

IT IS TRUE

That Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all other medicines fail to do any good whatever. Being peculiar in combination, proportion and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative power. It absolutely and permanently cures all diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

Try a Text Roll.
The Evening Post tells of "a mother who could hear in the next room every morning her small son of nine talking to himself as he spelled out the words and added figures, crosswise, up and down, and in every possible way, of a large calendar that hung directly in front of his bed, who thought herself of furnishing him better occupation. She took down the calendar and put up in its place a good print of the 'Madonna della Seggiola,' this with no word to him of the change. The next morning the little one's voice was still, but a noiseless peep into the room showed his eyes gazed rapturously to the picture, while about his lips the hint of a smile betrayed that his absorbing interest was a pleased one. Since then at intervals his morning picture is changed, not too frequently, for a child demands ratiocination, until the boy has become a small connoisseur in famous paintings, and his occasional short visits to an art gallery are a great delight to him because of his matinal studies. The first ten minutes of a child's day are a most valuable receptive period. The young brain is refreshed by sleep, unexcited by any of the day's occupations, eager for impressions, and peculiarly responsive to their influence."

Fishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon
Near the west coast of Newfoundland are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France in North America. They have a French governor and a uniformed French police. Many French fishermen make their headquarters on these islands. These Frenchmen "sail their trawls." Their fishing vessels are much larger than ours, and include even bark. Instead of dories they carry sail boats. The vessel comes to anchor, and near her each boat drops its first trawl-keg overboard. Then one boat will set a zigzag trawl by tacking against the wind, another will run a straight-away course, so that the trawls, while all converging toward the vessel, do not interfere with one another. Then, too, the fishermen can it foggy weather get back to the vessel simply unerringly their trawls. Our fishermen set theirs where they think they will hook the most fish, and the vessel, instead of coming to anchor cruises about where she put the dories over.—St. Nicholas.

MRS. PETERSON'S STORY.

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.
The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the headache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.
I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sensitive Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.—**Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.**



Heat in the Body.

An important source of heat in the body is due to the friction of the blood as it circulates in its vessels. All of this resistance, which is overcome by the heart, is transformed directly into heat. We may calculate the amount approximately. If we suppose that 180 cc. of blood are expelled from the left ventricle at each stroke, under a pressure of one third of an atmosphere, this would correspond to .6192 kilogramme-metres at each stroke, and at 72 strokes a minute, this would give 44.3124 kilogramme-metres per minute. If we suppose that the right heart does one-quarter the work of the left, or about 10 kilogramme-metres per minute, we have for the total work per minute 54.3124 kilogramme-metres, which corresponds to 128 calories per minute. This is perhaps a rather high estimate for ordinary conditions, but where the heart is forced to pump a much larger quantity of blood in order to maintain the normal temperature, this estimate is probably much exceeded at times. Since this friction takes place largely in the most constricted portions of the circulation, it would be natural to expect that the blood which had been driven through the capillary system of a gland would issue much warmer than if entered, and such we find to be the case. Thus the blood of the hepatic vein has been observed to be 40.73, while that in the right heart was 37.7. In the muscles no contraction can take place without an increased flow of blood through them with a simultaneous constriction of the capillaries, which would naturally give rise to a considerable production of heat—a fact constantly observed.—Sanitarian.

The Sequence Car.

Freight car numbered 12345 of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad passed through Darlington, Pawtucket, one day last week on the branch railroad. What that car contained, where it was from, or where it was going is of no consequence. The number of the car, 12345, is all that is of special interest.
This number on freight cars is the fortunate number to find. A few years ago, and perhaps until to-day, commercial travelers and whoever else was traveling much, or was much about the railroad, were all the time looking for this magic number. In the belief that to see it was a good omen, and wonderful were the stories told of the good fortune which fell to those who were so happy as to see it. It is a simple matter, and yet it is not often a car with this number comes into view. It is very likely that had any other particular number been chosen it would have been as difficult to find it.
A gentleman who saw this car last week had been looking for it continually for more than half a score of years, and during that time had traveled thousands of miles, but his eye had never been blessed with a sight of it until Tuesday. He is not so superstitious as to fancy that his fortune is to change because he has seen the car with this number, but his curiosity is gratified after so long a search.—Providence Journal.

A Famous Pistol.

Capt. Wm. F. Hogarty, of Kansas City, Kan., has in his possession an old dueling pistol which was originally owned by Josef Maria Graf von Dann, who was commander-in-chief of the Austrian army during the Seven Years' War, and one of Austria's greatest heroes. The pistol is in an excellent state of preservation, although it has been little used since its owner in 1757 drove Frederick the Great from Prague and forced him to evacuate Bohemia.
Josef had two of these pistols, and after his death one passed to each branch of his family. William Theodore Maria von Dann, a grandson, who was banished from Austria in 1848, brought one of them to America, and before his death at Quindaro, a few years ago, he gave it to Capt. Hogarty. It is inlaid with gold and silver and artistically carved. Capt. Hogarty prizes it very highly. He is himself something of a military hero—having been decorated by Congress for his distinguished bravery in the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg—hence it is a pleasure to him to own a pistol which was carried by such a great military character as Josef Maria Graf von Dann.—Kansas City Star.

The Locust Point yards of the B. & O. are completed and that ocean terminal at Baltimore now has a capacity for 300 cars. During the past few weeks the wisdom of making the improvement has been amply demonstrated. Thousands of cars of export grain were handled without a single blockade and with such celerity and ease that the old timers were greatly astonished.

Fun With Make-Believe Bonbons.

Boys and girls of Italy and France—and the older people as well—have one sport of which American young folk know nothing at all. And it is a sport that would appeal to any boy or girl of any land.
At carnival time and midlent every one is supplied with bonbons or small colored imitations of bonbons and colored paper disks known as confetti, with which the boys and girls take pleasure in pelting one another right vigorously. It doesn't hurt to be hit by confetti, and they are thrown in vast quantities. Sometimes a party will gather on a balcony with a whole bag of the paper trifles, and as the people pass in the street below they are treated to a real shower of confetti.
Another form of the sport consists in throwing serpentine, or large rolls of ribbon paper. The thrower holds fast to one end of the ribbon and gives the ball a sharp throw over the crowd. In half a minute a score of people are tangled up in the confusing meshes. This is even more exciting sport than the throwing of confetti, because it strikes a good many persons at once. In order to assist in throwing confetti and serpentine a clever Frenchman has invented a number of blowguns. One of them is made in the shape of a cane. It can be loaded full of the paper disks and the person who is walking with it can lift it and shoot

Children's Column



Freckled Joe.
Not a beauty he, ah no!—Freckled Joe;
None could truly call him fair;
With tanned skin and sandy hair;
With that saucy, up-turned nose,
And those inward-pointing toes;
Wonder why fate made him so, Freckled Joe?
As a jolly boy all know Freckled Joe;
For he has such merry ways,
Making fun where'er he stays—
Seeing e'er the funny side
Of whatever may be told;
Well for him that fate made so Freckled Joe.
Not alone for play is, though, Freckled Joe;
Meeting strangers at the door,
Running errands to the store,
Doing everything he can—
He is such a willing man;
Well for us that fate made so Freckled Joe.

Seems to me he doesn't grow, Freckled Joe;
He's not quite as big as he
Many boys less old than he
And it gives me some surprise
How a boy of his small size,
Can fill all the hearts that know Freckled Joe!
Maggie A. Richard.

A Terrier in the Menagerie.

A small fox-terrier caused a great commotion among the wild beasts of the Central park menagerie a short time ago, says the New York Evening Post. He began by annoying the lion, which, aroused by the dog's barking, arose, looked at the small creature, then walked off. But the terrier continued his challenge, and the lion at last became so enraged that he uttered a roar, which set the whole house agog. Then the dog trotted over to the hippopotamus, slipped up close to one of the bars, and yelped in the monster's ear. The hippopotamus got up, others of his family joined him, and the terrier led them up and down till they were enraged and he was tired. He went off to the rabbits, which he soon had in terror. Wearing of this he baited the bears, which climbed and grunted and growled, trying first to reach the tormentor, then to draw him to them. His equal was a man with a gun. Keeper Snyder had heard the noise left in the trail of the terrier, and he followed to the bear den, where the dog was looking about for more fun. There was a shot, and the small dog dropped silent on the rocks.

How a Fly Buried a Spider.

Samuel Simon, Sr., a well known resident of Neshannock Township, while strolling near his home one day recently, noticed a fly about half an inch long and of a dark blue color, with a slim body, bearing a large dead spider, says the Newcastle (Pa.) Democrat. The fly crossed his path and laid his load down. He then went about eighteen inches in another direction and began digging a hole in the ground. His curiosity being excited, Mr. Simon stopped and watched the work. After the fly had the hole dug about half the length of himself, he went to where he had left the spider and took its dimensions. After going back to the hole he found it was not big enough and began digging again. After taking out a quantity of earth he again went to the spider and again took his dimensions. He did this eight times and as often enlarged the hole. When the busy little fellow had the hole too deep for him to throw the dirt clear out he would get on the bank and force it back with his feet. After he had the excavation large enough for his purpose he went for the spider and brought it to the grave, for such it proved to be, and dragged it to the mouth of the hole. After he had the body in he covered it with fine earth first, and finished by placing a small piece of cinder on top. When he had finished the work he flew away. The whole time consumed was exactly fifty-five minutes, as Mr. Simon says he watched the whole performance.

Boys' Sports in Guatemala.

In Guatemala boys have their games and sports as boys elsewhere do, but to American young folk some of these will appear very odd as well as dangerous. These little coal-black Caribs are very active and supple, and if they fall they are very apt to light on their feet like a cat. In many of their games there is not more than a little grass spread over the ground for the protection of their bones, and in some cases none at all.
A merry-go-round game is played on a long board balanced over a post, with a large wooden pin projecting up through it at the middle—a sort of merry-go-round. The boys choose a partner and one gets on at each end. The opposing two, or as many as like, get inside, near the post, and push the board around as rapidly as possible, until one of the players is thrown off. When one is dislodged from his seat he goes rolling and bumping along the ground as if he never would stop.
Another game is played with a "greased pole" peculiarly constructed. It is held in an oblique position by tri-posts and a rope running from the top to a stake in the ground. At one side near the bottom is a hoop, on which prizes such as straw hats and handkerchiefs, are hanging. The boys go up to the top by a native ladder and slide down, endeavoring to grasp a prize from the hoop—if they get that far without falling. This is a very difficult game, as the contestant has generally slipped round to the underside of the pole or fallen from it before the hoop is reached. As their little black bodies rub the grease from the pole the prizes disappear more rapidly.
The tight-rope game is the most difficult and perhaps the most dangerous of all. Two posts, about eight feet high, sunken in the ground, support two wooden triangles on an axle, about nine feet long. From each corner of the triangle a rope runs to the corresponding corner of the one at the other end. A prize is placed at one end and the little Carib must make his way across on the ropes to obtain it. The slightest variation of balance or pressure on the ropes and the axle revolves violently, often throwing the contestant to the ground with much force. However, it is always pleasing to see him get up and show his perseverance. He thinks not of himself, but of the prize, and he must have a new hat or handkerchief even if it does cost him a good many bruises.
These Carib boys are even more daring on water than they are on land. They almost always stand up to paddle their little "dugouts" because they are not tall enough to sit down and do it. Their boats, or cayugas, as they call them, are very unsteady, and it is impossible for one person to pass another in them. Sometimes in ferrying passengers from the boats the little fellow becomes so excited through his good fortune at earning a real he will get a wrong place in his boat. He simply jumps into the water, swims to the stern, nimbly climbs in and paddles away. No matter how rough the water may be you can see the same number of boys out on the sea, standing up in their tottery crafts and paddling hither and thither. One wonders how they manage to stay in them.—Chicago Record.

A MOTHER'S EFFORT.

A Mother Sees Her Daughter in a Placid Condition, but Manages to Rescue Her.
From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.
The St. Paul correspondent for the New Era recently had an item regarding the case of Mabel Stevens, who had just recovered from a serious illness of rheumatism and nervous trouble, and was able to be out for the first time in three months. The letter stated that it was a very bad case and her recovery was considered such a surprise to the neighbors that it created considerable gossip.
Being anxious to learn the absolute facts in the case, a special reporter was sent to have a talk with the girl and her parents. They were not at home, however, being some distance away. A message was sent to Mr. Stevens, asking him to write up a full history of the case, and a few days ago the following letter was received from Mrs. Stevens:

"St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 20, 1897.
Editors New Era, Greensburg, Ind.
"DEAR SIR: Your kind letter received and I am glad to have the opportunity to tell you about the sickness and recovery of Mabel. We don't want any newspaper notoriety, but in case like this where a few words of what I have to say may mean recovery for some child, I feel it my duty to tell you of her case.
"Two years ago this winter Mabel began complaining of pains in her limbs, principally in her lower limbs. She was going to school, and had to walk about three quarters of a mile each day, going through all kinds of weather. She was thirteen years old and doing so well in her studies that I disliked to take her from school but we had to do so.
"For several months she was confined to the house, and she grew pale and dwindled down to almost nothing. Her legs and arms were drawn up and her appearance was pitiful. Several doctors had attended her, but it seemed that none of them did her any good. They advised us to take her to the springs, but times were so hard we could not afford it, although we finally managed to get her to the Martinsville baths. Here she grew suddenly weaker, and it seemed that she could not stand it, but she became better, and it seemed that she was being benefited, but she suddenly grew worse, and we had to bring her home.
"She lingered along, and last winter became worse again, and was afflicted with a nervous trouble almost like St. Vitus' dance. For some time we thought she would die, and the physicians gave her up. When she was at her worst a neighbor came in with a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and wanted us to try them as they were advertised to be good for such cases, and her daughter had used them for nervousness with such good results that she thought they might help Mabel.
"We tried them. The first box helped her some, and after she had taken three boxes she was able to sit up in bed. When she had finished a half dozen boxes she was able to be out and about. She has taken about nine boxes altogether now, and she is as well as ever, and going to school every day, having started in again three weeks ago. Her cure was undoubtedly due to these pills."
(Signed) Mrs. AMANDA STEVENS.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatitis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. The Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.—They are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by the undersigned, Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Files permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Don't waste money advertising. No patent on pay. Prizes, medals, great riches, etc. We do regular patent business. Write us. WATSON, E. GREENMAN, solicitors of patents, 902 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.

JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 2 yrs. in last war, 10 adjudicating claims, 1874-1896.

CANCER CURED AT HOME.

Dr. J. B. HARRIS, 400, Pine Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. P. N. U. 38'97.

FISCH'S CURE FOR

GUINIS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold Everywhere. CONSUMPTION.

It Stood the Test.

A public writer had a partition wall fixed up in his study and ordered the carpenters to make it in such a way that no sound could penetrate through it.
"The best thing will be to fill it in with shavings," said one man, and set to work.
When he had finished, his employes went and stood on one side of the partition and called out to the man who was on the other side:
"Do you hear me, Jantke?"
"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a table spoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-quarter the price of coffee, 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

E. Tremlett Carter, a celebrated electrical engineer, recently inspected the electrical equipment of the B. & O. at Baltimore, as the London Underground Railway has adopted the style of motors that the B. & O. use in the Baltimore tunnel. At the conclusion of his inspection Mr. Carter said that it was the most complete and economically handled plant he had ever seen and that he had never been in a tunnel that was so absolutely free from smoke.

Pico's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PICKER, Van Kilen and Blake Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1894.

The B. & O. has a coal chute at West Fairmount, W. Va., that fills a tender of a locomotive with coal in eight seconds.

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Just the kind of weather to get the full benefits of cycling. Columbias are the wheels you can ride the year round, no matter the weather. 5" Nickel Steel tubing makes them the strongest, direct tangent spokes do not break, and many other improvements give them unequalled strength and beauty.

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If you cannot pay all cash, pay by the month.

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"I can sincerely say that I owe my life to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For seven years I suffered, with that terrible scourge Scrofula, in my shoulder and my arm. Every means of cure was tried without success. I had a good physician who tried in every way to help me. I was told to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I immediately began its use and after taking seven bottles of this remedy the scrofula was entirely cured."—Mrs. J. A. GAZLIN, Fort Fairfield, Me., Jan. 26, 1896.