PENNARBY MINE.

Pennarby Shaft is dark and deep,
Eight foot broad, eight hundred deep,
Rough the bucket and tough the cord,
Strong as the arm of Winchman Ford.
Never look down;
Stick to the line!
That was the saying at Pennarby Mine.

A stranger came to Pennarby Shaft;
Lord! to see how the miners laughed!
White in the collar and stiff in the hat,
With his shining boots and his silk cravat,
Picking his way
Dainty and fine,
Stepping on tiptoe to Pennarby Mine.

Touring from London—so he said,
Was it copper they dug for, or tin, or lead
Where did they find it? How did it come?
If he tried with a shovel might he get some
Stooping so much
Was bad for the spine;
And wasn't it warmish in Pennarby Mine?

'Twas like two worlds that met that day—
The world of work and the world of play;
And the grimy lads from the reeking shaft
Nudged each other, and grinned and chaffed
"Got 'em all out!"
"A cousin of mine!"
So ran the banter at Pennarby Mine.

And Carnbrae Bob, the Pennarby wit,
Told him the facts about the pit,
How they bored the shaft till the brimstone
smell
Warned them off from tapping—well,
He wouldn't say what,
But they took it as a sign
To dig no deeper in Pennarby Mine.

Then, leaning over and peering in,
He was pointing out what he said was tin
In the ten-foot-lode—a crash, a jar,
A grasping hand, a splintered bar;
Gone is his strength,
With the lips that laughed;
Oh, the pale faces at Pennarby Shaft!

Far down on a narrow ledge
They saw him cling to the crumbling edge
"Wait for the bucket! Hi, man, stay!
That rope ain't safe; it's worn away!
He's taking his chance:
Slack out the line!
Sweet Lord be with thee!" cried Pennarby
Mine.

"He's got him! He has him! Pull with a
will!
Thank God! He's over and breathing still,
And he—— Lord sakes now! what's that!
Well,
Blowed if it ain't our London swell!
Your heart is right
If your coat is fine,
Give us your hand!" cried Pennarby Mine.

—A. Conan Doyle, in Pall Mall Magazine

A Pullman Car Episode.

BY CHARLES SUMNER CLARK.

I HAD just dropped my numerous traps on the front seat of section eight, car number twelve, of the Chicago limited, which left New York City on Tuesday of last week, when the brakeman cried "All aboard!" the engineer opened the throttle, the engine began to labor, and by the time the last car had reached the end of that vast Jersey City shed the train was at full speed, bearing its precious freight—I say precious because every one had a full pocket-book, and necessarily so—to the World's Fair.

Unlike most men, I travel without either a silk skull-cap, a smoking-jacket, a duster, or a pair of home-made slippers, for my street clothes and etceteras are comfortable enough, and even if they were positive torture, all-possessing vanity forbids that I should make an uncomely spectacle of my carefully-adorned person, as some careless-of-appearance sybarites are wont to do in their journeyings. So, without wasting time in getting into deshabille, I sank into the unoccupied seat and viewed the passing landscape until my head began to ache. Then I turned my attention, not to a book, but to my fellow-passengers.

Sitting directly opposite me was a girl. One glance was enough to tell me that she was divine in features, form and dress. Of course, having glanced once I glanced again, and at the second glance I thought I detected something familiar about her. Where had I seen her? The third glance solved the question.

Five years ago, when twenty-one, I spent the summer at Richfield, and there met Margie Fenton. Margie was fair, with laughing eyes, cherry lips, and a figure of willowy grace. Margie, too, was rich—or, at least, her father was. Can you blame me for falling in love with her?

Ah, what a summer we spent! Rides, drives, dances, dinners, luncheons, tennis, moonlight rambles, and best of all, long talks in dark corners where hands were clasped and vows of eternal love were exchanged. And so we lived in elysium; the pleasures of each day marred only by regret that its passage brought the season nearer to its close.

September 25th was the day set by the Fentons for their departure. I had to stay longer because my mother, supreme in her ownership of the pocket-book, so wished. Shall I ever forget the day? The train left in the early forenoon, and with it went the sunshine of my life, leaving me inconsolable. My only comfort was in writing letters. This I did at the rate of five a day for one week; but as Margie wrote only seven in that time, I, fearing that I would annoy her, dropped to the same number. We kept it up for two months. Then she began to skip a day now and then, and so did I. After a little her ardor was represented by only two letters a week; mine by the same number. This rate was continued for about six months, when all of a sudden she stopped entirely, and I did likewise. Thus ended the same old story.

However, her eyes, her lips and her figure had remained fresh in my memory. Glancing once more at her across the way I felt almost certain that she was Margie Fenton. There was a slight change in her figure, to be sure. She had grown more plump, as healthy girls are apt to do as the years go on; her hair, too, was probably a degree lighter, but that often happens with the druggist's aid. But the nose, the eyes, the mouth, I could not be mistaken in them. "Yet, if it is she why doesn't she recognize me?" I asked myself. "Surely she doesn't blame me for breaking our summer engagement?" She evidently did, however, for she never looked up from the book she held before her, though she knew that I was intently watching her. But this knowledge apparently caused her no annoyance, for her face wore a roguish smile, which could not have been provoked by the contents of her novel, since she was professing to read "Jess," and was looking at the pages near its painfully sad end. So I came to the conclusion that she was Margie, quite willing to renew acquaintance, but wanting for me to make the advance. This I was ready to do, for the sight of her dear face aroused all my old affection, and renewed the bonds which I wore with such pleasure in the days gone by.

While I sat trying to muster up courage to address her, and just about the time I had succeeded, the porter came through the train announcing, "Luncheon now ready in the dining-car!" The words acted upon my divinity with astonishing celerity. She dropped her book, utterly regardless of her place, and rising from her seat without even glancing in the mirrors that are so numerous in Pullman cars, passed out with a smile, but never a look in my direction. My first impulse was to follow her, but on second thoughts I decided differently. She answered the porter's call with such avidity I reasoned that her hunger was her first consideration for the nonce; and when a girl is hungry there is a woeful lack of sentiment about her. So I was still, framing a conversation for later use. I thought of many pretty things to say; then I thought of many more. An age seemed to have passed, but still she ate.

I glanced over a railroad-guide which was stuck in a frame near the door; then I glanced over it again—but she kept on eating. I walked to the other end of the car and dropped into a seat which was occupied by a newspaper, from which I read advertisements—but still she ate. I looked at my watch; she had been gone forty-five minutes. "How can so lovely a creature have so vulgar an appetite?" I said, almost aloud. "Why, I wouldn't—" A ray of sunshine shivered the car. I looked up, and there she was. I gathered my courage, gave a hasty thought to my pretty sayings, and with a beating heart walked up to her and said:

"I beg your pardon, but are you not Miss Fenton, Miss Margie Fenton, of New York?"

She gazed up into my face, and as the color slowly mounted her cheeks, and a hundred little imps played games in her eyes, replied: "No; but I've been mistaken for her very, very often."

I was "set flat back"—as the inelegant but forcible colloquialism has it—and could only stammer: "Par—pardon me. Pray don't think me forward, will you?"

"My! no, quite the contrary. Miss Fenton was a very pretty girl, and to be taken for her is quite flattering. She was also a dear friend of mine, and if you were acquainted with her that is sufficient recommendation. Won't you be seated?" And here the hundred little imps tugged at her pretty mouth until they had arched it in a most mischievous smile. She removed the books and boxes which littered the seat beside her, saying that I preferred riding backward, which was the truth—I wanted to study her face.

This she seemed to understand, for taking a heavy veil from her satchel, she tied it about her face just low low enough to conceal her eyes, giving as an excuse for her action that the jarring of the train loosened her curls.

There is something mysterious about you, my lady, I thought, as I hastily glanced at her traps in the hope of ascertaining her name. She watched me closely, and just as my eye caught sight of the little silver plate on her hand-bag she reached for it and placed it plate downward in her lap. Her object was so apparent that it embarrassed us both very much, but being a man I recovered more quickly than she, and set a trap.

"You snatched that satchel as though I were a thief, Miss—Miss—"

She took the bait. "Not Miss at all," she replied, "but Mrs.—Mrs. Tommy Trenton Trix."

"Then you are married?" And half my interest in this pretty woman went out with the question.

"Yes; and Miss Fenton was at my wedding." She was silent a moment, and then continued: "I believe, too, that that was the last social event she ever attended."

There seemed to be a touch of sadness in her voice. All kinds of horrible things suggested themselves to my mind. The love of the summer of 1888 came rushing upon me with cyclonic force. With a gigantic effort I managed to ask: "Is she dead?"

Mrs. Tommy Trenton Trix raised her veil and solemnly answered:

"No; married."

"To whom?"

Those hundred little imps were now holding high carnival. Her eyes beamed; her pretty lips were parted with impish mirth; even the dimples in her cheeks seemed to smile as she measuredly replied:

"To — Mr. — Tommy — Trenton — Trix."

"Then you were—" But here the dining-car man entered, crying: "Last call for luncheon!"

I hope Mrs. Tommy Trenton Trix did not hold the watch on me, for I was gone for many, many hours. Sorrow is a good bit like a cat—it's rather hard to drown. That's what kept me so long.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Tower Hill.

Tower Hill is perhaps both the most important eminence and the most notable spot in all the metropolis. Few of us, as we pass it on a steamer or cross it on our route to the Ankwerkes Package, at the commencement of our autumnal holiday, think what great persons have quietly lived there, and what others, equally great, have wept and died upon it. To it, or rather to Great Tower Street, came Rochester to pursue his trade as an Italian fortune-teller, while the bedizened Buckingham often walked thither in order to consult a conjuror, a shrewd, far-seeing rogue, who, when Felton bought at the cutler's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he killed the Duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required.

William Penn was born on this hill, in a house close to London Wall. Forty-four years later—that is, in A. D. 1685—a poet lay dead, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily, in an upper room of the Bull Tavern. This was the ill-fated Otway. At the time when the son of the muses lay dead, Betterton, the celebrated founder of the stage after the Restoration, was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famished dead, but at his own fictitious sorrows in "Venice Preserved."

It was in Great Tower Street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings drinking hot pepper and brandy with his boon companion, Lord Carmarthen. In the uninviting neighborhood of Little Tower Street, which can scarcely be supposed to have been inspiring, Thompson composed his "Summer." In Grub Street, the supposed lurking place of many a mute, inglorious Milton, much hack literary work was effected, none of which has survived the touch of time's destroying hand.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

D. B. Davis, of Columbus, Ohio threw away a fortune when he invented the locomotive cow catcher and forgot to patent it.

STRONG NERVES

Depend upon pure, rich, red, nourishing, strength-giving blood. The nerves derive their sustenance from the blood and when they are weak it is because they do not receive the nourishment needed. The true cure for nervousness will not be found in opiate or sedative compounds.

"My wife suffered many years with various troubles, severe headaches, debility, nervousness, indigestion and dyspepsia. She has been treated by different doctors, and tried different remedies, but **Hood's Sarsaparilla Has Done More** for her than anything else. We consider

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause by purifying and enriching the blood, giving to it just those qualities which are demanded for the proper support of the nervous system. Hundreds of women who once suffered from nervousness, write that they have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and nervousness has disappeared. This was because Hood's Sarsaparilla purified their blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla a most indispensable medicine for family use, and for all disorders caused by torpid liver and impure blood, in fact it is a wonderful health restorer to the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself in my wife's case, and we can faithfully recommend its use in every family." JACOB ROMMEL, Morrison, Mo. Be sure to get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

Miss Up-to-Date Tells Trade Secrets.

HARRISBURG, PA., February 2?, '95.

DEAR JEWEL:—After the crush of the last reception and your parting with Lem Lion, I noticed your sleeves still retained their outstanding effect, while mine alas! were like certain of my fond hopes—smashed! Please tell me what your modiste puts in your sleeves to inflate them so gloriously and effectively. Your skirt, too, is a model of elegant swelldom; how is that grace of breadth secured? I am now preparing my order for Newport costumes, and will appreciate any information you can give me.

Yours lovingly,
ROSA BOMBAST.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 4, '95.

DEAR ROSA:—The crush of the reception was good—the crush of Lem Lion's, parting was better! He is a dear, delightful bear! and we were in constant disgrace until we discovered an interlining that would resume its outstanding effect after great pressure.

I use fibre chamois. I heard of it through Sue Spendthrift. You know Sue—Well, her husband lost his fortune in Wall street last Summer, and Sue told mamma she wouldn't feel half so badly if she could only get a new spring suit, so mamma, who is always practical, secured her a scholarship in McDowell's garment drafting school, No. 4 West 14th street, New York. I gave Sue my garment drafting machine, and she took the course of lessons in drafting, cutting, fitting, sewing and finishing, and Rose, you just ought to see the dress that the girl we used to think so lazy and useless, made! It is simply perfect!

Then she found out all about so many of the very best articles to use in making dresses —for example, she learned that fibre chamois is not injured by dampness, therefore it is just the interlining for the sea shore. It is seasonable, being light, porous and healthful. It is essentially elastic, therefore no packing pressure hurts it. Fibre chamois now comes in three weights, Nos. 10, 20 and 30. I use No. 10 in sleeves and No. 20 in skirts, but Sue uses 20 in all parts. You can get it in slate, brown and chamois color, but be very careful Rosa, when you buy this inter-lining to get that stamped with their trade mark Fibre Chamois, for there are worthless imitations around that should be ignored.

Affectionately,
JEWEL UP-TO-DATE.

P. S.—Sue's dress is trimmed with bois brown Velutina, which looks just like silk velvet, and is far more durable. It now comes in all colors, cut bias in desirable widths for dress trimmings, and, Rose, you know without telling that bias Velutina facings and cordings for skirt edges wear better than any of the others.

JEWEL.

Ancient Use of the Parachute.

It seems that as early as 413 B. C. a prisoner in Egypt astonished the natives by jumping safely from a high tower, impeding his downward progress and "landing" without too violent a jar by holding a blanket over his head. The parachute, as we know it now, is said to have been invented by an adventurous Frenchmen who exhibited it in Paris in 1796, and early in this century an English æronaut named Green precipitated himself, with a parachute's restraining aid, from the ample ether to terra firma in Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, thus making the first recorded descent in America.—Chicago Herald.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation 25 cts. 50 cts., $1.

Japanese Custom House officials bow low with true Oriental politeness, when requesting the keys of an immigrant's luggage.

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

A mysterious buried wall discovered in Evergreen township, has been traced for five miles. Nobody knows who built it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Near Modean, in Italy, the petroleum gatherers dig a hole in the ground and it is speedily filled with the oil.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Land has sold at the rate of about $8,000,000 an acre in New York City and only $5,000,000 in London.

Health is Economy.

A well man can do as much work as two men who are "under the weather," and do it better. A box of Ripans Tabules in the office will save clerk-hire.

In several European countries, including France and Belgium, elections, are always held on Sunday.

Delays are dangerous. A dollar spent for Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent illness which will be expensive and hard to bear. Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation and assist digestion. 25c.

There are 2,000 lobster traps around and about Mohegan Island, and they are all making money.

A great nature is always dignified and beyond the reach of satire.

Cannot Compete with Africa.

J. Ross writes in the Engineering and Mining Journal that since the diamond discoveries in South Africa the Brazilian diamond-mining industry has fallen so low that the annual output is now not over $150,000, when thirty years ago it was upwards of $2,500,000. Brazilian diamonds are so much smaller than the African that it does not pay to mine them against African competition.

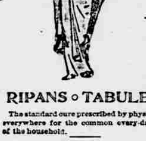
BEST OF ALL

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Experiments prove that snakes will not cross hair ropes.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

A jinrikisha man in Japan has been known to pull a passenger seventy-five mile in a day.



RIPANS ◦ TABULES.

The standard cure prescribed by physicians everywhere for the common every-day ills of the household.

Constipation,
Headache,
Heartburn,
Dizziness,
Biliousness,
Dyspepsia.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price 50 cents per box. By mail without extra charge.

RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY,
10 Spruce St., New York.

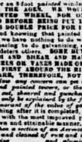
We would not have expended

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

doing galvanizing, for which we made no extra charge, had there not been merit in it. Galvanizing consists in coating the strong but most perishable (in thin sheets) metal, steel, with the almost indestructible (even when very thin) metals, zinc and aluminum. If there were not great merit in galvanizing, no one would pay ½ more for galvanized barbed wire or sheet iron than ungalvanized costs. If we were making painted windmills to-day, we should furnish an

8 Ft. for $15

That is a good price for an 8-foot painted windmill. WE BUILD FOR THE AGES. WE WOULD NOT SELL YOU A POOR, PAINTED WHEEL, NOR ONE MADE OF METAL GALVANIZED BEFORE BEING PUT TOGETHER, IF YOU WOULD PAY US DOUBLE PRICE FOR IT. We build the best we know, and knowing that painted thin sheets are practically worthless, we have nothing to do with them. The enormous cost of preparing to do galvanizing, and of doing it well on a large scale, deters others. SOME BUY GALVANIZED SHEETS AND PUNCH AND SHEAR AND MAKE THEM UP AFTERWARD. WHEELS OR VANES MADE OF GALVANIZED SHEETS RUST OUT FIRST AROUND THE RIVETS, JOINTS, AND EDGES, AND ARE, THEREFORE, NOT SO GOOD AS PAINTED ONES. *How any concern can get our prices for painted windmills and painted towers, or those made up of galvanized material, cut, sheared and punched after the galvanizing is done, can only be explained by the fact that people who buy them are ignorant of the value of galvanizing.* We now galvanize everything after it is completed, even bolts and nuts. We galvanize with the most improved processes and in the most perfect known and attainable manner.



The process: When a section of an Aermotor Wheel is all riveted up, completed and cleaned of rust and impurities, it is immersed in melted zinc and aluminum and left there until it becomes as hot as that metal, and until every crack, cranny, crevice, pore and opening of every rivet is filled, closed up and saturated with the molten metal, and the whole 12 pieces composing the section become soldered and welded together as one piece, then you have something that is strong, enduring and reliable. It is expensive to do, and small doers cannot afford to do it. We keep 60 tons of zinc and aluminum melted from one year's end to another. *The silvery white coating which fills every pore and covers every portion of the Aermotor Wheel, Vane and Tower, is zinc and aluminum when it is first put on, but after a time, forms, with the steel, a chemical combination or alloy, which cannot be melted and is practically indestructible.* In our previous ad. we talked of prices of wind-mills, towers, etc., and as an illustration of what we could do in the way of REDESIGNING AN OLD ARTICLE AND PUTTING IT IN INFINITELY SUPERIOR SHAPE AT A RIDICULOUSLY SMALL PRICE, ANNOUNCED THE OFFER OF AN ALL-STEEL VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH $40 AS PRICES GO, AT $10. IN OUR NEXT AD. WE SHALL OFFER YOU SOMETHING OF STILL GREATER INTEREST. Aermotor Co., Chicago.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE POOR MAN'S CHANCE

HOMES 100,000 Acres Choice Hardwood Farming Lands situated along the line of a new railroad now being constructed in central Wisconsin, and near a through trunk line already constructed, for sale cheap to single purchasers or colonies. **Special inducements given to colonies.** Long time and low interest. Send for full particulars to NORTH-WESTERN LUMBER CO., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

PAY FOR PLEASANT WORK easily secured through an early application for Local Agency to sell the

DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS

to Farmers and Dairymen. One style was shown in last number of this journal. Another will soon be pictured out. Meanwhile, write for Handsome Illustrated **Book Free.** DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. AND MFG. CO., Sole Manufacturers, 240 W. Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS and Fakirs, Attention—Get our our latest fake; it takes the cake; sets the town crazy; sells itself; retails 25c; sample and terms 10c. postpaid. Address Theiss Bros., Syracuse, N. Y.

AGENTS—Wanted a few good local agents for this association; liberal inducements to active reliable men, with satisfactory references. Apply to the Equitable Savings Association, Detroit Mich.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by **Millions of Mothers** for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

SYMPATHETIC HEART DISEASE OFTEN ATTENDS IT.

The Modern Treatment Consists in Removing the Cause.

(*From the Republican, Cedar Rapids, Iowa*).

Mrs. V. Curley, who has resided in Clarence, Iowa, for the past twenty-two years, tells an interesting story of what she considers rescue from premature death. Her narrative is as follows:

"For ten years prior to 1894, I was a constant sufferer from acute stomach trouble. I had all the manifold symptoms of acute dyspepsia, and at times other troubles were present in complication—I did not know what it was to enjoy a meal. No matter how careful I might be as to the quality, quantity and preparation of my food, distress always followed eating. I was despondent and blue. Almost to the point of insanity at times, and would have been glad to die. Often and often I could not sleep. Sympathetic heart trouble set in and time and again I was obliged to call a doctor in the night to relieve sudden attacks of suffocation which would come on without a moment's warning.

"My troubles increased as time wore on and I spent large sums in doctor bills, being compelled to have medical attendants almost constantly. During 1892 and 1893, it was impossible for me to retain food, and water brashes plagued me. I was reduced to a skeleton. A consultation of physicians was unable to determine just what did ail me. The doctors gave us as their opinion that the probable trouble was ulceration of the coats of the stomach and held out no hope of recovery. One doctor said, 'All I can do to relieve your suffering is by the use of opium.'

"About this time a friend of mine, Mrs. Symantha Smith, of Glidden, Iowa, told me about the case of Mrs. Thurston, of Oxford Junction, Iowa. This lady said she had been afflicted much the same as I had. She had consulted local physicians without relief, and had gone to Davenport for treatment. Giving up all hope of recovery, she was persuaded by a friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was almost magical.

"I was led to try them from her experience, and before many months I felt better than I had for a dozen years. I am now almost free from trouble, and if through some error of diet I feel badly, this splendid remedy sets me right again. I have regained my strength and am once more in my usual flesh. I sleep well and can eat without distress. I have no doubt that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only wish that I had heard of them years ago, thereby saving myself ten years of suffering and much money."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

SMALLPOX GERMS.

How an Old Lady and Her Shawl Carried Death with Them.

The tenacity and virulency of smallpox germs are to the medical fraternity one of the wonders of contagion, and were never made apparent so startlingly as a few years ago in the village of Hector, N. Y. This is an isolated place, being at the time smallpox became epidemic there twenty miles from any railway, and its people rarely traveled far from home and few strangers were visitors there. Early in the fall smallpox broke out in the village. The disease was not known to be anywhere in the vicinity. How it happened to appear there was a mystery that remained unsolved for months, but was at last cleared up through the investigation and inquiry of Dr. Purdy, of Elmira.

Dr. Purdy learned that one day in the winter preceding the breaking out of the smallpox in Hector a passenger on an Erie Railway train was taken violently ill just after leaving Salamanca, and a physician who was on board the train discovered that the passenger had the smallpox. When this became known the other passengers in the car hurriedly left it for another one. The car containing the smallpox victim was placed on a siding when the train reached Hornellsville, where it was quarantined.

Among the passengers who left the car when the case was made known was an old lady who had a ticket from Elmira. Her seat had been the one behind the one where the man with the smallpox sat. She had with her a small shoulder shawl, which had hung on the back of the seat ahead of her. When she left the train at Elmira she took a Northern Central train for Watkins, the nearest station to Hector, to which place she was going on a visit to her son's family.

She remained there until the following fall, when she was driven by her son to visit another son, some miles distant. The day was extremely cold, and her son's ears being in danger of freezing she took the shoulder shawl from her sachel, where it had been ever since she put it away on leaving the Erie train at Elmira the previous winter, and wrapped it about his head.

A few days after the son returned home to Hector he became violently ill. Before it was known what his ailment was he was visited by various neighbors. Then his disease was pronounced smallpox, and it was such a malignant case that he died within a few days. The disease became epidemic, and was not eradicated until the following summer. Every family in the village and immediate vicinity lost at least one member by the disease. That the first case originated from the germs that were collected by the shawl in the railroad car near Salamanca months before there can be no doubt.

WOMEN'S FACES—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, in the diseases of women, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflammation of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drains upon the system. It *cures* nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders arising from derangement of the female organs and functions.

MRS. JENNIE WILLIAMS, of *Mohawk, Lane Co., Oregon*, writes: "I was sick for over three years with blind dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart, pain in the back and head, and at times would have such a weak tired feeling when I first got up in the morning, and at times nervous chills.

The physicians differed as to what my disease was, but none of them did me any good. As soon as I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I began to get better; could sleep well nights, and that bad, nervous feeling and the pain in my back soon left me. I can walk several miles without getting tired. I took in all three bottles of 'Prescription' and two of 'Discovery.'"

MRS. WILLIAMS.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

DO WOMEN KNOW?

That rubber should be carefully kept away from oil, as oil softens and makes it unfit for use.

That a gauze veil is the best protection for a sensitive skin during hot weather, and on no account should a thick veil with large spots be worn.

That one doesn't "make calls" any more, but "pays visits" instead. As if it made any difference, only when one is in Rome one must do as the Romans do.

That old paint and varnish may be removed by an emulsion formed of two parts of ammonia shaken up with one part of turpentine. It will soften them so they may easily be scraped off.

That Turkish toweling in pure white is considered the most correct thing for the covering of chairs and couches in the summer sitting-room. The toweling, while apt to show dirt more quickly than other fabrics, may yet be sent to the wash tub, its place in the mean time being taken by a fresh set of the same, whence it emerges as daintily fresh and attractive as ever.—New York Recorder.

HOME-MADE CANDY.

Home-made candy is best for the children. The following recipes come from the Boston Cooking School:

Peppermints—Put on to boil one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water, cooked until it will just gather together in cold water; it must not be cooked until it can be gathered into a soft ball like the fondant. When cooked to the right degree add four heaping teaspoonfuls of confectioner's sugar; if it seems too stiff to drop put it directly over the fire and heat it up again. Just before pouring out add six drops of oil of peppermint. Turn out in shape, using a tunnel and a long-handled wooden stopper, lifting the stopper high enough to allow the mixture to flow into the right size. Different kinds may be made by using different flavorings and colorings.

Buttercups—Boil two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of water, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar; without stirring. When done pour on to a buttered platter; when it can be handled pull until light colored. Place on a slightly-floured board, and stretch out into a long, narrow shape; into the centre fold some French fondant, and roll out and cut. Porto Rico molasses of a medium grade is best for candy. Measure the butter as rounding as the spoon hollows; measure out an even teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and divide length-wise for the half spoonful. The cream of tartar is not added to make the candy white, as many people think, but to keep it from granulating.

Nut Nougat.—Melt one pound of sugar in a saucepan, stirring constantly to prevent burning, as there is no water in it. Add one cupful of hickory nut meat, slightly salted. Pour into buttered pans, and mark into squares. It may be more convenient for some to measure the sugar in a cup than by weight; in that case, remember that two cupfuls, or one pint, of granulated sugar weighs a pound. This rule is only for granulated sugar, as it would require a larger quantity of powdered sugar to weigh the same. Put all the ingredients into a granite-ware saucepan—one that has been used for melting butter or lard is best. The flavor of the candy is much improved if a little salt is sprinkled over the nuts before mixing together. The nuts should be heated thoroughly before stirring into the syrup, and the place on which it is to be poured should be hot. When the candy is poured on the plate, cut into narrow strips or bars quickly, with a thin, sharp knife. Rapid work is necessary in making nut bar. Many other nuts are used in place of hickory nuts. Peanuts, shelled, skinned, and chopped fine, are generally liked; whole almonds spread over the surface of the candy are very good; English walnuts, castanas, or any other nut, chopped fine, give an excellent flavor. This candy is easily made, and is generally liked.

Cream Caramels—Boil three cupfuls of sugar, one half cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, and one square of sweet chocolate for ten minutes. Beat until cold; add one tablespoonful of vanilla. Beat with a patent egg-beater until it begins to sugar around the kettle, then pour it in a buttered tin, and cut in squares. The sugar for candy of any kind should be measured just level in one of the regular measuring cups holding half a pint. Pack the butter into the cup solid. Put all the ingredients except the chocolate into a granite ware kettle, and boil for ten minutes without stirring; and boiling means to have the whole surface of the candy bubbling and bursting for the specified time. As small an amount of chocolate as is used in this rule can be scraped fine or grated and put into the sugar dry; if a large amount were to be used the better way to use it would be to break the cake in tiny pieces and put in a bowl, setting this in the opening in the tea-kettle, or over steam in some way, to melt the chocolate. When the taffy has been boiled the requisite time remove from the stove and beat rapidly with the egg beater, watching the sides of the dish carefully to see when the mixture begins to granulate. Do not put the vanilla extract in the taffy until the beating is finished, as extract of any kind tends to form the mixture into grains. It is rather difficult to beat the candy with an egg-beater, but it is the only way to do it thoroughly. When the taffy is turned out on the pan cut into squares quickly with a thin, sharp knife.—New York Observer.

A War Story.

A group of Congressmen were sitting in the half deserted hall of the House when Judge Livingston, of Georgia, remarked to General Cogswell, of Massachusetts.

"If it had not been for the leniency shown by you to me on a certain occasion I would not be here to-day."

"How is that?" inquired Cogswell.

"Do you remember one evening that your regiment was scouring about Atlanta and captured a fellow who was wandering about that country? The circumstances of the capture made the prisoner liable to trial as a spy? I was the prisoner. I had a farm about there and was looking to get home for a glimpse at my people. You were good enough to decide that I was not liable to the charge of being a spy and let me go. The next evening I had five of your men in my hands. I kept them shut up in the barn over night and then turned them loose."—New York Sun.

The bottom of the deepest part of the Atlantic has very recently been proved to be about five miles and a half down.

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—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, '94

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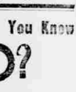

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SAPOLIO?
THEN USE IT.

Weight of an Eagle in Dollar Bills.

Said Mr. C. K. Stout, of the Treasury office, as he sat before the scales, with $8000 or $10,000 in double eagles at his elbow: "How many $1 bills do you think it would take to weigh as much as one of these coins?"

The reporter considered a moment and made a guess.

"It takes just twenty-seven, unless the bills are trimmed close. Twenty-eight new $1 bills always weigh a little more than a double-eagle. Don't you believe it? Just wait."

He disappeared in the vault for a few minutes, and presently emerged with a package of brand-new dollar bills in his hand. Then he counted out twenty-seven of them, and said to the reporter: "Choose any coin you will."

The reporter chose a coin, which Mr. Stout put on one of the scale pans. Then he put the twenty-seven dollar bills on the other pan. The long needle that moves on the index showed that the beam was almost level. The man of money added another bill to the twenty-seven, and the coin went up. Then the reporter offered to treat, for his guess had been shy just 973 dollar bills.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

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Manistee, Mich., Feb. 14, 1895.
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Dear Sir:

I am the little boy you sent the Discovery to about six weeks ago. I used two bottles and also the salve. When I began to use the medicine my sores were as large as a quarter of a dollar, and now they are as large as a ten cent piece and I feel much better. Mamma and I feel very thankful to you. I shall write again and tell you how I am getting along.

I remain your little friend,
ANDREW POMEROY,
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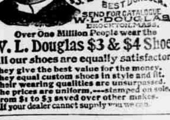

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