

Eyes

Ears and nose are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pains between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant, uncomfortable discharge. All these disagreeable symptoms may be removed by the use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, 25 cents.

How We Should Sleep.

In the matter of sleep, says a physician, there are as many peculiar things as there are about eating—what is one man's food is another's poison. This much is generally known and accepted by standard authorities on the subject, that tall or bulky people require more sleep than others and that women can get along on much less sleep than can men. As with animals, human beings sleep much longer and heavier in the winter than at any other times. People of extreme old age require as much sleep as infants, and it is beneficial to both classes if they can sleep one-half the time, or even a greater proportion. There is one thing I would like to impress upon everyone, and that is, it is positively injurious for any one to sleep longer than is actually necessary.

Mystery of the St. Lawrence River.

For seven years the St. Lawrence river gradually decreases in depth; then for seven years it gradually increases in depth, the difference in level being about five feet. Why it does so no one has yet discovered.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstruations, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, womb trouble, flooding, nervous prostration, headache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of **Womb Troubles** are dizziness, faintness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble as sure as the sun shines. That **Bearing-down Feeling**, causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. It is wonderful for **Kidney Complaints** in either sex.

P. N. U. 43

Here It Is!

Want to learn all about a horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know Imperfections and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the Age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other valuable information can be obtained by reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, post-paid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 121 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last year, 10-adjuncting claims, city, Minn.

MONEY GOLD, SILVER, ... BOOK FREE. Dan Danckly, Columbus, O.

OPIUM and WHISKEY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

WHEAT'S CURE FOR CHILLS, WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

BANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal Laxative and booklet free. Ad. STERILIZED REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York, N. Y.

The Pot Called the Kettle Black Because the Housewife Didn't Use

SAPOLIO

THE HISTORY OF ONE GIRL

True Story of a One-Time Servant at a Summer Resort.

Great lessons of life he hid in the homely incidents which occur in shops and kitchens, as well as in the loftiest poems. Here is a true little story which may be a word in season to some of our readers:

A few years ago, among the waiters at a summer hotel in New Jersey was a girl whom we shall call Jane. She was strong, neat and quick-witted, but she had spent all of her life in a kitchen, scrubbing and washing dishes, and was impatient to do different, and as she thought better, work in the world. She could barely read and write, and she was poor. When the hotel closed, and the lonely coast was deserted by the summer boarders, there was no way by which she could earn a dollar.

She did her work in the hotel thoroughly, and was quick and attentive, but her discontent showed in her face and manner. There were times when she hated the idle, richly dressed women whom she served, and she took no trouble to hide her dislike.

There was one young girl whose eyes often rested thoughtfully on her face. Jane resented her "curiosity," as she called it, and one day left her unscrupulous. When she was mildly reproved, she answered insolently, and left the room trembling with rage.

"I will have her discharged," said the young girl's father, angrily.

"No, father, no. Leave her to me," his daughter entreated.

The next morning Jane was standing by her chair when Miss B. appeared. She was very pale, but her voice was steady. "I wish to beg your pardon before these ladies. I insulted you before them yesterday. You might have reported me, but you did not. I will leave the hotel. I am not fit to be here."

"Go on with your work, Jane," said Miss B., gently, "and favor me by coming to my room this afternoon."

When she saw her alone, she said, "There is good stuff in you, or you could not have conquered yourself as you did today. You are fit for higher work than that you are doing. I have watched you for some time. You are intelligent, neat, and have warm sympathies. You would, I think, succeed as a trained nurse."

"I have thought of that!" cried the girl. "But I have no education. How can I get the training?"

Miss B. used her influence to give her a year's schooling, and then procured her admittance to the New York training school.

This woman is now the head of a private hospital in New York, to which surgeons send patients who require unusual care and skill in treatment. She herself told this story.

How few apparently among the many unhappy, poor girls give such faithful work as to attract notice! How few also among the many happy, rich girls give notice or help to those who serve them!

The Judge's Stupidity.

Justice—You are charged with stealing Col. Julep's chickens. Have you any witnesses?

Uncle Moses—I heb not. I don't steal chickens befo' witnesses.—Amusing Journal.

Wheat will not grow in a country the mean temperature of which is below 57 degrees.

When Dobbin's Electric Soap was first made in 1887 it cost 25 cents a bar. It is priced at the same ingredients and quality now and doesn't cost half. Buy it of your grocer or in presence your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

Five hundred men are engaged in pearl fishing along the Mexican coast.

Flowers love the Sunlight and always turn to it. The modern housewife learns to love

Sunlight Soap

and always turns to it to help her out on "wash day" or any other day when she needs a pure, honest soap which cleanses everything it touches and doesn't injure any hands, either fabric or hands.

Less labor
Greater comfort

Lever Bros., Ltd.,
Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Desperate Battle With a Wildcat— Catching a Big Shark—A Ride on a Cowcatcher.

ABE DANIELS had been around the mountains for a good many years, but not long enough to familiarize himself with the cunning stratagems of an Adirondack Mountain wildcat.

When Abe came into town one day last week he was a sight to behold. His clothes were in shreds, his face badly scratched, and his gait as unsteady as that of a drunken man. He had met a wildcat, and though Abe was the victor the fight was probably the most savage that ever took place between man and animal on the mountains in this region.

"I started out about 3 o'clock in the afternoon," he said, when relating his story to the Times correspondent the next day, "and I had no idea I was going to run up against the stiffest fight a man ever put up in this part of the mountains. I took my gun and dog, as I always do. I wasn't out for anything in particular, but jes' to shoot anything in the way of good, seasonable game. And now I wish I had left the dog home. Pete was the best dog I ever had. The poor fellow's gone. He's been made mince-meat of. I guess it must have been near 5 o'clock when I calculated I'd turn back 't'own. I had been trampin' for two hours an' didn't see hide nor hair of anything wuth shootin' at."

"I was kind o' tired, and so I took a short cut down the mountain side. And that's jes' where your Uncle Abe got into trouble. If I had kep' to the old trail I wouldn't have had to fight like a demon to save myself from being clawed all to pieces. I hadn't been pushin' my way through the woods more'n five minutes when I happened to look up. There in a tree on a low limb sat one o' the biggest wildcats I ever see. Before I could raise my gun to fire that cat dropped from the limb and lit on my shoulders. I screamed and threw myself to the ground."

"Quicker than a wink the dog was at the cat. He went at the cat from behind, and finding itself attacked from the rear, the cat let go its hold on me and went for the dog. I jumped to my feet, clubbed my gun, and made a smash at the cat. I missed it by a hair. I was afraid to shoot, fer I didn't want to take any chances on hittin' the dog."

"I swung the gun again, and this time caught the cat on the back and knocked it clean out of the dog's clutches and into the undergrowth. It was an ugly blow, but the cat was no furious and worked up and excited that it came at me like something infernal. Scream? I never heard such screamin' in all my life. Its eyes blazed like fire, its mouth was wide open, and when it wasn't screamin' it hissed like a dozen snakes. It was enough to make any man tremble in his boots. But I was too busy tryin' to save my life to do much tremblin' then. Afore I knewed it the cat bounced through the air and landed plum on my breast. The shock was so great that I went down. Fortunately for me the cat didn't tear my eyes out. It scratched and tore at my clothes for a minnit. Only twice did it scratch my face. Pete was at it in a minnit, and that was all that saved me."

"With a scream that I'll never ferget the cat went at poor Pete. It was a game fight, and a fight to the death. Pete was in many a fight, but he never tackled a wildcat before. He could bite and gouge, but he couldn't scratch and tear. Over and over the dog and cat rolled, fighting all the time like sin. I couldn't shoot; the two was mixed up too much. So I clubbed my gun and sailed in. I was determined I'll kill that cat or die in the attempt. I caught the animal a whack on the shoulder that made it screech with pain and let go its hold on Pete. It was not until the cat sprang to one side that I saw how badly Pete was hurt. His skin and flesh had been torn into ribbons by that mountain devil, and he was smeared with blood from head to foot. I wheeled around an' made for the cat. But the brute was quicker'n I was. It was at me in a second. Pete was no longer any use now; he lay dying a few feet away. I think—and you may laugh at it—that the knowledge of his condition saved my life, for it made me fight all the harder. I had had Pete for years; he went everywhere with me. Whenever you saw Pete you were sure to find Abe Daniels, an' jes' the other way about. I cinched with the cat; it was the only thing I could do. It couldn't fight as hard as before, fer it was too winded. I jes' hugged it tight. It tore my clothes and scratched my legs in an awful way, but it didn't last long, fer I out with my knife and jes' disemboweled that cat."

"The blood gushed out, and even then the cat made a fearful effort to bite me in the face. I threw my head as far back as I could and ripped and slashed with all my might. Then I felt the cat's struggles gettin' weaker and weaker. It gave a few convulsive kicks, and died still hanging to me. I had to tear it loose from me. Afterward I measured the cat. It was 4 1/2 feet long from tip tip. It was my first fight with a wildcat. I hope that I'll never have another. To tell you the truth," said Abe pathetically, "now that Pete's dead, I really don't care to go huntin' any more. I loved Pete."

And as he spoke the words tears made misty the eyes of the rugged, tender-hearted guide.—Philadelphia Times.

Catching a Big Shark.

"On a recent trip," said a Pittsburg

traveling man, "that I made to Central America, the crew and passengers had quite an experience with a shark. We were on board the Andes, one of the Atlas line of steamships. She broke some important part of her machinery, and was entirely unseaworthy. It required twenty-four hours to put her in condition to proceed on her way. The accident happened before daybreak, when we were within two days of New York. During all that time we were floating about on the ocean, and fortunately for us the ocean was perfectly calm. When the first daylight came we discovered that we were completely surrounded by sharks. Some one suggested that we catch a shark."

"The idea was no more than hatched before the captain, who was a young man making his first trip, took the matter up and proceeded to work. He secured a large hook, attached it to the end of several piles of telegraph wire, and then fastened it to the end of a rope, leaving about five feet of wire to prevent the shark from biting it off. On the hook he placed a large piece of bacon, then he dropped his line. It had barely struck the water when he got a bite. The captain made a desperate jerk. So did the shark, and the hook was bent perfectly straight. A number of such attempts were made, but each time with the same result. An old tar who had been a witness to the attempts to hook the monster produced an old-fashioned, half-round steel file, and proceeded to make a hook that he said would hold."

"After quite a long wait the hook was finished and attached to the line, but before going any further the old sailor gave instructions as to how he wanted the work done. He made a loop on the end of another rope, passed the hook and line through the loop, and the latter was held on deck. The hook was baited and thrown into the water, and in an instant a mighty rush of sharks was made to get the bacon. The crowd of sailors pulled on the rope and fastened the hook in the upper jaw of what proved to be a fifteen-foot shark. The old tar yelled: 'Drop your loop.' It dropped down the line and passed over the shark's head, when it was tightened up."

"Then began the most desperate struggle I ever saw for freedom. It took all on board to pull the marine monster on deck. After much time and patience, as it required both, to give it time to exhaust itself, the shark was landed. At this time the passengers made themselves conspicuous by their absence. The shark lashed the deck with its tail and body until the vessel almost trembled. It was the most exciting scene I ever witnessed. The shark would open its mouth, showing a cavity that a man could easily crawl into, and teeth as sharp as needles. One of the sailors, after a long wait, succeeded in getting close enough to cut the monster's throat with an ax. After a post mortem examination it was discovered to be a female, and the mother of thirteen young sharklets. An effort was made to bring some of the young ones to New York, but they all died in a short time. Each of them was about three feet long. As they were thrown overboard they were gobbled up by other larger ones.—Pittsburg Leader.

A Ride in a Cowcatcher.

The man who rode in a cowcatcher bids fair to become a hero among the knights of the road, as well as a marvel to railroad men. His name is William Errixson and his years are twenty—twenty years as replete with adventure as a chapter out of a dime novel. Beating his way over hundreds of miles of territory has become second nature to him and a trip on a brakebeam a positive luxury.

But wherein William Errixson has transcended all the feats of the migrating hobo is that he was the first and only individual of his kind to conceive and execute the audacious project of caging himself within a cowcatcher and beating a ride in that perilous and essentially melodramatic situation. It was thus that he traveled from Winnemucca to Wadsworth. He had to be careful in selecting his locomotive to find one that had no forward steam exhaust. A locomotive exhausting steam toward the cowcatcher would have literally cooked him alive. He has some knowledge of locomotives, and so was able to pick out one with only side exhausts. Inside of the cowcatcher there is only a small space, and he found it necessary to sit upon timbers which are used for braces for the frame of the cowcatcher. Then he was in a half recumbent position, his hands clutched around the cowcatcher bars, while the train was running fast. Being ahead of the drivers and the machinery he was jolted terrifically by what is technically known as the "fall" of the locomotive. The air was intensely hot and the smell of the oil and other odors from the locomotive was stifling. The distance between Winnemucca and Wadsworth is only thirty-six miles, but there are eight stops, and it seemed an age of suffering to Errixson before he reached a place where he could climb down and out from his perch. He climbed under the cowcatcher in the pit of the roundhouse and got out in Wadsworth. His back was wrenched, his arms seemed ready to fall from their sockets, and his eyes were bloodshot. He staggered from the train undetected and fell half exhausted in the sage brush, where he slept several hours, awaking with a terrible start from a dream in which he was once more speeding over the alkaline wastes, with the machinery of the locomotive pounding terrifically just back of him.—San Francisco Chronicle.

There are five women on the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Board of Education. Of the three who had left the city for the summer, one traveled from New Hampshire, another from the vicinity of Boston and the third 150 miles to attend the July meeting of the Board.

SICK NEARLY THIRTY YEARS.

BRILLIANT SERVICE IN THE WAR FOLLOWED BY PROLONGED SUFFERING.

High Private Briggs Brings His War-time Valor into a Life and Death Combat—He Speaks of His Struggles Since the War.

From the Tribune, Hornellsville, N. Y.

There is no man in Onondaga County, New York, who stands higher in the community than Mr. William H. Briggs, a wealthy farmer, and resident of Bridgewater, and a prominent member of the G. A. R. His statement will not be new to his friends, as they all know whereof he writes, but it is commended to the consideration of the public. Mr. Briggs writes as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure and satisfaction to be able to give honor where honor is due, and to that end I make this certificate, hoping it may be the means of others being benefited as I have been.

"I am a farmer residing near Bridgewater, Onondaga County, New York; my name is William H. Briggs, and I am 56 years old. I am an old soldier, and member of the G. A. R., having served as high private in Co. A, 1st New York Artillery, during the whole four years of the Rebellion. Though not a pensioner, and never an applicant for pension, I contracted through malarial climate, disease of liver and stomach, from which I suffered continuously, in various forms. In 1863 I had the jaundice, and it continued for years, to a greater or lesser degree. I never was free from dyspepsia, and palpitation of the heart, and suffered from nervous debility to such an extent that I could neither rest by night nor work by day. Night after night I walked the floor tormented by vague fears, which I knew were purely imaginary, and yet I could not shake them off. I came home in June, 1865, and from then until 1894 I was constantly attended by physicians, having employed three at different times during that period. These good doctors gave me occasionally temporary relief, but the good effects of their treatment quickly disappeared, and left me more despondent and wretched than ever."

"I did not believe in giving up, and was about to send to Utica for another physician when Mr. H. Siefert, the blacksmith who attends to my horses, recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as he assured me they had done wonderful things for him. I had read of these pills before and felt somewhat inclined to try them, before Siefert spoke of them, but his recommendation settled the matter, and I became Dr. Williams' patient. I took Pink Pills steadily until I have consumed four boxes, growing better and better every day, my liver working freely, my kidneys acting normally, my blood no longer troubled me, and I could digest my food. All that water brash, heart burn, buzzing in the head, as if there were a great empty space in my cranium, disappeared, and life began to be worth living, which I have not known since my army service. I was cured in less than one year from the time I began to take Pink Pills in 1894, and have been in fair health ever since. Of course, I have to be careful, as I easily catch cold, and it is apt to settle in my chest, but his recommendation certainly never set me to rights again, and I shall never be without them, unless something very unforeseen occurs."

"I do not want it understood that I am casting any stress against those who are pensioners when Mr. H. Siefert, the blacksmith who attends to my horses, recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as he assured me they had done wonderful things for him. I had read of these pills before and felt somewhat inclined to try them, before Siefert spoke of them, but his recommendation settled the matter, and I became Dr. Williams' patient. I took Pink Pills steadily until I have consumed four boxes, growing better and better every day, my liver working freely, my kidneys acting normally, my blood no longer troubled me, and I could digest my food. All that water brash, heart burn, buzzing in the head, as if there were a great empty space in my cranium, disappeared, and life began to be worth living, which I have not known since my army service. I was cured in less than one year from the time I began to take Pink Pills in 1894, and have been in fair health ever since. Of course, I have to be careful, as I easily catch cold, and it is apt to settle in my chest, but his recommendation certainly never set me to rights again, and I shall never be without them, unless something very unforeseen occurs."

"The above statement is true in every particular. I certify on honor.

(Signed) Wm. H. Briggs.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from menial work, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sickens; weakens or grips. 10c.

In Maine an acre of wheat costs \$21 before the wheat is placed on the market.

P. N. U. 45 90

"I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!"

Battle Ax PLUG

What a chewer wants first is a good tobacco; then he thinks about the size of the plug. He finds both goodness and bigness in "Battle Ax." He finds a 5 cent piece almost as large as a 10 cent piece of other high grade brands. No wonder millions chew "Battle Ax."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable and able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WATZ & TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDRON, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-smoker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 100,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist. Under absolute guarantee to cure. Book and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The yearly importation of pearls to London reaches \$5,000,000.

FITs stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The most voluminous composer was Haydn.

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

The most profound of modern historians was Gibbon.

We have not been without Pilo's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FURBER, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '91.

Wages billions or more, eat a Cascarets, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c., 25c.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of ailments are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constituted condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be recommended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

P. N. U. 45 90