

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

The day had been, oh! so dreary,
With its tempest—winds and rain;
I had longed for one ray of sunshine,
But all day long in vain;
And the night was closing round me
Lonely and cold and gray,
As I sat by the window watching
The death of the dreary day.

I opened my mother's Bible,
And on its page I read
What one of the grand old prophets
In time of trouble said—
The sweet and comforting promise,
That bids us in faith abide,
When the day is dark with tempest—
"There'll be light at eventide."

Lo! as I read the chapter,
Dear to each trusting heart—
The clouds above the hilltops
Suddenly broke apart.
Bright with unearthly beauty
The valley stretched away,
And God's sunshine was all about me,
At the close of the dreary day.
—Eben E. Rexford, in The Ledger.

Love or Lucre.

"Of course I have not married him because I was in love with him," said May Harriott, with a light laugh.

She was sitting in a gold-and-dim-colored boudoir, hung with silken fringed draperies, and carpeted in pale gray Anbusson, bordered with scarlet. The windows were filled full of flowering-plants, an exquisite statue of Hebe occupied a marble pedestal in the middle of the room, and the panels of the walls, filled in with mirrors, reflected the young bride's every motion a score of times.

Mrs. Harriott was dressed in a Watteau wrapper of rose-colored silk, which fell around her in pink clouds, pale Neapolitan corals, carved so delicately that a magnifying-glass would not have put them to the blush, hung from her delicate ears, and clasped the folds of tulle at her throat, diamonds glittered on her fingers, and the tiny handkerchief peeping from her pocket was edged with lace that would have made a princess' ransom! And May's face, all lilies and roses, with the glory of gold hair floating away from it, was a jewel well worth all this expensive setting.

Flora Field, her old schoolmate, sat opposite to her, secretly envious of all this splendor, and wondering that May Haven, who had taught in the same district school as herself, was not more elated by this sudden promotion.

"Well, then," said she, "why did you marry him?"

"Because I was poor and he was rich. Because I was tired of teaching, and he offered me all this!"

And May glanced around upon the luxuries that surrounded her.

"Nobody could be foolish enough to suppose it was a love-match," said she. "He's ever so much older than I am, and not at all my ideal! But I couldn't drudge on forever at my profession, and I think I've made a lucky exchange."

"May you are a heartless coquette!" cried out Flora Field.

"No, I am not," said May, with a shake of the lovely golden curls. "You would do just the same thing yourself, Flora Field, if you had the chance; you know you would."

And as May laughed out a sweet, defiant chime, she did not know that her silly words had had another auditor than Flora Field—that the door leading into the rich banker's study was ajar, and that he had heard every syllable she spoke.

It was quite true that Frederick Harriott was not a young man. He had passed the Rubicon of middle age before he had allowed himself to fall in love and marry—and the flame burned all the deeper and more tender, in that the wood was mellowed by age! He had looked upon May Haven as little less than an angel, and now—

"I should have known this before," he said to himself, with ashen-pale face and trembling limbs. "I should have divined that spring and autumn were unsuited. So—she married me for my money?"

"May," he said that evening, "I have tickets for the opera tonight. Would you like to go?"

"No, I don't think I care about it," said May, listlessly.

"Then we will remain at home and I will read you that new poem," suggested the husband.

"I am tired of poetry," pettishly retorted May. "I do wish you would leave me to enjoy myself in my own way once in a while!"

"Do I bore you, May?" Frederick Harriott asked with an inexplicable quiver in his voice.

"Awfully! I'm just in the midst of this delightful story, and I can't bear to be interrupted."

"Very well. The offense shall not be repeated," said Mr. Harriott, quietly.

After that a subtle and sudden change came over his whole life. He was as courteous and attentive to his young wife as ever, but May felt that all the heart and soul were gone out of the little courtesies, the scrupulously-rendered attentions,

For a while she rather liked it. It was a relief to feel that his eye was not always on her, his thoughts following her. She could go where she pleased now, and he asked no questions. She could employ her time to suit herself, and he had neither criticism nor comment to offer. But gradually she began to realize that she had lost something which was not easily to be replaced.

May Harriott had regarded her husband's love as one of the fixed polar facts of her existence, and a cool chill crept over her heart when she fully perceived that it was somehow slipping away from her.

"Frederick," she said one evening, sitting opposite to her husband, "have I offended you?"

He glanced carelessly up from his book.

"Offended me, May? Why, what a ridiculous ideal! Of course you haven't offended me."

"I—I thought your manner somewhat different of late," faltered the young wife, bending her head closer over her embroidery.

"One can't keep on the honeymoon gloss forever," said the banker, indifferently.

Life is full of antitheses; and love is the strangest complexity in life. For, as May Harriott grew strengthened in the idea that her husband was ceasing to adore her after the old idolatrous fashion, she began to fall in love with the one she had married for money.

Frederick Harriott was not young, but he was in the prime of middle age. He was not boyishly handsome like the wax heads May had seen in the barbers' shop windows, but he had the port and mien of a prince. All women are prone to hero worship, and our little May was no exception to the ordinary rule. For the first time in her life she was falling in love—and with her own husband.

A few weeks only elapsed when a crisis in the banking business rendered it imperatively necessary that Mr. Harriott should go to Vienna for two or three months. Poor May looked aghast as her husband mentioned his intentions to her in the same cool, matter-of-fact way in which he might have criticised the weather.

"Going to Vienna!" she gasped. "Oh, Frederick!"

"My dear child it is a mere bagatelle of a journey! One doesn't mind travel nowadays. I shall not be later than November in returning."

"But—I may go with you!"

"You? My dear, don't think of it. My travel will necessarily be too rapid to think of encumbering myself with a companion. I must go and come with the greatest speed!"

May said nothing more, but there was a blur before her eyes, a sickening sensation of despair at her heart. He cared no more for the society which had been dear to him once. Oh, what had she done to forfeit the love that had once been poured out so fondly on her life?

It was a rainy June twilight when the banker, wrapped in a deadnaught coat, and with his traveling-cap pulled down over his eyes, paced up and down the deck of the steamer Galatea, heedless of all the tumult of weighing anchors. Through the misty dusk he tried vainly to catch the ghostly outlines of the city spires—the city that held his young wife.

"She will be happy enough without me," he told himself, bitterly. "She has her mother and sister with her. She bade me adieu without a tear, and it may be that my continued absence will teach her to think less coldly of me. Dear little May—sweet spring blossom—my prayers may reach you, if my love cannot!"

And, as the steamer plowed her way onward and the darkness deepened, Frederick Harriott went below.

To his infinite surprise, the stateroom he had engaged for his own behalf and use was not empty. A lady sat there, with veiled face and drooping head. Frederick Harriott paused in surprise—the figure rose up, and, throwing aside its veil, revealed the blue, starry eyes and pale cheeks of May herself!

"Oh, Frederick, pardon me!" she sobbed, throwing herself into his arms; "but I could not let you go alone! I love you, Frederick. I cannot live without you! When I thought of you being alone, perhaps ill, in a strange land, I thought I should lose my senses. Dear husband, tell me that you are not angry with me?"

And she burst into a flood of tears.

"My own May—my wife—my love! Close, close to my heart for evermore!"

And that was all he said.

May Haven had married for money; Frederick Harriott had learned the secret of love.

Ideas of the Arabians.

Their general opinion of an English traveler is, that he is either a lunatic or a magician; a lunatic, if, on closely watching his movements, they discover he pays little attention to things around him; a confirmed lunatic, if he goes out sketching, and spends his time in spoiling good paper with scratches and hieroglyphics, and a magician, when inquisitive about ruins, and given to picking up stones and shells, gathering sticks and leaves of bushes, or buying up old bits of copper, iron, and silver. In these cases, he is supposed, by aid of his magical powers, to convert stones and shells into diamonds of immense price; and the leaves and sticks are charms, by looking at which he can bestow comforts upon his friends, and snakes and pestilence upon his luckless enemies. If a traveler pick up a stone and examine it carefully, he will be sure to have at his tail a host of malapert little boys deriding him, though keeping at a very respectful distance, in deference to his magical powers. Should he indeed turn round suddenly and pursue them a few steps, they fly in an agony of fear, the very veins in their little legs almost bursting, and they never stop to look back till they have got well among the crowd again, where, panting for breath, they recount to their auditors the dreadful look that terrible Frank gave them, making fire come out of his eyes and adders out of his mouth.

Quick Work.

A sample of cloth one inch square was recently sent to the Androscoggin mill in Lewiston, Me., to be copied. In a week the looms were turning it out by the yard. The little sample is placed under a glass and magnified. The artists study it and then set the machines to make it. The finest cloth is dissected before it is copied, and only men of rare mechanical skill can do it.

THE FARM GARDEN



Repot Too Often.

Amateurs, as a rule, repot too often and keep their plants in too large pots, says an authority on the window culture of plants. It is of no use to give a plant fresh soil until its roots have pretty well occupied the old. There is a proper time to repot, and this is when the ball of earth is well surrounded by roots, a state that can be determined by tipping the plant out of the pot.

Gravel for Fowls.

Now that there is so much snow upon the ground a good supply of gravel in the henhouse is most important. Without some gravel in their crops with which to grind their food hens will often become crop boned and die. A good supply of gravel is necessary to enable fowls to make the most of the nutrition in their food. Lack of it is more often the cause of soft egg shells than any other.

Potash Salts of the Manure Heap.

When it is suggested that potash is good for manure heaps, most people think of the effect of wood ashes, which contain potash in its caustic form, and which touching any manure causes immediately the loss of some of its ammonia. But potash salts are not at all caustic, and if they were applied with the ashes they would absorb the ammonia as fast as the caustic potash could liberate it. Even the caustic potash in wood ashes is soon made into a nitrate by combination with ammonia. This is very soluble in water, so that neither ashes nor potash salts should be applied to manure heaps until just before the manure is ready to be applied to growing crops. Once in the soil, there is no danger that manure will waste.

Expensive Experiments.

It obviously is much more laborious and expensive to grow a great many varieties of grain or grass or vegetables on one acre of ground, keep each apart from the others from start to finish and report results accurately, than to grow several acres of a single variety in the usual way. For this reason it would be foolish in any individual farmer to think of experimenting on anything like the extensive scale followed at the stations, where the expense is liberally provided for by the government. Some farmers experiment too much for their own good, financially, others not enough. It requires the best of judgment to enable the farmer to enter very far into the experimental field and yet make money. The chances are against him. Still, farmers have found that they can not rely wholly upon station reports, but must make many tests in order to prove or disprove the correctness of station results as applied to their own farms. One thing the Epitomist would like to see become much more general is the sending of seeds of the more promising sorts fested at the state stations into every county, to be there tested alongside the best known sorts for the respective localities by intelligent practical farmers, somewhat after the plan of the "experimental unions" of Ontario. Conditions are so varied that lessons drawn from the most careful and elaborate tests at the central station are often practically worthless in distant sections of the state.—Agricultural Epitomist.

The Cyclamen Bulb.

"I have a very beautiful cyclamen plant that has been in bloom more than a month. It looks to be good for two or three weeks more, but I am already wondering what I ought to do with it when it is out of flower. Will it be any good next year, and can I increase my stock of it?"

Thus questions a correspondent, who adds that the first thing she reads in The Household page is the "flower column." In reply, we have to say that the cyclamen should be ripened off like any other bulb, by gradually withholding water when the foliage begins to decay. The bulb ripens more slowly than most, probably on account of the larger amount of foliage. When settled weather comes, plunge the pot in some shaded border, away from drip, and don't bother with it at all till about the first of next October. (By "plunging" is meant to set the pot in earth, level with the top.) Then the bulb should be repotted giving entirely fresh soil. Take care not to injure the roots, but remove any that seem to be dead or diseased. Give entirely fresh soil, and put the bulb into the same-sized pot in which it was grown, shifting into a larger one as necessary. In shifting, disturb the roots as little as possible. The best way is to turn the ball of roots and earth into the hand, set it upon fresh soil and fill in the sides. Allen, who is regarded as an authority on bulb culture, says cyclamen growers should remember that the plants do best with their bulbs set entirely above the soil.

The only practicable way of increasing the cyclamen is by growing it from seed. This is really work the amateur can hardly manage, as the seed is

sown in December, the young plants carried through the summer in the greenhouse, and kept growing so thriftily that by October after these are sown the bulbs should be an inch and a half in diameter and ready to produce their pretty, odd flowers, which, if the bulb is well nourished, are often large as well as numerous. The young plants must never receive a check from the time the leaves appear till they are in flower, and it will readily be seen this cannot be managed in ordinary window gardening. Our correspondent then will best increase her stock by the purchase of the matured plants.—Eben E. Rexford, in Detroit Free Press.

Ducks.

On many farms ducks can readily be made more profitable than chickens. Like other fowls and stock kept on the farm, in nearly all cases it will pay to start with one of the better breeds, Pekin, Aylesbury, Rouen or Call.

The Pekin is a large white breed, and when it is considered that a considerable income can be derived from the feathers and that good white duck feathers sell next in price to good geese feathers this is quite an item.

But start with one of the better breeds. The small difference in the cost between these and the common puddle ducks will be more than made up the first season.

Ducks must have dry, comfortable quarters in which to roost; as they roost upon the ground there is no necessity in having the house high. It is best to have a good supply of dry straw to scatter over the floor for them to roost upon; this bedding must be changed sufficiently often to prevent becoming too foul.

Ducks kept in a good thrifty condition will usually commence laying the latter part of January or early in February.

As they rarely lay in nests but drop their eggs almost anywhere and as they usually lay during the after part of the night or reasonably early in the morning it will save much loss of eggs if after they commence to lay care is taken to pen up every night and keep up until after they have laid. They are easy to drive and a little care taken to drive them into their quarters for three or four nights will soon teach them their place and they will hunt it up every night.

In feeding, ducks require rather more bulky food than either chickens or turkeys. Feed less corn or corn meal and give steamed clover hay, with turnips or potatoes, mashed and mixed up with bran.

The eggs may be hatched in an incubator or under hens during the latter part of the winter or early spring, and the later laid eggs the hen ducks may be allowed to hatch.

After they once commence to lay they will continue to lay very regularly until hot weather sets in.

It is best not to pluck the feathers while they are laying, but after that they can be plucked every six weeks and a considerable income be derived in this way.

A trio of ducks will give a good start although five or six ducks may be kept for every acre.—N. J. Shepherd, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Hints for the Poultry-Yard.

Introduce new blood every year or two.

Don't buy culls for breeding or eggs.

Make fowls exercise to keep them healthy.

Brown leghorns lay when four to five months old.

Cook wheat and vegetables together for the morning meal.

One cock to twelve hens, none to be over two years old.

A clean and well-ventilated house is a necessity if you want eggs.

For broilers cross a brown Leghorn cock with some heavier breed.

Wash roosts and nests once a week in summer and once a month in winter, and whitewash thoroughly.

Keep plenty of fresh water, fine grit and oyster shells always within reach. Ground bone is good, but green cut bone is far better. Clover pays as a poultry food, even if it must be bought.

Remove the droppings every day, and each time sprinkle them with land plaster or kainit, preferably the latter, because it contains potash, in which poultry manures are deficient. Put on enough so that there will be no odor of ammonia when the pile is stirred.

Biggest Grapevine in the World.

The mammoth grapevine growing near Carpinteria, Cal., is the largest in the world. The massive trunk of the vine is seven feet eight inches in circumference, its size and appearance suggesting an oak rather than a grapevine. Its branches rest on a stalwart frame, covering a space one-third of an acre. It is of the Mission variety and produces annually about ten tons of grapes. It was planted in 1842. Beneath the thick leaves of the vine 800 persons could find protection at the same time from the summer heat. Thirty years ago the vine formed a roof over so large a space that it was used as an election booth. The first election in Santa Barbara county under American rule was held beneath its branches of ripening grapes.

QUEER AMERICAN RIVERS.

One Florida Stream That Seems Undecided What to Do.

F. H. Spearman tells of "Queer American Rivers" in St. Nicholas. The author says:

Every variety of river in the world seems to have a cousin in our collection. What other country on the face of the globe affords such an assortment of streams for fishing and boating and swimming and skating—besides having any number of streams on which you can do none of these things? One can hardly imagine rivers like that; but we have them, plenty of them, as you shall see.

As for fishing, the American boy may cast his flies for salmon in the Arctic circle, or angle for sharks under a tropical sun in Florida, without leaving the domain of the American flag. But the fishing rivers are not the most curious, nor the most instructive as to diversity of climate, soil, and that sort of thing—physical geography, the teacher calls it.

For instance, if you want to get a good idea of what tropical heat and moisture will do for a country, slip your canoe from a Florida steamer into the Oklawaha river. It is as odd as its name, and appears to be hopelessly undecided as to whether it had better continue in the fish and alligator and drainage business, or devote itself to raising live oak and cypress trees, with Spanish moss for mattresses as a side product.

In this fickle-minded state it does a little of all these things, so that when you are really on the river you think you are lost in the woods, and when you actually get lost in the woods, you are quite confident your canoe is at last on the river. This confusion is due to the low, flat country, and the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation.

To say that such a river overflows its banks would hardly be correct; for that would imply that it was not behaving itself; besides, it hasn't any banks—or, at least, very few! The fact is, those peaceful Florida rivers seem to wander pretty much where they like over the pretty peninsula without giving offense; but if Jack Frost takes such a liberty—presto! you should see how the people get after him with weather bulletins and danger signals and formidable smudges. So the Oklawaha river and a score of its kind roam through the woods—or maybe it is the woods that roam through them—and the moss sways from the liveoaks, and the cypress trees stick their knees up through the water in the oddest way imaginable.

"Eating Like a Horse."

At the campfire held recently under the auspices of General Hancock post, G. A. R., a couple of war stories were told by Captain T. P. Gere which probably have never been printed.

During a part of the time that General A. J. Smith was up the Red river with his command the entire army was without rations other than shelled corn, such as was intended for feeding the horses, and this condition lasted about eight days. Captain Gere was at the office of the adjutant-general of the command one day when an Irish soldier came to headquarters and inquired:

"General, could I borrow the loan of an anger?"

He was asked what in the world he wanted with a tool of that kind, and he replied:

"Well, we've been atin' this shelled corn for so long that I supposed we'd be after gettin' hay for rations purty soon, and I wanted to build meself a nice little hay-rack, so I could ate it comfortable loike."

In the course of a few days, Captain Gere narrated, the command received regular rations and was once again happy. The same soldier again appeared at headquarters and asked permission to buy a peck of shelled corn. He was asked what he wanted with corn now that the regular rations were being issued. His explanation was this:

"A few days ago, general, I borrowed a peck of corn from a mule when he wasn't lookin', and I want to return it to him."—Sioux City Journal.

Wild Dogs in Arizona.

John Bargeman, under sheriff of Navajo county, Arizona, has returned to Holbrook from an extended trip through the mountains along the border of Arizona and New Mexico, bringing a tale that wild dogs of a peculiar kind are creating havoc in that region among cattle and sheep. The dogs have been known for only three years, first making their appearance in a small band in American valley, in western New Mexico. They have increased wonderfully, and are now found over a broad stretch of country, despite the efforts of the cattlemen to exterminate them. They are especially numerous around Nutrioso. In size the dogs average about 100 pounds in weight. They have the head and shoulders of a bulldog, but the build of a timber wolf, and wolfish characteristics. In color they are ashy gray, with long black hairs interspersed. Like coyotes, they are a little afraid of man, and will follow horsemen for miles through the timber, not hesitating to attack footmen. Thomas Alger, a resident of Nutrioso, is responsible for the statement that animals bitten by the wild dogs, if not killed by them on the spot, die within a few days with all the symptoms of strychnine poisoning.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Clawing Backwards.

Miss Thirtiemyth (meaningly)—An Italian proverb says that "honest men marry soon," and—

Jack Swift (solemnly)—I cannot conceal it any longer. I live in deadly fear of being at any moment arrested for embezzlement!—Puck

Cranberries are not injured by freezing. They are often sent far as Manitoba in open box cars. When they arrive they are frozen into solid blocks of ice. The sides of the cases are knocked off and the berries are exposed in a solid mass, like cakes of ice.

The steam craft of the United States last year carried 650,000,000 passengers with a loss of forty-six passengers, and 137 men belonging to the crews.

How People Sleep.

In England the old four-poster bedstead is still the pride of the nation but the iron and brass bedstead is beating out of the field. The English beds are the largest beds in the world. A peculiarity of the German bed is its shortness; besides that, it consists frequently in part of a large down pillow or upper mattress which spreads over the person and usually answers the purpose of all the other ordinary bed clothing combined. In the tropics men sleep in hammocks or upon mats or grass. The East Indian unrolls his light, portable charpoy or mattress, which in the morning is again rolled together and carried away by him. The Japanese lie upon matting, with a stiff, uncomfortable, wooden neck-rest. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved, and supporting only mats or coverlets. The ancient Greeks and Romans had their beds supported on frames, but not flat like ours. The Egyptians had a couch of a peculiar shape, more like an old-fashioned easy chair, with hollow back and seat.

The mines of the world produce every year 540,000,000 tons of ore and coal.

Oh, What Splendid Coffee.

Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I grew 300 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb."

A package of this coffee and big seed and plant catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

To wash a glass which has held milk plunge it first into cold water before putting it into warm.

Western North Carolina's Glorious Climate

"THE LAND OF THE SKY."

If you had not decided where to spend the month of March, a more delightful spot cannot be found than in the mountains of western North Carolina at Asheville or Hot Springs. These delightful resorts are situated amidst beautiful mountain scenery and afford a delightful and beneficial retreat for persons seeking rest and recuperation. The bracing mountain air, blue-skyed spring and dry atmosphere restore and build up the weak western North Carolina the grandest natural health resort on the American continent. The train service from New York is perfect. Leaving New York in the afternoon at 4:30 P. M., via Pennsylvania and Southern Railway, in a through Pullman drawing room sleeping car, you are in Asheville next afternoon at 2:25 and Hot Springs at 3:52. For full particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The speed of our fastest ocean steamers is now greater than that of express trains on Italian railways.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There are 10,800 teachers in the diminutive Kingdom of Belgium.

Chew Star Tobacco.—The Best. Smoke Salge Cigarettes.

Mushrooms are native to all temperate countries in short grass.

To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Over 60,000 oil wells have been sunk in the United States.

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

Glass brushes are used by the artists who decorate china.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1898.

London has had an underground railway ever since 1860.

Every trace is obliterated of salt rheum, itch, etc., by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Of druggists. H. C. Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown. 50c.

England's new battleship, the Implacable, will cost \$5,000,000.

BloodHumors

Spring is the Cleansing Season—Don't Neglect Your Health

You Need to Take Hood's Sarsaparilla Now

Spring is the season for cleansing and renewing. Everywhere accumulations of waste are being removed and preparations for the new life of another season are being made. This is the time for cleansing your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Winter has left the blood impure. Spring Humors, boils, pimples, eruptions, and that tired feeling are the results. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all impurities from the blood and makes it rich and nourishing. It builds up the nervous system, creates an appetite, gives sweet, refreshing sleep and renewed energy and vigor. It cures all spring humors, boils, pimples, eruptions.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5 Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.