GENTLEMAN JIM'S MASCOT.

N unusual proceeding was going spectability, hey? Out with it, Jim. A forward in Forty-rod Floor. The fare dealers forsook their silver boxes, the crouplers left their roulette wheels and the gamblers broke off their games at the poker tables. Every man crowded around the bar and, strange to say, it was not for a drink. Old Kanuck was going to deliver himself of a speech; but it was his theme rather than the speech itself which drew the profound attention of everyone in the saloon.

One of Kanuck's hands (for the purpose, probably, of emphasizing his remarks) wielded a beer mallet. The ethed hand rested upon the curly head of a bright-eyed youngster of 4 years, who gat on the bar and persisted in grinning at Oklahoma Bill, a cowboy with a record of two right there in Dickinson, four in the Bad Lands, and heaven only knows how many during the Oklahoma "rush." Kanuck cleared his throat impres

sively. "Ladies an' gents," he began.

"Ladies nothin'!" broke in One-eyed Billings; "none here."
"I said 'ladies,'" went on Kanuck.

with dignity, "an' I say it ag'in. Anyone take exceptions?" No one spoke, and Kanuck brought

the beer mallet down on the bar with a force that made the youngster jump. No exceptions being taken, Kanuck

"I reckon you all know how this kid came to Dickinson-father died on the Blue Mountain stage-nothin' to tell who he was no money in his clo'es-kid not able to spin his own yarn-consekently, dumped onto this big-hearted community of Dickinson an' 'specially Injun Sam, the half-breed, who took him in and was 'lowin' to bring him up. That was a year ago. Now what's the condition o' things? Las' night Sam crossed the divide, done up by no 'count Hank Andrews an' a Colt fortyfour. Judge Lynch took care o' Hank this mornin', but here's the kid. Injun Sam owed the doctor in Corkerville, 'count o' the kid, somethin' like fifty plunkers; he owed Forty-rod Fred a bar bill of twenty more, an' odds an' ends 'round town to make up an even hundr'd. We don't think the kid'll bring so high a price, but the highest bidder gets him, an' if the hundr'd dolfar mark nin't reached each creditor of Sam's realizes accordin'. Now, then, who's the first bidder? Start the ball, gents. Nice kid-never heard him cry in my life. Who gets the first whack?" Oklahoma Bill, who wanted the youngster about as badly as he wanted

a white elephant, counted his money and put in a bid of \$6.50. "Raise ye three an' a half," said Oneeved Billings. Oklahoma Bill promptly unbuckled his pistol-belt and laid it on the bar.

marked, defiantly; "if it't go here at twenty, I'll see Billings an' go him ten "Going at twenty," cried Kanuck,

He's dirt cheap at that. Why, I wouldn't play it so low down on an Injun kid as to sell it at that figger!" "Fifty dollars!" This lid was made by Gentleman

Jim, the gambler. Every one looked at him.

What the deuce do you want with a gld of that caliber?" asked Forty-rod Fred. "I'm down on my luck and I want a

"Hold on a minit!" yelled Oklahoma

Bill; "I'll borry money enough ter beat that raise." He dashed out of the saloon. In

few minutes he came back and bid \$60. "Seventy-five," said Gentleman Jim; "I'll have the boy if it takes a thous-

"That does me." muttered Bill, as he buckled on his pistol belt. "Goin', goin', goin'," said Kanuck his beer mallet poised in air; "are ye

all done? Sold to Gentleman Jim for seventy-five." The beer mallet fell and the deal was closed.

"Say," whispered Oklahoma Bill as Gentleman Jim left the saloon with the kid over his arm, "can I come down and play with the leetle duffer 'casion "Certainly, Bill-any time,"

"'Bliged ter ye," and Bill balanced his plug of tobacco on his nose until the youngster got out of sight. . . As Gentleman Jim crossed the footbridge spanning the stream that lay between Dickinson and his cabin in Blacksnake Hollow the moonlight quivered upon the upturned edges of the waves like an ever-shifting network of gold; and the stars above seemed caught in the net below. The night was still save for the chirping crickets and the harsher notes of the frogs. These sounds seemed to awaken a loneliness in the gambler's breast. He paused leaned on the hand-rail, looking down into the water. Suddenly he drew a package from his pocket and dropped it into the stream. Then he turned and continued on his way with a firmer stride while the words "No more," broke from his lips in an undertone. Opening the door of the cabin in the Hollow, he found a dim light burning on the table and a man, smoking, sit

"BHH?" "Soft, ole man, the kid's asleep."

tures of a sleeping child.

ting by the bed and watching the fea-

"Look ee thar," he went on, motioning toward the bed; "talk about ver therubses-they ain't in it with that re. I've been a'settin' right thar, like a lump on a log, watchin' them pleepin' features, an' I swear, Jim, 't was as good as a sermon." Centleman Jim caught Bill's hand and led him to the other side of the

"I want to talk with you, Bill. Sit

"What's up. Jim? Ye're glummer 'n I ever seen ve

"I've taken that youngster to raise, haven't 1?" "We have, Jim. Ye promised me

that more'n a month ago, just arter ye put up that seventy-five an' got him." "Yes, yes. We've taken him to raise, The question is this: We're morally retponsible for that lad's welfare?" "Sartin," said Bill, reflectively, as he

toyed with his pipe. "At his age a child receives strong impressions impressions that may endure through life. Suppose he should grow up to be a gambler, or-or-" "Or a whisky-guzzlin', no-'count cow puncher, with nothin' but a murder record ter back up his claims to re

Upopococcoopococcoopococcoopococcoopococcoopococco

don' mind—it's the truth."
"How would you feel to have the la grow up so?" "I'd feel as though he ought to've died in that Blue Mountain stage, 'long with his pap."

Bill looked hard at the dim light There was a silence, and Jim drew closer to Bill and laid a hand on his

Bill looked into his friend's face blankly. "Mean it?"

"Do I mean it?" repeated the other slowly. "Bill, I have no other profes-sion but that of gambling. I was never taught an honest trade, and that came easiest for me to learn myself. Tonight I dropped my cards into the river. erhaps I can turn cowboy or miner and make a living for the lad and my

Bill went to the door, drew something from his pocket, and Jim heard a crash

of breaking glass outside.
"No more whisky in mine," said Bill, as he came back and caught Gentleman Jim's hand. "This is another partnership, hey?"

"Yes," replied the gambler, quietly. "Jim, are ye thar?"

"Yes. "Kid asleep?"

"Yes."

"Come out and let me swap a few words with ye." Gentleman Jim got up and went on of the cabin.

"What is it, Bill?" asked Jim, as h stepped out into the moonlight, "Did ve notice my breath?"

"Yes," was the low reply. "You've een drinking, Bill." "You bet I have," returned Bill, de

fantly, "an' I'm goin' ter keep it right up till the jim-jams git me an' choke off my wind. Durn it, I ain't fit ter live. I sin't got no moral right ter look the kid in the face arter this. For the last ten days life's been a reglar hell for me-I wanted drink an' I wanted it and. Seemed like the devil was grip pin' at my insides. When I felt the worst, if I'd come up here, an' go to familia' with the kid I'd forget all 'bout t-bless them dancin' blue eyes o' his! But the kid's got ter sleep-he can t stay up all night jest ter fun with me in' fight off the whisky habit. Two iours ago I came here an' peeked in the winder. He was asloep an' you set by the table with yer head in yer hands it was either fool with the kid er go to boozin' at Forty-rod Fred's, an'-an'well, I didn't want to disturb the kid. so I rushed back to Dickinson an' tossed off a couple o' glasses of Jersey light-

"Cost me forty in Heleny," he refool with a rattler-not a bit. Ain't disgusted, are ye?" "The only bright spot in this rough fourishing his beer mallet; "are you all life o' mine has been the time I spent with the kid. Now, I ain't got no partnership in him-I throw it up. I'm never goin' ter see him ag'in-only jest once. The minit I teched likker, after swearin' off-that settled it. Good by to the kid. I want him to grow up right

> less sot like me. I jest want ter see him once more as he sleeps, Jim. Can I go in?" "Yes: but wait a minute. We under took too big a contract when we started in to raise the youngster. Not that our intentions weren't good enough. Bill but our morals were lacking. Suppos he should grow up to have my reputation flung in his face at every turn't Once a man establishes a bad reputa

without bein' hampered by a worth-

live It down." Bill made no reply. After a short si lence Jim continued:

tion, nothing he does afterward can

"I was thinking to-night, probably as ron looked through the window and saw me, that the boy should be taken away."

"I have a sister-an honorable and upright a woman as the sun ever shone on. She lives in-"

"Don't tell-on yer life! Never even whisper her name, nor where she lives cause if it was a thousand mbiles off, an' I knew the place, the time 'u'd come when I'd crawl on my knees all the way jest ter see the kid. You take him, Jim, an' take him to-morrer. Will ye?

"Will ye come back?" "At once."

"An' go to gamblin' ag'in?" "I suppose so." Bill fumbled in his pocket.

"Here's forty plunkets every cer 've got in the world. I sold my pistol belt to Ole Kanuck. That money's for the kid. Let yer sister keep it for

"Will you see us in the morning, whe we take the Blue Mountain stage?" "Yes, I'll be on hand. Good-night.

"Good-night, Bill."

. A week had passed after the depar ure of Gentleman Jim and his protege, and Oklahoma Bill was anxiously watching for the Blue Mountain stage to bring back his friend, with later tidings of "the kid." One morning the stage failed to pull into Dickinson, and the citizens of the town gathered in groups to discuss the unusual occur

"I'll bet a dollar ag'in a dime that thar's been a hold-up," said One-eyed Billings.

This was the general opinion until ate in the afternoon, Nat Palmer, the river of the stage, rode into Dickinin supporting the form of a man across he saddle in front of him. He was intantly surrounded by a mob of curious

mizens. "What's the matter, Ned?" asked Old

"Stage tipped over on Blue Mountain n' spilled me an' the only passenge had into Hazard Gulch. Lift him down, boys. I reckon he's mighty near done up.

"Why," exclaimed the bystanders, as the luckless passenger was taken out of Palmer's arms; "It's Gentleman

Gentleman Jim was carried into For ty-rod Fred's, and made as comfortable is possible. Some liquor was force down his throat and he gradually rerived. His eyes turned slowly about

"Where's Oklahoma Bill?" he aske feebly; "get him, quick." At this juncture Bill came elbowing de

his way through the crowd. He pause eside Gentleman Jim.
"I've heerd all 'bout it, ole man," be said, in a low tone; "ye're playin' in haru luck. Can't I go to Corkerville for

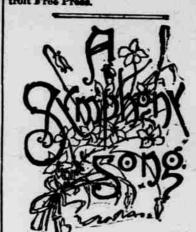
a doctor?" "No good," replied Jim, faintly; "my chips would be cashed in before you got a mile from town. It's all right,

"Yes. She took him. Said she'd never ell him anything about me, or-

"Yes. He'll be happy there-well taken care of-sent to school when he's old enough to go and brought up right. I'd want to see him so bad that I couldn't stand it, like you-" "But I can't go, 'cause I don't know

who she is or where she lives." "And I can't go, because-" He shivered and looked wildly into Bill's face as though the wonderful surprise of that mystery he was about to solve had overpowered him.

"Because —"he whispered again.
Bill bent low, but he heard only a othered sigh. couch and lay still. He was dead.—De troit Free Press.



The Old Rock Springs Under the tall green alders -That never let the sun shine through,

With a tinkling drip o'er the rock's coos lip.
The water came down like the dew: And not even the fabled nectar That classic poets sing, Did I dream could be as sweet to me As the water in the old rock spring

Down by the old rock spring, Where the water-flags dip and swing. There's never a draught, wherever quaffed, Like one from the old rock spring?

Glad of the shady place— From the hay at morn or the noon-hot

corn, Full on my eager face I've flung myself to taste it. And never has anything Since slaked my thirst like the balm that

burst Fresh from the old rock spring! Down by the old rock spring! How a sip from its lips could bring My boyhood back 'long the once worn

That led to the old rock spring! Tho' I'd Burgundy on my sideboard, Champagne of the rarest sort, Wines of Moselle and Muscatel, And many a pint of port,

nin', an' I wish ter Gawd I was dead. Yet I never could forget it, I ain't no more fit to come up here fun-With its brooklike murmuring; ain' with that kid than the kid it fit ter The best stocked bin takes a back sent I think of the old rock spring.

Down by the old rock spring. There the lichens loop and cling; To give, I were fain, all the grapes of

For a drink from the old rock spring. Harvest for the Soul In the country there's a lavish waste of All the freighted air is weighted with

perfume, Every bud and every bee Has a word for you and me, I assume.

God is speaking in the flowers He hat He is speaking in the beauty there displayed: Oh, it pays to wander far,

Where the rarer blossoms are, Lost in shade. We shall larger be and nobler for a strob By the wonders that the meadows now

Not a flower greets the eye But will blossem by and by In the soul. And the laughter of the waters that we

Waters wearing crystal slippers on their It will sometime laugh again In our life, and doubly then Then let us go and garner while we may,

For all the bloom and beauty will away; Not the poorest in the land But has riches at his hand -Ed P. Bell, in Indianapolis Journal.

Baby's Answer, Where did you come from, baby dear? Out of the everywhere into here,

Where did you get your eyes so blue? What makes the light in them sparkle and

Some of tny starry spikes left in. Where did you get that little tear? I found it waiting when I get here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose? saw something better than knows.

Whence the three-cornered/smile of bliss? Three angels at once gave me a kiss,

Where did you get this pearly ear? Where did you get those arms and hands?

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things? From the same box asicherub's wings.

How did you come to ms, you dear? God thought about you and so I am here.

George Macdonald.

Collecting Street Car Tickets. Heinrich Fellmeth, professor of commercial science at Munich, recommends the collection of street car tickets. He has founded a monthly bulletin, "Trambilletsport," the object of which is to give pictures of tickets used for car fare in great cities, and furnish detailed information about them. He wishes to establish a society and a trambillet

Even the handsomest gowns have an extra waist of some fancy silk or bro-cade with which to make a change if

New table ornaments combine can-lelabra and flower stands.

body at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just

answered, wisely.

mother as that?"

a little prayer?"

ered him an irreverent heathen.

A MOTORMAN'S LIFE.

CONSTANT DANGER.

he Great Strain on a Man's Nerves Suffe

Short Time--- The Experience

of a Well-Known Motorman.

From the Cincinnati, Ohio, Enquirer.

The life of a motorman is not a bed of

roses. He is subjected to many hardships, co-

while he is on his car.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the

What Could He Expect?

Mr. Edison has been trying for sev-

eral days to get a cathode photograph

Historical Old Theater.

The old Marshall Theater in Rich-

mond, from which Joe Jefferson, Ed-

win Booth, Billy Florence, Creston

Victim-You say you supply balloons

to guests on the top floor in case of

Beart Disease Relieved in 30 Minute

Song of the Rose,

The white ones, fallen too fast, The guelder-roses hang like snow,

Where purple flag-flowers grow.

And still the tulip lingers, The wall-flower's red like blood,

full of hair? Baugh!

The lilac-time is over,

Labornum's days is past.

The red May-blossoms cover

The Rose is on the way.

You are but heralds sent us-

All April's buds, and May's-But painted missals lent us

That we might learn her praise

Might cast down every bud that blo Before our Queen, the Rosel

Long Sentence

It was the desire of Rev. Augustus

Jessopp, for many years a country

clergyman in England, to be welcomed

by his people as a neighbor and friend

rather than as a clergyman; but he con-

fesses that he was often pulled up by

a reminder more or less reproachful

that if he had forgotten his vocation,

his host had not! "Ever been to Tomb-

not plant corn at all.

do something he expected of me. He eling by great force of will. But this caught up a rough apple-tree limb, and walked up to me with it. Grandmoth is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the rvous system, which will not long stand er appeared on the doorstep with a such strain. Too many people "work on small, straight stick in her hand, and their nerves," and the result is seen in un-fortunate wrecks marked "nervous pros- "Here, Joe, sald she, 'lick Dr "'Here, Joe,' said she, 'lick Daniel with a smooth stick!' And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grand

energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond

question. Remember that Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills to operate. 25 cents. HE ASKED FOR BUTTERMILK

And the Weary Waiter Lived Ove "How's the buttermilk?" asked the fired man; and the weary walter looked the ennut he felt as he answered;

"Churned fresh every hour." "Well, now, give me a glass from the ast hour, and let her be full," said the Fred man. Then he unfolded the midsight edition, smiled as if memories saunted him, and never seeing a line of all the black type which tried to startle sated humanity. He was thinking of buttermilk fresh from the churn, and the big, staring headlines were as blank paper before him. The weary waiter Usturbed his reverles.

"Buttermilk's all out, sir." He said the "sir" as one who follows vacant form, and meant nothing by

"I'm sorry," said the tired man, takng coffee and sandwich-of courseand still conjuring up pictures of the

pecially in the winter, when he is exposed to puntry. "Great thing when you're tired," said the cold and snow. Even in the summer e, smilling, and looking past the weary to must bear the intense heat which salter and the coffee urn, and the boats down upon him. Considerable nerve slank wall beyond. "La! I can hear the and self possession are necessary in a soft chug of the churn dasher yet when good motorman, for the lives and the butter is coming. Gets lighter then, kimbs of his passongers are at stake and spinshes inside, and the yellow Dae of the best known electric motormen in frifts wash down from the hollows in this city is William Frazer, who is at present the lid, and you hit twice half-way running a car on the Cumminaville electric and once clear down, and-butter's line. He is not only well known to his fel-

The weary waiter smiled without re-easing his stare at the street, silent in hidnight darkness. nidnight darkness.

"And they put the buttermilk down in the springhouse in a great big jar, ommended to him, but none of them seemed that the water swishes around it, and there's a board on top, with a stone to teep it down. And Sunday morning fou curry the horses and turn them out almost discouraged, but took the advice. To in the clover pasture, and dive off the bank in the river and take a wash, and put in a clean hickory shirt and clean hickory

ind put in a clean hickory shirt and rour Sunday clothes, and lay down in the shade of the apple tree in the long, soft grass, and catch the wind from the woods and the music of the cow bells far a way—and then you think of the buttermilk."

"That's right," said the weary waittr, as he rearranged the sugar bowl and spoon holder.

'And you go down and dip it up with a big tin cup, and drink it in great big swallows, and the other boys come in, and we all sit there and drink and talk of the tough times we are having, and thatter about the girls, and josh each yther about going home with them from meeting, and after a while dinner is ready, and we go in and eat fried chicken and mashed potatoes, and biscuit and custard pie—"

I may Pink Pills. They are all that is claimed for them; in fact thoy advertise themselves better than any medicine I even saw. I was seized some time ago with a bat attack of indicastion. My stomach hurt man nearly all the time and I could not digest my land. The pain was almost unbearable and land nothing that would give me relief. I confess that when I bought the first box of Pink Pills I had tried so many things without success that I was almost discouraged. Before I had taken one box I was decided better than any medicine I even saw. I was seized some time ago with a bat attack of indicastion. My stomach hurt man nearly all the time and I could not digest my Jod. The pain was almost unbearable and leouid not digest my I found nothing that would give me relief. I confess that when I bought the first box of Pink Pills I had tried so many things without success that I was almost unbearable and leouid not digest my I found nothing that would give me relief. I confess that when I bought the first box of Pink Pills are on the confess that when I hought the first box of Fink Pills are on the confess that when I hought the first box of Fink Pills are on the confess that when I hought the first box of Fink Pills are on the confess that when I hought the first box of Fink Pills are on the confess and custard ple-

"U-m-m," said the weary waiter, ferrently. elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 55 sents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schonectady, N. Y. soon," resumed the tired man, "we get out there when the sun is down, and we have another cupful, and the whippoorwill is booming from some place up n the clouds, and the katydid is telling of the frost just six weeks ahead, and the cattle are standing along the barnrard fence, with the smell of fresh milk in the mellow air, and the tin cup

has vellow flecks all over the sides, and we fill it again and drink-" of a human brain. He is conducting "Or in the barvest field," said the his experiments in New Jersey, a fact "Yes, when the women folks send it which may account for the delay .- Minout in a jug, with a slab of ginger-bread neapolis Tribune.

in the long forenoon, and we take great "And sweat--" "And sweat, and buckle down with the cradle and the rake, and set up a Clarke, Mrs. Debar, and other drashock to shade the buttermilk--matic celebrities started out, is to be "And a rain comes up and we run for torn down and give place to a clothing

the barn." The weary walter stood erect, and smiled delightedly. "Ah, yes! Ah, yes! That was life, after all." The tired man took his check to the look and waited outside for an owl car o come along; but all the time he was thinking of that mellow nectar, which mingles the acids and sweets of rural estasy, and all the tired insistence of

Uncle Daniel.

Cimes-Herald.

his journey home could not impress the

ity's hopelessness upon him.-Chicago

Uncle Daniel was one of the charac Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist han't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life. ers of the Saco Valley. He was always bubbling over with droll speeches. At one time he adopted a city-bred boy who gave him great annoyance by not falling in with country ways. Uncle Daniel tried hard to teach him to mow, but in vain, and after a time the old gentleman was heard inquiring at the village for a "small boy about four

"What do you want him for?" some one asked. "I want him to ride on the heel o George's scythe and keep it down, was the answer.

Again when it was the custom o the neighbors to "change works" dressing their pork, the water had cooled somewhat before Uncle Daniel's hog was immersed, and the bristles did not yield readily. The other men, at a little distance, were succeeding better. "Is your bout ready to hang up, (Aniel?" inquired a brother butcher

"Yes, Joe," was the disgusted answer, "if you want to hang him up by , the hair of his head." His peighbors complained that the

equirrels were eating their corn, but THE TURN OF LIFE.

THE LIFE OF A WOMAN. "I never plant any outside rows," he

ce of Mrs. Kelly, of Patche Then it was remembered that he did

There is no period in woman's earthly could remember his grandmother.
"I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel career which she approaches with so much anxiety as the "change of life." "but only as I saw her once. Fathe: Yet during the had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to

Yet during the past twenty years women have learned much from a woman. for the period, past. There is but one course to pursue to subdue the nervous con plications.

land fair, Mrs. Cawl?" he asked during and prepare parochial visit, which he describes "The Trials of a Country Parson." for the change. Lydia E. Pinkham' Vegetable Compound should be used.

It is well for those approaching this time, to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mrs. Cawl had a perennial flow of words, which came from her lips in a steady, unceasing and deliberate monetone, a slow tickle of verbiage without Mass. She has the experience of years the semblance of a stop. She began: to aid her in advising. She will charge you nothing.

"Never been to no fairs sin' I was a She helped this woman, who says:girl; bless the Lord, nor mean to 'xcept once when my Betsy went to place and father told me to take her to a "I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's show and there was a giant, and a dwarf dressed in green petticont like the womb, and it entirely cured her. up to the cashier's window. "Say, just a monkey on an organ, an' I says to I was approaching the "change of lop off those six extra lodgings against Betsy my dear they's the works of the Lord but they hadn't ought to be life," and was in a deplorable condition. My womb had fallen, and the showed but as the works of the Lord to bearing-down pains and backache wer terrible, and kidneys affected be had in remembrance, and don't you think sir as when they shows the works

"I began taking the Compound, and my pains ceased. I consider it the of the Lord they'd ought to begin with Mr. Jessopp admits that he had no reply at hand, and believes that Mrs. strong bridge between sickness and health, and recommend it to everybody I meet who needs it."-Mrs. L. KELLY. Cawl ever afterward privately consid-Patchogue, I. I.

Although millions are wasted in supporting a civil and military bureau cracy in Cuba, the appropriation for FULL OF HARDSHIPS, EXPOSURE AND

> Pure Blood is the safeguard of health. Keep your blood pure, rich and full of vitality by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will not nee

According to Sir Benjamin Richard son, the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and seven of ten average people ought to attain that

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., sava "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bac-tase of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 756, Hong Kong ranks fourth among the world's great ports. The annual value

Britain pays \$80,000, France \$70,000,

FITS stopped free by Dn. Kling's Grea Kerve Restorm. No his after first day's use Marvelous curos. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle tree. Dr. Kline, 3il Arch St., Phila A novel gown is of alpaca canvass in

fastnesses. In this humiliating predicflower blue canvas worked in white ament he was lassooed and dragged, and lined with yellow. fluttering ponderously but helplessly, Piso's cure for Consumption has saved me many a dector's bill-S. F. HARDY, Hopkins lace, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94. to Mr. Gird's stable.

Her Diamonds.

careful to guard him against all worry of domestic matters. In his laboratory he was accustomed being a naturalist, to have various strange animals. Of these, a monkey was his favorite. His wife possessed a necklace of diamonds of which she was naturally proud. One day this necklace was missing. Madame was in despair, and had the house searched, with the exception of Monsieur Saint-Hilaire's room. She knew his dislike of being disturbed, and moreover she

time, so that she could not have left the diamonds there.

fire. Are they already filled? Chicagé him if they had been found. "What Hotel Clerk-Oh, no. Just wait until the fire has made progress enough and diamonds?" he asked. you can'fill your balloon with hot air He called his wife and question A new nevel declares that the sweetscribed the diamond necklace. est place to kiss a woman is on the back of her neck. And get a mouth

> If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful neck, a similar thing to that described." may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with "But why did you not tell me?" his wife exclaimed in indignation. "Why," answered Monsieur Saint-Hilaire, "I supposed that it belonged to him. He seemed to be very fond and

She Was "Out." The admission of women into the occupations which were formerly deemed the exclusive possession of men is neatly satirized by a contemporary.

tent of her "generaless." "The enemy are advancing in force!" exclaims the ald-de-camp. The "generaless" looks up calmly.
"Tell them," she says, "that I am not

Her Company.

The Epworth Herald reports "an actual occurrence" at the Palmer House, Chicago, in which a zealous night THE MOST CRITICAL PERIOD IN watchman and a loquacious parrot were the causes of considerable embarrassment for Mrs. Marie Kressling, of Milwaukee. The cashier put upon the lady's bill a charge for six extra lodg-

ling of Clerk Whipple. "I occupied the

room alone."
"I know nothing about it, except that the watchman reported hearing voices in your room each night, and you were charged with extra lodgings."
"But I protest, sir, it is false. I did
not have a single caller."

The emnipresent night watchman was summoned, and he declared that he had certainly heard the voices of two persons in room 788 at various hours ech night

me other woman," was all the watch-an would vouchsafe in response to Mrs. Kressling's denials. "Couldn't it have been a servant girl?" suggested Clerk Whipple. "No; the chambermaid never came in

luring the evening. I was alone with "Ah, does the parrot talk?" inquired the clerk.

"Certainly, quite well," replied Mrs. Kressling. "Oh, maybe the watchman neard the parrot." And the watchman, with flushed face

and nervous manner, walked into the "Hello, there! Won't you take chair?" came from the direction of the

parrot's cage. The watchman stared blankly at the Vegetable Compound in my family ten years, with the best results. Some time ago my daughter had catarrh of He rushed down stairs and hurried

> LARGEST ON RECORD. Bird Which Stands Full Six Feet

room 738. "Twas only a poll-parrot in

High and Weighs 100 Pounds. A bird of prey as tall as a man! Such is the prize just captured by the superntendent of Richard Gird's ranch in

A SIX-POOT VULTURE.

he hills south of Chino, San Bernar-

lino County, Cal. The prisoner is a nagnificent specimen of the California

ulture, without doubt the largest ever

sken captive. From the crown of his

feroclous-looking, red-wattled head to

its strong, scaly talons, it measures six

feet. Its plucky captor is an inch or

two shorter in his cowhide boots. The

man has the advantage in weight, for

the bird weighs 100 pounds. Still, that

complish this feat the vulture is pro-

Allured by the palatable flavor of a

dead cow, recently, the bird devoured

nearly every particle of flesh from its

ones, which so oppressed him that

however vigorously he flapped his

wings he was unable to soar away to

his cyric among the distant mountain

Queen Victoria has never yet vetoed

bill, but has several times threatened

to. The threat has usually prevented

Grass linen neck fancifuls are the

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial

all important, in order to get its bene-ficial effects, to note when you pur-chase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California

Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all rep-utable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxa-tives or other remedies are not needed.

the well-informed everywhere, Syrap of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

a youngster.

the administration of justice never has reached \$500,000.

shood's Pills cure liver ills, constipat

of the trade is estimated at \$200,000,-000.

Birs. Winatow's rootning Syrup for children techning softens the guna, reduces inflammation, slinys pain, cures wind colic. Me a bottle is a fair fighting weight to carry through the rarefied air. In order to ac-The United States spends \$900,000 vided with wings that have a sprend of year on its weather bureau; Great twelve feet. Withal, the ornithologists who have seen it say that it is merely

dark blue. The trimming is corn-

The innocent ignorance of much-engrossed men of science as to ordinary matters is illustrated by an amusing anecdote of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire the younger, a famous French zoologist. Monsieur Saint-Hilaire was accustomed to bury himself in his laboratory, where he did not allow the affairs of his household to disturb him; and Madame Saint-Hilaire, indeed, was

had not entered this room for a long

Monsieur Saint-Hilaire was hard at work on some researches at the time, and she instructed the servants not to mention the disappearance to him. Rut the house was again turned topsyturvy, and no diamond necklace was found. A few days later, at one of Madame Saint-Hilaire's "at homes," her husband appeared; and a lady among the guests, who supposed he knew of the disappearance of the diamonds, asked

her: "What sort of a looking thing was this that you have lost?" She de-"Ah," said the zoologist, "for severa days my baboon has had in his pos session, generally worn about

proud of it!"

This paper represents, in the warfare of the future, a feminine aid-de-camp rushing in great excitement into the

The ivy spreads pale fingers,
The rose is in the bud.
Good-bye, sweet lilac, and sweet May! She Wrote for George. The first successful woman editor and proprietor of a newspaper in this country was, according to the Hart-ford Courant, Miss Watson, who edited the Courant 120 years ago. numbered among her submsnufacturer has inven for cutting cloth which is caps

One short puff of the breath through Blower, supp ied with each bottle of Arnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffures this der over the aurince of the masal jas-Painless and delightful to use. It relieve explanation, which resulted in a climant highly amusing to all but the Milwaukee guest.

"How is this climation with the milwaukee guest."

Paintess and delightful to use. It relieves stantly and permanently cures Catarrh. It is many and Deafnoss. If your draugist has the stock, ask him to procure it for you.

It is reported that the constant vibration caused by the heavy steam traction cars, in Paris have caused great damage, especially to tall build ings, and many of them are in an us

RUPIURE Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1614 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Fase at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation is Endorsement of physicians, ladies and pro-nent citizens. Send for circular. Office hour A. M. to 3 P. M.

mode of heating iron to a white heat in water that has been subjected to electrical action. If you have tried Dobbins' Floating-Boraz Soap you have decided to use it all the time. If you haven't tried it you owe it to yourself to do so. Your grocer has it, or will get it. He sure that wrappers are printed in red

The "water pail" forge is a new

Hospital statistics prove that ampu-

tation is four times as dangerous after the age of fifty as before. Mexico is a good market for us. Our exports to that country last year wers 130,000,000 in excess of those of

Nothing so suddenly and completely disables the muscles as LUMBAGO, LAME BACK, STIFF NECK. and surely ST. JACOBS OIL

TABULE

Mr. Wm. J. Carlton, of Elizabeth, N. J., says: "I consulted a physician in the country this summer where I was spending my vacation, about a chronic dyspepsia, with which I have been a good deal troubled. It takes the form of indigestion, the food I take not becoming assimflated. After prescribing for me for some time, the physician told me I would have to be treated for several months with a mild laxative and corrective-something that would gradually bring back my normal condition without the violent action of drastic remedies. I recently sent to the Doctor (Dr. Thomas Cope, of Nazareth, Pa.) a box of Ripaus Tabules, and wrote him what I understood the ingredients to be-rhubarb, ipecac, peppermint, aloes, nux vomica and soda. He writes back : 'I think the formula a very good one, and will, no doubt just suit you.'

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail it

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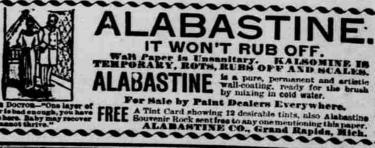
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