

Ten Strong Words
In London this summer one of the best papers offered a prize for the weekly list of strong words, to number ten. The announcement specified that but ten words would be considered from one person, and a committee of literary men would select from the numbers offered the ten strongest words in the English language. These are the words that won: Hate, blood, hungry, dawn, coming, gone, love, dead, alone, forever.—Detroit Free Press.

The Government of India is disposed to employ electricity as its motive power in the great central factories, which it intends to set up at Jubulpore.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 1st 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 CATHARTIC CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1894.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Cathartic 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.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Prussian army includes nearly 14,000 officers, among them 293 generals.

Lost Sight
Restored and the eyes cured by using Findley's Eye Salve. No pain, sure cure or money back. 25c. box. All druggists, or by mail, J. P. HAYTER, Decatur, Texas.

There are only 100,000 Britishers in India—one to every 3000 of the population.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Bank of England was opened 202 years ago.

I believe Figo's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

The most costly Parliament in Europe is that of France. It costs \$1,500,000 a year.

"He is Wise Who Talks But Little."
This is only a half truth. If wise men had held their tongues, we should know nothing about the circulation of the blood. If it were not for this advertisement you might never know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

WANTED—Energetic man as County Superintendent to manage our business in your own and adjoining counties; no canvassing; straight salary, \$18.00 per week and expenses. Yearly contract, rapid promotion. Exceptional opportunity. Address Manufacturers, P. O. Box 733, Philadelphia, Penn.

The Postmaster's "Defl."
In speaking the other day of the great progress which has been made in the postal service of the country within recent years, Postmaster Merritt told a story to illustrate that there were still parts of the United States which had not been touched by the spirit of improvement.

"I stopped in at the Postoffice Department the other day," General Merritt said, in reciting the story, "and in looking over some of the communications I chanced on one that took my fancy mightily. It came from the head of one of Uncle Sam's offices way out in the Rocky Mountains, in an almost uninhabited section, and appeared to have been sent partly as a note of information and partly as an ultimatum to the Government at Washington. It read as follows: "Notice—This office will be closed for the next three days, while the postmaster goes on a bear hunt. You can discharge me if you want to, but I warn you beforehand that I'm the only man that can read and write in the neighborhood."—Washington Post.

"I GAVE little thought to my health," writes Mrs. Wm. V. BELL, 230 N. Walnut St., Canton, O., to Mrs. Pinkham, "until I found myself unable to attend to my household duties.

"I had had my days of not feeling well and my monthly suffering, and a good deal of backache, but I thought all women had these things and did not complain. "I had doctored for some time, but no medicine seemed to help me, and my physician thought it best for me to go to the hospital for local treatment. I had read and heard so much of your

THOUGHT-LESS WOMEN

Vegetable Compound that I made up my mind to try it. I was troubled with falling of the womb, had sharp pains in ovaries, leucorrhoea and painful menses. I was so weak and dizzy that I would often have severe fainting spells. I took in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and used the Sanative Wash, and am now in good health. I wish others to know of the wonderful good it has done me, and have many friends taking it now. Will always give your medicine the highest praise."

Mrs. A. TOLLE, 1946 Hilton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was very thin and my friends thought I was in consumption. Had continual headaches, backache and falling of womb, and my eyes were affected. Every one noticed how poorly I looked and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One bottle relieved me, and after taking eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight 95 pounds to 140 pounds, and everyone asks what makes me so stout."

Good Field For Money-Making.

"Rubber culture in Central America offers a splendid field for a poor man," said Mr. J. S. Nodine, manager of the largest rubber plantation in Nicaragua. "Just as an illustration let me tell you of the experience of a neighbor of ours named Westfield. He came to Nicaragua less than four years ago from somewhere in New England, and brought with him a little child. He was very much run down and weakened with consumption, and came to the tropics to try to regain his health. I happen to know that he didn't have a dollar, and he was glad to take a job clerking at about \$40 a month gold. Being naturally shrewd and energetic, he made a little money trading, and bought a 160-acre tract, which he proceeded to have cleared by degrees, setting it out partly in rubber trees and partly in bananas and fruits. In a year the fruit began to return a small revenue, which he used in extending the cultivation, his idea being to have eventually a well-stocked rubber plantation, and in the meanwhile to make the other things pay the expenses. By good management and industry he carried out the program, and in the second year opened a small store for trading with the Indians. After that it was easy, and in consideration less than four years he had one of the nicest rubber groves in the republic. The trees are now on the point of giving their first yield, but recently his wife's health failed and he was obliged to return north, having completely recovered himself. Four weeks ago he sold his plantation as it stands for \$23,000 in gold. This is an exceptional case, I admit, but at the same time there is absolutely nothing about it that cannot be duplicated by industry and pluck."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Fruit Pits in Demand.

Growers of stone fruits can count upon a new source of revenue. The pits of peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums and prunes, heretofore thrown away or used for fuel, have a market value. Especially is this true of peach and apricot pits. This year there is a strong demand for them at from \$8 to \$10 a ton, delivered in San Francisco. The kernel is the product sought. From the apricot kernel that delicious French "nut candy" is made, displacing the almond. Cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg are adulterated with this same pit, ground and highly prepared for the purpose. Prussic acid and essence and oil of almonds are made from the peach and prune pits, and these flavors are used in a thousand different ways. The pits are cracked in San Francisco, and the kernels are then sent East.—California Vineyardist.

Breezy But Refined.

Here is a marriage notice from the Stillwater Gazette, which possesses the refreshing element of breeziness without overstepping the bounds of refinement: "Last week Probate Judge Burns succeeded in tying the matrimonial knot which is to firmly secure John McLimans and Mrs. Harriet Whack for life. McLimans is old enough to know better than to get entangled with matrimonial troubles, but lacks experience, being a bachelor of fifty-nine years of age. The partner he has selected is nine years his junior, but what she lacks in age is made up in experience, as she has been there before."—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

Dollar Handshake.

Major Blanche Cox addressed a crowd at the Salvation Army barracks. The hall was well filled. After the singing of several hymns and the giving of testimony a collection was taken up and the presiding officer announced that Major Cox would shake hands with any one for \$1. Several were found willing thus to contribute to the cause.—Denver (Col.) Republican.

CUPID'S CONFESSION.

"Cupid, what are those arrows for that in your quiver lie?" He shrugged his dimpled shoulders and, smiling, made reply: "To pierce the tender mortal heart. That flies from love in vain. These little shafts are made for that: They give delicious pain."
"And what do you do with the golden bow Your chubby fingers hold?" And then he smiled a pitying smile and said, "I use this old but very useful article To speed my arrow straight, To cleave in twain the tender heart And make it seek a mate."
"And now these fragile little wings That from your shoulders sprout, Their use I also fain would know?" His laughter rippled out. "I use them only in one case: When two fond hearts I tie, And poverty enters at the door, I from the window fly."
—New York Press.

THE SPY.

The room was dingy and but poorly lighted. Around the long table in its centre were gathered the conspirators—the men who had sworn to kill the Czar. A strange appearance they had in the flickering candle-light; some with fierce faces, marked by the bitter lines of hunger and hate; some with the enthusiastic and rapt expression of dreamers; others with the cold impassivity of great generals. One of the last-mentioned, colder, more impassive than the rest, sat at the foot of the table, facing the president. His manner showed not the slightest nervousness. Yet in an hour he meant to betray the men who sat about him to the horrors of a living death, on the bleak plains of Siberia, gaining thereby the lasting favor of his imperial master. The blow that would ruin his comrades would make him. The clock struck eight as the president rose to speak. "Brothers," he began, "we have all sworn the same sacred vows, we have all stood the severe tests of our order—we can all be trusted. It becomes my duty, therefore, to speak out. Our days of plotting are passed, the time for action has come. At last we shall strike a decisive blow for liberty."

He paused, but no one spoke. There was not a sound in the room. Pointing to a powder-keg in a corner, the president continued: "Our materials are at hand; our opportunity also. The Czar visits Krasno-Selo Thursday—"

The noise of a scuffle in the hall outside the door interrupted him. Several of the men who sat about the table sprang to their feet; the door burst open, and an officer, followed by a squad of soldiers, rushed into the room. In an instant every one of the conspirators was covered by a rifle.

"You are my prisoners!" said the officer curtly. "By what right?" exclaimed the president. He alone seemed cool; the rest stood as though paralyzed. Ignoring the president, the officer glanced at the others. "Line up against the wall!" he ordered.

Silently they obeyed him—powerless to resist. The soldiers raised their guns, and aimed them at the defenseless breasts of the prisoners. Again the president spoke: "What do you mean to do?" he cried.

"To execute you at once," returned the officer coldly. Then, to the soldiers: "Take aim, Fi—"

"Stop!" The cry rang out loud and clear in the deadly stillness of the room, and the spy sprang forward from where he stood against the wall.

"Get back!" said the officer, sternly; but the spy continued to advance. His coldness, his impassiveness, had disappeared; his face was yellow with fear; his teeth chattered.

"You must not shoot me!" he shrieked. "I am of yourselves! It was I who informed against these men! If you kill me it will be murder!" He groveled on the floor at the officer's feet.

The doomed men looked at the miserable wretch with bitter contempt while in the president's eyes there was something that looked like triumph. "An agent of the police!" said the officer doubtfully. "You have your credentials?"

"Yes—yes!" screamed the wretch, tearing a piece of paper from his pocket and handing it to the officer. "It is there—it is there!"

The soldiers, drooping their rifles, sprang upon him, and bound him hand and foot.

"Brothers," said the president to the amazed men, who still stood against the wall, "brothers in a great cause like ours we can not be too careful. This little scene was devised to discover what traitors we had among us. It has succeeded. You who have proved faithful are quite safe."

"The men looked at him as though they could scarcely credit their senses; then one or two began to sob, and one man laughed.

"And this spy?" he questioned. A fierce murmur ran round the room. "Kill him—kill him!" they shouted. The president raised his hand. "Stop!" he cried. "The man is mine—mine to punish as I see fit. Leave him to me. You will accompany our brother Vassoloff"—indicating the pseudo-officer—"to a place of refuge. From our friend's admission, we are no longer safe here."

The conspirators turned, and silently went out. Then the president was alone with the spy. He stood looking at him for a moment, a cruel smile on his white-bearded face. Presently he took from

his pocket a long fuse, placed one end in the powderkeg, and wound the other about one of the tallow candles, an inch from the burning wick. Then he placed the candle in front of the spy's face, where he could almost touch it, and turning, went to the door. At the threshold he paused.

"Your fate will be a lesson to your fellow-spies," he said—and was gone. The spy heard his steps as he went down the passage. He counted them till they died away in the awful silence of the night. Then he looked at the candle. How long would it take an inch of tallow to burn? The police would not come till nine. He looked at the clock. Twenty minutes past eight. Would that inch of tallow last 40 minutes? If it should not, would being blown up be so painful?

He looked at the candle again. It seemed to melt away before his eager gaze. He tried to shriek, but could not. He became unconscious. He dreamed of his mother, dead years before. He thought that he was a child again, and that she had taken him on her lap, and was telling him the old stories that he loved. It was summer, and he could hear the reapers singing. He laughed with happiness.

He opened his eyes. The darkness of the room frightened him, and he tried to call his mother. The gag was still in his mouth, and, like a flash, the whole dreadful, sickening truth came back to him. The hands of the clock pointed to 20 minutes before nine, and the candle was more than half burned.

Again he looked at the clock. Ten minutes before nine. The candle seemed to burn lower. Would the police come in time? He strained his ears to hear their coming, but there was no sound.

It was five minutes to nine. He tried to pray. At last he could hear the soldiers approaching, but the clock was striking nine! A knock on the door and the flame had touched the fuse. He watched the spark as it crept, like a snake, across the floor—nearer, nearer, to the keg. He tried to scream. The sound of a door being broken upon! The footsteps of men on the passage, outside the door, but the spark had reached the keg. A flash—

A second later, when the soldiers entered, they saw a sight that frightened even them. A dead man, bound and gagged, lay upon the floor. His face was green with terror, his hair snow-white, and his eyes red, staring, and protruding. On the floor was the black mark where the fuse had burned, and in one corner was a powder keg, empty! The spy had died of fright.
—Answer.

CREED OF THE DUNKARDS.

It Prevents a Farmer From Taking Back a Horse Stolen From Him.

The refusal of a Dunkard farmer to receive back a horse that had been stolen from him, created a deal of discussion in the region surrounding Church town, Penn., where nearly every farmer belongs to a religious sect. The farmer whose horse was stolen made no effort at all to recover the beast. He did not make his loss known to his neighbors until they had inquired what had become of his big roan. Then he said that one night somebody broke open his stable door and took the horse, but nothing else. The news soon spread and a township constable captured the animal on the Welsh mountain, but the thief escaped. When the constable took the horse back to the owner, the farmer said:

"I do not want the horse. The man who took it must have more use for the animal than I had or he would not have been driven to steal. Give it back to him. If he wants my harness and wagon, let him have them also."

The farmer was a man of his word, and the horse was led away, and is still in possession of the constable. Strangely enough, nearly every man belonging to his special sect approves his action. They refer to the Bible as their authority. One passage cited is Matthew v: 40: "And if any man will sue you at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." As these sects never go to law, they simply believe that if any man takes their coat they should also freely give their cloak; or if any one takes their horse, they should also let him have their wagon. Once a thing is stolen from them they will never receive it back as their property.

The same thing holds good with the women folks. They would not think of receiving back again any property stolen from them, nor do they want any one to pursue a thief, or to have any one hand in his punishment. No matter how much a farmer may owe on his land, he will bear his losses by that without a murmur. The farmers of these sects sometimes go into debt when buying land. In almost everything else they pay as they go.

The question as to receiving back a stolen horse has created a division in some of the other sects, however. The people who favor receiving back the stolen animal argue that the Bible does not say that where a thief steals, your property you shall not receive it back; that not to take back stolen goods and not to punish thieves, is simply encouraging and inviting such crime; and that it is wrong for a man in debt not to take back stolen property which he cannot afford to lose, and which may interfere with him in the payment of his interest money.

A Familiar Character.

Friend—Considering that your living expenses are fully up to your income, I don't see how you contrived to get such a reputation as a philanthropist.
Mr. Spendall—Oh, I never give anything; I do the hat passing—New York Weekly.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.
Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Nothing could be more attractive and dainty than the evening wraps which are now the rage for very young women as well as older ones. Materials now



DAINTY EVENING WRAP.

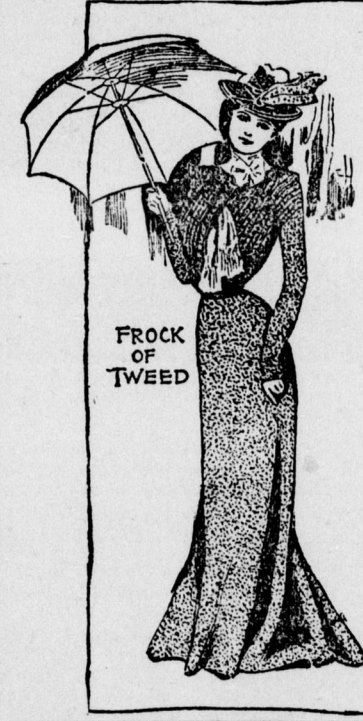
employed are of the handsomest. The linings alone are made of fabrics that were formerly deemed quite beautiful enough for a handsome evening gown. The fur and lace used for trimming must needs be of the rarest description. There is no question but that the wraps this winter are to be every whit as costly as those of the last few years. The designs have been sent

tion of silk is of solid green stripes, which does not sound well, but is exceedingly pretty in reality. Red is found in these plaids in stripes, and also in handkerchiefs with narrow hemstitched edges, the hem being of the solid color embroidered with tiny dots. All shades are to be found in these little colored hems. Another variety of the handkerchief with the solid red hem has red dots worked in side on the white linen, or tiny red bow knots in the corners.

Pretty Idea in Gold Chains.
The jeweled hearts figure as slides in some of the new gold chains composed of fine links.

Colors For Velvet Gowns.
Deep plum, garnet, gray and taupe are the fashionable colors for cloth and velvet gowns.

Handsome Coat For Winter Wear.
The little covert coat has been improving the shining hour by assuming decorative touches of fur that will undoubtedly prolong its sphere of usefulness far into the season. It has appeared lately in gray, brown and green, cut on the mode of a basque coat that is fitted to the figure with a rounding tail on the hip and flat collar reverses folding in a group of three on the shoulder. An enterprising tailor saw fit to run a narrow piping of mink on the edge of the revers, over the fronts and around the tails, and his happy thought has evidently found instant favor, for these trimmed coverts are almost the first of the fur-touched wraps to go into active service.



FROCK OF TWEED.



A USEFUL EVERY DAY GOWN.

over to this country, and women who have been abroad buying their winter wardrobes have sent over accounts of the new wraps that have just been designed over there. The present fad is to have at least one long black satin wrap. This, at first sight, would seem to be a most economical investment, for it is not so conspicuous as the light brocades or velvets, of which most of the wraps are made, and it is possible to wear it in public conveyances, which, of course, is not possible with the other wraps alluded to. The smartest black satin wraps are wonderful creations of the dressmaker's skill combined with the beautiful trimmings supposed to be necessary to them.

Costumes For Every-Day Wear.

Two useful gowns are shown in the large illustrations. One is a brown tweed with an absolutely plain skirt. The blouse waist is tucked and the wide collar and flaring cuffs are finished with stitched braid. A stock and a long-ended cravat of cream silk complete the costume. With it is worn a jaunty brown felt hat, which is ornamented with brown quills and velvet.

The other frock is designed a little more elaborately and has the strap trimming which has become so popular for this season, particularly for out-of-door wear. The straps of black braid trim the pointed tunic and is seen on the circular flounce of the jupe proper. The material is rough blue serge and the vest is cream silk tucked, with revers of lemon-colored cloth ornamented by a fancy braid of blue, red, cream and silver threads and set off by tiny black buttons. The revers and slashed jacket are of the same material as the skirt and are braided to correspond. A broad-brimmed rough straw, blue and white, is loaded with berries, leaves and rosettes of black tulle.

The Vogue in Handkerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs in colors are in great demand, and some of the prettiest and newest are in silk and linen. The plaids are to be found in these new styles, pretty soft plaids, the whole handkerchief composed of them, but in the most delicate colors, one having violet predominating and another green, and so on. A pretty handkerchief in which there is a large propor-

Evidently womankind is not yet prepared to resign the comfort of the short, close-fitting fur jacket, for it is easy to count them by the dozen in the furriers' cupboards, while they are being snapped up over the counters. Until last year these "cozies," as they are termed by the trade, were cut of Eton shape, sheered off sharply at the waist line, or a flute of fur stood like a saucy little tail about the hips.

Now the mode is to fit the short-haired fur basque-wise to the body, letting a spade-shaped tail fall below the waist line for five inches at back and front, but cutting out the pelt high on the hips. Not one pinch of fullness is given the sleeve at the



A DECORATED COVERT COAT.

shoulder, and it runs to the knuckles on the hand.