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results prove Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier, appetizer and nervetic. In fact Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.
MEXICO'S RACE OF PIGMIES.

Known Only by Tradition, Their Locality is a Mystery.

Somewhere hidden in the heart of that land of marvels, Mexico, there is without doubt a nation of pigmies. Few they are, but fierce; short of stature, but long of life. Science, which in this latter day goes out into hazy and hedges and compels all sorts of curiosities to come in, has not been able yet to put its positive finger on these people. But the Aztec traditions, old before the beginning of history, have said that they existed.

There is echo of the story in the early histories of that land full of wonders. Prescott only told of a small part of the strange things to be found in Mexico. It was in the belief that we had the new to almost the precise location of these tiny folk that I started to journey into the wilds of Mexico. So definite was the information upon which the expedition was based that I thought we might go directly to the home of the dwarfs.

I knew there were mountains to climb and rivers to cross, hundreds of miles to travel, untold hardships to face, but to find the pigmy Aztecs was a great enough accomplishment to tempt any scientific man to make all physical discomforts seem trivial.

I went. I invaded the remotest and most unvisited districts of the great country to the south. Of the men and customs I have seen many, and studied them from the United States border to the isthmus. I have seen strange people and gathered relics of a bygone civilization, but the race of pigmies we could not find.

I do not say that they do not exist, merely that I did not find them. They may still be hidden somewhere among these mountains, where some lucky man will find them and bring them to light.

At any rate, I have come back to the duties of every-day life, wiser and happier than when I started on my mission. The story of these wanderers in Mexico will be a wonder story to tell by and by and a rich memory for old age.—Frederick Starr in San Francisco, Cal., editor.

Who is the man? He never tells her anything that will make her more appreciative of her husband.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

Your daughters are the most precious legacy possible in this life. The responsibility for them, and their future, is largely with you. The mysterious change that develops the thoughtful woman from the thoughtless girl, should find you on the watch day and night.

As you care for their physical well-being, so will the womanly and so will her children's Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Compound is the sure reliance in this time of trial. Thousands have found the never-failing power to correct irregularities and start the woman on the sea of life with that physical health all should have. Womb difficulties, displacements and all horrors cannot exist in company with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Drink HIRE'S Rootbeer when you're hot; when you're thirsty; when callers come. At any and all times drink HIRE'S Rootbeer.

NE BOUGHT A MACHINE THAT WOULD DO THE WORK I WANTED. I WOULD DO THE WORK I WANTED. I BOUGHT A MACHINE THAT WOULD DO THE WORK I WANTED. I WOULD DO THE WORK I WANTED.

DR. TRIMMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

Subject "A Christian Mother."

TEXT: "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."—I Samuel II, 19.

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself, "It is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of character as I don't mean to try," as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety standing out before all the ages to come the ideal Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birth, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family save Hannah started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him, for there he was to stay all the days of his life and minister in the sanctuary.

Years rolled on, and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple, but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her idolized boy. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the annual sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you, then, to-day, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family, for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elhiu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know, but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and, with folded arms and disheveled hair, read novels, from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their motherly duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grander dignity and usefulness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting about in some of the families of America. There are mothers who vanish themselves in the home circle. They do not have any external duties they love to perform. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward out of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it.

Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, is coming a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order, any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downedness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle. Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tuning the looms, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the great part they descended from industrious mothers who in the old homestead used to spin their own yarn and weave their own carpets and plait their own doormats and flag their own chairs and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of 100 of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing jacks of political parties, the scoundrels of society, the tavern loungers, the infuriating men of low wit and filthy chuckle and brass breastpin and rotten associations? For the most part they came from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches and ghosts and horoscopes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson and of Alfred the Great and of Isaac Newton and of St. Augustine and of Richard Cecil and of President Edwards for the most part were industrious, hard working mothers.

Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionship. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, to make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

Again, Hannah stands before you to-day as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well informed as mothers. Oh, this work of cultivating children for this world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having their ears boxed. Oh, how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents know more of dietetics,

there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs, and weak nerves, and inactive livers among children. If parents know more of physiology, there would not be so many eyes strained, and throats, and inflamed throats, and diseased lungs, as there are among children. If parents knew more of art and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ and practiced more of His religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph.

Again, Hannah stands before you to-day as a Christian mother. From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings, but she is not fit for her duties unless she is a Christian mother. There may be well read libraries in the house and exquisite music in the parlor and the canvas of the best artist adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth, but there is something awfully lacking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine help, and a divine voice to comfort and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There are hundreds of mothers to-day who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some in the nursery, they bemoaned themselves: "This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian. Lord, help me!"

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities. And whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth, go to a life of joy in heaven, or whether, across its path shall stand the gates of hell, and after a life of sin and darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge—is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, awaiting all the battles and afflictions of a miller's wife, brought to God through Christian parents! One hundred and twenty eery-eyes were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry, and of the one hundred and twenty eery-eyes, how many of them, do you suppose, assign as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother. One hundred out of the hundred and twenty, Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tile of the chimney fireplace. The mother thinks she is only rearing a child, but at the same time she may be rearing the destiny of empires, rearing the fate of nations, rearing the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child up may press a child down. A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about the state of her soul, and was praying all night. The mother said, "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religious notions, and I'll give you a dress that will cost five hundred dollars, and you may wear it next week to that party."

The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay that night, and, sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after, she came to die and in her closing moments said, "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost five hundred dollars, and I thought it was a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed." And the dress was hung there on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and then pointed to the dress and said, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul." Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

Again, and lastly, Hannah stands before you to-day, the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discipline she exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety and usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel, and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man who in commercial life, that man who in the profession, that man who in the chase, who, every step he takes in life has an eye on gain, in the old heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written or the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is some one always ready to carry good things—and that story makes the needs in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker and the dial in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a noise that rings through the love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news, always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the "governor," the "squire" or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor" or the "old woman." The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians.

But, oh, the pang of that mother who, after a life of street gambling and gossip retailing, laughing on her children the fripperies and follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave or nonentities in a world where only brave and brave characters can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! Oh, the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar of Mother Emancipation in the Scriptures. That is the mother's recompense—see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be the outcome of the closing hours of life's day with the voices of an autumnal sunset.

There she sits—the old Christian mother—ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision, and the gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home to-day, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there all the past comes back, and the children that 40 years ago trooped around her armchair with their little griefs and joys and sorrows, those children are all gone now—some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, striving for the influence of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace, and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let the worraout pilgrim into eternal springtime and youth, where the limbs never ache and the eyes never grow dim and the heart never grows old and dearest pilgrims shall become the palm of the immortal athletes.

Mills Begin to Grind.

The mills along the Big Cañon, Kansas, have begun to grind on the wheat crop of 1896.

Drought in Minnesota and the Dakotas is injuring the wheat crop.

Hawking in Persia.

In the early spring hunting and hawking are the chief amusements of the European residents of Teheran, Persia, wrote the bicyclist Lenz, who was murdered by Kurds while touring the world. One of these sporting parties I was invited to join during my sojourn. The pack and hawks were supplied by some of the higher native officials. We formed a cavalcade consisting of ten or twelve Europeans, each accompanied by a couple of mounted servants, the huntsman and falconers. The best covers for hares and foxes were to the south of the town, on a large track of the cultivated plain, which is a good deal cut up by the open shafts of the kharanah, or subterranean water courses. The huntsmen, with their hawks on their wrists, or holding the pack in leash, rode a little in front of the line of sportsmen until a find was announced, when either the one or the other was let loose in pursuit of the quarry. The hawk swooped down on its prey, and, if successful, alighted on its head and held it till the huntsmen came up. The pack was composed of several couples of Persian greyhounds, which, by the way, have feathered ears and tails and are much slower than the English and American ones.

All Persians are justly proud of their riding. From childhood they are accustomed to the saddle, and their belief in fatalism, no doubt, conduces to render them fearless in it. They are as bold and daring horsemen as I have seen, and delight in showing off their dexterity. One of their great amusements is shooting from horseback, and they show wonderful skill in thus bringing down game at full gallop. This is more remarkable as they have no idea of shooting at a bird on the wing—indeed, never attempt it.—Outing.

Gold Mines of Guiana.

There are to-day, in what is probably indisputably British territory, placer gold-washing of value. Here an industrious man, if successful, can make handsome day's wages by his labor, but nothing more. The formation is known as pocket gold; in other words, the action of water has brought from some place gold, which has collected in pockets so that when one of these is found the finder is well rewarded for his labor. But as yet in no place have sufficiently extensive deposits of gold been found to warrant construction of the necessary works and the employment of hydraulic machines for use in obtaining the gold. This, therefore, prevents the entering of capital, the formation of large interest, and the production of gold in much quantity.

The Callao mine, which is the one great exception, began with a capitalization of sixty thousand dollars, of which a portion represented the concession and the land. For four years it was operated without yielding dividends, while in the next period of twenty years it distributed fifteen million dollars in dividends, and the same amount of stock. After that period, so far as I am aware, no authentic information exists. Now, however, it is believed that the mine is worked out. Apparently the "pocketing" formation also appeared in this lode; for the story is told that the lode ended one day, and no man could say whether it went. It did not run out; it simply stopped. One theory is that an earthquake disturbance caused a break, the lost portion being either lifted up or lowered down or moved sideways, so that it cannot be told where it is. Therefore, in the disputed territory there may or there may not be valuable gold-fields. No one really knows.—Century.

A Beautiful Indian Legend.

There is a beautiful Indian legend connected with a rock in the Noxuche valley, Ga., called "Lovers' Leap," said C. T. Orton, of Chicago, at the Raleigh. "I suppose you are well acquainted with the legend of which I speak. The daughter of an old chief, falling in love with a young chief of hostile tribe, he being captured and thrown from the rock, she leaping where his dead body has fallen. "I have often wondered what the actual event was that is thus commemorated in legend. I do not believe there is a State where there is not from one to a dozen 'lovers' leap' rocks, and the same legend is told with but slight variations to account for the name. After I visited a few of them and listened to the legends, I took a peculiar interest in them, and have now seen over forty, hearing the same story concerning each. These rocks are in widely separated sections, and the legend must have been universal among all tribes of Indians, which would seem to indicate that they had a common origin, and that some such event occurred before the tribes separated, and the legend was passed down through successive generations."—Washington Star.

The Oldest Crown.

The Czar of Russia will probably be interested to read about a crown which was discovered in his dominions and compared to which his own is a ridiculously modern bauble.

The tiara of Saitapharnes is one of the oldest crowns in existence. It was worn in the fourth century before Christ, or about the time of Aristotle, and is therefore over 2196 years old. It is in perfect preservation, and has recently been acquired by the French Government for the Louvre.

The tiara was evidently made to be worn on a cap, its dimensions being too small to permit of its covering the entire head. Moreover it would not fit a head closely.

The tiara was found in an ancient tomb in the Crimea. It bore in Greek the following inscription: "The Senate and people of Obiopolis to the great and unconquered King Saitapharnes."—New York Journal.

PERSONAL.

ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, will receive information of much value and interest by writing to Pink Pills, P. O. Box 1099, Phila., Pa.

A new tire, made of steel, is being talked about in cycling circles.

A Child Enjoys The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Nelson's flagship, the *Flagrant*, is now lying off Woolwich on exhibition.

Buy 50 worth *Robbins Floating-Rope Soap* of your grocer, send wrappers to *Robbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.* They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a *War-water Foot-bath*, containing 200 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

A Stratford boy died from meningitis, resulting from a black eye got at school.

FITS stopped free by *DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER*. No fits after first day's use. *Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free.* Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., P. O. B. 11, Pa.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by druggists, 75c.

I have found *Pink Pills* Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. R. Lora, 1200 South St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

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

If afflicted with eye troubles, use *Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water* (brought out at 25c per bottle).

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle *Dr. Fessler's Specific* cures. Circular, Freehold, N. Y.

"OLD STATE OF PIKE."

The Home of the Stark Brothers' Nurseries and Orchards. — One of the Biggest Institutions in the World—Its Trade Extends to Nearly Every Civilized Nation on Earth.

St. Louis Republic, January 7, 1893.

One of the largest institutions in this state is the Stark Bros' Nurseries and Orchards company in Louisiana, Mo., and Rockport, Ill. The trade of the firm extends not only throughout the United States, Canada, Germany, France, Italy, Hungary and other foreign countries, but it has a number of customers both in New Zealand and Australia. Eighty years ago the same firm from Kentucky to Pike county the late Judge Stark, then a young man fresh from Old Hickory's New Orleans campaign. He started the nursery and planned the first graded orchard in the state, having brought the scions on horseback from Kentucky.

The business has descended from father to son, and is now conducted by the third generation, assisted by the fourth. This firm has more than 100 traveling solicitors, and employs more people in its orchards than would be necessary to run a large manufacturing concern. The extensive packing houses of the company are adjacent to the city, connected with the railroad by special tracks. From these packing houses hundreds of carloads of trees are shipped annually. The nursery grounds embrace a number of acres, convenient to the city, and even extend to Rockport, Ill., where there is a plant of several million trees.

The peculiarity of the concern is the establishment of large orchards. These orchards in 24 states aggregate nearly 50,000 acres and cover 3,000,000 trees on the partnership plan. The firm is also interested in about as many more trees on the co-operative arrangement. The nursery has been successful not only in their home, but Missouri, owes no little of her prestige as a fruit growing region to the progress and work of development of this firm. The extent of this firm, wherever roads, street great attention and dispatch is given to the state. The firm pays large amounts for new varieties of fruit, and conducts the largest business of the kind in America, if not in the world.

Louisiana, Mo. firms have more traveling men upon the road for them than travel out of any other city of the world. This is largely due to the large number of men employed by the Stark Bros' Nurseries, who furnish their men the most complete up-to-date outfit ever issued. The firm attracts their lots of salesmen daily and room for more.

How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing gets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.



"Cut Down Expenses."

Battle-AX PLUG

A woman knows what a bargain really is. She knows better than a man. "BATTLE AX" is selected every time by wives who buy tobacco for their husbands. They select it because it is an honest bargain. It is the biggest in size, the smallest in price, and the best in quality. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

EVERY FARMER IN THE NORTH CAN MAKE MORE MONEY IN THE MIDDLE SOUTH.

He can make twice as much. He can sell his Northern farm and get twice as many acres for his money down here. We will improve farms for \$8 to \$20 an acre. Plenty of railroad—four miles from home. Satisfactory terms. Write for circulars. Southern Farmers' Land Co., Inc., every week. If you are interested write for FREE pamphlet and ask all the questions you want. It is a pleasure to us to answer them.

SOUTHERN HOME-SEEKERS' LAND COMPANY, Knoxville, Tenn.

"The Best is, Aye, the Cheapest." Avoid Imitation

of and Substitutes for

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