Rend the Pittsburg Bispatch It not en a contains at the new, but more solal celestapais and exclusive features open in its so unas than in an other newsper in the section of the country, heery of reads it, every body advertises in it; so

Steam first applied to sewing machines in

Car BROWN'S BRONCHEAL TROCHES for loughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles.— Procumently best," Bee. Honry Ward Beecher

FOOD MADE ME SICK

faint feelings at the stoma; h, and when I would eat, the first tasts would value me deathly sick. Of course I san down espidly, and lost 25 lbs. My wife and family wers much alarmed and Lexparted my stay on earth would be short. But a friendadvised me to take Hood's Sa saparilla and beck, Late heartily with-

out distress, gained two pounds a week. I took eight bottles of Hood's lar separation and never felt better in my life.

Hood's Cures To tay Law cured and I give to Hood's Sarsapacilla the whole praise of it." C. C. Augu. geneer, Camistee, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausen, sick Headache, PNUS

DRKILMER'S



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure. Rhemmatism.

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, is thation, inflamation, gravel, diceration or cataerh of bladder.

Disordered Liver. Impaired digestion, gout, hillous-heatache, sw A MP-ROOT cures hillous-heatache, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood.

Scrolule, maiaria, gen'l weakness or debility. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is



getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion taken immediately arrests

waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. Almost as palatable as milk. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. V. All despeists.

"August Flower"

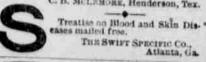
a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

WIFT'S SPECIFIC . . For renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Bleod, whether of scrotulous or calarial origin, this preparation has no equal

TAR S.S.S. MATE eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best focul physicians, ned no relief; the sore gradually grew finally took S. S. S. and was entirely

using a few bottles." C. B. McLEMORE, Henderson, Tex.







WINTER WCODS.

In winter woods I roam, 'neath tracery of trees Swayed by the breeze Of biting winds, and dead and dull The listies leaves half rouse, half jull. The phantoms that my fancy sees In winter woods.

The button balls Stand out in faithful silbouettes

That nature sets Against the blue to prophesy Of days to follow by and by-Ab me, in spring one quite regrets The button balls.

The tulip cups, With prave intent, dely the din Of storms to win

The guerdon of a summer day In some far-off, slow-coming May-My heart, there's many a lescon in The tulip cups

Now here, now there, The birebes rear their wan white arms 'Mid woody calms Of wasting winter's solitude,

And weave some spell, some ghostly mood, And steep the mind in special charms Now here, now thera

'Mid vanished bloom the mimic stream puris softly os While day is nigh, Then closer held in ley thrall

It rests awhile beneath the pail Of night, and sleeps with scarce a sigh 'Mid vanishe! bloom,

In winter woods Chrough corridors of past decay I tread the way To coming life-and dead an I dull

The banished leaves now rouse, now lall The hopes and fears that hold their sway In winter woods, -Marion A. T. Farley, in Observer.

The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.

BY WILLIAM R. M'VICKAIL

Jane Waring ta spinster of twenty-seven

years).
John Gray to bachelor of thirty odd).
Scene—An old-fashioned cottage verandah, with flowering honeysuctie vinestrained over a trellis, and a flight of steps to the ground. Miss Waring, in a light summer muslin frock, discavered "mending" with a large basket of work standing on a small wicker table by het side. A Leghora shade hat hangs on a pog behind her. To her enters John Gray, ciad in riding coat, breeches and boots. breeches and boots



RAY (with one foot on the steps leading to the veraudah)-Good morning, Miss

Waring! Miss Waring (without rising, or look-Jing up from her work)-Good morn- staid? ing, Mr. Gray! Have you been riding? Gray (still standwith one foot on the

steps, and flicking the other boot with his crop)-Yes; I just rade over from Woodlands. Miss Waring (still very busy with her

work) -Dear me! that's quite a ride, is Gray-A matter of ten miles or so.

Miss Waring-And how did you come to ride in this direction? Gray (gallantly)-You live "in this

Gray-And I ride in it as often as I- from-my lover. dare. (Miss Waring is very much oc-

Miss Waring-Of course! (Gray sents himself on steps.) I do not believe that | you can guess what I have been doing this morning. Gray-Let me see. (Gazes about, and

catches sight of the Leghorn hat.) Let me see-you arose with the lark-that is the way girls used to do in oldfashioned books, you know; and you impress me as being distinctly oldfashioned-you arose with the lark, then. (Miss Waring shakes her head.) No? Well, that is immaterial-you didn't arise with the lark; but, after toying playfully with a light and delicate breakfast-what! "No" again! Why, this will never do!-after a heavy meal you put on your sunbonnet and gaunt-lets, hung a big flat basket over your arm, and sallied forth into the garden to pluck flowers-the prettiest flower of

Miss Waring (ignoring the compliment)-No; nothing half so romantic. Gray-My imagination is limited. Don't make me guess again.

Miss Waring-I went down into the kitchen and made a pudding, which is being boiled this very minute. Gray-I don't believe it.

Miss Waring-I assure you-Gray-You may "assure" me for a week, and I won't believe it. Miss Waring-How can I prove it,

then? Gray-Prove-(then with a happy thought.) Why, "the proof of a pud-

ding is in the eating!" Miss Waring-Does that mean you expect an invitation to dine?

Gray-Yes. Miss Waring-Well, I never heard of such a shameless way of begging an in-

Gray-Does that mean that I have

got it?

Miss Waring-Most certainly not. Mother has gone to New York, and will not be back until after dinner.

Gray-Does that make any difference? Miss Waring-Why, of course it makes a difference! We could not dine here together alone.

Gray-But-Miss Waring-I will not have any discussion on the subject.

Gray-But why not? Why not discuss the whole subject of conventionalisms, and find out, if possible, why it should be perfectly proper for me to sit here and talk with you all alone, or to go off and walk with you all alone in the words; and yet it should be so very imprege for me to dine with you, con-

structively, alone, but with your servants ontinually in the room.

Miss Waring-No; I will not discuss it. The subject would assume entirely too personal a tone at the present moment. Some other time, perhaps; but

Gray-Then I am not to be invited to dinner?

Miss Waring-No! Gray-What am I to do? It's too late to go back to Woodlands. Miss Waring (smiling)-I might send

you out a slice of pudding. Gray-Did you really make a pud-

Miss Waring-I really did. Gray-Wost a nice little housewife you would make! (Miss Waring becomes intensely occupied in a most complicated piece of darning. Gray suddenly notices the nature of her work). Daraing, too, by Jove! What a treasure you will be to somebody, Miss Waring!

Miss Waring (with a slight contraction of the cycbrows) -Don't you think the had yet been obtained. conversation is becoming very personal? Gray - Yes.

Miss Waring-Then don't you think we had better change the subject? Gray-On the contrary I find the sub-

et most interesting. Miss Waring-You are incorrigible. Gray-Then why try to correct mel Why not let me tell you what I think of

Miss Waring (resignedly) -If it gives you any pleasure.

Gray-Why not let me tell you that I think you true, honest, and, as I said before, old fashioned? That I believe you to be careful, industrious and a good manager?-in short, everything that the copy-bocks say a woman should bel And, notwithstanding that you possess all these virtues which are ordi-I find you charming? Why not let me tell you that -that-I love you?

Miss Waring-Mr. Gray! (She drops her work into her lap and gazes at him half-frightened, half-pleased and wholly astorished.)

Gray (who is looking at the toe of his boot, which he flicks with his crop, while he adds deliberately) - Yes, that -I love you.

Miss Waring (looking more astonished and slightly amused)-Are you quite sure about it!

Gray (innocently) -- Quite sure-(then looking up and noting her mocked expression) -- you don't believe me! Mass Waring-Hardly!

Gray-Way-why-you must believe me! I do love you! Indeed, indeed I do! On, tell me how I can prove it? (Miss Waring slightly shrugs her shoutders.) tlave I not ridden over here on an average of twice a week for the last three months?

Miss Waring-Yes. Gray-flave I not staid and staid and

Miss Waring-Yes. Gray-Have I not been anconscion-

Miss Waring (with enthusiusm) -- Oh,

Gray-Well? Miss Waring-And is that your idea of love? To ride over to see the beloved object whenever the e is nowhere else to go. Then to many bout the place until it is time to go horse, in a lazy sort of way, talking when you are so inclined, and more often not opening your lips for half-hours together. Sometimes that kind of behavior might not be altogether Miss Waring-True; but I live here objectionable in a triend, but is hardly the sort of thing that I should expect

Gray (doggedly, as he rises)-Evicupied in threading her needle.) May I dentiy I do not know how to show it; but I love you more than anything else in the world. Won't you believe me?

Miss Waring (looks at him more kindly; then, with a gleam of mischief in her eye, as she also rises as if to bid him good-by)-"The proof of the pudding, Mr. Gray, is in-

Gray-The eating!" (It would be quite impossible, in a stage direction, to explain how it all happened; but, as he had finished the proverb, John Gray held Jane Waring in his arms, and the latter was submitting to being kissed by him as if she had been accustomed to nothing else from her childhood up.)-Puck.

There's Nothing Like Leather.

It is a proverbial expression in English and other languages to ridicule an exaggerated opinion of the value of one's own trade. The allusion is to the old fable accredited to Aesop, of the town in danger of a siege, whereon, at a hasty consultation of the citizens as to the best methods of fortification, the mason recommends stone, the carpenter good stout oak, and the currier, last of all, gets up and says that he has found there is nothing like leather. The popularity of the fable, and so of the phrase, has been largely influenced by the following annonymous rhymed version, which was found in most of the school-books in the earlier part of the century:

A town feared a siege, and held consultation Which was the best method of fortification; A grave, skillful mason said in his opinion Nothing but stone could secure the do-

A carpenter said, "Though that was well spoke,
It was better by far to defend it by oak;"
A currier, wiser than both these together,
Said, "Try what you please, there's nothing
like leather."

-Detroit Free Press.

Silk Spinning in Prison.

Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, matron of the women's prison at Sherburn, Mass., became interested in the raising of silk worms in 1881. Later, the women under her charge were instructed, and the results have been shown by an exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair, which has attracted much attention. The fine spun silk displayed in the showcase there will be used to make a flag for the prison. Mrs. Johnson has many mulberry trees growing on the grounds and the cultivation of silk bids fair to become a thriv-

ing industry there. History may repeat itself, but the student who is struggling with an examinetion can't hear it. - Elmira Gazette. The Hear of the aun

How hot is the sun? That is a prestion that astronomies and physiists have been trying for years to solve, and they are not yet satisfied that they know the true answer. In fact, it may be said, they are certain they do not know it, although they are able to report progress, from time to time, in the direction of the truth.

The most recent trustworthy investigation is that of M. De Chatelier, who fixes the effective temperature of the sun at 12,600 degrees Fahrenheit. It may, he thinks, be either hotter or colder than that figure indicates, to the extent of 1,800 degrees either

Previous to this investigation of M. De Chatelier's the temperature of the sun had been fixed at 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit by Rosetti, and that result was looked upon by many leading astronomers as probably the nearest to the actual facts of any that

It will be noticed that the latter estimate takes off several thousand degrees, but this is a trifle compared with the falling off from the estimate of the temperature of the sun made by some of the earlier investigators. The celebrated Seachi at one time maintained that the solar temperature was not less than eighteen million degrees Fahrenheit, but he himself afterward found reasons for dropping down to 250,000 degrees. Such estimates of the sun's temperature as 100,000, and 50,000 degrees were favorably regarded a few years ago.

If M. De Chatelier's result is approximately correct, then we can perhaps, begin to get something like a comprehension of the heat of the solar furnace, since it approaches commarily stigmatized as unattractive, that parison with temperatures that we can produce artificially. The highest artificial temperature has been estimated by Professor Young at about 4,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

But it must be remembered that there are certain arbitrary assumptions, which may or may not be correct, involved even in the most careful investigations of this subject, and that, at any rate, the sun is undoubtedly much botter underneath than it

is at its glowing and visible surface. Thunder Lore, The natives of the Sandwich Islands considered thunder as being Manna Loa's echo from the clouds This curious not on has crystallized a weather proverb which is now current among many of the white residents of the island, vis., "It will rain to-day: Mauna Loa shakes the clouds." this connection it may be remarked that the early Scandinavian settlers of Iceland believed that there was some mysterious and supernatural connections between the roarings of Heela and the "angry mutterings of love." In England many of the peasantry still plant the house leek, Mupiter's Beard," on their house roofs as a preventive against thunder, fightning and evil spirits, a custom domnin sum Jovis barbum." Another

which reminds one of Charlemagne's ed et: "Et habeat quisque supra wides read superstation, and one that has been noted among the tribus and nations from Jhina to England, and from Cape Hatteras to the Golden are, tells us that if the "claps," or ports of thunder come in even numers the storm will be of short duration and very mild. But, on the other hand, if they come in uneven numbers, especially if the reports be a series of five, nine or thirteen claps, much loss of life and property will result. For hundreds of years thunder accompanied by hall, or thunder In the north or west, was thought to portend evil to all British subjects, During the time when this superstition was rife the great bell at Maimesbury Abbey, England, the one known as St. Adelm's Bell, was always

Eventorie Mr. Wilde says he is a journalist, and modestly observes: "I am told that my judgment as an art and dramatic critic is considered final." This is almost equal, says the Albany Times, to Oscar's remark to a London friend who visited him in Paris. "Didyou drop in at my chambers before you left London?" inquired the assthete. "I did," was the reply. "Did you observe whether my lily was in flower?" The friend answered that it was, "How good of it to bloom while I am away!" nourmured Oscar,

rung for the purpose of driving away

the thunder and

Schools in France. France has 69,350 schools and 14,500

There are a large number of avgente physicians who claim that disease is always the result of a transgression of Nature's laws. The proprietors of Garfield Tea are both physicians and have devoted years to teaching the people how to avoid sickness by to lowing Nature's laws. They give away with every package of Garfield Tea a little book, which they claim will enable all persons, if directions are followed, to avoid sickness of all kinds and to have no need for Garfield Tea or any other medicine.

Russia invented wood paving

PROMPT, COOD WORK.



Mr. Willet F. Cook, Canalcharle, N. V., writes: "Awoke and morning with excruciating pains in my shoulder. Tried various reliefs for sudden pains without effect, went to my office: the pain became insufferable; went home at it o clock and used ST. JACOBS OIL; effect magical, pain ceased, and at to clock went to work; cure permanent."

NEURALGIA.

From Cleanliness and SAPOLIO

Chosing a Hasband.

Husbands are not made to order they just grow. To get a good one you have know him when you see him. He may not look like the man your lancy painted, yet you will recognize n him the qualities that go to make up the reliable, enterprising, amiable men. As a rate women are not possessed of scute business minds, and are not as observant as they might be. One after another they will fall into the same open trap, just as though they were blindfolded or were impelled by some ancontrollable force. The majority of them seem to think they must marry, and all that is necessary is to find ; man that is good-looking or rich. The average girl first takes a fancy to a pretty man, and thinks and dreams of ais lovely hair, charming eyes, elegant dress, divine mustache and doveike voice. She declares that he is too sweet for anything. This fever causes off in time, but too often leaves a perverted taste. A dandy figure. swell manners, and elattering tongue are apt to even outweigh a good heart, industrious habits and moral worth, Even after marriage visious of the ideal rise up to disturb the serenity and tranquility of the domeslic scene. Better such an ideal had never been formed .- Pittsburg Chron-

LAURA JONES, the Georgia girl who has invented a new plow and cornplanter, is said to be a cousin of Lulu Hurst, the famous electric girl. Georgia girls seem to be determined to surprise the world.

Most great works are accomplished

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Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy. Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleanaing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California F.4 Syrap Co. only. For sale by all druggists in ide, and \$1 bottles.

The first from whis was drawn at Nuremberg in 1851.

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Desfects Can't be Cared

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion or the ear. There is only one way to come from and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the minous nong of the flusted him Time. When this tube gets inflamed vol have a rumbling sound or mostreet hearing and when it is entirely missed deafness is the result, and unless the minous match, can be taken out and this tube restained and an incomplete of the verse while cases out of sen are caused by catagra, which is hounting but an inflamed condition of the income surfaces.

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conditions betping me. Have taken to best less and aim CURED. The Ser also also Sorres are all healed and I feel in sew man. I recommend DANA'S SARSAPARILLA 🛎 to all who wish a Hisood Purifier that Cures. Yours very trieff, 198 S. WELLS. P. Jackson, St. Lawrence Co., N. W. George — Mr. Wells is well-known in this section and his statement is true. Supportably Nichobells, N. Y. Braggiet.

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