## IN ARCADY.

It was easy to say "I love you"
Under a summer sky,
When the hours went slow and the bees hummed low,
And the winds went whispering by.
For we were young and happy,
Nothing of life knew we;
And what more sweet than with careless feet
To wander in Arcady?

To-day, in a book forgotten,
I found a rose you had kissed.
Do you remember the moonlight?
The path to the lover's tryst?
And do you sometimes, I wonder,
Think of the past and me?
And wish some day we could steal away
And wander in Arcady?

Ah, no, 'tis a foolish fancy,
The dream is dreamed and over,
And you have forgotten the dear, dead days
When I was your royal lover;
For we were two weary worldlings,
Seldom from care set free,
And never again can we find the path
That leads through Arcady!
—Detroit Free Press.

## THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS

Inspector Hookyer had served his twenty-five years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having eulogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a blush to the face of that case-hardened officer, the inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

"The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his track, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too clever for me."

"Tell us about it," arose spontaneously from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story.

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young woman named Eliza Thickbroom, who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining a canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant, and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore an irreproachable character. Her friends lived in quite another part of the country, and her mistress had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some time I had considerable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone, but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been out walking with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some thirty miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her holiday, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met her, and that she had become engaged to him, but that, hearing something to his discredit, she had refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamprey in the crime, but I, of course, at once took the train to Stockport and proceeded to hunt up Lamprey, and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local police and cautious questions of one and another, I ascertained that he had been a sailor and was then a 'steeplejack,' and one of the best climbers known.

"'Jack Lamprey!' cried one man to whom I had spoken. 'Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack! Why, he climbed to the very top of yon steeple,' pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount. 'After the storm had damaged the weather cock Jack climed and fixed it all alone for the parson, and he refused to be paid for it.'

"The man seemed to look upon Lamprey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple, and perhaps he was right. Well, bit by bit, I found little things which, when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most abstemious man.

"He was away from his lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was travel-stained, as if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job, and had stained his clothes, and she recollected immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brushing and sponging his garments.

"There was sufficient to justify me in obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job—no one knew where exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool—and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of catching him, on a wild goose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was to wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the following day.

"I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspect it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to, and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and toward evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on its arrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alighted, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cheadle, a station a few miles outside of Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter and night had set in, so that it was extremely doubtful if we could follow the man, but we took a train which was just going out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cheadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had booked for Stockport and had given up his ticket, but do all we could we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So, hoping perhaps to pick up a clew on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our tramp was in vain.

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched, but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time, and, much to my anger and disgust, when I arrived at his house I found that he had been there, just for five minutes, his landlady said, and had left again with a bag of clothes.

"I was mighty savage, you can guess, both with myself and with the police of the place for not keeping a better look-out, but it was no use losing my head over it, and I at once set to work dogging his footsteps after he had left his lodgings. In the public house which he frequented I came across a man to whom I had previously spoken, who seemed to know Lamprey in a very distant sort of way, and I turned the conversation on the man I wanted.

"'Ah! I've just seen him,' said the fellow. 'About an hour ago or mayhap a little more. He was going to Macclesfield, he said, to catch the early train in the morning into Staffordshire, where he's got another job. He seemed in a mighty hurry, too.'

"I had reason afterward to think that this man was the one who had given Lamprey warning, but whether that was so or not his information that night appeared to be correct, for I met several people who had seen Jack going across the fields toward Marple, which was his best way of getting to Macclesfield from the place he lived in; but when I arrived at Marple station I was at fault again, for no train had been out for quite two hours, and although I waited till the last train to Macclesfield had left Lamprey did not show up.

"Tried and vexed beyond description, I tramped back and got what rest I could, hoping that something might turn up in the morning to assist me in recovering the ground I had lost, but afraid that for once I had let my quarry slip, and that I might never catch him, now that he was aware he was being tracked.

"Sure enough, something did turn up in the morning, and something which confirmed my fears, though I felt that I had got my man dead if I had missed him alive. The postman came around soon after 7, before it was quite light, and I had only just got up when a boy came running in with a letter, which had been delivered at the police station. It bore the Marple postmark, and was addressed to 'The Detective from London.'

"Tearing it open, I read something like this:

"'From John Lamprey. I know you are after me, and I know what for. I managed to keep out of your way to-night and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me sooner or later, so I've determined to make an end of it. Look at the church steeple when you get this to-morrow morning.'

"The church steeple was a tall and prominent feature whichever way you turned, and I had only to go to the end of the street to get a full view of it. When I got there and looked up I saw something that gave me a start. In the uncertain light of the early morning I could discern against the gray sky, hanging by the neck to one of the iron loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire, the figure of a man!

"'So much for Jack Lamprey!' I said to myself, as I hurried to the police station. 'He has saved me any more trouble.'

"By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and of course the body hanging aloft had been seen and a crowd had already collected, every one recognizing it as that of Jack Lamprey.

"'A strange freak,' I remarked to the sergeant who was with me.

"'I don't think so,' he replied. 'Jack had made himself a sort of hero over going up the spire to repair the vane and there was nothing more likely to occur to his mind than to finish his career at the same place.'

"There was no one round Stockport who would venture up the spire and a telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge for a man to come and get the body down. It was past midday before the steeplejack arrived and by that time half Stockport had heard of the affair. Work was discarded and an immense crowd collected to witness the sight. Every foot was watched by thousands of eyes, and when at last he approached the swaying body of Jack Lamprey the tongues which had been loudly wagging were hushed as by common consent.

"I shall never forget the few minutes that followed, while the steeplejack (now looking the size of a little child) made his way very cautiously close up to the body, and, fixing a rope to it, made his preparations for lowering it to his assistant, who was waiting on the top of the square tower to receive it. There was something awfully sad and solemn about it all!

"In due course the assistant received the corpse, which he let down to the ground and everyone around me remarked that he swung it roughly to the earth, without showing the respect which might have been looked for. In fact some actually called out 'Shame!'

"But all at once the hush which had fallen upon the crowd was broken by a storm of jeers and laughter! The thing which had given us all trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"So that he might get nearly a day's start Lamprey had cleverly misled me the night before. While I had been wasting my time at Marple he had been employed in stuffing the suit of clothes which he had taken from his lodgings with straw, making a very passable representation of himself, and in the middle of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him) and left his effigy to deceive me and lull me into inaction.

"I need not dwell upon the chaff I received. It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself scarce."

* * * * * * *

"Did the fellow get clear?" asked someone. "Yes. He took the train to the east coast and succeeded in getting to Holland unnoticed," replied Hookyer. "But he hanged himself in earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."—Tit-Bits.

## THE CURE OF DIABETES.

**A Case Successfully Treated in Madison County, N. Y.**

*From the Press, Utica, N. Y.*

On the recommendation of Mr. William Woodman, of South Hamilton, New York, that Mr. Amos Jaquays, a resident of Columbus Centre, New York, be interviewed regarding his extraordinary recovery from advanced kidney trouble, embracing diabetes in its worst form, Mr. Jaquays was visited and willingly made the accompanying statement:

"I am fifty years of age, and five years ago began to suffer with pains in the back and weakness in the region of the kidneys, and I had a tremendous flow of urine. Strange to say, my appetite increased to an extraordinary degree, but instead of giving me strength my food seemed to make me weaker and thinner, and I was terribly constipated. My mouth was pasty, I had continuous heartburn and pain across the lower part of my stomach and frequent vomiting. Indeed, all, or nearly all, my functions became impaired, my sight was dim, memory deserted me, and life became irksome. I consulted the best medical talent in the county, and they all diagnosed my case as sugar diabetes in its most aggravated form, but gave me no relief whatever. At last I was in such a desperate condition that a council of physicians was called, but their good offices did me no good, and I looked forward to death with satisfaction as the only relief I could expect.

"My old friend, William Woodman, about this time came to visit me, and from him I first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which he declared had cured him of rheumatism, with which he had suffered all his life, and he believed they would do me good, as he had read of a case of diabetes being cured by their use. I believe it was next day after Mr. Woodman's visit that Mr. F. Hyde, of South Hamilton, New York, called on me, and I was told by him that Pink Pills had saved his life and so advised me by all means to try them.

"This settled the question, and I at once began a course of home treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a week the medicine began to do its work, the constipation was relieved, my skin, which had been dry and hard, assumed its normal feel and appearance, I no longer had that insufferably bad taste in my mouth, and though still weak and almost helpless, the pain in my back and kidneys began to abate and the flow of urine decreased. But I was far from well, and built very few hopes on permanent cure, though I continued to take the pills constantly for the next year and a half, growing slowly but surely during that time better and better. Then I began to reduce the daily dose, and kept mending until six months ago, when I discontinued them, and I was entirely cured.

"I am still subject to cold, which is apt to settle in my kidneys, and always keep Pink Pills by me, as they bring me round very quickly. In all, I have, I believe, taken thirty boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and shall never be without them as long as I have half a dollar. I have recommended them to all my suffering friends, and they seem to be good for any disorder of the system, as they have never failed to do their work in any case that I know of, and some were pretty low.

"I certify the above statement to be true in every particular, and if I commanded stronger language, I would use it in praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"AMOS JAQUAYS."

Mr. Jaquays is a highly respectable and well-to-do farmer and builder, and highly connected in Madison County.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner, who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing-down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**The Best Apple Sauce.**

"And we had the best apple sauce," said a young girl, when telling of a visit to a dear old aunt.

"Wherein did it differ from all other apple sauce?" the mother queried quizzically. For the mother thought she knew all there was to know about apple sauce.

"Well, I don't know," said the young person, "but it was the best, and she put the sugar in it before she cooked it, and it was so different from any other."

It so happened that the mother had occasion to make some apple sauce for tea, and not to be outdone by any auntie, however worthy she might be, the mother also put the sugar in before she cooked the apple, but the young person said it wasn't a bit like auntie's.

Now I happened to know just how this auntie really did make her apple sauce, and will tell you, besides giving you another way, too.

Peel tart apples and quarter them; if very large cut the quarters once in two. Have two quarts when peeled, and put them into a granite kettle; pour over them two cups of sugar and set on the back part of the range, when there is a fire in it. Let them cook slowly until perfectly clear. Cover them closely.

I didn't say anything about the water? No, and that is just where the difference comes in; the apples are cooked in their own juice, and this, combined with the sugar, makes a rich and most delicious syrup, which will almost jell when cold.

Don't be afraid of their burning to the kettle, though they will if put over the hot fire at first; it will not take long for enough juice to exude to cook them, and they may be stirred until smooth or the pieces may be left whole. They must be cooked until they look clear and transluscent.

For the other recipe, use red apples if you can. Cut up a couple of quarts of apples, or have a couple of quarts when they are cut. Do not pare them. Put them into a small stone jar, put over them two big cups of sugar and cover closely, place in the oven and let them remain for four hours at least. The oven should not be very hot. The apples will come out looking as red as rubies clear through, and tasting so delicious they would tempt even a non apple sauce lover to try them.—Ti-Bits.

Thank a man for an unexpected favor, and then watch.

**It Measures the Flash.**

An apparatus has been divized for measuring the duration of a flash of lightning. Inside a camera there is a small carrier, which holds the sensitive plate. This is caused to revolve very rapidly. When the flash is photographed thereon it will describe a curve, making a certain number of revolutions round the center of the plate. As the number of revolutions per second is accurately known, the number of revolutions on the plate will give the exact part of a second the lightning flash has lasted.


Who opened that bottle of HIRES Rootbeer?

The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound the old folks like to hear—the children can't resist it.

HIRES Rootbeer

is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood. A temperance drink for temperance people.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

FREE! We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements:

Dear Madame: Yours to hand. I recommend the Moore treatment because I have tried it, and know it to be just what he says it is. I was cured by it, and have remained so eight years; have known of many others being cured by all means get it. Yours truly, W. E. PENN, EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK. The above is a letter written by the late Rev. W. E. Penn, the noted Evangelist, to Mrs. W. H. Watson, New Albion, N. Y.

Restored His Hearing in 5 Minutes.

My age is 63. I suffered from Catarrh 10 years. Had intense headache, continual roaring and singing in ears, took cold easily. My hearing began to fail, and for three years was almost entirely deaf, and continually grew worse. Everything I had tried failed. In despair I commenced to use Aerial Medication in 1888, and the effect of the first application was simply wonderful. In less than five minutes my hearing was fully restored, and has been perfect ever since, and in a few months was entirely cured of Catarrh. ELI BROWN, Jacksboro, Tenn.

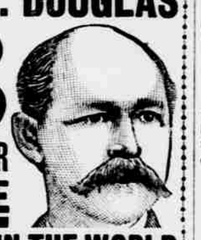
"Whereas I was deaf, now I hear."

At the age of 69, after having suffered from Catarrhal Deafness twenty years, am truly thankful to state that I am entirely cured by Aerial Medication; my hearing, which had become so bad that I could not hear a watch tick or conversation, is fully restored. I will verify this statement. WM. RITTER, Derby Center, V

Medicine for 3 Months' Treatment Free

To introduce this treatment and prove be yond doubt that Aerial Medication will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address, J. H. Moore, M. D., Dept. K. 7, Cincinnati, O.

W. L. DOUGLAS 3 DOLLAR SHOE



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FOR 14 YEARS this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors. INDORSED BY OVER 1,000,000 WEARERS as THE BEST in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at $3.00. IT IS MADE IN ALL THE LATEST SHAPES and STYLES and of every variety of leather. ONE DEALER IN A TOWN given exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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Means GUARANTEED Accuracy-Durability, LOWEST PRICES. JONES--BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

OUT TO-DAY.... SPALDING'S OFFICIAL BASE BALL GUIDE FOR 1897.

New Playing Rules, Schedule, National and Minor Leagues and College Statistics. Portraits of all Leading Players. *Price, 10 cents, postpaid.* ALL NEWSDEALERS OR ANY SPALDING AGENCY. American Sports Publishing Company, 241 Broadway, N. Y.

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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Send 20c. in Stamps for "FAMILY POP-CORN SHELLER" A. M. PATCH, CLARKSVILLE, TENN

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.


## Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will,"

**Ayer's Cathartic Pills.**


Right off, to any, even the worst of SPRAINS, apply SAINT JACOBS OIL. TRY IT. Hard rubbing is the sleight of hand. A prompt cure is The Magic.


## KING'S WIFE IN A WORKHOUSE.

**Sad Story of a Refined Woman and Her Wretched End.**

The romances of the London workhouses would form a thrilling and pathetic record, and for sad vicissitudes and ill luck few cases could surpass that of an inmate of one of these poorhouses who has recently passed away. A lady visiting the institution was struck by the evident refinement of an elderly woman in the infirmary, who was a Norwegian by birth, but who spoke English and other languages fluently. She had all the beaux restes of a very lovely woman, which years of poverty and ill health could not destroy. She was very reticent as regarded her past, but was so evidently a gentlewoman that the sympathetic visitor exerted herself to obtain admission for the invalid into a home for the dying, in which she might pass her last days in peace and amid congenial surroundings.

Before her death the stranger told her story, and a strange and romantic one it proved to be. At 17 she was informed by her parents that she was to be married, and although she had no voice in the matter nothing could have been more satisfactory. Her husband was handsome, cultured and devoted. They lived in a charming country house, surrounded by every luxury, and four children were born to the couple. The only drawback to the perfect happiness of the young wife were the long and frequent absences of her husband, which he attributed to business, but would explain no further.

At last there came a day when the man returned no more from his accustomed journey, but sent his lawyer instead, from whom the bewildered and heartbroken woman learned that her supposed husband was the King of — and that, owing to pressing reasons, the liaison should terminate. An adequate sum was settled on her and the children, and, wishing to break entirely with the past, she came to live in London. After some years she married an Englishman and shortly after the king died, leaving a lump sum to her. This money the husband got from her to invest and ran off with the entire amount, leaving his unfortunate wife penniless. She had never been trained to do any sort of work, and things went from bad to worse until, utterly destitute and dying, she became an inmate of the workhouse.


**Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!**

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it with its distress. One-quarter the price of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.


The Roentgen rays have a new sphere of usefulness. By their aid chalk can be detected in flour, brick dust in Cayenne pepper, sand in spices and many other familiar sophistications.


STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss. LUCAS COUNTY. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.


A new harness attachment does away with the hold-backs, a curved metal band attached to the thills taking their place. This can be lengthened or shortened to fit the horse.


Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.


The forked tongue of the serpent is one of its most striking characteristics. Unless as it may seem, serpents have been observed to lap water with the tongue like a dog.


**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and $1.00, at all druggists.


It is stated that Lieutenant Bersier, of the French navy, has invented a compass which steers vessels automatically in a course set by the navigator.


CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.


Some of the coal used for gas in San Francisco, Cal., comes from Japan.


FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.


Shakespeare's longest play is "Hamlet"; it contains 4,058 lines; the shortest is the "Comedy of Errors," with 1,807 lines.


Piso's Cure for Consumption is an No. 1 Asthma medicine.—F. H. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.


Tesla says that the sunburn effects produced by the Roentgen rays are due to the ozone generated by the rays in contact with the skin.


RUPTURE Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1011 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.


An "automatic singer" has been exhibited in Paris. The voice can be heard 220 yards off. The apparatus is said to be simple.


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


A recently patented solder for aluminum consists of thirty parts of tin alloy, four parts aluminum, and three parts zinc.


WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.


The captain of an Atlantic liner states that the average size of a fog in the Atlantic is about thirty miles in diameter.


**Shake Into Your Shoes**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.


Hamburg, Germany has a paper house.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

**Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.**

**Why People Laugh in Their Sleeves.**

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeve."

"Well, my son, what makes them?"

"'Cause that's where their funny bone is."

**Playing House.**

Emily (playing "house")—Now, I'll be mamma and you'll play papa, and little Ben and Bessie will be our babies.

Willy (after a moment, anxiously)—Ain't it about time to whip the children?

Way down in the wood—in the deep, dark wood—
In a quiet, safe retreat,
There dwelt a growlery grizzly bear,
And her dear cub, Nimblefeet.
And often she told her baby bear
Of the dangers of the wood,
And warned him ever to stay at home,
Just as a little bear should.

In a cottage small, beyond the wood,
With his mother, kind and true,
There lived a frolicsome, laughing boy,
Just about as big as you.
And often this mother told her child
Of the dangers of the wood,
And warned him ever to stay at home,
Just as a little boy should.

But it chanced one day, when from her home
Mrs. Bear was forced to go,
That the baby bear crept slyly out,
For a little walk, you know;
But the sights were all so strange and rare
That before he hardly knew,
He had wandered far into the wood,
And his home was lost to view.

Now it also chanced that afternoon
That another runaway—
The little boy, from his cottage home—
Came into the wood to play;
And just when the shadows longer grew,
In a dark and gloomy place,
The timid bear and the frightened boy
Came together, face to face.

With a snort and squeal and whine of fear
The little bear turned and fled;
While with screams and cries, with equal haste,
The little boy homeward sped.
And now, it is said, the little bear
Stays at home, just as he should;
And the boy no more desires to play
In the shadow-haunted wood.

**Uncle Ned's Queer Crop.**

"S-h-e-p-h-e-r-d."

"Well, Willie," said his mother, encouragingly, "what does s-h-e-p-h-e-r-d spell?"

"Sheep-pen!" thoughtlessly exclaimed Willie, as he turned abruptly to see who opened the hall door.

There stood Uncle Ned with a small coil of wire and a little tin box which contained something that rattled.

"O, Uncle Ned, going to make the canes this morning?" inquired Willie anxiously, at the same time glancing down to the lesson before him.

"I'm going to start them, my boy, but it will take the sun and rain months to make them. I think mamma will excuse you this morning from your lesson, so you can go with me," turning to his sister inquiringly, "if you promise to have an extra good lesson to-morrow."

"The best I ever had, mamma, really and truly," was Willie's eager promise, as he ran to the bookcase with his Third Reader. Then he hurried to the closet for his cap.

"Don't forget your rubbers," called mamma.

When they reached the edge of the woods, Uncle Ned carefully examined many of the baby trees. Finally he selected a few straight saplings about one-half-inch in diameter.

"These," he said to Willie, "will make excellent canes."

"Are they large enough for a big man like papa?"

"Not now; but by fall they'll thicken enough so they'll be just about the right size," and Uncle Ned took from his pocket the little tin box and coil of wire.

"Going to make them all for yourself?" asked Willie.

"Oh, no; I shall give them away," replied Uncle Ned, at the same time removing the cover from the mysterious box.

What do you supose was in it? Letters cut out of thin sheets of tin. Uncle Ned selected three—F, A, L.

"Why, those are papa's initials!" exclaimed Willie with delight. "What are you going to do with them?"

"Be patient, my boy, and watch," and Uncle Ned uncoiled a roll of wire as he spoke. "Now hold this F there," said he as he placed the letter well down toward the base of the sapling. Then with the fine wire that he held in his hand, he bound the letter firmly in place. Soon the A and the L were fastened to the bark in the same way.

"Will these stay there always?" questioned Willie, curiously.

"No, indeed! The wire will hold them in place during the summer," explained Uncle Ned, "and all the while the bark will be growing up around the edges of the letters and in the open spaces between the lines, so that by fall the tin letters can be removed, leaving in the wood perfectly formed letters of a light color which will be surrounded by a raised border."

"Wouldn't I like one!" exclaimed Willie.

From the box Uncle Ned selected three more letters—W, J, L.

Willie clapped his hands gleefully, for they were the initials of his own name, Willie J. Loring.

What an interesting morning it was, helping Uncle Ned start his funny crop of canes.

"In the fall we'll come out and gather them," laughed Willie, as they started for the house.—A. F. Caldwell, in Youth's Companion.

**Saying of Children.**

"Papa, don't say must to me; it makes me feel won't all over."

Gladys—What are "the silent watches of the night," Ethel? Ethel—I don't know, unless it's those they've forgotten to wind up.

"Davie," said Edith, "what makes grandma talk so much?" "Huh," replied the boy, "can't you see she's got a double chin?"

Johnnie Chaffie—Come, Mamie, let us play Adam and Eve. Mamie—How will we play it? "You tempt me with an apple and I'll eat it."

Teacher—What is that letter? Pupil—I don't now. Teacher—What is it that makes honey? Small boy (son of a manufacturer)—Glucose.

Mother—What's the matter, my dear? Why are you crying? Harry (between sobs)—I left my m'lasses candy on that chair, and the deacon's a-sitting on it.

"I hate to bother you, pop; but, really, I'd like to know——" "Well, what?" "How it happens that baby fish don't get drowned before they've learned to swim?"

Robbie (the day after Christmas)—Papa, is it really true that sheeps and goats have four stomachs? Papa—Yes, my son. Robbie—Gracious me! And do they all ache at once?

Fond Parent—Don't you know better, Bobby, than to leave your chewing gum on a chair, where people will sit down on it? Bobby—It's all right, father; I've got another piece.

An astute little boy was asked the other day what was meant by "sins of omission," and he responded, without any pause or hesitation, "the sins we have forgotten to commit."

Mamma (explaining spiritual truths to her little boy)—Tommy, when you die, you leave your body behind; only your soul goes to heaven. Tommy—Well, mamma, what will I button my pants to?

**Dissatisfied.**

"That's the way things always go!" exclaimed the man who is never pleased about anything. "The manner in which things are laid out in this life is all wrong. You always find what you don't want in unlimited abundance, and what you care for you can't have."

"What are you talking about?" asked his wife.

"What am I talking about? What's everybody talking about? Inauguration day; that occasion when you can't escape the most trivial remarks of the badge-peddler and porcorn man, and won't be able to hear three words of the President's address."—Washington Star.

**Decline in Pearls.**

A curious effect of the plague in India has been a sudden increase in the number of pearls reaching the London market, and a consequent marked fall in prices. This is not due to unusual industry on the part of the divers, but to the fact that the native dealers at Pombay have been in such haste to quit the stricken city that they have eagerly disposed of their wares at far below the customary market value. One English firm of importers of Indian pearls has accumulated a stock which, if placed suddenly on the market, it is estimated, would send down quotations fully 25 per cent.

**An Egyptian Advertisement.**

The story of the proposed trolley line from Cairo to the pyramids recalls another instance of modern enterprise. A certain tract society commissioned a painter to place religious texts on all available objects in Egypt. He traced this question on one of the pyramids: "Do you want to be saved?"

"Another painter, in the interest of a quack medicine concern, came along and added beneath:

"If you do, take Blank's Pills."—Atlanta Constitution.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

**Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.**

THE sin that looks the safest is the surest to kill.

It takes very little money to make God's man rich.

The religion that has no joy in it has no power in it.

Wine in the home and club house helps the wine room.

The wider the Bible is opened the harder it strikes at sin.

If the devil didn't teach men how to make rum, who did?

It is more important to bear good fruit than much fruit.

There is no such thing as committing one sin and stopping there.

The devil is seldom a loser when the preacher gets an easy place.

If the gossip would think more, her tongue would get more rest.

When the home is what it should be, the brothel will be impossible.

When the devil goes to church, he doesn't always take a back seat.

If some women did not drink wine, some men would not drink whisky.

The way to be happy to-day is to trust God to take care of to-morrow.

There are many people who undertake to be religious without the help of Christ.

The shiftless man is always away from home when a good opportunity knocks.

Having inaugural and charity balls makes it the more easy to have dance houses.

An hour spent in bad company will give the devil a grip on you all the rest of your life.

The shine in the saloon is made from roses taken out of the faces of women and children.

Unless praying is done on praying ground, it is folly to expect that it will be answered.

The man who can pay his debts and won't stands recorded as a thief on the books kept above.

The Christian has no business in any business that makes him take a step away from Christ.

Without the power to deceive, the devil would never have been able to get a foothold in this world.

Whenever the sons of God come together, the devil has urgent business close to where they meet.

If no gaming were done in social and family circles, it may be that there would be no gambling hells.

It is because the devil has an angel's robe to masquerade in, that he gets into so many people through the eyes.

What do you suppose angels think of the man who belongs to church, and yet who never draws the devil's fire?

**Did Him a Favor.**

Pedestrian (to footpad)—Money or my life, is it? I was wondering how I was going to live through this week. Now I won't have to. Very kind of you. Shoot away.—Boston Transcript.

Character is measured by the distance traveled from the starting point, and everything depends upon whether the progress has been up stream or down.


THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me. MRS. GEORGIE WASS, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to stand up for more than five minutes, I felt so miserable. One day a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my house, and I sat right down and read it. I then got some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I feel like a new woman; my monthly suffering is a thing of the past. I shall always praise the Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me. MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild. Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—MRS. CARRIE