

Hope

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Returns to the heart of the victim bound in the chains of rheumatism, dropsy, scrofula, etc., when blood is enriched and purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Humming-Bird's Umbrella.
A writer in the American Sportsman tells a remarkable story about a humming-bird:

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut-tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely. In fact, we could look right into the nest.

One day, when there was a heavy shower coming up, we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain. Well, when the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by, and laid this leaf over the nest so as completely to cover it; then she flew away.

On examining the leaf, we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to, or hooked upon. After the storm was over, the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.

Brain-Work.
The Washington Star has surprised two high-school girls talking about their graduation essays.

"Have you written yours yet?" asked Maud.
"Yes," answered Ethel.
"Wasn't it a lot of work?"
"Just dreadful! First, I had to hunt up words that were big enough, and then I had to keep looking in the dictionary to see what they meant, and honestly, I began to think I never should get it finished!"

Instinct.
"Can you lend me \$10?" asked the two-headed girl of the fat lady.
"Guess I can," said the fat lady, "but you don't mean to tell me you have spent all your salary already?"
"I didn't mean to," replied the two-headed girl, almost in tears, "but there was such a lovely vase put up at auction, and I got to bidding against myself before I thought."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Australian dog and the Egyptian shepherd dog never bark.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

IT IS A WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE, AND SHE USES IT.

Timely Questions and Prompt Answers Have Resulted in Great Satisfaction to Many Women.

Sensitive women hate to ask their physicians those delicate questions that only a woman understands, and therefore write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., as she has ever proved their most accurate adviser, and knowing that their letters will be read and answered by one of their own sex. Thousands of such letters have been received within a few months from those afflicted with the various forms of female diseases, and it is needless to say the answers have brought comfort and relief.

That sense of dragging in the groin, dull pains in small of back, retention, suppression of menses, bearing-down pains, headache, nervousness, blues, etc., are symptoms that require prompt measures.

The cure is, in most cases, rapid. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be promptly taken, and Mrs. Pinkham will furnish any advice required, free. Following is another letter of thanks:—
"Please accept my thanks for the little book which you have sent me. It has opened my eyes, and told me that there is a remedy for suffering women. There is no need for women to suffer, if they will only take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for years with painful menstruation, thinking there was no remedy for it; but after reading your little pamphlet, I thought I would give your medicine a trial, and it is wonderful how quickly it relieved me. I recommend it for all women who suffer with painful menstruation."—Mrs. GEORGE NEWMAN, Crittendon, Erie Co., N. Y.

A WELL DRILLER
of thirty years' experience in the Eastern States, and who is well known from Maine to Florida, writes in reference to one of our machines he bought: "It is the nearest perfection I have yet seen. If I want another machine for big work I should have another of yours!" Circulars free.

THE CURE FOR
URINARY TRACT DISEASES
CURED BY DRUGS
L. DUBOIS & NYMAN, TIMB, O.

A House of Cards.
I built a house of cards one day
In far-off, sunny childhood time,
And laughed to see it swept away,
By some light breeze that strayed that way,
That left no trace nor yet routine
Of what had been a house so fine.

I built a house of cards one day
When I had come to riper years,
Again I saw it swept away
By some bleak wind that blew that way,
This time I saw it go with tears,
'Twas builded of the hopes of years.
—John Henry Dick.

HUMOROUS.

"How did you feel?" "As foolish as a large man feels when drinking ice cream soda."
Benedict—I tell you I have the boss wife, old man. Henpeck—My wife's a boss wife, too.
He—I claim to be a gentleman. She—Aren't you glad you don't have to prove your claim?

"What's that beautiful sonata your daughter's playing?" "It's a man tuning the piano."
Bacon—There's a man in our town who goes to sleep on his wheel. Egbert—Falls asleep, doesn't he?

"Uncle Simon, what is 'blase'?" "It is when a fellow gets so low-spirited that nothing but a steamboat explosion will make him laugh."
"Uncle Jack and I have been teaching mamma to ride the bicycle."
"What did you do?" "Oh, Uncle Jack held her on and I stood around and sympathized."

"How did you dare tell father that you have a prospect of \$100,000 a year?" she asked. "Why," he answered in righteous indignation, "I have—if I marry you."

First Tramp—It's a wonder neder of us got de hydrerphober. Second Tramp—Oh, none of de dogs what bit us wuz mad. Dey only tackled us in de reg'lar course of business.

The Cook—Plense, mum, will ye lind me yer watch fer ter bile the sigs? Mistress—Why Mary, you have a clock in the kitchen, haven't you?
Cook—Yis mum, but the clock is slow, mum.

Aunt Esther—How are you getting on with your housekeeping, Charlie?
Charlie—Oh, well enough; only Ethel has given me mainly Biblical cooking so far. I ask for bread and she gives me a stone.

"Can any of you tell me why Lazarus was a beggar?" asked the female teacher in a west side Sunday school. "Plense, ma'am," replied a small boy whose father was a merchant, "because he didn't advertise."

First Humorist (gloomily)—My wife says she can't see anything funny in half the things I write. Second Humorist—Don't be discouraged, old boy. If she thinks half of them are funny she does better than most of us.

Looking up suddenly, she beheld the bearded face of a man with a gleaming knife between his teeth. Then she fainted. It was no wonder, for she had been carefully reared, and had never seen anyone eat pie in that manner.

"Will you accept the challenge?" inquired the reporter. "I will not," replied Jawbett the pugilist. "The man is not in my class and he insists on ridiculous terms. Why, he actually proposes that we shall wear gags during the process of hostilities."

Wife (drearily)—Ah me! The days of chivalry are past. Husband—What's the matter now? Wife—Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat.

The Art of Being Patient.
A wise man, in an address to young men, advised them to learn the hardest lesson in the world, the art of being patient. He said:

"Do your duty, and leave success to take care of itself, and then you will see the wisdom of the old proverb: 'Everything comes to the man that can wait.' You know, for instance, how hard it is to learn a difficult subject. All the ideas are unfamiliar, all the words are unfamiliar. We go on laboring and seem to make no way. Now this disheartens nine students out of ten—the nine out of ten that will always be obscure people—but the tenth man goes on. He works harder and harder, he lets his mind play around the subject, he lets the ideas of that subject soak into his brain, he is determined that nothing can possibly resist persistent effort, and one fine day a great flood of light comes in—he suddenly sees all about it; his work is easy, his work is delightful. Everybody says of him; 'What an amazing amount of ability that young man has!' No, it was no ability—it was patient perseverance. The man had learned to labor and to wait."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Queen Victoria's railway car cost \$30,000.
The native home of wheat is supposed to be the mountain regions of Armenia.

A two-headed calf, which eats with both mouths, was lately on exhibition at Holton, Kan.

The fossil remains of a hog are said to have been discovered in the Bad Lands of North Dakota.

William B. Phillips of New Madrid, Mo., is credited with a total of 1,350 squirrels in three days' hunting on Little river.

While sorting rags at a paper mill in Osago, Mich., a woman found among the lot before her an envelope containing \$65.

The biggest poultry ranch in the world is to be located near San Francisco. It is expected to yield 90,000 broilers and 2,000,000 eggs a year.

While the sun was shining brightly and the sky was almost clear over Alganssee township, Branch County, Mich., lightning struck R. D. Tift's barn and destroyed it with its contents.

Baltimore has two physiological curiosities in the shape of two old men—one seventy and the other eighty-three years of age—who are said to be getting a fresh supply of wisdom teeth.

Thieves plundered a quince orchard in Natley, N. J., and the owner became so enraged that he promptly adopted measures to prevent future theft. He cut down every one of the trees, thirty in number.

A Liverpool policeman, who, as he thought, swallowed a sixpence thirteen years ago, recently had a severe pain in his throat. A fit of coughing came on and the long lost coin, half of its original thickness, was released from his throat.

At the battle of Trafalgar the heaviest gun used threw a projectile weighing only 32 pounds, the diameter of the gun being 6.41 inches. The modern 110-ton gun throws a shell weighing 2,000 pounds and is 16 1/4 inches in diameter.

A twenty-six pound fish was recently captured in the coffee-dam at Pittsburgh, Penn., and on cleaning it, there was found in the stomach a small German silver spoon with the name of "Vienna" on it. This was a souvenir spoon of the Vienna Club, that gave a boat excursion three years ago, and it is supposed one of the spoons fell overboard and was swallowed by the fish.

She Took Her Precious Calls.
A Buffalo woman went to California to spend the winter a couple of weeks ago.

She is a great lover of flowers. She has her yard full of them in the summer and her house full of them in the winter. Her particular pride is a big calla. When she was making up her list of things to take to California she included the calla. She read the list to her husband. When she came to the calla he said: "Now, I wouldn't take that calla."

"Why not?" she asked, with some asperity. "I never thought so much of a plant in my life as I do of that calla, and I just know it will be full of blossoms this winter, and I wouldn't miss seeing them and smelling them for the world."

The first letter home contained this paragraph: "I must tell you about that calla. It was the greatest bother you ever saw. I almost wore myself to a shadow taking care of it. But I carried it along, thinking of the lovely blossoms it would surely have this winter. By the time I got into California I was sick and tired of it and nervous and worried and all that. But I remembered the comfort the blossoms would be to me when they came. When I got up on the morning of the last day I looked out of the car window, and may I never see Buffalo again if the train wasn't running through a field of callas so big that I couldn't see its limits. I just sat down and had a good cry. To think that an ordinarily sensible woman should cart a twenty-pound pot and lily 3,000 miles just because she wanted to see it in blossom, and then find millions of the same lilies growing wild in the fields. It was enough to make an angel weep. Then I took the calla and threw it out of the car window."—Buffalo (New York) Express.

A High Example.
Willie—I should think you would be ashamed to have your mother put you to bed.
Bobbie—I don't know why I should. She does the same thing to father.—Life.

"The Vocal Student."

Madame Melba addresses students of music in an instructive, practical paper in the Ladies' Home Journal. She tells in her article on "The Vocal Student" of the necessity of securing a thoroughly competent teacher, of practice, and the care of the health; emphasizes the importance of being trained musicians as well as vocalists; talks of the monetary value of a musical training and of European study. With regard to the monetary reward of a capable singer, Madame Melba says: "To a girl properly trained and qualified the profession of a vocal teacher is one of the most remunerative. Good teachers are scarce and in great demand, and as the fees are large an excellent income may be obtained. Next comes the career of the church singer. Every church has its choir, and in the majority of cases the soloists composing it are paid, and often well paid. Engagements as a drawing-room singer can be secured in large cities when one has talent and faculty, and when the voice is not sufficiently large for its possessor to become a concert singer. The fees of the successful concert singer are large; she is constantly in demand; her repertoire is of songs, not of entire roles, and is more easily acquired; her expenses are limited to the cost of a few evening gowns, in the place of scores of costumes. For the opera singer there is plenty of hard work, but for that there is the compensation of being associated in many cases with the famous artists of the world, whom to know is a liberal education."

The Norwegian Moose Elk.
The moose elk—as big game as Europe can supply—is gradually getting extinct in Norway. It has been for some time protected by law, but by a law through which a keen sportsman has been able to drive, if not a coach and six, at least the necessary stalking horse and equipment. Its venison certainly is not the excuse for its slaughter, and still less its beauty. It is the only ugly member of a singularly graceful family. If it should ultimately disappear from Northern Europe we cannot lay the blame either on ladies or epicures. Its enormous nose, indeed, is said to be good eating, and the Norwegians seem to like its tongue, but there its attractions end. The law for its protection in Norway is curiously simple. More than one moose elk is not allowed to be killed on one property in one year. Unfortunately (for the moose) nothing is said as to the size of the property. The Norwegians are keen sportsmen and a law-abiding people. They don't poach much, but they evade the law. An owner of a property with moose on it sub-divides the land into small shares, and then has a battue, killing off a whole family of elks.—London Daily News.

New York's Pauper Dead.
The graveyard of New York's unknown and pauper dead is Hart's Island, situated at the entrance to Long Island Sound, in the East river. Potter's field is only a few acres in extent, but it holds over 100,000 bodies, says a correspondent. There are about twenty interments made there every day in the year, and a constant stream of silent passengers flows from the morgue at the foot of Twenty-sixth street to this quiet resting place out in the river. No monuments record the virtues of the sleepers on Hart's Island, no flowers bloom on its graves; in fact, no graves are visible—only a flat expanse of sod that would never be green if its life depended upon the tears of mourners instead of the morning dew and the weeping clouds.

Ready for Business.
With a very active, energetic workman, or a man of business, a cane or crutch is a sign of some infirmity, but he will have to use one or both if sciatica sets in and disables his hip. Worse than all this, he may be bed-ridden for a long time, and still worse, may be obliged to resort to surgical treatment. Why all this should be endured when the trouble can be easily cured! must be because he doesn't know that St. Jacobs Oil, the great remedy for pain, is a special cure for this very much dreaded malady. It has proved itself the most soothing and penetrating remedy for reaching the sciatic nerve and effectually curing its agonies that has perhaps ever been tried.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

—The Winchester, England, Cathedral is 520 feet long and 148 feet high.

The Modern Mother
Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

—It is said that the Greenland whale sometimes attains the age of 400 years.

Dobbin's Fleecing-Borax Soap is not an imitation. It is original. The only soap that floats, contains Borax and is 100 per cent. pure. It is worthy of a trial. A very lady who tries it contains a tin use. Red wrapper.

—Very old people need from a third to a half as much food as when in their prime.

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

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. MOUTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

FIT Stopped free and permanent cure. No fee after first day's use of Dr. KIDNEY'S GREAT NERVE-RESTORER. Free trial bottle sent gratis. Send to Dr. Kline, 311 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

The Same Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound, we might. But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—It's Ayer's.

LOOK TIRED THIS MORNING?

WAS it your own baby or your neighbor's that drove sweet sleep away? It's all unnecessary. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, sweet to the taste, mild but effective, stop sour stomach and colic in babies, and make papa's liver lively, tone his intestines and purify his blood.

EAT CASCARETS LIKE CANDY.
They perfume the breath and make things all right all around. At your druggist's 10c, 25c, 50c, or mailed for price. Address: STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO OR NEW YORK.

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"Demorest's Magazine is a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, it is the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published, and combines the attractions of several English magazines."—London Times.
"We have received another number of this delightful magazine, and we find ourselves bound to reiterate with greater earnestness the high encomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication presenting to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvelous shining 'worth.'"—London Budget.
The American Bookeller says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fully presented as in Demorest's."

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Upon receipt of a remittance of \$2.00 from you for one year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine we will send you FREE this beautiful Silver Sugar Shell as a premium, and, in addition, you will receive a copy of Van Vredenburg's exquisite oil painting, "Our Beach Show," representing a "yard" of play ul puppets—shown above. The picture is 10x3 inches, and it is printed in 14 colors in the highest style of the plate-printers' art. You will say it is the cutest picture you have ever seen when it reaches you. It will be issued with the December number of the magazine. This premium offer is only available to subscribers sending their subscriptions at once to us direct, using the order blank below, accompanied by a remittance of \$2.00.

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