

# Blood Humors

Are Cured by

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

**It Purifies the Blood.**

**Cures All Eruptions.**

**Eradicates Scrofula.**

**Soldiers' Fare in South Africa.**  
Color-Sergeant Thompson, now with the Second Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, in South Africa, writes home:

"We killed an ostrich the other day and had him for dinner. He went down fine; also a swarm of locusts, of which we eat some. They are all right, too. You see, we don't live badly. There is not a tree to be seen—all sand and rocks—any amount of snakes, centipedes, scorpions, lizards and big black ants. These ants get inside the boys' clothes and make them dance and swear. To-morrow will be Christmas, and we are to have a big ostrich roasted for dinner, with lots of goats' milk to drink."—Toronto Globe.

**NONE SUCH**

Nothing hobbles the muscles and unites for work like

**SORENESS and STIFFNESS**

Nothing relaxes them and makes a speedy perfect cure like

**St. Jacobs Oil**



**The Vicissitudes of Senator Gear's Hat**  
Senator Gear wears a soft felt hat. He does not leave it in the cloakroom, but, carrying it in the Senate, throws it down upon the floor. As Mr. Gear's desk is on the center aisle, his black felt hat is the most conspicuous object in the Senate chamber.

The experiences of Gear's hat during the Senate sessions would make a book, if they could be related at length. Stewart, who sits behind Gear, comes along, and, unknowingly, kicks the hat a dozen feet. It emerges from the collision in a sadly demoralized shape, but Gear reaches out, gathers in his head-covering and resumes his reading. Presently the hat is encountered by the toe of another statesman and goes sailing away over the floor. Then Gear reaches out for it again.

Some of these days Gear will put a brick in his hat and then when a Senator comes along and kicks it there will be trouble.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

# Working Women

are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham for free advice about their health. Mrs. Pinkham is a woman.

If you have painful periods, backaches or any of the more serious ills of women, write to Mrs. Pinkham; she has helped multitudes. Your letter will be sacredly confidential.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is known wherever the English language is spoken.**

Nothing else can possibly be so sure to help suffering women. No other medicine has helped so many.

Remember this when something else is suggested.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Her helping hand is always outstretched to suffering women.

**EVENING.**

Across the shadows of a dying day  
Soft, lonely woodland winds are whispering,  
And o'er the silvered waters' trackless way  
Love reaches out to thee, and memories  
cling  
To soul and sense. Darkly the bonds of space  
Bear on the human need to touch thy hand:  
To see the love-light waken in thy face,  
While tenderness of shadow rested o'er the land.

## THE STORY

—OF—

### A Shield Pin.

I do not like to take up personal cases, as we detectives call a certain class of work, so when Miss Angell of Broadside street, sent for me to take up a "small personal mystery" I responded with a poor grace.

Scarcely had she begun to tell her story, however, than I became so interested that I begged her to continue and tell me the details as far as possible.

Miss Angell was engaged to Mr. Cloud—a peculiar combination of names to begin with, and was devotedly attached to him. In fact, she confessed with tears in her eyes that his love was more, or had been more, than life to her.

The rest of the story I will let her tell in her own words.

"Mr. Cloud," she said, "is in the habit of calling upon me almost every evening. About a week ago he came to dinner, invited by mamma. He was to attend a supper of the Phoenix club at 10 o'clock, and wore evening dress.

"At table we noticed an exquisite shield pin he wore. It shone so brilliantly that it caught the eye at once. Mr. Cloud took the pin off and it was passed around the table for us all to examine.

"It was a shield as large as a quarter with the outside edge bordered with pure rubies, blood red, all of a size and without a flaw. The centre of the shield consisted of a large diamond cut not very deep, yet too deep to be sunken, so it was elevated in a wire setting. Around the diamonds were perfectly matched black pearls. The combination was so unusual that we exclaimed as we handled the jewel and I remarked that I had never seen it before.

"When we had finished examining it Mr. Cloud said: 'That is my Phoenix Club badge. It belongs to the president. When I was elected the badge was presented to me by the members and when I resign, and a new president comes in, I must give up the badge to him. It is the president's badge, to be owned by him during his term of office. Of course, it is only to be worn at the meetings.'

"Mamma spoke of its great value. 'Yes,' said Mr. Cloud, 'it is indeed very valuable. It is worth thousands. If I were to lose it I should feel ruined, as I could never hope to replace it.'

"As he spoke Mr. Cloud's face became very serious. 'We had a case of that kind,' said he—a most curious case. The president lost his badge and committed suicide next day. You see he was suspected of having sold it.'

"After we had looked at the badge and talked about it, I very foolishly asked to wear it, and in a fit of waywardness I reached across the table, took it up and put it in the bow of ribbon at my throat.

"At the close of the meal, Mr. Cloud asked me for it, but I, to tease him, said I meant to keep it, and ran up stairs with it on.

"After they were seated in the parlor I stole quietly down the stairs and placed the pin in the lining of Mr. Cloud's overcoat, directly under the lapel.

"I went back to my room and came down stairs again. I found mamma and my sister seated alone in the parlor. Mr. Cloud had gone out to send a telegram. He would be back in a minute.

"When he returned, which was after half an hour, he came in for only a minute, to say good-by, and to ask for his pin: 'Come, Mazie,' he said, 'you have teased me long enough. Let me have the pin now. I must go.'

"I gave it back to you," I said, 'and you have it now.'

"Then I stood up and running my fingers along the lapel of his coat felt for the pin. It was gone!

"I turned as white as snow and as I felt the color leaving my face, I said: 'I gave it back.'

"My mother looked up surprised and Mr. Cloud stared at me. 'Yes, I gave it back, I put it on your coat. You must have it.'

"'Why Mazie,' said Mr. Cloud, 'how can you say so?'

"I pass over the disagreeable scene which followed. I will not mention Mr. Cloud's chagrin or my mother's amazement, even as I explained how I had stolen down the stairs and had fastened the precious pin in the lapel of the coat, just for fun, and how I intended after teasing him to tell him that it was there. As I talked I could see my mother's incredulous looks and Mr. Cloud's absolute dismay. They did not believe me!

"After the most painful quarter of an hour which I ever expect to spend Mr. Cloud left, shaking hands cordially with my mother and saying a cold good night to me.

"After he had gone my mother said 'Mazie, my darling girl, tell the truth. It is not too late.'

"There is nothing more to tell, mother," I said. 'I have told you the whole truth.'

"After a while my mother saw that I was in earnest and she believed me. But as next day came and passed, and no word came from Mr. Cloud, I saw

that he doubted me. The third day there came a formal note saying that if I would return the pin he would give me its value in money, paying me as rapidly as his circumstances would permit. As it was valued at many thousands, it was then beyond his means.

"I tore the note into bits and did not reply.

"That was a week ago. For the first three days I was too much overcome by mortification to take any steps towards establishing my innocence. But now that I am in a soberer mind I wish to learn, if possible, what became of the pin after I placed it in the lining of the lapel of Mr. Cloud's coat and where it now is."

The recital took some time for the young lady's emotion overcame her more than once. And I must confess that I, too, felt indignant for her. First that fate should have played so unkind a trick upon so beautiful a young girl; and secondly, that her lover, Mr. Cloud, should have doubted her so easily.

"I am willing," she said to spend any amount to clear myself of this disgraceful suspicion, and hope, with your assistance, to solve the mystery."

"It is so long a time," I began, "if you—"

"Yes, I know," said she, impatiently.

"Still," I said, "I will do my best. But you must allow me to talk with Mr. Cloud. That will be absolutely necessary."

At this she became greatly alarmed, but finally consented.

That same day I called on Mr. Cloud and was received by him in his private office. He was not cordial, and I soon saw that while he would not accuse the young lady, he thought she had kept the pin. He told me that, on leaving the parlor, he had put on his overcoat and had gone to the nearest telegraph office to send a message. There, meeting an old friend, he had gone into a cafe after which he had returned to the house of his fiancée, having been gone about half an hour.

"Tell me the name of the cafe," I said.

Having carefully noted the name and address, I returned to the house at half hour, I left Mr. Cloud and I will do him the justice to say that I think he was half convinced that he might have made a mistake.

Going first to the telegraph office, I walked from there to the cafe. At that moment a wagon stood in front of the door and they were bringing out the soiled table linen.

An inspiration came to me, and I said to the driver: "How often do you take away the linen?"

"Twice a week," said he. "But this week we had a breakdown and we are late, and it's almost eight days."

As the driver started away I said: "I want to search that load of napkins and if you will drive them into that vacant lot I will pay you well for your trouble."

Once in the lot I overhauled the contents of the wagon thoroughly; and was finally rewarded by feeling a hard lump of something which hurt my hand as I pinched it.

Looking closer I saw tangled in the fringe a glittering jewel, which, as I extricated it, proved to be the diamond set in the gorgeous pin which had been so accurately described to me by Miss Angell.

I did not let the driver know of my booty, but making an excuse that I could not find what I wanted, I walked away, nor did I stop until I had telegraphed to Mr. Cloud. A few minutes later I sat in the upper parlor of Miss Angell's residence talking to her. When I had told my story and laid the pin in her lap her joy knew no bounds. Just at that moment Mr. Cloud was announced, and Miss Angell then and there gave him the pin. I never saw a girl so happy. She almost hugged me.

As soon as Mr. Cloud saw his mistake he was humbly apologetic and tried to fall at her feet, but she waved him away, and Mrs. Angell delicately suggested that, as his presence would always remind them of a painful chapter, it would be better if he were to go away and stay away!

I may add that when Mr. Cloud went into the cafe the pin was in the lapel of the coat, but, becoming entangled in the fringe of his napkin, was pulled out and would have been lost forever had it not been for the perseverance of the plucky Miss Angell.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Criminal Woodpiles.**

The people of Dawson City have adopted a novel and effective cure for crime. It is a monster wood pile, of a size to awe the most hardened offender, according to the Omaha Bee.

A man convicted of any offense is compelled to saw wood. He saws ten hours a day steadily, day after day, until his sentence expires. He must saw regardless of the weather. In the most intense cold, the hardest rain, the fiercest snowstorm, he is compelled to continue sawing, and if the day has not ten hours of light, lanterns are provided to enable him to put in a full day.

When the pile of sawed wood begins to get low, the authorities sentence men for very slight offenses, and the natural result is that everybody is kept on his good behavior.

**Husband and Wife in One Pulpit.**

At the People's church, one Sunday recently, Mrs. Thomas shared the pulpit with her husband, the Rev. Dr. Thomas. He introduced his wife in a graceful manner as one who was no stranger to the platform, and whom he knew his people would hear with great pleasure. A large congregation applauded her three or four times. Another round came when she condemned the divorcement of the golden rule from politics.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**The Boy and the Sparrow.**

"Father, say, have you ever heard How best to catch a tiny bird— A sparrow?"

"A handful of salt on his little tail Will catch and hold him fast as a nail— That sparrow."

Then Johnnie got salt—about a peck— And lay in wait, with outstretched neck For sparrows.

And as the first one hopped on a bough, He slipped out, crying, "I've got you now, You sparrow!"

But away the cunning bird flew, And Johnnie knew not what to do For a sparrow.

"Father, father, he will not stay! I throw the salt and he flew away— That sparrow!"

"Has he gone? Well, well! Then let him alone; He is twice as clever as you are, son— That sparrow!"

**Jealousy Among Monkeys.**

When a monkey gives way to jealousy it shows a degree of hatred for the animal that has innocently aroused its malice that makes it for the time a monster of cruelty. On a ship returning from one of her tours in tropical lands was a monkey which became a great friend of the stewardess.

One day she fed another monkey, a pretty, gentle creature. This trifling attention enraged the other monkey, which coaxed the little thing to its side and then, before the stewardess had time to realize that mischief was meant, took it by the neck and flung it overboard.

Of another monkey the same person tells that while preparing dinner for a grand party the cook was absent from the kitchen for a minute. No sooner had her back been turned than the monkey slipped a kitten of which it had always been jealous into the soup pot. The poor kitten's fate was only discovered at dinner time, when the guests sent back their soup untasted, because it was found to be full of short hairs. In both cases there is no doubt the monkey was cruel by malice aforethought.

**Wild Oats That Travel.**

About all our interest in wild oats in these days relates to the various ways that young men are supposed to sow them. But, in addition to their interest in a moral sense, they have at least one peculiar characteristic; that is, they travel at will, apparently. If you doubt this, get a head of wild oats and lay it on the table over night, first moistening the oats. Next morning you will discover that the head of oats has crawled off the table, and, likely enough, has made tracks for the outside door. This peculiar bit of traveling lies in the spikes that extend from the coverings of the grains. As the moisture soaks into the head of oats it swells, and the spikes change position in such a way as to set the head to tumbling over and over, sidewise. The larger and coarser varieties of wild oats have this power of locomotion developed to a remarkable degree, and even domestic oats will develop it if allowed by neglect to degenerate. Go down into the fence corners of the field and see if you cannot find a long and well-bearded head of "tame" oats that has been allowed to grow wild. Then take it home and try the experiment.—Chicago Record.

**Guess.**

What sort of a day would be good for running for a cup? A muggy day.

What have you to expect at an hotel? Inattention.

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

If a church be on fire, why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine cannot play upon it.

What is worse than "raining cats and dogs?" Hailing omnibuses.

What is even better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.

What word contains all the vowels in due order? Facetiously.

Why has a man more hair than a woman? Because he's naturally her suitor (hirsuter).

What tree is most suggestive of kissing? Yew.

When may a man be said to have four hands? When he doubles his fists.

Why are sailors bad horsemen? Because they ride on the main (mane).

What letter is the pleasantest to a deaf woman? A, because it makes her hear.

When does a pig become land property? When he is turned into a meadow.

Why are fowls the most profitable of livestock? Because for every grain they give a peck.

Why does a duck put his head under water? For divers reasons.

Why does he take it out again? For sundry reasons.

What vegetable products are the most important in history? Dates.

What is higher and handsomer when the head is off? Your pillow.

What is the keynote to good breeding? B natural.

**Four Little Grizzlies.**

Their mother was just an ordinary Silvertip, loving the quiet life that all bears prefer, minding her own business, and doing her duty by her family, asking no favors of any one except to let her alone. It was July before she took her remarkable family down the Little Piney to the Graybill, and showed them what strawberries were and where to find them. Notwithstanding their mother's deep conviction the cubs were not remarkably

big or bright, yet they were a remarkable family, for there were four of them, and it is not often a grizzly mother can boast of more than two.

The woolly coated little creatures were having a fine time, and revelled in the lovely mountain summer and the abundance of good things. Their mother turned over each log and flat stone they came to; the moment it was lifted they all rushed under its like a lot of little pigs, to lick up the ants and grubs there hidden. It never occurred to them that mammy's strength might fail some time, and let the great rock drop just as they went under it; nor would any one have thought so that might have chanced to see that huge arm and that huge shoulder sliding about under the great yellow robe she wore. No, no; that arm could never fail. The little ones were quite right. So they hustled and tumbled over one another at each fresh log in their haste to be first, and squealed little squeals and growled little growls, as if each was a pig, a pup and a kitten, all rolled into one.

They were well acquainted with the common brown ants that harbor under logs in the uplands, but now they came for the first time on one of the hills of the great, fat, luscious wood ant, and they all crowded around to lick up those that ran out. But they soon found that they were licking up more cactus prickles and sand than ants, till their mother said in Grizzly, "Let me show you how." She knocked off the top of the hill, then laid her great paw flat on it for a few moments, and, as the angry ants swarmed to it, she licked them up with one lick, and got a good, rich mouthful to crunch, without a grain of sand or cactus stinger in it. The cubs soon learned. Each put both his little brown paws so that there was a ring of paws all around the ant hill, and there they sat, like children playing "hands," and each licked first the right and then the left paw, or one cuffed his brother's ears for licking a paw that was not his own, all the ant hill was cleared out, and they were ready for a change.—Ernest Seton-Thompson, in Century.

**The Laplander at Home.**

Away to the far, far north, where the nights are long and cold, live some very happy and contented people. I am afraid that if you lived there you would find it hard to be as contented as the Laplander. His house is nothing but a tent, and not a very good one at that. To build it, he sets up some poles in a circle so that their tops will meet together at the centre. His floor is not more than six feet wide, or eighteen feet all the way around it. He covers the poles with coarse cloths in the summer, and in the winter he spreads on another covering of skins. The floor is carpeted with reindeer skins, and in the centre is a stone hearth where he builds his fire. The smoke goes out at an open place in the top of the tent; and there, too, the rain, wind and snow come in, I wonder if he gets cross when a flurry of snow almost puts out the fire, and sends the smoke into his eyes. All around the side of the tent hang bowls and kettles and other useful articles.

The Laplander's pantry is in a queer place. It is on a shelf away up between two tall trees. There he keeps milk, curds, cheese and dried reindeer meat. You wonder how he ever gets at these things? He has a tall tree pole, full of cross sticks, that he uses for a ladder. He is obliged to have his pantry in this airy place, or else the dogs and wolves would eat up his food. I suppose he would build a better house, with a pantry in it; if he ever stayed long in one place.

All a Laplander's wealth lies in his reindeer. If he has 1000 or more reindeer, he is thought to be a wealthy man; all the poor Lapps look up to him and respect him very much. If he has 500, he is respectable; but if he has no more than 50, he is a very poor Lapp indeed, and gladly serves his wealthy neighbor.

The reindeer live in the lichens that grow on the cold, gray rocks. The lichens are not very plentiful, so when the reindeer have eaten up all there are in one place, the Lapps have to move to another. They hardly ever stay more than two weeks in a place. As it takes the lichens a long time to grow, it may be years before the Lapps may come that way again.

The people have long skidders, or skates, made of fir wood, and covered with young reindeer skins. These skidders are as long as the Laplander himself. It would be hard to travel in winter without them. With them he can run as fast as the wild beasts. He has a long pole, with a knob near the end of it, so that it will not sink deep in the snow, and with this he stops himself when he wants to rest.

He has also a small sledge, or "pulka," which he hitches to the reindeer. The sledge is rounded on the bottom, and he has to be very careful or he will fall out.

The Lapps live in a beautiful country in the summer time. Then the sun hardly goes to bed at all. For days his round face is to be seen above the horizon, except for a few short hours when he dodges behind the mountain to take a short nap. Beautiful streams of clear, cold water flow down the mountains to the sea, and the land is clothed in green.

But when the short summer is over, then comes the long, cold winter. For days the sun hardly glances above the horizon. Now the Lapps move away from the seashore to the forest. The long, dark nights are lighted up to the gay northern lights, that flame and dance in the sky like fireworks. You could not get a Lapp to change his wild, cold country for any other in the world.

According to a German newspaper, there are at present in Europe 71 marriageable princesses, and only 47 marriageable princes.

**Something For Nothing.**

What will the inventive brain of man do next? J. C. Hubinger, "The Starch King," is now introducing by his new and original method, the Endless Chain Starch book, which enables you to get from your grocer one large 10c. package of "Hed Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Sha'peare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, embossed in gold, all for 5c. Ask your grocer.

**When a Man is a Success.**

If a man has brought up five daughters and paid their dentists' bills promptly, he has made a success in life, and is entitled to be known as a leading citizen.—Atchison Globe.

**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. 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 is made from pure grains, the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

**St. Petersburg and Moscow, Russia, are now directly connected by telephone.**

**What Shall We Have For Dessert?**

This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! No baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

In the twelfth century gloves with separate fingers were first seen.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**

Take LAXATIVE BROWN QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

More than 12,000 persons are regularly employed in London theatres.

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

The great Chicago fire occurred on October 8, 1871.

**Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP**

Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough  
Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes.

Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 20 for 5c.

**POTATOES \$1.20 a Bbl.**

Largest Seed POTATO Growers in America  
Price \$2.00. Numerous varieties. Seed this season and  
Clover and Farm Needs. Send this notice and  
15c. in stamps to  
J. H. BULL'S SEED & FERTILIZER CO.,  
JONES & SAFFER BROS. CO., LA FOLLETTE, WIS. U. S. A.

A valuable book for practical flower and vegetable growers. Free for the asking. Address J. H. BULL, 200 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

**Best Frenchman at His Own Feet.**

Basle, Switzerland, was visited last year by an adventurous Frenchman, whose ruling passion is the ascent of mountains shunned by most other tourists who value at least their soundness of limb. He tried strenuously to scale the Gopaltenhorn, for the sake of carving his name upon the peak; but all his efforts were in vain. This year he returned to the attack, and eventually, by taking many precautions, arrived at the summit. On his next appearance at the table he recounted his exploit to the company, and informed them that he planted on the spot a blue silk flag containing his name embroidered in large characters.

An Englishman, who had listened silently, rose from the table and marched out of the hotel. Two days afterwards a parcel was delivered to the adventurous Gant. He opened it, and found inside his blue silk flag, which his English neighbor at the table d'hote had won from the peak by his own pluck and daring.—Weekly Telegraph.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Dr. J. C. Kenney's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Peru produces practically all the raw cocaine that the world consumes.

**A Boston Institution.**

Among the unique institutions of this city is the Peabody Medical Institute, 4 Bullfinch street, established nine years before the death of the great philanthropist, the late Mr. George Peabody, from whom it takes its name. During the first thirty years it has achieved a wide and increasing reputation, and today it is the best of its kind in this country. The medical publications of this institute have millions of readers, and are as standard as gold. Their last pamphlet, ninety-four pages, entitled "Know Thyself," free by mail on receipt of six cents for postage. Send for it to-day.—Boston Journal.

London has over 70,000 professional beggars.

**Jell-O, the New Dessert.**

Pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10c.

Berlin, Germany, is to construct an underground railway costing \$25,000,000.

**The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever** is a bottle of GROVE'S TABLETS. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Mexico is one of the best customers of the United States in the sewing machine line.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted, cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. Free trial bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. J. C. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1872.

London enjoys a greater area of open spaces than any other capital in the world.

I could not get along without GROVE'S Cure for Consumptives. Italy's greatest. Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., October 22, 1894.

Germany has twenty-three boats of over 17,000 tons capacity.