

Spring Makes Me Tired

To many people Spring and its duties mean an aching head, tired limbs and throbbing nerves. Just as the milder weather comes, the strength begins to wane and "That Tired Feeling" is the complaint of all.

The reason for this condition is found in the deficient quality of the blood. During the winter, owing to various causes, the blood becomes loaded with impurities and loses its richness and vitality. Consequently, as soon as the bracing effect of cold air is lost, these are languor and lack of energy. The cure will be found in purifying and enriching the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the greatest and best blood purifier. It overcomes That Tired Feeling be-

cause it makes pure, rich blood. It gives strength to nerves and muscles because it endows the blood with new powers of nourishment. It creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, and thus builds up the whole system and prepares it to meet the change to warmer weather.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a medicine upon which you may depend. It is the only true blood purifier prominently before the public eye today. It has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It is the medicine of which so many people write, "Hood's Sarsaparilla does all that it is claimed to do." You can take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the confident expectation that it will give you pure blood and renew health. Take it now.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the Public Eye Today.

"Well Bred, Soon Wed." Girls Who Use

SAPOLIO

Are Quickly Married.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD

FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, FROSTBITES, CHILBLAINS, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement buy one **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain. Sprains, Headache, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs—It was the first and is the only PAIN KILLER!

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, always inflammation, and cures Croup, whooping cough, the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

A teacupful in a half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Sore Throat, Heartburn, Nerve-pain, Stomach-ache, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, and **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**, as quickly as **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. **RADWAY & CO., New York.**

N. Y. No. 10

Ship TOOTIS & CO.

Commission Merchants,
52 Washington Ave.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dressed Poultry, Sheep and Lambs, Calves and Hogs.

\$16 For this first-class High Arm Machine drive reel, freight paid to your nearest railroad station. The reel is not a cheap made Machine, but a good one at a low price, equal to any on the market. Ask for material, and membership and every quality has no equal. No. 2, size as cut, \$16; No. 4, size as cut, \$17; No. 6, size as cut, \$18. CATALOGUE FREE. J. H. GRANT, 216 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

WATERBURY'S CURS FOR GIRLS WHO USE PINKETTES

Beck's Couch Syrup, Cough Syrup, Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

THE OTHER ONE.

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oak chair,
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none;
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the freight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sheet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses
spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you safely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine;
Poor little hand so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one!

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better perhaps for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh! the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one!

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE MAN IN A HUNDRED.

NOW, see here, my friend," said John Proctor, his honest eyes looking gravely into the tramp's face, as he balanced a dime on the tip of his finger. "I'm not going to read you a homily on the subject of labor, but I want to present to you a little matter of statistics. You know, as well as I, that the Territory is swarming with men of your class. Not less than six, begging for money, have stopped me on the street to-day, while down there at the yard"—indicating with his hand a row of tall lumber piles surrounding a building in the distance—"we haven't had three applications for work in a month."

"Try me."

"Do you imagine you would work if you had the chance? I have had little experience with fellows of your sort. You have such remarkable appetites." He addressed him generally as the representative of a race. "You work half an hour, then come around with the plea that you can't work on an empty stomach, draw an advance of a half a dollar on your wages and that is the last we ever see of you."

The man retorted so sharply that one could almost have fancied the poor remnant of spirit still abiding in him stirred him to something resembling wrath.

"That's always the way," he muttered. "Say we won't work then we won't give us a show. I know we're a pretty low-down lot, but some of us start on fair enough. If a man gets down, there is no getting up again."

There was something almost pathetic in his sullenness, as he shuffled away, his rags flapping in the strong breeze, and ill-mated shoes clattering at accompaniment to his gait.

"Come back here, will you?"

John Proctor's voice was stern and decisive. The tramp halted, hesitated, looked away, and then shuffled back again.

"Come down to the yard this afternoon and I'll give you a job. But take this half-dollar and get filled up first."

He had changed the dime for a larger coin and held it in his outstretched hand.

The man did not immediately extend his hand to take it. In the moment or two that elapsed the young lumberman thought he detected a trace of something allied to resentful pride in his bearing. But the illusion vanished as a grumpy hand closed greedily upon the silver and the fellow disappeared without even troubling himself to make any formal expression of his gratitude.

As John Proctor took his way down through the park in the direction of his office he seemed to throw off the unpleasant reflections which had been annoying him with one shrug of his powerful shoulders. The young man's eyes fell cheerily upon the somewhat incongruous array of buildings that constituted the town. He glided in the homely little edifices, squatting over the ground in various directions. Had not every foot of lumber been supplied from his own lumber yard? And did not this avalanche of trade mean—Annie? Nothing could be mean or poor which brought these years of waiting to an end. He was a practical man, little given to enthusiasm of any sort, but for her sake he looked with glowing vision upon the turreted mountain tops in the distance, with their purple shadows and golden light. How she would rejoice over them, that quiet little denizen of Western prairies, who had lived among the monotonous levels of Central Illinois all her life.

The thought lent cheerful energy to his voice as he entered the yard and gave some directions to Maxon, his hardworked book-keeper and general factotum. Proctor was deeply engrossed in making out an order for several carloads of finishing lumber, when a shadow darkened the door, and the tramp stood before him. He could not repress an exclamation of surprise. The vagabond observed it, and his face lowered as he asserted himself defiantly.

"Yes, I've come," he said. "What are you going to give me to do?"

John Proctor put on his hat and

went with him into the yard, where an empty ear was waiting to be filled on an order from a neighboring town. He showed the man a small slip of paper tacked on the end, and was about to explain where he would find the material designated, when the fellow threw off his coat and deftly attacked a pile of scantling which happened to be the first item on the list.

"Hullo!" said Proctor, gazing at him in surprise; "you seem to know something about this business."

"A little," returned the man shortly.

The young lumberman took his way back to the office.

At 6 o'clock, when the hands came up to receive pay for their day's labor John Proctor saw his protégé standing off a little distance. The man made no demand for wages and his employer took no notice of him. As the men filed out, the agent of the Piabango City train, a personal friend of Proctor's, came running into the office with a package in his hand.

"Here, Proctor, run them over quickly and sign the receipt. It's the \$5000 from Juarez & Signor. I haven't a moment to spare."

The lumberman hastily counted the notes, signed his name to the receipt in a bold, dashing hand, and the agent hurried off.

Left alone, Proctor drew from his pocket a long Russian leather pocket-book and laid the notes carefully inside. As he thrust this into his breast pocket he chanced to glance toward the window, and encountered the hungry eyes of the tramp following all his movements from without. As the man saw he was detected he paused, seemed about to speak, then changed his mind and sauntered away carelessly. A vague anxiety assailed John Proctor. It was long after banking hours; there was no help for it; he must be the custodian of the treasure until morning.

He sat up late that night. The payment of this sum was all that was necessary to make the trip a definite and tangible matter. There was a pile of correspondence to be turned off, and a letter to be dispatched to that little woman in Illinois, telling her to discharge her music pupils and make ready for his coming. When he had finished his letters he sat quietly for a while in his big armchair. It was very late when he rose, and, locking doors and windows, proceeded to the little inner room, where he slept. He drew off his coat and, folding it carefully, placed it beneath his pillow. Then he examined the barrels of an English bull-dog pistol, which hung upon a hook beside the bed. Reassured by this precaution, he sank into a heavy sleep.

Several hours before a man had crawled upon a low pile of planks, flanked by two others of towering height. As he stretched himself at full length, with a bundle of shakes for a pillow, he philosophically reflected that such a bed was not to be despised. He was not ill-qualified to judge, for his experience had been wide and diversified, and he had learned to weigh the most delicate points of variance with the fine discrimination of a connoisseur.

A little later, two glowing sparks of fire seemed to glide down the railroad track steal around the office and disappear within the long drying shed at its rear. During their progress these sparks of fire occasionally described magnificent curves in the air, in the accentuation of certain rhythmic utterances in the corrupted Spanish of the Mexican tongue. The lowest Mexican peon, who all his life goes half clothed, half fed and unsheltered, handles his cigar or cigarette with the fine composure and careless grace of the proudest Hidalgo.

John Proctor awoke that night to find himself assailed by a toe mightier than his feeble imagination had pictured. He tried to rise, but found himself unable, oppressed by a terrible sense of suffocation from dense volumes of smoke which filled the air, through which vast sheets of flames darted their forked tongues toward him. Suddenly the wall of flame and smoke was parted and the face of the tramp bent over him. He was roughly shaken, pulled off the bed, half dragged, half carried through the little private office, and dragged into the larger room beyond, where the fire had begun its work of devastation. Then voice and memory came back, and he shouted:

"My notes! In my coat pocket—under the pillow—let me go!"

For an answer he was violently propelled forward into the arms of some men, eagerly crowding through the flaming doorway. He fought with them, cursed them, and finally broke down and cried like a child.

"Maxon," said Proctor abruptly next morning, "did that fellow who got me out last night come out safely himself?"

"Now I think of it," returned Maxon, "he went back a minute; but he got out all right—just as the roof fell in. I thought at the moment a piece of falling timber hit him, but he scrambled off fast enough."

A dread suspicion assailed John Proctor's honest heart, but he repelled it sturdily. Yet all day long, as he wandered dreamily about, answering a thousand idle questions, or fishing from the ruins various mementoes of the wreck, there would constantly intrude upon him the memory of two greedy, devouring eyes peering through a window, a strange retreat into a burning building and disappearance into the shadows. When night came it was necessary for some one to stay and guard the ruins, for if the wind should rise, some smouldering piles of lumber might be fanned into a blaze and the remainder of the stock swept away. Maxon, wearied and hollow-eyed, offered his services.

"Not a bit of it, Maxon. Go home

o your wife and babies. I have engaged a man."

Proctor did not add that the watchman he had engaged was no other than himself, but when the rest had gone home he remained there alone. Separated as it was from the rest of the town, by night it was a dreary solitude. A fiery spark miles away over the level plain developed into the headlight of the evening train, which thundered past on its way to the depot below. The moon came up and threw into weird relief the blackened ruin.

John Proctor, who had been slowly pacing to and fro, sat down upon a bunch of shingles and buried his face in his hands. He knew what not even Maxon had guessed, that his disaster had wrought his irreparable ruin. It would require every cent of his insurance money to settle his outstanding liabilities, for he had done business on the rushing Western plan, and had carried a stock out of all proportion to his capital. If he could only have saved that \$5000, or if he had not been so ambitious, Annie had been ready—poor little girl. She had proposed bringing her piano to this raw Southwestern town and eking out their income with the result of her own labors. On one point he was resolved. Whenever he got square with the world again he would put his pride in his pocket, and humbly presenting himself before the little woman ask her to share his fortunes, for better or worse. Oh, God! how long will it be? A sharp groan escaped his lips.

Suddenly he rose and stood erect. His quick ear had caught the sound of some heavy body slowly moving over the ground.

"Who is there?"

"Only me. Is that you, boss?"

John Proctor bent forward and perceived a man slowly crawling along in the shadow of a pile of joists. As the figure emerged into the moonlight he saw that the fellow dragged one leg helplessly after him. His suspicious melted away beneath his natural warmth of heart.

"Are you hurt?"

"Only a falling timber, boss, but the smoke got into my eyes, and I can't see very well."

He had drawn himself to Proctor's feet and stopped, turning a little upon his side, his head propped up with his hand.

"You see, when I came through the door, something fell against me, and not seeing you, and not being able to get about very well, there were so many of those cursed Mexican thieves about I was afraid they might make off with this," holding out a flat leather book, which John Proctor seized with an exclamation. The man went on talking in an absent way.

"I wouldn't have liked to have you think ill of me. You're the first man who gave me a chance since I got down. I wasn't always a loafer, sir. You spoke of my knowing something about the business, and to be sure, I ought, if fifteen years as a sorter in the Wisconsin lumber regions can teach a man anything of lumber. But when my wife died I struck out on West. It's been hard luck ever since—and my little girl—back there with her grandparents."

His voice seemed to fail for weakness.

"What have you eaten to-day?"

He asked the other, sharply.

The man answered reluctantly, and almost in a tone of apology:

"You see, sir—down there among the lumber piles—how could I?"

John Proctor was a man given more to action than speech. He addressed the man now in clear, decided tones.

"Do you think you could hold on to my back while I carried you down to the hotel?"

"Why, sir! It wouldn't be fit."

"Shut up! Put your arms around my neck."

The office and barroom of the hotel, a pretentious edifice of Eastlake architecture, held its usual quota of respectable loafers when John Proctor entered with the uncouth figure on his back. A gurgle of laughter ran through the crowd. The majority fancied the young lumberman's brain had been turned by his recent losses and that his dementia had taken the form of a violent development of the weakness with which he had been accented. The laughter suddenly ceased when the young man went straight to the clerk, saying, in clear, ringing tones:

"Give me the best room you have. This man, who saved my life last night, is badly hurt. Some of you," turning to the idlers, "go at once for the surgeon of the Atechison road."

A dozen men sprang forward to relieve him of his burden, to help him carry the poor fellow to a comfortable room, where he was gently laid upon the bed. The sufferer received these attentions in silence. His dim eyes stared incredulously about the room, and into the kindly faces bending over him. That anything like this should happen to him. How long would it last? Would they let him have one good night's rest before turning him out again? When once more on the desolate plain, wandering through sagebrush, mesquite and soap weed, it would seem like some strange dream. But what was this? The stalwart young lumberman speaking huskily to the doctor:

"And mind, McLean, do your best. I owe him more than I can tell you. Put him in good trim to take the foreman'ship of my yard when I get stocked up."

This silly old vagrant buried his face in his pillow and wept.

In the competition of designs for the new Egyptian museum at Cairo, all five prizes, aggregating \$5000, are awarded to Paris architects.

The wars of the last seventy years have cost Russia \$1,775,000,000 and the lives of 664,000 men.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Women are letter-carriers in Hungary.

The big soup plates are coming back again.

Sash ribbons are wider than ever before.

It is a remarkable season for beautiful ribbons.

It is called "betrothal" now, instead of engagement.

Russian lovers send a daily present to their fiancées.

The crown worn by Queen Victoria weighs forty ounces.

Bicyclists among women of the "smart set" multiply.

Amelie Rives Chanler, the novelist, is getting prosaically fat.

There are twenty-five women running country papers in Kansas.

Women's cycling clubs are springing up in all parts of the country.

Two women have been elected to the Board of Education in Freeport, Ill.

Muzzles are used on refractory women in the provincial penitentiary at Cologne.

The collection of old lace belonging to the Princess of Wales is worth \$150,000.

The University of Aberdeen has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Miss Jane Harrison.

Mrs. Paron Stevens left an estate of \$1,500,000. She made no charitable or public bequests.

An authority on anthropology says that the ears of women are set farther forward on the head than those of men.

The girl of the period holds her head very high these days, not because she is proud, but because of the stock collar.

The publisher of the Macmillan Magazine has offered the Princess of Wales \$5000 for an article. She has declined.

A scabbard for the fan is a new invention imported from Paris. It is to dangle from the waist belt from a silver chain.

Summer girls will be known by a variety of shirt waists they have. One skirt and a dozen waists will describe it.

The number of fashionable women who make their own bonnets nowadays is what gives so many milliners dyspepsia.

Elizabeth Vierebe, who died recently in a German village, had been a servant in one household for seventy-nine years.

American women have won great social triumphs in Rome this season, and have been widely quoted for their beauty and cleverness.

John Hunter, the famous anatomist, once said that the feminine love of conversation was in consequence of a peculiarity in brain tissue.

Queen Victoria is the only lady sovereign in Europe who never patronized Worth, the famous Parisian costumer, whose death has recently been announced.

The Women's Higher Education Institute of St. Petersburg has just been presented with the fine library of the deceased Duke Ssaltikov, consisting of 4070 volumes.

This is a season of contrasting colors, but they are so skillfully blended that the effect is generally very pleasing. Dark blue and mauve is a combination in great favor.

Stiff muslin ribbons are a novelty. They are made of mousseline de soie, with a narrow satin edge, and are ornamented with tiny branches of silk-embroidered flowers.

The woman with a handsome throat will do well to adopt the fashion of having the top of her gown finished, not with a high collar, but with a scrolled design of gold or jet.

The City Council of Paris has been petitioned by the Equal Rights Committee of that city to name a street after Mme. Albani, the famous operatic vocalist, who left \$400,000 to the French capital.

Milton, W. Va., has a military company composed entirely of girls. They are drilling under the tutorage of a captain of the State militia, and propose to appear in public when they become proficient.

Most of the black hair used in wigs and "switches" is said to come from the Italian and Spanish convents; most of the blonde hair from the heads of Swedish, Danish, Russian and German peasant girls.

Ruffles, gimp, jetted trimming, puffs, bands, bows, lapels, collarettes, fichus, bretelles, berths and every other imaginable garniture and style of finish are called into requisition in the getting up of this part of the costume.

Dhanbai Fardoujee Banajee, an Indian woman, carried off the first prize in the Bombay Association of Artists. She went to Paris to complete her studies, and one of her pictures was accepted by the Committee of the Salon.

The first woman publisher in this country was Charlotte Fowler Wells. She went into business in 1841, and still continues her calling. She says she is so fond of her work and so occupied that she has no time to realize that she is growing old.

The Empress of Germany was so anxious that nothing should be left undone to give Prince Bismarck pleasure on his birthday that she had all her children write letters of congratulation to him, herself guiding the hands of the younger ones.