

Lane's Family Medicine.
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Nearly 100 different machines have been invented for boring rock.

Catarrah

In the head, with its ringing noises in the ears, buzzing, snapping sounds, severe headaches and disagreeable discharges, is permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not daily with local applications. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and make a thorough and complete cure by eradicating from the blood the scurfous taints that cause catarrah.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

His Novel Luck.
A boy about ten years old stood by the side of a penny-in-the-slot machine in one of the underground railway stations the other morning weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked a man on his way to the staircase, stopping a moment at the doorway.

"I put a penny in the slot," blubbered the boy, "and it was the wrong one. I didn't get any butter scotch."

"Is that all, my lad?" said the man. "Show me the right slot and I'll drop me in for you."

"I'd rather drop it in myself," sobbed the urchin.

The sympathizing citizen gave him the coin and hurried up the stairs. And when the sympathizing citizen came back from his office ten hours later that boy was still standing by that penny-in-the-slot machine with his pocket full of pennies and still blubbering.—Pearson's Weekly.

STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. SMITH, 59 Summer St., Biddeford, Me.:

"For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that all-gone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The effect of the first bottle was magical. Those symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like vapor before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to woman."

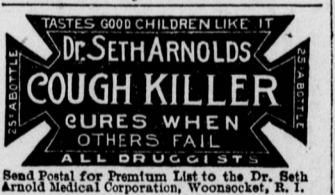
From Mrs. MELISSA PHILLIPS, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, no appetite, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. MOLLIE E. HERREL, Powell Station, Tenn.:

"For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

TASTES GOOD CHILDREN LIKE IT



Dr. SETH ARNOLD'S
COUGH KILLER
CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL
ALL DRUGGISTS

Send Postal for Premium List to the Dr. Seth Arnold Medical Corporation, Woonsocket, R. I.

How to Get Strong

A system which has become run down by the trying weather of the past summer is not in a condition to meet the severe winter of this climate and will easily fall a prey to disease unless a proper tonic is used.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best medicine in the world for building up and strengthening an enervated system.

Do not confuse these pills with ordinary purgative pills. They do NOT act on the bowels, thereby further weakening the body. They build up the blood and strengthen the nerves.

Major A. C. Bishop, of 715 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich., is a well-known civil engineer. He says: "When I had my last spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight. I could not regain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks. I noticed some articles in the newspapers regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which convinced me that they were worth trying and I bought two boxes. I did not take them for my complexion but for strength. After using them I felt better, and know they did me worlds of good. I am pleased to recommend them to invalids who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution."—Detroit Free Press.

At all druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y. Price fifty cents per box.

Just the Time.
This is just the time of the year we feel the muscles all sore and stiff, and then it is just the time to use St. Jacobs Oil to relax them and to cure at once.

Many people are said to possess double rows of natural teeth.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

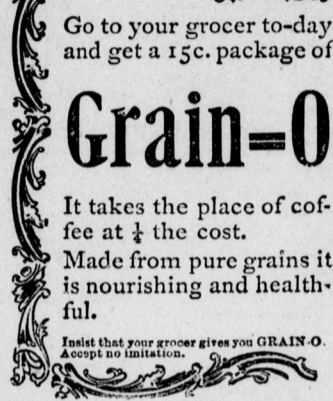
Steeplechasing is said to have originated in Ireland.

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

In Birmingham, England, 37,000,000 pins are produced daily.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Eight thousand carrier pigeons are kept for use in the German army.



Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of **Grain-O**

It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

A New Use for Postage Stamps.

One of New York's oldest collectors has devised an entirely new use for stamps. In going through one of the large bazars or department stores his attention was attracted by an enormous display of easels, varying in size from those intended to hold large oil paintings to diminutive gilt easels no larger than a lady's brooch. He bought a few of the small ones at twenty-five to seventy-five cents each, and taking the smallest placed in it the portrait of Queen Victoria, cut out of a one-penny envelope. The result was charming, the effect being that of a delicate cameo. Encouraged by this he proceeded to fill out the larger frames with similar portraits from stamped envelopes and postage stamps, containing from two to ten portraits.—Harpe's Round Table.

Have used Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer for Whooping Cough with good results.—D.C.K.M.P. 1375 No. Carey St., Baltimore, Md., July 14, 1888.

A gun which can fire 30,000 bullets a minute has been invented in England.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. BUCHHEIM, Lect., Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

Plate glass was first made in 1638, at Picardy, France.

Pimples are inexpressibly mortifying. Remedy—Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Of druggists. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

The gun of largest calibre in the world is the British 17.72-inch 100-ton gun.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. 25c. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 3c.

Australia possesses one-fifth of the world's stock of sheep.

The Boy's Compliment.

One of our good mothers makes it a particular point to impress upon her children the necessity of always being polite and courteous, particularly to strangers, says the Adrian Times. There called at the house the other day a lady who invariably dresses in perfect style and taste. This day she looked more than usually attractive, and when the little son and daughter of the household came into the room the boy, desirous of paying the guest a compliment, exclaimed to his sister, "My! Isn't she a corker?"

SIX BY SEVEN.

They had thought love in a cottage Would be fine; "I will help you wash the dishes, My divine, And we two will just be happy, Day or shine."

She, entranced, enraptured, heard him, And was glad. She had read a lot of novels, So she had, And she knew love in a cottage Wasn't bad.

So they stood before the preacher, He and she; They then hunted for a cott. But, ah! me! There was none they'd live Though 'twere free!

She has given up her novels And all that. She has farmed out both her parrot And her cat— They are living in a six by seven flat.

—Cleveland Leader.

A MISERABLE WIFE.

"Yes, professor, I am afraid I shall have to rent or sell the farm; my wife is so miserable. I cannot carry it on without hiring, and hiring eats up all the profits."

I looked at the speaker admiringly. He was about fifty years old, and as robust as a man of thirty. His whiskers were neatly trimmed, showing a full red cheek. He wore a jaunty hat, and natty cutaway coat, and below his vest hung a single fob and heavy gold seal. I was proud of him. He was such a perfect specimen of a New York country gentleman that I wanted to imprint his picture on my memory.

"So your wife is miserable?" "Yes. Kinder drooping with a dry cough and no ambition. She just kinder drags around the house and looks so peaked and scrawny it gives me the blues. It does, I swan."

"Naturally weakly, wasn't she?" "She! Oh, no. When I married her, she was the smartest girl on the creek. She used to work for my father, and the way she made the work stand around took my eye. She was a poor girl, and her industry got her a rich husband."

Here he took out a gold watch, looked at the time, put it back, and adjusted the silk fob on the front of his nicely fitting trousers.

"So she did well, getting married on account of her industry?" "Why, of course. She was getting only two dollars and fifty cents a week, and she became mistress of a farm."

"Excuse me, how much are you worth now—confidentially, you know? I am a scientific man, and will never use such facts to your injury with the assessor."

"Well, professor, I could crowd fifty thousand pretty hard."

"That is good. How long have you been married?" "Thirty years next Fourth of July. We went down to Albany on a little teeter, and I proposed the match and Jane was willing."

"How much do you suppose you have made in these thirty years?" "Hum—um—lemme see. I got the Davis farm the first ten years, then I run in debt for the Simmons place, got war prices for my cheese and squared up both places. Well, I think I have cleared up thirty thousand dollars since we spliced."

"Very good, indeed. And your wife has been a great help all this time?"

Oh, you bet! She was a rattler! She took care of her baby, and the milk from twenty cows. I tell you she made the tin-ware flop! Why, we have had four children, and she never had a hired girl over six months in that time."

"Splendid, and you have cleared thirty thousand in that time?" "Yes, easy."

"Now, how much has your wife made?" "She? Why, blame it, professor, she is my wife."

"I know it. But what has she made? You say she was poor when you married her. Now, what has she made?"

"Why, you beat all! Why, she is my wife, and we own it all together."

"Do you? Then she can draw on your bank account? Then she has a horse and carriage when she wants them? Then she has a servant girl when she wants one? Then she rides out for her health, and she has a watch and gold chain as you do? Is that so?"

"Professor, you must be crazy. Nobody's wife is boss in that shape. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, look here. You say she did well in marrying rich, and I cannot see it. If she was getting two dollars and fifty cents per week when you married her, and had saved her wages, she would have had now three thousand six hundred dollars. If she had invested it, she would have had five thousand dollars. Now you tell me she is broken down, used up and miserable, and looks so badly, she makes you sick, and she has no money, no help, and will probably get nothing but a Scotch granite tombstone when she dies."

"Professor, if you was a younger man, I would lick you quicker'n a spring lamb can jump a thistle."

"What for? I am stating this case fairly, am I not? Your wife is no longer young. She is no longer handsome. Her hands are as hard as a bookagent's cheek and she has stooped over a milk can until she has a hump on her back like a pedler."

"Shut up, will you?"

"She has raised four children. One of them is at college. One is taking music lessons in Boston. The other two are teaching school. She is at home alone, going around in a treadmill life which will end in a rosewood coffin and a first class country funeral."

"Stop that, professor, will you?" "And your wife does not look well in that new wagon, so you take your hired man and neighbor's girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a new silk dress, nor a pony that she can drive, nor a basket phaeton that she could climb into without a ladder. She never goes out. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice shoes like yours."

"Confound my skin if I don't—"

"When you know, and I know, that if your wife had a chance to rest, and had nice clothes like other women, she would be one of the best looking women of her age in town."

"I swan I believe it."

"And, as old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday and drive around with the colts and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you, she would actually blush with pleasure."

"Blamed if I don't do it."

"Then, Monday, if you were to tell her you were going to hire a girl, and that she must sit in the sitting-room by the new nickle plated coal stove and work on that new silk dress you are going to buy her—"

"Professor, that's me."

"And then hand her a nice wallet, with steel clasps and with five nice new twenty dollar notes in it, and tell her to do her own trading after this, because you have got tired looking after so much money."

"I will, as sure as you live."

"And then, when the tear starts in her eye, and the same old blush comes out that you thought so nice when you went on that teeter to Albany, if you would kiss her—"

"It's all right, professor."

"Then, my friend, I should begin to think she had made something by marrying a rich man."

"You're right, old man."

"Then I think you wouldn't have a miserable wife any longer. Then you would no longer want to sell or rent the farm, but would be showing the mother of your children how much you respected her for her life of devotion. Then she would know she was a partner in that thirty thousand. Then if you made your will all right, and she had a good rest, I think she would some time be an eligible widow."

"Think so, professor?" "Yes, I know. Women pity you because you are tied to such a sorry looking wife. Foolish old maids and silly girls whisper behind your back what a nice looking man you are, and what a stick of a wife you have, and you are just soft enough to wear tight boots and oil what little hair you have left on top of your head, and go around figuring up how long before your wife will die."

"Say, now, professor, there is a limit to endurance. I am going."

"I am coming down to see you next week. Will it be all right?"

"Yes, if you drop this kind of talk, and won't tell of my complaints about my wife. I'll try your medicine, would you stick to that prescription about the pocketbook and twenty dollar notes?"

"How much did you say you have made together?"

"I cave. The dress will be all right, and the pony and phaeton will be handy for the girls. Come down and see us, old man, but not a word about this talk. If you wasn't an old man, I'd—"

Tipping the derby back on his head and shaking the wrinkles out of his tight trousers, he puts his hands into his pockets and sauntered away.

"There," said I, "is one man who has taken the only legal and God-given way of getting rid of a miserable wife."

"CHAIR WARMERS."

The Maidens of Bridgeport Have Discovered a New Grievance. Why don't the men propose, mamma? Why don't the men propose? One seems just coming to the point, and then away he goes.

The young ladies of Bridgeport, Conn., believe that they have discovered a new grievance. They say that as soon as the weather turns cold the young men of their town become devoted themselves—that is to say, they sing, they play on the piano, they give every evidence of being amused and entertained—but they go no further!

Sentiment and love to these callow swains is a closed book. They toast themselves by the fire, but it does not warm their hearts. They strum "All Coons Look Alike to Me," but never touch the tender chords of "Oh, Promise Me!" When the snow melts and the frost is gone they go with it. They discontinue their visits and bask now on street corners. The winter is gone and nothing's done.

The Bridgeport girls have dubbed this type of young men "Chair Warmers."

But the chair warmer is only a rural term for our old friend the "Detrimental," so well known in the fashionable society of New York. He is the bane of his mother of marriageable daughters. He is aggravating in the extreme to the daughters themselves. He is always in evidence, polite, gentlemanly, conversational, but he is always just coming to the point. He never comes.

The Detrimental or Chair Warmer never stops to think that in the pursuit of his own pleasure he is working a serious injury to the girls he affects by keeping off other men who might come to the point—that extremely fine point which it is every woman's ambition to reach.

If those Bridgeport girls discover a method of getting rid of their Chair Warmers they might send the recipe down here. Sometimes, they manage those things better in the country than in large cities.

FASHODA.

The Bone of Contention Between the English and the French.

Fashoda, formerly called Denab, was passed by Sir Samuel Baker in the course of his first expedition up the White Nile in 1861, but he does not mention it by name in "The Albert Nyanza." The country of the Shillooks was then, and indeed for some time afterwards, a hotbed of slavery, and Baker made strong representations on the state of this region in his general report on slave dealing in the Soudan. On his return, in 1865, he found that the Khedive Ismail had taken action in the matter and that a government station had now been established at Fashoda, the town being fortified by a wall with flanking towers completely dominating the river and garrisoned by an Egyptian regiment.

In January, 1869, Fashoda was visited by Dr. Schweinfurth, who speaks of it in "The Heart of Africa" as the limit in those days of the "Egyptian Empire." The town was the seat of a mudir, and the subjugation of the Shillooks was then in active progress. All passing boats were at the time compelled to stop for several days at Fashoda, partly to complete their corn stores and partly on account of the poll tax, which necessitated examination of the lists carried by boats of their crews and passengers.

In 1870 Baker subdued the Dinka tribes inhabiting the villages beyond the eastern bank of the Nile at this point, and a little later the country of the Shillooks was regarded as finally incorporated in the Egyptian dominions.

In 1873 Yussuf Effendi, afterwards pasha, was made governor of Fashoda and in October of the following year distinguished himself by intercepting a convoy of 1600 slaves from the Bahi Zeraf. In 1876 the Shillook tribes revolted, but the disturbance was quelled by Gessi, who happened to be making a tour of inspection of the Bah-el-Ghazel, of which he subsequently became governor.

In January, 1880, Fashoda was visited by Dr. Wilhelm Junker in company with Gessi Pasha. At that time the place was maintained chiefly as a penal settlement. Dr. Junker makes special allusion to the subjection of the Shillook country to Egyptian authority and mentions that long journeys into the interior could be undertaken with an escort of a few Egyptian soldiers only.

In May, 1882, the Mahdist rising having gained ground, Yussuf Pasha, governor of Fashoda, was ordered to advance against the Mahdi. This he did, but on June 7 he was suddenly attacked by the rebels and utterly defeated near Sebel Gadir. An indication of the importance attached by the Egyptian government to Fashoda is afforded by the fact that within a few days very considerable reinforcements were hurried up from Khartoum and placed under the command of Rashid Pasha, afterwards governor of the Red Sea provinces.

On the 23rd of November, 1883, Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed to Lord Granville that certain measures of withdrawal were suggested. "Boats will also be sent to Fashoda on the White Nile to bring down the garrison to Khartoum." But months elapsed before the final evacuation of Fashoda took place, and by that time Khartoum itself was seriously menaced.—London Times.

Mistake of a Mad Wasp.

It is generally supposed that instinct unerringly teaches birds and insects the best way in which to build their homes or nests, and also to provide for their offspring. The following incident, recently under personal observation, will show that instinct is not always infallible.

A friend placed three small empty vials in an open box, on a shelf, in an upright position in close contact, and they were uncorked. A short time afterward it was a matter of surprise to find that these had been appropriated by a female mud wasp. She had placed a goodly number of spiders in the central vial, doubtless intended to serve as food for her future brood; then proceeded to deposit her eggs in those on either side. She next closed tightly the mouths of all three receptacles with a hard lime cement. Having finished her work, she then doubtless went on her way, satisfied all had been done for her offspring that a thoughtful mother could do.

But just in the act of the sensation of those little wasps when they come into existence, for, while starving in their sealed cages, they can plainly see, through the impenetrable walls, the bountiful supply of food which was provided for their use.—Scientific American.

Educating Deaf Mutes by Telephone.

The medical officer of one of the leading deaf and dumb institutions of England states that he has obtained material aid from the seemingly improbable source of a loud-speaking telephone in the treatment of his patients, in the education of such deaf mutes as possess a fragment of hearing power, the telephone being found to possess many important advantages over the speaking tube usually employed. In the first place, in arranging for this purpose, the wires from several receivers can be coupled up to one transmitter, and thus a teacher can instruct a group of children at the same time; then again, it is not necessary for a teacher to apply his mouth close to the transmitter, so that pupils have a full view of the facial expressions and lip movement, which is not possible when having to direct his voice into the mouthpiece of a speaking tube or trumpet. While seeing the movement of the lips, the patient has the sound conveyed close to his ear drum—a most advantageous combination.—Scientific American.

THE BULL-RING AT HAVANA.

No more shall reek in Cuba's isle The bull-ring's barbarous court, For we shall smash the hideous pile And crush the hideous sport; And there shall we a diamond lay And bleachers build withal, And Cuba's ample Nile will play The noble game of 'ball.

The dying bull shall bleed no more To slake their odious thirst, But death their bosoms will deplore When Duffy dies at first; And grief funeral will incline And bow their doleful heads, When old Havana's Baseball Nine Are buried by the Reds.

No more shall slaughter's gory hand Unleash the crimson flood, Save when the righteous cranks demand A treacherous umpire's blood: Nor shall their wild resentment cry, Their fierce displeasure howl, Save when Molony muffs a fly, Or Mullins muffs a foul.

The sanguinary mob no more The plaudits' din shall raise, But Coogan's run that ties the score, The terraced cranks will praise; And Murphy's throw, and Kelly's punt, And Dooley's triple whack, And McNamara's Baseball stunt Will make the welkin crack!

No more shall carnage rupture yield, Nor butchery enthral, When on the reconstructed field The umpire cries, "Play ball!" But hearts all thrill, and radiant eyes Will glow like festal lamps, When o'er the hills the pennant flies, And Cuba's nine are champs!

—John Ludlow, 'n Puck.

HUMOROUS.

She—Are you food of canoeing. He—Immense. You don't have to take off your clothes when you bathe.

"Georgie, don't you see that Jane is taking your candy?" "I don't care. It's the kind that always makes her sick."

The Maid—What makes you think she hasn't any children? The Matron—She was telling me how to raise mine.

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

"I can't understand Claudia?" "Why not?" "She always is so much more intimate with desirable people than they are with her."

Barnes Torner—The true art of acting is to make an audience forget you are an actor. Watts—You seem to do that easily enough.

"The doctor," said the young mother, "says baby ought to have one cow's milk for his daily drink. Now, really, isn't that entirely too much?"

"But how can you have the heart to deprive the poor heathen of their land?" "They would never learn the dignity of labor if we didn't."

Madame Theosophia—Tell me, have you never seen a vision? Never welcomed some strange Spirit from the Unseen World. Mrs. Sinclair—Never. But then I entertain so little.

Back Seat—Where did you get your earrings, and when did you have your ears pierced? Front Seat (scornfully)—Talk tandem, please. They were punctured about a month ago.

First Criminal—So Bill, the crackman, is in the toils at last. Second Criminal—Yes, he escaped arrest so many times that he finally got foolhardy and rode his bicycle without a bell.

"Now that you have lost your job as surgeon in the regiment, what do you expect to do?" "Oh, I'm all right. I've opened up a little office just around the corner from a football-playing college."

Once upon a time a man rose politely and offered his seat in a street car to a woman. "Oh, thank you," cried the woman at once. This fable teaches among other things that unconvictionality is infectious, so to speak.

"I guess," said Rubberneck Bill, in his most rasping tones, when the waiter handed him a napkin, "I guess I got manners enough not to wipe my hands on your darn tablecloth, without you handin' me that thing."

"I am astonished," said the scoffer, "to hear you compare our glorious country to a small boy getting his face washed." "Me?" said the oratorical patriot. "How? When?" "When you said it was impossible for the nation to stand still."

He—There is something I have wanted to say to you for a long, long time. She (demurely)—Well—don't—don't you think this is as good a time as any to say it? He—That mole on the left side of your nose—I know a surgeon who can remove such things without a bit of danger. They adjourned sine die that evening.

Complexion of Spanish Women. You find in many parts of Spain blue-eyed and fair-haired women, and we have in Mexico specimens of these hereditary daughters of the invading Goths, who have brought down to our times, in their eyes, the memory of blue summer seas beneath shorelands icebound in the long winters. And the fair hair is common, too, and somehow one never gets over the feeling, in listening to the soft Spanish coming from the lips of a blue-eyed and light-haired woman, that she has, perhaps, learned it as a foreigner in her early youth. But no; she is as much a Spaniard as the women whose eyes reveal the descent from the Moor or the Carthaginian, or as she who has the strong profile of the Roman conqueror.

A fair woman is called in Spanish "una guera," pronounced "oonah gwairah," or else "una rubia." Both terms are common. Among a race where the dark skin prevails, to be fair is a mark of beauty, and one often hears people speaking of some lady in terms of praise as "la guera." To call a baby "fair" is to capture the heart of the mother. A fair complexioned man is "ru guero," "oon gwairroh."—Correspondence in New York Sun.