

**Where Men Do the Washing.**  
The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washermen stand on the banks of the Nile and slap the wet clothes with a noise like the shot of a pistol on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

**First Come, First Served.**  
Don't say that you couldn't get the valuable presents offered with "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" laundry starch; your grocer has them for you; ask him for a coupon book, which will enable you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, all for 5c.

**A Remarkable Well.**  
The deepest well in England is found at Hamilton, in Hampshire. It stretches three hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the earth. About half way down this well shaft is a sub-way, three miles in length, which leads to the sea coast.

### "A Thread Every Day Makes a Skein in a Year."

One small disease germ carried by the blood through the system will convert a healthy human body to a condition of invalidism. Do not wait until you are bed-ridden. Keep your blood pure and life-giving all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes this as nothing else can.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

### Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.  
The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 4 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 give you GRAIN-O  
Accept no imitation.

**NEED A RHEUMATISM TABLET?** Post the roller, never fails. Sample box, 25c. Address Rector Street Book Store, N.Y. City.

**DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP**  
Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Conquers Croup without fail. Is the best for Bronchitis, Grippe, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, and for the cure of Consumption.  
Mothers praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Small doses; quick, sure results.  
FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLE

**Wonderful Pearl Banks.**  
Pearls will be more plenty, but possibly no cheaper, if the British syndicate in New Caledonia accomplishes what it expects. Some twelve banks of large extent have been discovered along the eastern coast of New Caledonia and adjacent islands by the aid of a submarine apparatus which can descend 600 feet below the surface. By this machine large banks of hitherto unreachable banks of shells have been reached. One of these banks is four miles long and 100 yards wide at a depth of 150 feet. Pearls one pound in weight and upward are being found. Large numbers of pearls are sometimes found in a single shell. Some of these pearls are valued at \$100 to \$600 each. Expert divers from Tahiti are to be brought to these beds and the industry energetically developed.—Philadelphia Record.

# A Million Women

have been relieved of female troubles by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

The letters of a few are printed regularly in this paper.

If any one doubts the efficiency and sacredly confidential character of Mrs. Pinkham's methods, write for a book she has recently published which contains letters from the mayor of Lynn, the postmaster, and others of her city who have made careful investigation, and who verify all of Mrs. Pinkham's statements and claims.

The Pinkham claims are sweeping. Investigate them.

THIRTY YEARS OF CURES

### NIGHT IN THE SPRUCE.

Calm stars above, fresh earth beneath,  
And in mid-air a woven wreath  
Of loosely interlacing firs  
Reaching to where the night wind stirs;  
Hires creep near, a wood-owl's flight  
Crosses the circle of camp-fire light;  
Steps on the moss tell where a doe  
Is leading her fawn to the lake below:  
And laying there I seemed as near  
To the forest's heart as its own red deer;  
And I felt the fellowship of the wood,  
And every whisper I understood.  
—Francis Sterne Palmer, Harper's Weekly.

## Ellen's Fault.

BY W. X.

"I wish to look at fans—party fans, if you please."

Ellen Purple swept into the fancy store, her gray silk suit rustling softly, the long, wine-colored, willow plume drooping over the brim of her hat, and her dark, brilliant eyes sparkling with health, good humor and exercise. She was a pretty brunette, with black eyebrows, long lashes and the cream-tinted skin which is like velvet, so soft, fine-grained and clearly colored.

What a contrast to her was the fragile girl, standing behind the counter in her shabby de beige dress with a dyed ribbon bow at her throat and a frill of mended lace encircling her slender neck. But this world offers us contrasts at every step.

"Do you wish white or colored?" the latter asked.  
"Oh, I don't know. Pink, I suppose," Ellen Purple answered, after a second of two of consideration on the momentous question. "Pink is my color."

The pale shop-girl reached down a box of daintily-decorated trinkets, smelling of sandal-wood, edged with tinted swansdown and inlaid with pearl and ivory—and, as she stood respectfully awaiting the young customer's decision, a paroxysm of coughing shook her slender frame.

Miss Keturah Purple, Ellen's maiden aunt, looks at her with eyes of kindly pity.

"My dear," said she, "you have a very bad cough."  
The girl smiled sadly.

"I have had it this long time," said she.

"You ought to go home and nurse yourself up, instead of standing here in all these draughts," counseled Miss Purple, who had a cheery, dictatorial way with her, like one in authority.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the girl. "But we are very poor, and my wages are all my mother and I have to live upon, and—"

"Oh, auntie! look here, what a beauty!" cried out Ellen, suddenly. "White, watered satin, covered with point lace, and the sweetest pearl at the top. What is the price of this one?" turning to the shop-girl.

The girl glanced at the label.

"Twenty-five dollars," answered she.

Ellen's countenance fell.

"Oh, I can never afford that," said she. "Twelve is all I have to pay. I must content myself with something less elegant. Show me other styles please."

As she spoke she closed the fan so suddenly that one of the sticks slipped out of place and tore a jagged rent through the exquisite point lace stretched across it. Ellen stared guiltily, and, glancing around to make sure that no one was looking at her, replaced it in its box.

"It was only an accident," she told herself, and the shop-girl brought a new box of fans for her inspection; "I am not to blame. No one can expect me to pay for a \$25 fan destroyed by accident—and besides, they should make these things stronger."

And pushing away the large box she turned her attention to the new fans, and finally settled upon a pretty rose-colored article, edged with Spanish blonde, which came nearer the sum she had appropriated for her fan.

"Well," said Aunt Keturah, "are you suited?"

"At last, auntie!"

"Then let's go," said the old lady, "or I never shall get an opportunity to buy my furniture, chintz and unbleached muslin. Fans and lace pocket handkerchiefs and pink sashes are all very well, but they're of no use in a housekeeping point of view! No use at all!"

Ellen Purple went to the party in a dress of rose-colored silk, with an overdress of Swiss muslin, and the prettiest of sashes, looped artistically over it—and she was very happy. Ah, indeed, why should she not be? Only 18; the petted darling of an old bachelor uncle and maiden aunt, with a face that satisfied her girl-heart every time she looked into the glass, and a sunny, happy temperament that was worth more than a fortune, in that it learned her to see the bright side of human nature and sip the sweets from life's cup, regardless of its bitter dregs. And, moreover, Guy Middleton danced three times with her, and carried off one of the buff rosebuds from the ball bouquet Uncle Simeon had presented her, vowing he would keep it for ever and ever.

"Of course no one knows what these promises amount to," laughed Ellen, as she told Aunt Keturah, who was sitting up in a prodigious flannel dressing gown and her hair in a porcupine state of curl papers, to hear her niece's report of the ball festivities, "but they are very nice at the time. And he is so agreeable, auntie."

Aunt Keturah smiled and patted Ellen's lovely flushed cheek and sent her to bed.

"Get your beauty sleep, my love," said she. "It don't hurt a tough old pine knot like me to keep vigil all night—that's one of the numberless advantages of being old and tough—"

but it don't agree with peach-blossom

complexions and eyes like hazel stars."

The next morning Aunt Keturah and Ellen went shopping again, in the snug little claret-colored coupe which Aunt Keturah hired by the month from a neighboring livery stable.

"I need sewing silk," said Aunt Keturah, "and you're always wanting Java canvas or worsted, or some such fol-de-rols, and the good fresh air won't do either of us any harm, I'll go bail!"

"Let's go to Leigh & Balcombe's," suggested Ellen. "They always have the prettiest and newest shades of everything there?"

"I'm sure I am not particular where we go," said Aunt Keturah.

They chanced to go to the self-same counter where, hardly more than a week ago, they had purchased the rose-colored fan, and a pert miss, with a profusion of mock jewelry, came forward to wait upon them and receive orders.

"You're not the girl that belongs here," said Aunt Keturah, bluntly. "The pale girl that coughed so. Where is she?"

The pert miss tossed her head.

"Oh," said she, "you mean Eliza Lowe! She's gone."  
"Gone!" Aunt Keturah laid down the spool of silk she was examining. "I hope she's not ill. That cough sounded to me exactly like consumption."

"I don't know whether she is ill or not," said she. "But it wasn't on account of ill health she left. She was discharged for tearing a lace fan—a point lace, over white satin, worth \$25. She was compelled to pay the full value besides. Mr. Balcombe is very particular about such things."

Ellen Purple colored deeply.

"But are they quite certain that she did tear it?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, she denied it, of course," said the girl. "They always do. But she was responsible for the goods under her charge, of course—and if she didn't tear it who did? That's the question."

"I can tell you," said Ellen Purple, quietly; "I did."

"You, miss!" The girl looked at Ellen as if she thought her partially insane. Aunt Keturah was almost equally amazed.

"My dear child," said she "I don't think you know what you are saying."

"Yes, I do," said Ellen, peremptorily. She has allowed herself through lack of moral courage, to fall into an error whose consequences were more serious than she had imagined, and she was determined to redress it as far as possible. "I was looking at that fan a week ago," she went on, "and through my carelessness in shutting it one of the sticks tore the lace. Where is Mr. Balcombe? I must explain matters to him. If anyone should pay the \$25 it is I. And Miss Lowe must have her place again."

"Quite impossible, miss—the latter, I mean," said the pert girl. "Her place is filled. There is always plenty of girls glad to get in here."

Ellen wrung her hands.

"Oh, auntie!" said she, "what shall I do? How shall I undo the mischief I have wrought?"

Aunt Keturah turned to the shop-girl.

"Can't you give me her address?" said she. "We can at least go and see her."

And the upshot of the interview was that Eliza Lowe was engaged as seamstress and companion to comfortable Aunt Keturah at a salary that seemed truly regal to her. Mr. Balcombe sent a stiff note of apology, inclosing a check for \$25, which was duly made good by Miss Purple—and Eliza thought the millennium was at hand.

And Ellen Purple carried the point lace fan, skillfully mended by an old woman who made such needle-lore her business, at her wedding with Mr. Middleton.

### Appearances Were Deceptive.

You read of such things, but the person encountering them in the experiences of real life is the rare exception.

"At last, auntie!"

He was good to look upon, this straight, slender little chap in a frock overcoat, white pearl buttons at the back, knickerbockers, an astrakhan cap that looked like lamb's wool, ruddy face of pink and white, jaunty tie and walking gloves that attracted attention to long slender hands.

He was going down Cass at an easy, swinging gait, lifting his hat to an old gentleman just as Pitcher street was approached. Up from the Clay school came a great "push" of noisy hilarious boys, a healthy and promising lot of youngsters.

"Look at the dude," shouted one of them. That was enough and there was soon a manifest disposition to whip our little gentleman just because he looked and acted the part. When he was surrounded he showed two rows of perfect teeth in a good-natured smile and said pleasant things to the boys, but they were stirred by the mob spirit. He tried to move on, and one of them struck at him. This time he let out a cheery laugh and chuckled his assailant under the chin in a caressing sort of way, for he was several inches shorter.

But when one of the larger boys, with a noisy voice and manner, opened hostilities, it was different. Four of the mob were down before you could count 10, the little gentleman handed his handkerchief to the smallest one, who had been accidentally hurt, pulled his gloves straight, went smilingly down the street and never looked back.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Bargain.

May—How on earth did you come to accept him?

Fay—Oh, he looked so cheap when he proposed I couldn't help taking him!—Philadelphia Press.

### SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The reason why the Great Salt Lake in Utah is growing smaller, according to Professor James E. Talmage, is that the volume of water from its four tributary rivers is being more and more diverted by irrigation.

According to some observations made by Mr. J. W. Post, chief engineer to the Netherlands state railways, rails made of soft steel are apt to be more durable than those of harder material. At the beginning the hard steel rails are less subject to wear than the soft ones, but the latter are apparently toughened to a marked degree by the cold rolling effect of the passing trains, so that in later years they actually show less wear than the rails of harder steel.

Among the glaciers found in the Rocky mountains Grasshopper glacier, which derives its name from the enormous quantity of grasshopper remains that are found on and in the glacier. Periodically the grasshoppers take their flight southward, and must cross the mountains. Their favorite route seems to be across the wide glacier, and in the passage scores of thousands of them succumb to the rigor of cold and wind, fall helpless upon the snow, and are finally entombed in the ice.

A serious pest has appeared within the last few years in the cotton fields of the South. It is spreading with great rapidity, and threatens to ruin the industry, if it cannot be successfully combated. The disease is a fungus which attacks the roots, causing the plant to wither and die. It is most destructive in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., and on the islands adjacent to the coast. The department of agriculture has appointed William A. Orton, a botanical expert, to investigate the matter, and it is hoped that a practical way of eradicating the pest will be devised.

Dr. Finsen of Copenhagen Denmark, who is investigating the effect of light in the treatment of diseases and who has made many wonderful cures in the treatment of skin affection, now reports that certain kinds of baldness, which are caused by bacteria, are readily cured by submitting the bald head to the influence of the rays of the blue end of the spectrum. A beam of sunlight, or electric light, is filtered through a hollow glass lens filled with copper sulphate solution, which allows only the cold blue rays to pass through, and this light when focused on the diseased skin kills any diseased bacteria present, even though under the surface.

A peculiar industry of the Island of Procida is the manufacture of fine silk threads from the stomachs of silk worms. The worm, just before the time of its metamorphosis, is cut open, and the membrane of the stomach is carefully removed and pickled by a secret process. Holding one end in the teeth and drawing the other with the hands, the work people then work the tissue into threads of considerable length. The threads are prized for strength and flexibility, and find a market in Northern Italy at about \$15 a pound. They are used for fishing tackle, brushes, etc. Production is expensive, as the worms must be taken at the time of their greatest value for silk making, and the various operations demand much labor by skilled hands.

### MINERS AND MORPHINE.

A Necessary Custom Which Is Not Pleasant to Contemplate.

"When I was in the northwest during last October," said a gentleman with some money invested in mines, "I employed a prospector to go out into the mountains looking for properties which had been recommended to me. One day he was to have gone from our camp over into a very rough and rocky district, but when evening came he reported that he hadn't made the trip."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Because I didn't have my morphine with me," he responded in a very matter of fact manner.

"Morphine?" said I in astonishment, "what has that got to do with it? You are not a morphine fiend, are you?"

"Not as much of a one as you are a tenderfoot," he laughed, and proceeded to inform me that every prospector who knew his business always carried with him enough morphine to kill a man easily, and that he did so in order to end himself quickly in case of an accident which would disable him far away from assistance. There were many instances of prospectors falling over cliffs and crippling themselves, or breaking a leg in a hole among the rocks, or rendering themselves helpless in some other way, and death was sure to follow by starvation or freezing, or in some sections by being devoured by wolves or other wild animals. In order to prevent such a horrible death as any of these, the prospector simplified matters by always carrying a little packet of morphine, which not only quieted the pain of the hurt he had sustained, but put him to sleep pleasantly to wake no more on earth. It struck me at first as uncanny, not to say wicked, but I got over that feeling after a narrow escape or two, and I carried my little tin box just like a veteran would."—Washington Star.

### Bright Invention of a Woman.

A Michigan woman has designed a combined dinner pail and lantern, having a separate compartment in one end to hold a lamp, with a light of glass in the front, the cover being provided with a liquid containing chamber, with a draft hole through one end to allow the heat to pass off.



There are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the Ivory; they are not, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine.

Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

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## PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascarets I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WATMAN, 5700 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**Cascarets**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes, etc. 25c. 50c.  
CURE CONSTIPATION.  
Selling Everywhere, Chicago, Montreal, New York, St. Louis, etc.

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

**THE MILLION DOLLAR POTATO**  
Most talked of potato on earth! Our Catalog tells—so also about Salzer's Earliest Six Weeks' Potato. Largest firm and vegetable seed growers in U.S. Potatoes, \$1.25 and up a bushel. Send this notice and 5c. stamp for Big Catalog. A. O. JOHN A. SALZER SEED & LA CROSSE WIS.

**DR. ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER**  
Cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All Druggists, 25c.

**CARTER'S INK**  
Has the largest sale of any ink in the world.

Wood Pavements in London.

The people in London have more success with wooden pavements than we do over here. Consequently, two more streets, North Exeter road and Hampden street, which were lately torn up, are now being repaved with wooden pavements, wood having gained the preference over granite and asphalt.

This selection by the London City Engineer of wood over the more common paving materials in use in other large cities has caused some surprise over here, as our own experiments with wood as a paving material have by no means given satisfaction. The chief objection to it is its liability to speedy decay. A number of streets were paved with wood in this city, chiefly in the shopping district, within the last two or three years, but the majority of them had to be torn up again and replaced with a more durable paving material.

The report of the City Engineer of London gives some interesting facts about traffic over various pavements. According to his report, a horse traveling on a granite pavement may be expected to fall once for every 132 miles traveled, on asphalt once in 191 miles, and on wood once in 446 miles. The injury sustained by the animal is also far less serious from a fall upon wood than upon asphalt or upon granite.—New York Herald.

### Familiar Dreams Classified.

A writer in Longman's Magazine gives the following classifications of familiar dreams:

(1) The falling dream—you are falling over a precipice or down the stairs.

(2) The flying dream—the dream that you can fly.

(3) The dream of more or less inadequate toilet—that you are not properly clothed.

(4) The dream of not being able to get away from some beast, or injurious person or thing, that is pursuing you.

(5) The dream of being drawn irresistibly to some dangerous place, such as a fire.

(6) The dream that some darling wish has been gratified.

(7) The dream of being about to go on a journey, and being unable to get your things into your trunk, etc.

"It scarcely needs to be observed," he continues, "that the great majority of the classes in which we have put dreams are of the kind that would be described as bad dreams rather than good."

**Our Stock of Harbors.**  
Complaint is loud in the English newspapers that in the Samoan settlement the United States have been permitted to secure Pago-Pago—"one of the very finest harbors in the world."

This complaint reminds students of geography that the United States already own pretty nearly all "the very finest harbors in the world," and also many of secondary quality which in Europe would be ranked in the first class.

The geographers catalogue just eighteen first-class natural harbors in the world that "lie in the path of commerce"—harbors having free entrance, an adequate water depth, abundant anchorage area, land-locked protection and easy access to the shores. Of these eighteen first-class harbors the United States own fifteen—namely, Portland, Me.; New York, Norfolk, Delaware Bay and River, Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle Sound, Long Island Sound, Newport, Port Royal, S. C.; Fernandina, Pensacola, Key West, West Tampa, San Francisco and Puget's Sound.

Of good harbors that do not fulfil all the "first-class" conditions we have many which will some day be made the equals of Havre, Liverpool, Cherbourg and Bremerhaven.—New York World.

### Phrases That Do Not Fit.

Lots of men's phrases sound as if they kept them in labeled pigeon-holes and had pulled out the wrong ones.

## I Had a Bad Cough

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could not find any relief whatever. I read what a wonderful remedy Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was for coughs and I bought a bottle. Before I had taken a quarter of it my cough had entirely left me."—L. Hawn, Newington, Ont., May 3, 1899.

## Quickly Cures Colds

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis which pulls down your general health and deprives you of sleep; or they end in genuine consumption with all its uncertain results.

Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as you begin to cough. A few doses will cure you then. But it cures old colds, too, only it takes a little more time. We refer to such diseases as bronchitis, asthma, whooping-cough, consumption, and hard winter coughs.

If you've just taken cold a 25 cent bottle is all you'll need. For harder cases a 50 cent bottle is better. For chronic troubles, and to keep on hand, the \$1.00 bottle is most economical.

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER IS AFFICED WITH 10 CENTS PER LINE PER WEEK. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER