

**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

About \$50,000,000 worth of rubber was exported from Brazil last year.

**Jell-O, the New Dessert**  
Pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10c.

Paris has the biggest quill toothpick mill.

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

The Bible is being translated into the Filipino dialect.

## Spring Annually Says Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

In the spring those Pimples, Boils, Eruptions and General Bad Feelings indicate that there are cobwebs in the system. It needs a thorough brushing, and the best brush is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which sweeps all humors before it. This great medicine eradicates Scrofula, sun-dries Salt Rheum, neutralizes the acidity which causes Rheumatism—in short, purifies the blood and thoroughly renovates the whole physical system.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been taken in our family as a blood purifier and spring medicine with satisfactory results." LENA RICHARDSON, 135 West William street, Bath, N. Y. Be sure to get Hood's.

## Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable regulate the Liver and Digestive organs. The safest and best medicine in the world for the

## CURE

of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS by so doing.

## DYSPEPSIA,

Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, as the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

**RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., N. Y.**

### The Moccasin in Winter.

The moccasin is the most rational and comfortable of all footwear. In moccasins the feet have full play; they can bend and grasp; there is nothing to chafe them or impede circulation. In moccasins one can move like an acrobat, crossing slender and slippery logs, climbing trees, or passing with ease and security along dizzy trails or the mountainside where a slip might mean sure destruction. The feet do not stick fast in mud. In the North when the mercury is far below zero and no civilized boot will protect the feet from freezing, the savage suffers no inconvenience. His moccasins, stuffed with dried grass, let the blood course freely. The perspiration may freeze on the feet in a solid lump of ice, but the feet remain warm and dry. The buckskin moccasin, Indian-tanned with deer's brains and wood smoke, always dries soft after a wetting.—Harper's Magazine.

### A MOTHER'S STORY.

Tells About Her Daughter's Illness and How She was Relieved—Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

"MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you about my daughter. She is nineteen years old and is flowing all the time, and has been for about three months. The doctor does her but very little good, if any. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I want your advice before beginning its use. I have become very much alarmed about her, as she is getting so weak."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga. May 21, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After beginning the use of your medicine she began to mend rapidly and is now able to be at her work. Her menses are regular and almost painless. I feel very thankful to you and expect to always keep you Vegetable Compound in my house. It is the best medicine I ever knew. You have my permission to publish this letter if you wish, it may be the means of doing others good."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga. September 18, 1899.

### A HELPING HAND.

If I should see  
A brother languishing in sore distress,  
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,  
When I might be  
A messenger of hope and happiness—  
How could I hope to have my grief relieved  
In my own heart of bitterness supplied?

If I might sing  
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,  
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,  
When I might bring  
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart,  
How could I hope to have my grief relieved  
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know  
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend  
A helping hand unto some wayward friend;  
But if I show  
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,  
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,  
And lay me down to rest in sweet content.  
—Edith V. Brandt.

## FRED'S FARM.

BY U. V.

He was the handsomest fellow I ever saw, so far as bright, black eyes, soft, curling hair, red cheeks and the shadow of a dark mustache go to make up the beauty.

No one appreciated this more fully than the shy little Theodora Brown.

But Fred was poor, and Theodora, though an orphan and penniless herself, had been adopted by a wealthy relative, a maiden aunt, Miss Charity Powers, who seemed determined to make her first name a misnomer; for it was universally conceded that whatever other good traits she might have, she certainly had not charity. So it came about that Miss Charity decided not to allow the two young people to walk together any more to and from singing school and evening meetings, or to look over the same tune book in the village choir. But finding that, like all other natural attractions, they would gravitate toward each other, and they were evidently unhappy at being kept apart, while they must see each other so frequently, she began to cast about for some means to separate them entirely.

First she thought she would send Theodora away to a boarding school; but as there was a good academy in the village, this seemed rather too much like airs; besides, she did not like to do without her favorite; so after much consideration another plan suggested and perfected itself in her mind.

She had, away down in New Jersey, a small farm which she had never seen left her by some aged relative who had starved there in comfortable indigence for 18 or 19 years. The old lady made up her mind that she would offer Fred a fair chance to make a fortune without fail, if he could. So she told him of the farm, brought out the papers, called in a lawyer, and had a deed duly written, signed, witnessed and recorded.

This deed she put into Fred's hands, saying:

"There! don't say I never gave you anything; take that and study it."

He did as he was bid; took the deed and read it over carefully. By it he learned that he had, all at once, come into possession of 90 acres of land, and a stone house, with outbuildings, situated in the town of Newton, county of Sussex, State of New Jersey, and that one special point and provision was, that he should go there and stay for three years. Otherwise, the property reverted to its previous owner, for her heirs, assigns, etc.

"What!" said Fred, looking puzzled, and then, speaking quick and angrily: "You want to be rid of me?"

The old lady chuckled. "You will never do for a minister—you jump at conclusions."

"But I won't go; I don't accept your gift."

"Very well. Then I'll send Theo away tomorrow, and you may stay here and starve."

"I shall not starve; I will work hard and patiently; and I will not see Theo without your consent."

"You will neglect your work; you'll follow Theo's striped shawl up the street at a safe and melancholy distance; you'll waste your time watching for her to pass, and, finally, you'll starve to death, and be found a cold corpse on the very morning that the bells are ringing gayly for Theo's wedding with Squire Upham."

Theo will never marry Squire Upham; she hates him."

"On the contrary, she admires him."

"Does she say so?"

"Yes, to me."

"All right then. I'll never stand in her way. Heaven knows I only want to see her happy. Oh, Theo! Theo!" The young man spoke low, and Miss Charity could see the tears in his dark eyes. "Give me the papers!" he said, desperately. "I'll go to Jersey—I know it's a cowardly thing to do, but I have neither the strength nor the courage to go out in the world, friendless and penniless, and fight for myself. And I shall be dead to you all then; you'll never hear from me again. Good-by; tell Theo good-by and tell her that I love her too well to interfere with her happiness. There is a picture up in my little den that I painted for her. May I give her that?"

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Charity, and it was not hard to imagine a shadow of relenting in her gray eyes. "If you bring the picture tomorrow you'll find Theo at home. I sent her away today on account of wantin' to see you on business. Now that's settled, I suppose you'll only be here once more, anyhow, jest to say good-by. Remember, I trust you to do what is right in this thing. You cannot sell the farm; you are not to run away with Theo. You may write to her as much as you please, and she to you as often as she likes, for I am no spy; but you are to stay away from her for

three years, or until you are worth \$5000. Is that the way you understand the bargain?"

"Exactly, madam," returned Fred, a little dignified, because not a little angry with the cruel fate that made him poor and an artist, while the triumphant image of Squire Upham arose in his mind, rich and a boor.

The picture was brought the next day and the farewells were spoken. Theo was very quiet and Fred very formal, at first, until he said:

"I shall be away three years at least, perhaps forever. When I return, if I ever do, no doubt I shall find you married."

Then her lips curled a little scornfully, as she said:

"That is very improbable. People—gentlemen, I mean—are not in the habit of talking to me about marriage; in fact, they talk to me about everything else."

"But Theo, darling!" Fred did not look to see if Miss Charity was in sight; he only knew that the girl he loved was standing there, with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, and he must speak or die. "You know I am only happy in your presence, that to call you my wife is the one wild dream of my heart. If I dared, I would ask you to wait for me. I would promise to move Heaven and earth to win the means of providing a home fit for you to dwell in."

"Those who dare not, win not," said a sharp voice near them.

"But, Miss Charity," Fred turned his bright, eager eyes to her face, still holding Theo's hand in both his own, "if I work steadily and patiently for three years, then will you give your consent to our marriage?"

"Not unless you have \$5000," was the grim and determined reply.

Fred's countenance fell. He had no faith in his own ability—he could never earn \$5000. But Theo smiled hopefully.

"We can wait," she said.

"We, darling! my angel!" murmured the happy fellow. "Can it be that you will wait for me?"

"Yes, if you work real hard," and she smiled again, more from pity for his handsome helplessness than from any faith in that possible fortune and the attendant bliss.

But for him there was courage and abundant self-respect in her words, and he went away full of a great determination to conquer Fate.

If people would only be romantic in real life Fred would have painted a great picture and so won fame and fortune at a breath, but he didn't. He went down to his Jersey farm, found a stolid old Dutchman and his quiet wife to live in the comfortable stone farmhouse and prepare his food, then he fixed up one room for his own resting place, put his desk there and his easel, nailed one of Theo's slippers to the wall for a watch case and went resolutely to work as a farmer. It was not yet time for plowing, so they concluded to sink a well, as the old spring was nearly choked up and the brook was not handy to reach.

Fred blustered his hands the first day and went to bed with them wrapped in mutton tallow, poor boy. The next day he could not hold a shovel, but while moodily watching the Dutchman, that worthy and usually most impressive functionary threw down his pick, and, raising both hands, as if in devout adoration of his patron saint, he exclaimed:

"Mien Gott! mien Gott! we haf find Franklinit!"

Fred did not know if Franklinit was a buried township or the grave of a philosopher which had been disturbed by the implements of well-digging. But he learned upon investigation, that it was a kind of metal, formed by a combination of zinc and iron, Franklinit being a local name for it.

Here was his \$5000 and quadrupled a hundred and thrust into his hands by the very fate he had been bemoaning. He could see Theo's face in every shining particle. Theo as Mrs. Fred, a happy wife and mother, a gracious matron. And there, in that dull gray ore, lay leisure hours for reading or painting, blessings from poor people, help for struggling artists, peace and home.

And Theo, with her face on his shoulder, said reverently, as Miss Charity gave them her blessing:

"Truly, the power that guides us and cares for us is wiser and kinder than we know."

### Various Methods.

Sometimes the tired editor becomes sardonically humorous when answering the questions of an investigating correspondent. "What should a lady do when she wants to sneeze in church?" was the query recently addressed by a feminine reader to the editor of a local paper. He answered it thus: "It depends upon why the lady wants to sneeze in church. If she is young and pretty and desires to attract the attention of some eligible young man, the sneeze should be gentle and distinctive; almost anything would produce the irritation of the facial organ necessary to effect the purpose. But if the lady is old, occupies her own pew, and wishes to show off her new bonnet, then a violent sneeze—or a succession of sneezes—is necessary, and we should advise upsetting an ounce of cayenne pepper in the pew."—Waverley Magazine.

### Ten Minutes of Daylight.

The wife of a missionary in Washington, who has recently made an extended journey in Seattle, writes that in Skagway on Christmas day there were only ten minutes of daylight, and that during the month of July there is no night there. Life can be made as comfortable there, however, she says, as anywhere. The trip along the Indian river she described as delightful, and said it reminded her of tropical scenery. The missions at Wrangel, Sitka and Juneau she found in flourishing condition

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Here is the sailor hat As She Is Worn this spring. It is of burnt straw and of a



A GROUP OF SPRING HATS.

coarse weave. A medium crown and a medium brim distinguish this particular sailor. The crown has a broad band in dark-green velvet, girdled in its turn with a thick twist of white chiffon. The green velvet scarcely shows through the chiffon, but it appears above the twist to the extent, perhaps, of an eighth of an inch. At the left side rises an aigrette in shaded green leaves. More leaves nestle under the brim against the hair. This tendency to trim a hat's underside was never more pronounced than it is this year. A second hat emphasizes this. The hat is one of the all-blue

are things of the past, that she is prone to everything ornamental, buttons along with the rest. On jackets and wraps generally they are employed to real purpose. When they button straight down they are playing their legitimate role. In many instances, however, they but serve on a useful little strap to catch some jaunty jacket together. In other cases they are purely ornamental. A pair of them, in one instance, are placed at the darts of one stylish affair, while on another they hover down at the ends of the fancifully-shaped Eton. Small steel buttons, with stitched tabs, form an entire border round one of the largest imported Etons. See what an important part they play on the tailor affair for the Bazar, shown in the large engraving! The stitched lawn cloth dress has them as its star decoration. They are useful, too, really buttoning into the scallops which their ornament.

Here, from Bon Ton, is a chick fowlard, with lace appliques, and it is girdled with black satin Liberty, said girde boasting six Dresden buttons, which pose as earnest workers. To tell their shamming, a few strong, dependable hooks and eyes in reality hold milady securely in their clasp.

### A Stylish Cloth Suit For a Girl.

This stylish cloth suit for a girl in her teens presents several novel effects, combined with becoming and youthful simplicity. It is here made of light-blue cloth, trimmed with bands stitched with white silk. The chemise is of white flannel and the triple collar extends across the shoulders in the back in a cape-like effect. The four buttons are of white bone. The



ILLUSTRATING THE MANIFOLD USES OF THE BUTTON.

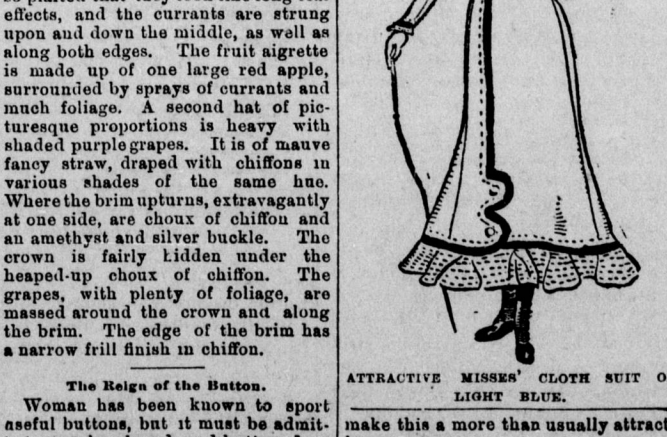
affairs that are so much worn. Such headgear in one color is worn with any colored costume. That in the cut is of a very coarsely woven bright blue straw, and its entire trimming is concentrated against the brim at its upturned side. The trimming consists of a chon in pale-blue tulle and a knot in very dark-blue panne. The bell crown has a twist of the panne stitched, while at one side rise tall loops of the same material.

An example of the way fruit is harvested by hats for trimming this season is also shown in the cut. Here is a toque in fancy black straw—at least straw is the material of the high peaked crown. The brim consists of frills of black lisse, strung with scarlet currants. The lisse frills are so placed that they look like long leaf effects, and the currants are strung upon and down the middle, as well as along both edges. The fruit aigrette is made up of one large red apple, surrounded by sprays of currants and much foliage. A second hat of picturesque proportions is heavy with shaded purple grapes. It is of mauve fancy straw, draped with chiffons in various shades of the same hue. Where the brim upturns, extravagantly at one side, are choux of chiffon and an amethyst and silver buckle. The crown is fairly hidden under the heaped-up choux of chiffon. The grapes, with plenty of foliage, are massed around the crown and along the brim. The edge of the brim has a narrow frill finish in chiffon.

### The Reign of the Button.

Woman has been known to sport useful buttons, but it must be admitted, once her bread and butter days

originality of the design and the striking treatment of the stitched bands



ATTRACTIVE MISSES' CLOTH SUIT OF LIGHT BLUE.

make this a more than usually attractive gown.

**FOR THE HOUSEWIVES.**  
Simple Refreshments the Best Form.  
The day of heavy refreshments has passed away, perhaps never to return. Cultured people live more simply and more daintily. Afternoons "at home" are social gatherings, not feasts; consequently, they may be given by those whose incomes do not justify them in entertaining in a more expensive way. Then, too, they are elastic. A dinner party, as a rule, can only be given to a chosen few, but an afternoon affair is sufficiently elastic to include all of one's friends and calling acquaintances.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### To Fricassee a Chicken.

Following are directions for fricassee chicken which will be found much better than the old way of cooking this dish: Cut the fowl in small joints, then place them with giblets in a pipkin that can be closely covered. To one good-sized chicken add a medium-sized onion, cut in small pieces; then put in two cloves, season well with salt and pepper, and pour in a pint or more of cream or rich milk, and when it bubbles thicken it with flour dissolved in cold milk. Just let this gravy boil one minute, then pour it over the chicken and serve.

### Some Appetizing Fruit Soups.

Fruit soups are appetizing and healthful, and offer a pleasing variety from those common to the American bill of fare. One tablespoonful of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of raw rice, three whole cloves and one cupful of dried apricots thoroughly soaked. To these add three pints of water. The mixture is cooked about an hour, then rubbed through a sieve, and afterward half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar added. The seasoning would depend upon the fruit. Apples, being much more acid, naturally would require considerably more sugar than the amount used for apricots.

### To Make Good Coffee.

The latest word of those who know is that, to be perfect, coffee must never, while it is making, come in contact with any metal. For the breakfast table, at least, it should be made in glass. First, buy from a depot of medical supplies a flask of annealed glass which looks like an ordinary water bottle. The price, 30 cents, is no great outlay considering the bottle will stand boiling water without breaking. Then five cents for a glass funnel to fit into the bottle neck and ten cents for a dozen round bits of clean, coarse muslin. Coffee itself is the next thing. It is real Java, bought green of a dealer who has regard for his work, at 50 to 60 cents the pound. It is roasted to a nicety at home, half a pound at a time, and ground just as it is wanted. It may go into a chased silver-lidded low without the least harm. The water may likewise boil in a silver kettle, over a brass-mounted spirit lamp—or even on the plebeian gas stove—before it comes in sight. The one essential thing is to have it in plenty and freshly boiling. First pour a cup of the boiling water into the flask and turn it deftly about, heating the flask all the way up. Then pour it out, whip the funnel into the flask mouth, line the funnel with one of the muslin rounds and put into it three heaping teaspoonfuls of the coffee. Then slowly, steadily, gracefully pour on the water, which has been kept bubbling over the spirit lamp. As it begins to drip through stir the wet coffee lightly with a teaspoon. More water goes in as the first pouring filters through. Three spoonfuls of dry coffee ought to yield three cups of coffee essence. It is really coffee essence which comes out of the flask. It is almost black, perfectly clear, full of coffee flavor and aroma. Only the most confirmed coffee toper can drink it neat. Other folk require the cup to be half filled with boiling water. Those who like whipped cream in it make the water a third. Thus a single filtering will serve a considerable tea party. The muslin and the spent grounds are thrown away after each filtering.—Chicago Record.

### Household Hints.

To give an appetizing flavor to broiled steak rub a cut onion over the hot platter.

Absorbent cotton, if quickly applied when milk of cream is spilled on cloth, will prevent a stain.

To polish a tortoise-shell comb apply a few drops of olive oil and rub long and thoroughly with a soft woolen cloth.

A cranberry jelly served recently was moulded with circular slices of banana, the combination proving delicious.

A Cuban dish, said to be remarkably good, is an omelet that has besides olives, blanched almonds and seeded raisins.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain-pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipes.

A tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of water is the best medium for cleaning windows, lamp chimneys or any kind of glassware.

Canton flannel makes a good bath blanket for baby. It should be made large enough to completely envelop the child while it is being wiped dry.

A little powdered borax added to cold starch tends to give the linen extra stiffness and a little turpentine put into the boiled starch adds lustre.

The difference between white pepper and black is that black pepper is ground with the outer coat of the berry still on, and white pepper has it removed before grinding.

For stains on the hands there is nothing better than a little salt with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots and washed off with clean water.