' I was where the fun was. Then I concided maybe wasn't so bad off, fer I might a be'n killed, like the poor felly I seen the night before. I remembered the letter an' got et out. I didn't 'tend ter open et, but final I thot et wouldn't be safe ter go mailin' letters without knowin' jest what was in 'em, so I read et. Et was wrote on a piece of wrappin' paper with a pencil, an' in an awful bad hand-write. But when I got through it I sot plumb down an' cried like a chil'.

"Et wus from John Parker to his wife Mary, livin' out in Western Pennsylvany. He begins be mentionin' how he was on the eve of a big fight, an' 'tended ter do his duty, even if et come to fallin' at his post. Et was hard, he sayd, but he know'd she'd ruther hev no husban' 'an a coward. He was allus thinkin' of her 'an the baby he'd never seen, but felt sat'sfaction in knowin' they was well fixed.

"Et was sorrerful, he continyerd, thet she was like ter be a widdy so young, an' he wasn't goin' ter be mean about et. He allers know'd, he sayd, how she'd hed a hankerin' after young Silas Quincy 'fore she tuk him. If he fell he tho't she'd better merry Silas, when she'd recovered from the 'fects of his goin'. He ended up with a lot of last goodbys and talk about duty to his country.

"I set right down an' wrote thet poor woman a few lines, tellin' her how I found the letter in her dead husband's pocket. I was goin'ter quit there, but decided et would be nice to add somethin' consolin' fer the poor thing, so I told how we found him on the field of battle, face to the enemy, an' how his last words was for her an' the baby. Thet day we won "For which you draws a pension," the fight, an' the very first chance I ter. Et seemed 'bout the plum blamedest saddest thing I ever hed ter do with.'

"I've allus be'n cur'ous 'bout thet widdy, too," the Chronic Loafer remarked.

The School Teacher cleared his throat and began: Now night her course began, and over heaven

"Don't begin no po'try jest yit, was a breastwork to be took, we took Teacher," said the veteran. "Wait it; an' by the end of two years sech tell you hear the sekal of the story. I fightin' we was pretty bad cut up. never heard no more of Widdy Parker When we come ter the fight at Get- tell last night, an then et come most tecspurg et was decided as they wasn't sudden. Our retchment hed a reunmany of us left we'd better be put to | ion this year on the field, you know, guardin' baggage wagons. Thet was an' last Monday I went back to Geta kinder work didn't need many men, teespurg for the first time sence I was

"The boys was all there-what's left of 'em- an' we jest had a splendid "The trains, with several brigades, time visitin' the monyments an' talkamong which our retchment, was a in, over the days back in '63. There couple of miles behind Cemetary Hill was my old tentmates. Sam James on during the first day's fighting; but on one leg, an' Jim Luchenbach, who was the second day we was ordered back near tuck down before Petersburg be about twenty-five miles. Et was pretty the yeller janders. There was the hard ter have ter be drivin' off inter Colonel, growed old an' near blind,

ing away at the enemy, but there was | "Last night we was a lot of us setorders, and a soldier allus hes ter obey | tin' in the hotel tellin' stories. Et come my turn an' I told about the "The fightin' begin early on the sec- | dead soldier's letter. They was a big "A minute passed an' then I sais:

"Sais he: 'Thet letter was fer

"'True,' sais I, surprised. "Then he shakes his fist an' yells: boilin', an' the fellers had a chancet to meet the man that sent thet letter an' wrote thet foolishness 'bout findin'

"He pulls off his coat an' the flleys

and the dark and the fear we was go- on, thet ain't no reason he's me. I Tribune.

in' ter meet the enemy at any moment | was gittin' to the rear with orders as made et mighty unpleasant, and what lively as a cricket and throwed off thet

"When I seen what I'd done I jump!

"'Et wasn't your fault she didn't, after thet letter an' stopped the wed "Sights!" cried the Chronic Loaf er .- New York Sun.

Atmospheric Fuel.

The possibility of carrying about with him the means of counteracting a tendency to become chilled, and ; stock of available fuel with which to keep warm, does not seem to be recog nized by the average individual. But that ore may by proper breathing keep up a comfortable temperature or throw off chillness in almost any de gree is a fact well established by abun dant experiments. Almost every per son may be exposed to the cold at times when there is no opportunity to pre pare for it, and when there is no chance to secure extra clothing. In such cases it is only necessary to keep up deep and rapid breathing. Fill the lungs as full as possible at every inspiration. If the air is very cold, it s well to hold a handkerchief lightly before the nostrils, in order that the sudden ingress of a large quantity of cold air may not injure the lungs. The air should be drawn in with some force, and exhale at once in the same way. Do not retain the air, but get rid of it as soon as possible. Two seconds is long enough for filling and emptying the lungs. Breathe fast, almost like panting after violent exercise, but with the utmost caution, stopping the instant any distress or uneasmess is felt. Wait a moment, then begin again, a little more slowly. Be steadfast in the effort to fill the lungs as full as possible without straining. Within a few moments the blood will begin to grow warm, the extremities will feel the glow, and soon the entire surface will be at a comfortable temperature. If one wakens in the night with a "crcepy," cold feeling, this is an excellent thing to do, and will restore the circulation, and often

produce a desire to sleep. There is another advantage in deep breathing that is far too little appreciated. One of the most eminent medical authorities declares that one can by full, rapid and free breathing eliminate almost all disease germs and tendencies from the system.

Rapid breathing furnishes fuel by means of which all waste matter of the system is consumed. The blood is purified, the tissues are supplied with never been shod. The reason assigned Such water usually surrounds the necessary material, and the entire body rapidly returns to healthy conditions.-New York Ledger.

of persons that the United States would sustain without overcrowding the population or even going beyond the limit of density now shown by the State of Rhode Island? The last cen sus of the pygmy State just gives it a population of 80,000. The area of the State in square miles is only 1250. Thus we find that there is an average of 318 persons on every square mile of her territory. We can best illustrate the sustaining capacity of the whole of the United States and of the other States by making some comparisons. The State of Texas has an area of 265,780 square miles, and were it nerve strength of the body. equally as densely populated as "Little Rhody" would comfortably sustain a population of 83,523,628, inhabitants-a greater number of persons than the whole country is expected to have in the year 1900. Scatter people all over the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the British possessions as thickly as they are now in Rhode Island, and we would have 945,666,300 inhabitants, instead of an all other diseases arising from or promoted the time, but insignificant 62,000,000. In other words, if the United States could be peopled to their utmost sustaining capacity, we could take care of nearly two-thirds of the the present population of the globe. -St. Louis Repub-

He Knew the Boy.

This story is told of Rudyard Kip ling, as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterwards to achieve such widespread fame with his pen. When a boy of twelve, he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately sea-sick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices. Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head, and down the companionway dashed the boatswain three steps at a time, shouting excitedly, "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm; if he ever lets go be'll drown, sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falting back on his pillow, with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."-Household Words.

Water Running Up Hill.

"One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Georgia," said T. R. Fautkner, at the St. Nicholas. "Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry "The wounded and the stragglers my dead body. An' after twenty-five it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds it way into the Atlantic Ocean. Of course, it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle " 'Dead!' he yells, 'never be'n near of a stream of water flowing up a steep where else in the country, and appears

Convicted by a Pet Dog. "A man named Cooper recently died

in the Joliet (Ill.) Penitentiary and completed the life sentence passed upon him for a murder committed many years ago," said Luke P. Delaney, of Chicago, at the Normandie. this, but his death recalls the peculiar burrow long distances under ground. circumstances which fastened the The black rat lives chiefly in the ceilcrime upon him, for his victim's pet ings and wainscots of houses, under dog was the means of his apprehension. | ridge tiles, behind rafters, and has its Cooper and a tinsmith and peddler runs in hollow walls. Phrenologists named Elliott, I believe, were bosom hold that the black rat has its brain friends, and apparently thought differently developed from that of the everything in the world of each other. brown rat. Spurzheim, the great exdog to accompany him on his trips certain and must be conceded, that through the country, and the animal animals which live on mountains, or seemed equally fond of both men. which are fond of high regions, have One day Elliott was found in a cul- one part of their brain more developed vert under a road, with his head bat- than the species of the same genus tered into a jelly and his pockets and which live in flat and low countries. money belt rifled. The howls of the This difference is very sensible in roes, dog, which was also badly injured, at- hares, rats, etc. One species of rats tracted the attention of those who lives in canals, cellars, and the lower found the body. There was absolute- parts of houses; another in corn-lofts ly no clue to the murderer, and the and garrets, and the difference in authorities were at their wits' ends. their cerebral organization is very Cooper went out to take chargé of his distinguishable." I know not how friend's remains, and was evidently this may be-but unfortunately the very much affected by his awful death. observers of rats have rarely identified The body was lying in a room back of the species seen, and so we have no the station, and the dog was out in data as to comparative intelligence. the yard on a bunch of straw. Sud- Both species, for we include the Alexdenly, through the half-open door the andrian under the head of the black policemen who were present saw the rat, show the same predacious habits, room with a look of ferocity in its of the genus, the same omnivorous eyes. With the intuition of their appetite, and the same fecundity. business they said nothing. Cooper They will have four or five families a was just putting the clota over the year, numbering from four to ten, dead man's face, after a look at the naked, blind, helpless creatures-Mr. bruised and cut features, when the Frank Buckland says he has known dog gave a shriek like that of a human them have fifteen at a birth. At the being in agony and sprang upon him. age of six months these are capable of He fastened his teeth in Cooper's multiplying the species. It will be shoulder, and it was all the officers easily imagined, therefore, that the could do to unfasten hisgrip. Detec- following calculation is a probable this exciting episode was in progress under six pounds weight, has de and ordered Cooper under arrest, be- stroyed 2525 rats, which, had they lieving that the dog had recognized been permitted to live, would at the locked up Cooper broke down and 1,633,180,200 living rats!"-New York confessed, and pleaded guilty on his Post. trial of having killed the peddler, Some circumstances arose that saved him from the death penalty, but he was sent up for life."-Washington Star.

Horse Confined Fifteen Years.

of the town of Lowell, near Juneau, vessel is approaching an iceberg from Wis., has a horse that is fifteen years the men down in the engine room. old this spring, and he has kept it That sounds queer, but it is a fact, stable since the animal wassix months steamship enters water considerably old. The beast has never had a bridle, colder than that through which it has much less a harness on him, and has been going its propeller runs faster. by Mr. Franz when questioned by his vicinage of bergs for many miles. neighbors regarding the confinement When the propeller's action, thereof the horse is that he considers him fore, is accelerated without steam Will Sustain 945,766,500 Persons.

Have you any idea of the number

Have you any idea of the number

Franz feed him well and grooms him look-out for them is established.—New

The Black v. the Brown Rat.

The black rat is much more fastidious than the brown one. The latter frequents barns, cellars, pigpens, stables, and the like; a favorite haunt is the sewer, in which place "There was nothing remarkable in they live in thousands; and he will The former had given the peddler a ponent of phrenology, says: "It is animal creeping painfully toward the the same hostility to other members tive O'Hare arrived about the time one: "Mr. Shaw's little dog Tiny, his master's murderer. When he was end of three years have produced

Detection of Icebergs at Sea.

The schemes and plans hit upon to assist in detecting the proximity of icebergs at sea are legion, but few of them are based on natural indications. For example, the captain of an ocean William Franz, an eccentric farmer steamer in most cases finds out when a continuously tied to a manger in his nevertheless. It appears that when a "too valuable to run any risk in break- power being increased, word is passed

BLOOD

In the body of an adult person there are "In view of the benefit I have had from about 18 pounds of blood.

white, in proportion of about 300 red to 10 Poisoned With Creeping lvy. white ones. If the number of red corpuscles becomes to remove the symptoms instead of the

train of ills, according to the temperament

and disposition, attack the victim. by low state of the blood.

clergyman. Then take

AN EASY WAY

Vaughan's Bargain Gatalogue

SE BATTER SI VAUGHAN'S SEED STORE, SE BILLE BE

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,
Successfully Prosecutes Claims,
Late Principal Reaminer U.S. Pension Bursan,
Sylvin last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since

CERS CURED ULCERS and Fever Sores ourse by an entirely new process. Write to B. F. M. D., Box 105, Clarks Green, Lack. Co., Pa.

3 Cts. a Packet

Hood's Sarsaparille I wish to give the fol-The blood has as its most important ele- lowing testimonial. I have several times ments, small round corpuscies, red and been badly

As the old school of medicine simply tried diminished and the white ones increased the sources of them, much of the poison was blood is impure, thin, lacking in the nutri- left in my system to appear in an itching tion necessary to sustain the health and humor on my body with every violent exertion in warm weather. At all times there Then That Tired Feeling, Nervousness, were more or less indications of poison in Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or others of the long my blood, up to a year ago last winter, when

Large Sores Broke Out

The only permanent remedy is found in on my body. I then purchased a bottle of a reliable blood medicine like Hood's Sarsa- Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using that parilla, which acts upon the red corpuscles, and a half of another bottle the sores and enriching them and increasing their num- humor disappeared. I attended the Chrisber. It thus restores the vital fluid to healthy tian Endeavor Convention in Montreal and condition, expels all impurity, cures Nerv. also visited the World's Fair in the hottest ousness, That Tired Feeling, Scrofula and weather of the summer. Was on the go all

Had No Recurrence

That these statements are true we prove of the burning and itching sensation which not by our own statements, but by what had marred every previous summer's outing. thousands of perfectly reliable people say I have reason, therefore, to be enthusiastic about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the testi- in my praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Sammonial in the next column from a beloved UEL S. SCHNELL, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Apalachin, N. Y.

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