"Peace Hath Her Victories

No less renowned than war." said Milton, and now, in the Spring, is the time to get a peaceful victory over the impurities which have been accumulating in the blood during Winter's hearty eating. The banner of peace is borne aloft by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It brings rest and comfort to the weary body racked by pains of all sorts and kinds. Its beneficial effects prove it to be the great specific to be relied upon for victory. Hood's never disappoints.

Salt Rheum—"My mother was seriously afflicted with salt rheum and painful running sores. No medicine helped her until Hood's Sarsaparilla was used, which made her entirely well." ESSE E. MAPLESTONE, 385 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Tired Feeling—"I had that tired, dulf reeling, dyspepsia, headaches and sluking spells, but Hood's Sarsaparilla made me a new man. I never was better than now." JOHN MACK, Oskaloosa, Iowa.





WANTED—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cts. to Ripans Chemica Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days
RELEVANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Green wich St., N.Y.

"M. D." Was His Trade.

A Canadian river steamer was re-cently the scene of an amusing bluncently the scene of an amusing blun-der. A lady passenger was taken ill in the night, and the steamer did not carry a doctor. The list of passen-gers was read through, and in it there was the name, "James Thompson, M. D." The steward ran to the passen-ger's berth, and aroused him by vig-orous blows at the door. "What's the matter? Is the boat sinking?" came from within in a

sinking?" came from within in a startled tone.
"There's a passenger ill, and we want your assistance, doctor," replied

the steward.
"What are vou playing at?" growled
the voice. "I ain't no doctor."

"Why, you have got 'M. D.' after

"Well, I can put them letters after it if II like, can't I?" said the voice within. "That's my trade. I'm a mule-driver."

ST. JACOBS OIL CUTS Rheumatism.

ST. JACOBS OIL cures Neuralgia. ST. JACOBS OIL cures Lumbago. ST. JACOBS OIL cures Sciatica.

ST. JACOBS OIL cures Sprains. ST. JACOBS OIL cures Bruises.

ST. JACOBS OIL cures Soreness. ST. JACOBS OIL cures Stiffness ST. JACOBS OIL cures Backac ST. JACOBS OIL cures Muscular Aches.

Street refuse in Italy is sold by public

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c. Beauty Is Blood Deep

In parts of Cuba two crops of tobacco are aised every year.

Denfness Cannot Be Cured

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the
diseased portion of the ear. There is only one
way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the
Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed
Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be
destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are
caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one Hundred Dollars for any
case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh cure. Send
for circular particular conditions of the conSold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

One-fiteenth of the inhabitants of Spain

One-fifteenth of the inhabitants of Spain

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 head-ache. Price 25 and 50c.

It is estimated that 125,000 persons viewed the remains of President Faure.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco spit and smoke four life Awy,
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-ToBao, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men
strong. All druggists, 50 or \$\frac{1}{2}\$, Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

A Prince Comes Visiting.

Crown Prince William of Prussia is Crown Prince William of Prussia is expected to pay a visit to the United States next year. This youth, the heir apparent to the thone of the German Empire, who is now in his eighteenth year, is an intelligent, well-bred and manly fellow. Like all the six sons of Kaiser Wilhelm, he has been carefully trained, especially in military matters. Prince Frederick has been a colonel in the German army since he was ten years old. He army since he was ten years old. He
is a fearless rider, an accomplished
fencer and as well educated all around
as is possible for a youth of his age.
Yet withal he is said to be a quiet,
studious lad, fonder of his books than of his horse or his gun, and more likely to defend his own country than to attack others. Thanks to his simple out-of-door life, his health is excellent, and he is well grown and physically perfect. — New England Home Magazine.

OTHERHOOD is woman's natural destiny.

Many women are denied the happiness of children through some derangement of the generative organs. Actual barrenness is rare.

BORROWS STERILITY

Among the many triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the overcoming of cases of supposed barrenness. This great medicine is so well calculated to regu-late every function of the generative organs that its efficiency is vouched for by multitudes of women.

MRS. ED. WOLFORD, of Lone Tree,

Iowa, writes:
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I had one child which lived only six hours. The doctor said it did not have the proper nourishment while I was carrying it. I did not feel at all well during preg-

nancy. In time I conceived again, and thought I would write to you for advice. Words cannot express the gratitude I feel towards you for the help that your medicine was to me during this time. I felt like a new person; did my work up to the last, and was sick only a short time. My baby weighed ten pounds. He is a fine boy, the joy of our home. He is now six weeks old and weighs sixteen pounds. Your medicine is certainly a boon in pregnancy."

MRS. FLORA COOPER, of

Doyle, S. Dak., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKE Ever since my last child I suffered with inflammation of the womb, pains in back, left side, abdomen and groins. My head ached all the time. could not walk across the floor withoutsuffering intense pain

I kept getting worse, until two years ago I wrote to you for advice, and began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had not finished the first bottle before I felt better. I took four bottles, and have been strong and perfectly healthy ever since, and now have two of the nicest little girls.

THE GLORY OF MAN! Strength, Vitality, Manhood.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR. SELF-PRESERVATION.



A Great Medical Treatise on Happy Marriages, the cause and cure of Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Atrophy (wasting), and Varicocele, also on ALL DISEASES AND WEAKNESSES OF MAN from whatever cause arising. True Principles of Treatment. 370 pp. 12mo, with Engraving.

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To Contains 125 Invaluable Prescriptions for acute and chronic diseases. Embossed, full gilt,
PRICE ONLY \$ 18 Y MAIL (sealed). (New edition, with latest observations of the author.)
Read this GREAT WORK now and KNOW THYSELF, for knowledge is power.
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Chief Consulting Physician and Author, Graduate of Harvard Medical College, Class 1804. Surgeon
Fifth Massachusetts Regiment Vol. The Most Emhnet Specialist in America, who Cures Where
Others Fail. Consultation in person or by letter, 9 to 6; Sundays 10 to 1. Confidential.
The National Medical Association awarded the Gold Medal for this Grand Prize Treatise, which
is truly A BOOK FOR EVERY MAN, Young, Middle-aged, or Old, Married or Single.
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MECUM and of great value for WEAK and FAILING MEN by a Humanitarian and Celebrated
Medical Author, distinguished throughout this country and Europe. Address as above. The press
everywhere highly endorse the Peabody Medical Institute. Read the following.
The Peabody Medical Institute has been established in Boston 37 years, and the fame which it has
attained has subjected it to a test which only a meritorious institution could undergo. Boston Journal.
"The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals," Boston Merald.

THE JEWELS OF THE NIGHT.

Night is a Lover that wooss the Earth With jewels and crystals bright, Crimson and golden he heaps them up, Yellow and sulph'rous white— He buyeth them all for a bitter price, And granteth her heart's delight.

Cities are clustering brooches fine
To pin at her bosom fair,
The town and the misty roadway lamps
Are stars for her sombre hair,
And the gleaming lights of the roadside inns
Are rings that her fingers wear.

He bindeth a belt of cities and towns
To shine where his arm embraced—
At the ragged edge of the lisping lakes
Are the wharves and the houses place
Gleam into gleam, till they shine at last
A girdle to clasp her waist,

Dim where the mighty ocean moans,
The ships and the vessels float,
Faint, where the lonely darkness leads
Through the pathways obscure, remoteTill Night hath made of the harbor lights
The gems for his mistress' throat.
—Eleanor C. Adams, in The Criterion.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The Little Carate.

BY J. J. BELL.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The curate and Miss Edmiston were walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which, being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated. Miss Edmiston carried herself with

an air of pretty dignity, made none the less apparent by the fact that she was fully two inches taller than her lover, the Rev. John St. John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark-haired and pale-complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily work with a certain unconquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Edmiston was a matter for surprise and discussion among the residents in Broxbourne.

"Such a very uninteresting young an," said the maiden ladies over man, their afternoon tea.

"So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?" remarked the mothers whose daughters assisted in giving women an overwhelming and aot altogether united majority in Broxbourne society.

The men on the other hand, voted

St. John a good sort; and his parish-

St. John a good sort; and his parishioners, in their rough ways, owned to
his many qualities.

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy,"
the curate was stammering, looking
up at his beloved, when they were
both stopped short on the narrow
pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chastising a small boy with
a weapon in the shape of a stout leather belt. The child screamed, and
the father, presumably, cursed.

ther belt. The child screamed, and the father, presumably, cursed.

"Stop!" cried the curate.

The angry man merely scrowled and raised the strap for another blow. St. John laid a detaining hand on the fellow's arm, the temerity of which caused the latter such a surprise that he loosened his grip for a moment, and the youngster fled howling up an alley.

"What the"—spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer his sweetheart.
"Let us go, dear," he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture two of the work-man's cronies appeared at the door of

the alchouse opposite, and, seeing how matters stood, crossed the road, and with rough hands and soothing curses conducted their furious friend from the scene.
"Horrible!" sighed the curate as the

lovers continued their walk.

Miss Edmiston's head was held a trifle higher. "If I were a man," she said, "I would have thrashed him—I would indeed!"

'You think I should have punished him, then?" said the curate mildly; "he was a much larger man than I, you know.'

Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he had turned!

had turned!

"You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy," he said presently, somehow suspecting her thoughts. He knew her romantic her thoughts. He knew her ro ideas. But she made no reply.

"So you think I acted in a cowardly fashion?" he questioned after a chill

cuse, anyhow," she blurted out sud-denly and cruelly; the next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, how-ever, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy "Good-bye" was all he had vouchsafed

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some dis-tance out of the village and he had taken the short cut across, the moor, It was a clear summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned flercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he loved was a thing not lightly to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly try-ing. In his soul he felt that his words of comfort had been unreal; that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow step and bent head giving no head to step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around him. He was about half way home when

St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago, and turning as red as a turkey-cock.

"I'll 'good afternoon'ye, Mister Parson! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done wi' ye," cried the man, who had been drinking heavily, though he was too seasoned to show any unsteadiness in gait

gait.

The curate drew back. "What do you want?" he asked. He was painfully white now.

"What do I want?" repeated the bully, following up the question with a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want your apology"—he fumbled with the word—"apology for interferin' 'tween a father an' his kid. But I licked him more'n ever for yer blamed interferin'."

"You coward!" exclaimed St. John. His opponent gasped.

"Let me pass," said the curate.
"No ye don't," cried the other, reovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from a par-

son.
St. John gazed hurriedly about him. St. John gazed nurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low hedge here and there, and losing itself at last in the heat-haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned. "I've got ye now"

"You have indeed," said St. John, peeling off his black coat and throw ing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he slipped the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirtsleeves, while his enemy gasped at the proceedings. "Now I'm ready," said the curate

gently.
"Are ye goin' to fight?" burst out the other, looking at him as Goliath might have looked at David. "Come

But the foul word never passed his lips, being stoped by a carefully-planted blow from a small but singu-larly hard fist. The little curate was filled with a wild, unholy joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked Providence for his friends the Indian-clubs and dumb-bells, which had kept him in trim these past three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes, and getting in a stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly out-matched; his wind was gone, his jaw was swollen, and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrific blow at David. Partly parried it caught him on the shoulder, felling him to the earth. Now, surely, the victory was with the Philistine. But no. The fallen man recoiled to his no. The fallen man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling and the next that Goliath knew was, ten minutes later, when he opened his available eye and found that his enemy was bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen hand-karchief.

kerchief.
"Feel better?" said the curate.

"Well, I'm--"
"Hush, man; it's not worth swearing about," interposed his nurse.
"Now, get up."
He held out his hand and assisted

the wreck to its feet.

"You'd better call at the chemist's and get patched up. Here's money."

The vanquished one took the silver and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet.

was making his tollet.

"Please, go away, and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John

persuasively.

Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them, holding out a grimy paw.

"Mister Parson, I'm—I'm?——

"Don't say another word. Good-re;" and the curate shook hands with him.

The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. "I'm—!" he said. It had to come. Then he

said. It had to come. Then he shambled homewards.
St. John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub, and donned his coat and hat. As he started toward the village a girl came swiftly to meet

him.
"O John, John, you are splendid!" she gasped as she reached him. "I watched you from the hedge yonder." "I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston," said the curate coldly,

raising his hat and making to pass on.
Nancy started as though he had struck her; her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice reminded her. She bowed her head, and he went on his way. He had gone about fifty yards when she called his name. Her voice just reached him, but something in it told him that he had not

suffered alone.

He turned about and hastened her. - New York Weekly.

"Penn's Milestones."

For the last three months or more an unaviling search has been made by an unaviring search has been made by parties interested in the collection of historic relics for some trace of the old milestones that in generations gone by marked the distances on the old Gulf and Haverford roads in Montold Gulf and Have; for a roads in Mont-gomery county. These milestones, carved out of sandstone blocks, were known as "Penn's milestones," be-cause on one side of them were graven William Penn's arms, three balls in-closed in an oblong, often spoken of asthe "apple dumplings." The stones were placed on the roads by an old fire insurance company as a price for its charter from the Penn family, and gave the distances in miles from Philgave the distances in miles from Philadelphia. Several of the stones were standing for the guidance of travel-He was about half way home when his sombre meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying, and stood in the path, barring the curate's progress.

"Now, Mister Parson," he said, with menace in his thick voice and bleated face.

"Good-afternoon, my man," returned standing for the guidance of travelers as late as fifty years ago. Apropos of the three balls on the arms of Founder Penn, there was once a tradition, of course unfounded, that Penn was feasted with dumplings by the Indian King Tammany at the Treaty tree, and thereafter adopted three balls to represent dumplings on his coat of arms.—Philadelphia Record. LOVE AT A DISTANCE.

Upon my bedroom mantel shelf, With many knick-knacks laden, Two figures stand, at either end— A china man and maiden.

So lovingly they sadly glance, As if to say, "Come nearer;" While each replies, "Alas, I can't! But, love, you're all the dearer!"

She holds a crook in one plump hand, Her hair is bright and golden, Her dress is flowered and furbelowed In dainty fashion olden.

He wears a three-cocked beaver hat And coat of satin yellow, With dark brown eyes and powdered cue He is a handsome fellow. A gun is slung across his back,
But you need never fear it,
A heart has long been his sole aim—
Ah! if he were but near it!

And still they smile and sadly glance, As if to say, "Come nearer;" While each replies, "Alas, I can't! But, love, you're all the dearer!"

HUMOROUS.

Quizzer—What do they mean by the "flower of youth?" Guyer—Mari-gold, I guess.

"Now," said Bunker, "I can once more face the world an honest man. The last of my debts is outlawed."

"How do you account for there being so many different views of life?"
"Too many amateur photographers."

Mrs. Wiggles-My husband and I never quarrel. Mrs. Waggles-How tame and uninteresting your life must

Mifflin-I hear that the savings bank has been robbed of \$30,000. Snik-kers—Is that so? Burglar or trusted employe?

He doubtless would have kissed her then,
In candor be it said.
(The chance was duly offered)
If he hadn't lost his head.

Proud Mother—Oh, John, the baby can walk? Cruel Father—Good. He can walk the floor with himself at night then.

Alice-What makes you think Mr Perkins means business? Bertha-He just asked me why I didn't attend cooking school.

Hardrocks—Why do you call your two sons Alpha and Omega? Bullion—Because they have never been able, so far, to make ends meet. Cobble-Well, old man, my wife has

had a legacy left her. Stone—Congratulations! I am glad your marriage has turned out so well. "Weakfish tells me he has recov-ered from his attack of brain exhaustion." "Yes, there was nothing left for the exhaustion to work upon.

"You sent me gloves too tight for ease,"
She pouted. He was "foxy."
And answered, "Yes, I wished to squeeze
Your dainty hand by proxy."

The Bride - What's the matter, darling? Bridegroom(sighing)-Oh, don't mind me, little one, but sometimes I wish I could see my bachelor apartment again.

"And now, in conclusion," the min-

"And now, in conclusion," the minister was saying. "Dear me!" disgustedly breathed the man who had just rushed in. "And I thought I was going to be late!"

"It's a late brickfasht yez are takin' this marnin', Doolin, but it's a foine layout av food yez hov foreninst ye."

"Is. Sure, Moriarity, all things come to him who ates."

"Do you believe in hypnotism?"

"Do you believe in hypnotism?"
"Yes. Did you notice the young woman who just passed out of the office?
Well, she got me to subscribe for a four dollar book that I shall never want and that she knew 1'd never want."

First Names.

In 1379 more than half the men were called John or William, says a writer in Notes and Queries, while more than three-quarters were called either John, William, Thomas, Richard or Robert, which in common parlance must have been Jack, Will Tom, Dick or Rob, since among the com-Dick, or Bob, since among the com-monest patronymics are Jackson, Wil-son, Thompson, Dixon and Robson. Other names are less usual, Henry and Adam being each three per cent., Roger and Hugh are only two per cent.; while Walter, Simon, Ralph, and Nicholas are one per cent. Still fewer are Geoffrey, Alan and Stephen; Denis and Jacob occur only once in 400 names, Martin and Peter once in

In the thirteenth century William is the commonest name. In the fourteenth and following centuries John is first with William second. Thus in Bishop Hatfield's survey 40 per cent. of the men are named John, followed by William with 22 per cent.; while if we add Robert and Thomas 80 per cent. of all the men's names are accounted for.

From the York wills it appears that

rrom the fork wins it appears that in 1635 John heads the list with 16 per cent. William follows close behind with 15 per cent. Thomas is 12 per cent., followed by Richard and Robert with 8 per cent. each. Henry and George are only half as numerous; still fewer are Roger. Palph Nicholas and George are only natras numerous; still fewer are Roger, Ralph, Nicholas, Edward, James, Charles, Francis, Humphrey, Anthony, Gilbert, Law-rence and Joseph.

Oriental Ways.

The ameer of Afghanistan seldom

The ameer of Afghanistan seldom parts with any money in discharge of his obligations. When he is asked for money he never rudely refuses, His method belongs to the suaviter in modo style throughout. "My friend," he exclaims, "what is mine is yours. Take anything you want. Is there anything I have that you want and can think of? If so, take it, my friend, take it to your house." Rupees, however, his highness can never be persuaded to part with. He will send them by and by; he will send them at once. His friend may take laes for the mere asking. But the friend asks and asks and asks and may a lae.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



An Excellent Combination.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, STRUF OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUF CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUF CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c, per bottle

The Roman Catholic church in this country has twelve archbishops, eighty bishops, 2756 religious clergy and 8383 secular or parish clergy. The number of churches and chapels is 11, 571, and the entire membership, in cluding children, is 9,907,412.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Try Grain=0! Try Grain=0!

Ask you 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 without distress. 1 the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like Coffee

Looks like Coffee Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O



first dose. Sold by dealers ever bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.



TAPE

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

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