

**What Do the Children Drink?**  
Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

The pessimist never believes the good things he hears about himself.

**Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?**  
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Smarting and Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Lots of women who couldn't sew a button can patch up a quarrel.

**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.

The population of London increases at the rate of about 60,000 a year.

# A BLOOD TROUBLE

Is that tired feeling—blood lacks vitality and richness, and hence you feel like a laggard all day and can't get rested at night. Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you because it will restore to the blood the qualities it needs to nourish, strengthen and sustain the muscles, nerves and organs of the body. It gives sweet, refreshing sleep and imparts new life and vigor to every function.

**Tired Feeling**—I had that tired feeling and headaches. Was more tired in the morning than when I went to bed, and my back pained me. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have cured me and made me feel ten years younger. B. SCHREIBER, 274 Bushwick Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Origin of Visiting Cards.

"The use of visiting cards dates back to quite an antiquity," explains Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Formerly the porter at the lodge or door of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which he scrawled his idea of the names of those who called upon the master and his family, and to whose inspection it was submitted from time to time. One fine gentleman, a scion of the nobility from the Faubourg St. German, was shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had called upon him. The names, badly written with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink, suggested to him the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his neighbors lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of their porters. This custom soon became generally established."

# THE HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN

Two of Them Helped by Mrs. Pinkham—Read their Letters.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am sixteen years old and am troubled with my monthly sickness. It is very irregular, occurring only once in two or three months, and also very painful. I also suffer with cramps and once in a while pain strikes me in the heart and I have drowsy headaches. If there is anything you can do for me, I will gladly follow your advice."  
—MISS MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 31, 1898.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my thanks to you for the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered constantly from terrible sickness, had chills, was nervous and dizzy. I had tried different kinds of medicine but they all failed entirely. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier I am all right. I cannot thank you enough for what your remedies have done for me."  
—MISS MATILDA JENSEN, Box 18, Ogdenburg, Wis., June 10, 1890.

# CASH FOR OLD METALS

Send your old metal. You will receive honest treatment and check immediately.

**WILLIAM KALLINS,**  
863 Tenth Avenue, New York City.

If you have got the PILES, you have not got DANIEL'S. DANIEL'S IS THE CURE, or you would not have them now. The only Guaranteed Cure. No detention from business, no operation, no ointment or morbid. 12 Suppositories 50c. or 24 and box of ointment \$1.00, postpaid by mail. Send for book of valuable information on Piles. FREE, whether you use our remedy or not.

**THE DANIEL'S SURE PILE CURE CO.,**  
284 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

**FREY'S VERMIFUGE**  
Cures children of WORMS. Removes them effectually and without pain or annoyance. 50 years' unbroken record of success. It is the remedy for all worm troubles. Entirely vegetable. 25c. at druggists, country stores or by mail. F. & R. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY;** gives relief. Boos of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. HARRIS'S BROS., Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

**HOW TO HELP.**  
To have willing feet,  
A smile that is sweet,  
A kind, pleasant word,  
For all that you meet—  
That's what it is to be helpful.

In a mild, gentle way,  
To help through the day,  
To make some one happy  
In work or in play—  
That's what it is to be helpful.  
—Humane News.

# THE BELLS of HULL.

Old Peter Harvey was a strange man. After living 50 years a bachelor he was astonished the little world in which he lived by marrying a little old maid as strange as himself, and all the little world laughed.

But he was a good husband and a kind father to his only child, Annie. After 12 years of married life he and his wife, Elizabeth, were called away almost in an hour, leaving little Annie to sob out the first great grief of her life.

After the funeral, when Peter Harvey and his wife had been laid side by side in the old graveyard, and the stern covenant minister had said his few solemn words of regret for the dead and comfort for the living, little Annie Harvey went to live with her uncle, Andrew Mallory, until she should become of age.

At 12 years old Annie Harvey was like a roe-bud. One fears to see the bud expand into the magnificent flower, lest the delicate tints of the exquisite proportions may be lost.

Such were the feelings of good Mrs. Mallory when she said to her husband:

"I wish the lassie would just stay the pretty bairn she is now."  
"Tut, tut, mither; I mind when ye were a wee bairn yourself; and who says ye're not a comely body now?" said the sturdy old Scotchman.

That Annie Harvey should have other views than her aunt concerning herself is not strange. She was impatient for the time to come when she could assume the long dresses and the accompanying airs of riper years, and already she had faint dreams of the delights of beans, parties, dancing and that crowning delight, flirting.

From 12 to 17! How slow the years move! It seems an age in youth, and but a moment in age.

Little Annie Harvey had become Miss Harvey. She was exceedingly pretty, and she knew it. She also knew that she was heiress to the lands and money of her prudent though old father, and she had been told that the money had been doubled and quadrupled in the careful hands of Uncle Mallory.

But another thing she had not been told, that would have been pleasanter in her ears than all this. She certainly had lovers; but they were such milk-and-water fellows that she could not for the life of her help thinking of them as she did her uncle's oxen, great, harmless, good-natured animals—good enough, but so dull.

Among the friends of Peter Harvey was Robert Wallace, an honest, hard-working man, but singularly unfortunate. If a cow became choked eating turnips, it was his cow; if a boy went to sleep in meeting and was marched out in disgrace, or warned from the pulpit, it was sure to be his boy. When the minister's bees swarmed on Sunday and refused to go into the nice new hive, out of a hundred heads present they selected his head and fought sharply for a resting place there.

His wife nailed a horseshoe over the door and he drove his oxen and horses with a witch hazel rod, but still the troubles came. Finally old Kizzie Brock threw salt in his well, and from that day forward his troubles ceased.

Within an hour after old Kizzie had settled the witches in the well, Peter Harvey came riding down the lane, singing his favorite song, "Comin' Through the Rye," a sign that he was in an excellent good humor. After stopping to have a chat and taking a drink from the well, he proposed to Robert Wallace to sell the few animals and other things he could not take with him and emigrate to Illinois; and, drawing out his well-filled pocket book, he counted him \$100 for the journey.

Great was the joy of the Wallaces at this unexpected act of friendship.

"But," said Peter Harvey, when he had written out a note for the money, made payable when convenient, "you must give me security, and I'll just take a mortgage on this colt." And he clapped his hand on the head of one of the half-dozen lads who called Robert Wallace father.

With true Scotch humor the mortgage was executed and recorded and Robert Wallace, with his household, started for distant Illinois.

Like all emigrants to a new country, he had his troubles, but in the end prospered. He owned broad acres, and cattle and horses in abundance, and after eight years on the prairies, he said to his wife:

"When the crops are secured we will go back to old Ryegate and take a look once more at the green hills of Vermont."

"And mind you cancel that mortgage and make me a free man," said John Wallace, now a young lawyer in Peoria.

"I'm thinking the lad intends to marry and wants to make a clean record," said his mother, laughing.

But Robert Wallace and his wife never saw their Scotch friends in old Ryegate, nor the green hills of Vermont. Before the crops were gathered man and wife were cut down by the harvest Death, and their neighbors laid them side by side under the trees their own hands had planted.

John Wallace, the son, with whom this story has to do, with that restlessness common to western life, had gone still further west, and finally located in Denver, and there he prospered slowly, as young lawyers in new places generally do.

Annie Harvey was ailing. "A breath of sea air might do her good," said old Dr. Goodwillie; and to the seashore she went.

The little steamer *Rose Standish* carried its load of passengers safely through all the windings of that crooked channel which leads to the dock of ancient Hingham.

Mrs. Helen Sackie and her invalid charge, Annie Harvey, were glad to accept the offered aid of a gentleman fellow-passenger, who placed them in a carriage, which conveyed them over to the beach at Nantasket.

The sea wrought wonders in Annie Harvey. Before three days she was flirting outrageously with young Perkins of Boston, whose mother had learned from Mrs. Sackie by sharp cross-questions the undoubted respectability (in est, dollars and cents) of her charge.

Miss Harvey had also condescended to smile graciously upon her fellow-passenger on the *Rose Standish*, Mr. Wallace of Denver. But when that gentleman invited her to ride she was engaged for the same pleasure with young Perkins and his mother. Let him make what advances he would, Perkins was continually in the way; yet Perkins was, to use the plain but expressive language of John Wallace, "an infernal fool," still, none the less troublesome for that.

But John Wallace was in love for the first time in his life, and he was not a man to let trifles or simpletons stand long in his way if he could help it. So he persevered in his wooing, and at last thought he might venture to propose to that most fickle lady, Annie Harvey.

Moreover, his business demanded his speedy return, for he was yet too poor to afford any long vacation. He found Miss Harvey on the veranda busy with crochet or some other feminine employment. He invited her to ride; but Mrs. Perkins reminded her of a prior engagement. Mr. Wallace expressed his regret, for it was his last day at the beach. That information seemed to startle Miss Harvey, for she at once laid aside her work, and, saying she would be happy to ride with Mr. Wallace, went to her room to dress.

Ancient Hull has, or had, 19 lawful voters. Rotation in office would permit each voter to represent his distinguished constituents in the general court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at least once in his lifetime.

The wise politicians of Hull weighed carefully the probabilities and possibilities of politics; and so skilled did they become that Boston, the concentrated centre of all wisdom, looked anxiously for the returns from the elections of Hull, saying, resignedly, "as Hull goes, so goes the state."

John Wallace and Annie Harvey rode over the long stretch of firm, sandy beach from Nantasket to Hull. They talked of the sea of old wrecks, of Minot's lighthouse and the white waves forever dashing against its sides; and John Wallace described his house in far-away Denver, the little city surrounded by its giant peaks, which, in the clear mountain air, seemed so near, yet they were many miles away. The lady was silent, thoughtful, reserved, almost demure. So is a certain domestic animal when approaching cream.

John Wallace told his story as all others have told it, and it fell on willing ears. "But," said he, "tomorrow at this time I must be on my way to Vermont to pay a debt of my father. I am mortgaged and have been since my childhood. When that is canceled I can with honesty offer you my hand and heart."

A little laugh followed. Ringing out sweet and clear across the beach came the bells of Hull, telling the little world around it was 12 o'clock.

"They sound like wedding bells," said Miss Harvey, quietly.

"They do, indeed," was the reply.

The old preacher was sitting in his door, his coat off, thinking dreamily of his unwritten sermon. A vehicle drove past, but he was still in the clouds.

"Will you please step over to the church, sir?" startled the preacher from his reverie, and he hustled on his coat and hat, wondering what the gentleman could want at the little old church.

When he entered the church, he found the sexton talking with a gentleman and lady.

"We want you to perform the marriage ceremony," said the gentleman to the astonished preacher; and he handed him a card with the names of John Wallace and Annie Harvey written on it.

The old preacher laid aside his hat, and, brushing down his white locks, walked to the desk, followed by the others. The school children, seeing strangers in the church with the minister and sexton, gathered round the door, and whispered to each other their curiosity at this unusual sight.

In a few solemn words the old minister pronounced John Wallace and Annie Harvey man and wife, then gave them his blessing and kissed the bride. John Wallace kissed her also, and as he did so was told in a whisper:

"That cancels the mortgage."

The old sexton, forgetting that he had rung his middy peal, set the bells again in motion, and the wives of Hull looked out in wonder.

"This time they are wedding bells, indeed," said John Wallace, as he helped his wife into the carriage.

"Yes—our own wedding bells," was the happy answer.



# THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City (Special).—It is remarked that the children's clothing is decidedly dressy. Frocks in their waist ornamentation are very ornate.



FROCK FOR A CHILD.

Little girls' dresses are not generally cut with skirts in shape. This is done only when the skirt is entirely pleated in narrow, lingerie pleats, which are stitched down about one-third of the skirt, and then allowed to fall loose, giving the necessary fullness to the lower part.

Dresses are shorter than they were last season. There has been some attempt made to introduce trimmings at the extreme edge of the skirt, but

round the court train is effective. Chiffon frills also trim the corsage at throat and the sleeves at wrist. Across the draped front of the corsage runs a garland of orange blossoms.

The quaint touch imparted by the fichu seems to be in high favor for bride-maid gowns. Here, for instance, is such a frock in white Liberty satin, with yoke in white silk guipure and a fichu in white chiffon frilled all round. At the waist is a broad sash with long frilled ends in lily green chiffon.

Another model for a bride-maid's gown has its fichu in white chiffon also, but edged with lace. Soft white satin is the material of this frock, the skirt of which has a deep shaped flounce edged with chiffon frills and headed by several bands of white lace insertions.

The no-collar vogue appears in a third bride-maid frock model. This also displays the bolero, without which so few costumes of whatever sort are seen nowadays. The bolero is cream-colored guipure embroidered in dead gold; the under-blouse, which, finished with the finest of frills at the throat, does away with the necessity of a collar, is in kilited lily green crepe de chine.

A Pretty Wash Frock.  
A pretty little wash frock for a little girl is striped watermelon pink and white, each stripe having a little figure upon it. Stripes lend themselves prettily to trimmings. This has a pleated ruffle around the skirt, pleated so that the red stripe comes together solidly at intervals. The waist is pleated back and front so that the red is again together, and the same effect is given in the short puffed sleeves. There is a lace insertion let in at all the seams of the skirt of this little frock, at the head of the pleated ruffle, and it outlines the pleats in the front and back of the waist. This is made to wear with a guimpe.

Suits For Little Girls.  
Many little girls' suits are made with Eton jackets and skirts like those of their elders. They are made



FOR BRIDES AND BRIDEAIDS.

it has not been generally adopted. The deep hem or frill, with the trimming in the skirt above it still obtains. Designers have at last succeeded in producing a pattern for a circular-cut skirt in frock or coat that does not sag in the seams or hang unevenly. This model is universally shown.

In cotton frocks seams are connected with insertion by lines of veining. These stripes of insertion extend in some models to the extreme edge of the hem. In others they terminate where the additional circular is attached. The Eton or bolero effect is noted quite as often for children as for "grown-ups," not only in woolen frocks, but in cotton ones also.

**Elbow sleeves** have brought a revival of the becoming long mousquetaire gloves.

Made of Flowered Organdie.  
The big sister's summer wardrobe will contain a sunbonnet, which she will wear while participating in the most ancient and royal game of golf. It is a dainty affair, made of flowered organdie, beruffled and beribboned, and the belle will indeed present a charming picture when she sallies forth in one of these elegant and

chiefly in the heavy wash materials, the lincens, ducks and piques, and have plain little straight waists of heavy white wash materials.

**A Revival in Gloves.**  
Elbow sleeves have brought a revival of the becoming long mousquetaire gloves.

Made of Flowered Organdie.  
The big sister's summer wardrobe will contain a sunbonnet, which she will wear while participating in the most ancient and royal game of golf. It is a dainty affair, made of flowered organdie, beruffled and beribboned, and the belle will indeed present a charming picture when she sallies forth in one of these elegant and



THE SUMMER GIRL'S SUNBONNET.

elaborate editions of the homely gingham and calico prototype of olden times.

**SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.**  
"Gnat fever" is the new scientific name for malaria, since it has been shown that it is through mosquitoes that the disease is conveyed to human beings.

Mountain streams are not always safe sources of water supply. Some time ago an epidemic of typhoid in a city of southern Pennsylvania led to an investigation, which showed that the water of the mountain which supplied the town was polluted by a ranch stream, which received the sewage of a town of 1200 inhabitants.

The fact that nettle fibre has of late been found to produce the finest tissues obtainable from any vegetable source, has led to a project in Germany to introduce the cultivation of nettles in the Kamerun region of Africa. If the experiment is successful, the enterprise will be undertaken on a large scale in connection with the weaving industries.

Unvulcanized India rubber is by no means waterproof. Rolled plates of rubber were found to be capable of taking up in two hours from 8 to 35 per cent. of water at 60 degrees centigrade, the absorption increasing with the degree of compression, and a piece of best Para rubber kept under the water at 50 degrees was nothing but a mass of slime in two months.

Gas liquor has been turned to a very useful account at Czuzioz, in France. Beet root would not grow in the fields because they had become infected with a beet root parasite, but with one application of the gas liquor 15 tons of beet root per acre, with 14 per cent. of sugar, four splendid crops of cereals were obtained, and in another set of trials using gas liquor only, four successful crops of more than 24 tons to the acre and a fifth of over 16 tons were secured.

Professor Francis Gotch describes the electric fish of the Nile, of which the Egyptians made pictures thousands of years ago, and which still inhabits the waters of that river, as being provided with an electrical organ that encloses the whole body. It is situated in the skin, and when viewed with a microscope, is seen to be composed of about 2,000,000 beautifully formed little disks, superposed upon connected rows of minute compartments in which are the terminals of nerves. The shock is produced by an intense current which traverses the entire organ from the head to the tail of the fish, returning through the surroundings. It stuns small fish in the neighborhood. Professor Gotch likens its action to that of a self-loading and self-discharging gun. The electro-motive force of the organ in a fish only eight inches long, he asserts, attain the surprising maximum of 200 volts. A single giant nerve-cell at the head of the spinal column is the source of the impulses which discharge the organ.

**CHEMISTRY IN MODERN LIFE.**  
The Bulky, Nauseous Draughts of Olden Time Replaced.  
The disinfection of the sick room and the antiseptic methods which go far toward the creation of modern surgery all depend upon chemical products whose long list increase year by year. Crude drugs are now replaced by active principles discovered in the laboratory—morphine, quinine and the like—and instead of the bulky, nauseous draughts of olden time, the invalid is given tasteless capsules of gelatin or compressed tablets of uniform strength and more accurately graded power. A great part of physiology consists of the study of chemical processes, the transformation of compounds within the living organism, and practically all this advance is the creation of the nineteenth century. Modern bacteriology, at least in its practical applications, began with a chemical discussion between Liebig and Pasteur as to the nature of fermentation; step by step the field of exploration has enlarged; as the result of the investigations we have preventive medicine, more perfect sanitation and antiseptic surgery. The ptomaines which will cause disease and the antitoxins which prevent it are alike chemical in their nature, and were discovered by chemical methods. Physiology without chemistry could not exist; even the phenomena of respiration were meaningless before the discovery of oxygen. The human body is a chemical laboratory, and without the aid of the chemist its mysteries can not be unraveled.—Prof. F. W. Clarke, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

**Polo and War.**  
The cheerful and undaunted spirit that can play polo at such trying times is doubtless admirable, but all the same after the war is over, or possibly before, the British may ask themselves whether this universally cultivated love of outdoor amusement so excellent in itself, has not been largely responsible for the inferior professional training unquestionably hampering the British military leaders. Has there not been too much polo, or other things of its kind? Has not civilian play taken time that should have been given to military work? And has not play filled the minds of its votaries in the British army with thoughts of cups and matches and how to win them, instead of with the serious problems which soldiers must expect to meet and be trained to solve? We incline to think it has.

We are satisfied that the British army would today be a vastly more efficient fighting machine than it is—officers there had been less polo and more "hay-foot, straw-foot."