

Horseless Carriage.

Edison thinks that there will be a horseless carriage on the market, combining the lightness and trimness of the bicycle and costing not more than \$100. There are no insurmountable difficulties in the way. The thing is feasible enough, and an army of inventors is at work upon it. When it comes the bicyclist will have the choice of working his own passage or having it worked for him. Some of them pretend to like the former, but with the alternative in reach the chances are that they will develop an indolent and luxurious preference for the latter. The vehicle is certainly on the way, various in type and function, and Mr. Edison's declaration that it will speedily arrive is the more significant from the fact that he ought to know what he is talking about.—*Farmer's Review.*

Penalty for Desertion.

Desertion in time of war is punishable, in all armies, by death, usually inflicted by shooting. In time of peace it is regarded by various governments with different degrees of severity, according as the military system is mild or severe. In France, Germany or Russia desertion, even in time of peace, is very harshly punished, but in the United States it is punishable by a term of imprisonment at hard labor. As a matter of fact this penalty is rarely inflicted. The desertions in our army number from 1,000 to 1,200 annually, and few of the runaways are ever caught.

SCROFULOUS HUMOR

Sores Healed by Hood's Sarsaparilla and Have Never Returned.
"I was a sufferer with scrofulous humor, and had a very large sore under my chin. It caused me much pain. I also felt tired and despondent, but after taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla my sores were healed and have never returned." Mrs. C. N. Rookwell, White's Store, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills assist Digestion and cure Constipation. 25 cents.

A Spelling-Bee.

"I'm going to have a spelling bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'" The children turned and stared into one another's eyes. "Best spell 'man,'" Uncle John? Why, there is only one way," they cried. "There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I leave you to think of it a while." And he buttoned up his coat and went away.
Time went slowly to the puzzled boys for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his great-coat pocket. Uncle John did not delay. He sat down, and looked straight into Harry's eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"
"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.
But Uncle John turned to Bob. "Had a good day, my boy?"
"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day; and we made up our minds that, when the girls came, we'd clear them off. But Jo, he—"
"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"
"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too; and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way." There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on Jo's knees.
"The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize." Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him. "Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and see."

To be popular with some people, all that is necessary is to say "Thank you" in a very loud voice.



Woolen Ingrain Carpet, 33c.

Imported Velvet Carpet, 59c.

Our entire force is working day and night filling orders. You, also, can save 50 to 60 per cent. on a carpet by writing for our new Colored Carpet Catalogue which shows all goods in lithographed colors and with exact descriptions. The book costs you nothing. If you wish quality samples, send 5c. in stamps. Our new 112 page general catalogue of Furniture, Draperies, Crochets, Stoves, etc., will be ready after Nov. 1st. Write for it then.
JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Please mention this paper.

Catarh Cannot be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarh. Send for testimonials, free.
E. J. CHERRY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ALASKA FISH.

They Are Used for Food, Light and Heat by the Natives.

A species of fish abounds in the waters of Alaska that are useful both as food and fuel. They are taken in immense quantities with nets and lines. After being caught they are dried and stored away until the long winter months arrive, when they get dark early and the Alaskan is snowed up. Here comes an opportunity for using them. Not a bit at a loss for light, the Alaskan takes one of these dried fish, inserts its tail into a crack in his rough wooden table and lights its nose. The fish burns with a bright and steady light of about three candle power, giving a clear, white light and a very considerable amount of heat. A fairly large fish will burn for a period of three hours.

The scientific explanation is extremely simple. The vertebrae which form the back-bone of the fish are found to be largely formed of phosphorus, which not only causes it to ignite easily, but also accounts for the strength of the flame and the heat developed. The substance of the fish, which consists so largely of fat, acts as a retarder to the rapid burning of the vertebrae in precisely the same way as the tallow acts in an ordinary candle. The fat of the fish is largely composed of stearine, which is also the chief chemical constituent of the tallow used for making candles, and which gives them their firmness and consistency.

Valuable as is the fish for its light-giving properties, it also has its value as a food. If necessary it can be eaten after having been used as a candle. It then being simply smoked, or it can be boiled or cooked in the ordinary manner. In whichever way it is treated, to a hungry man it serves as a very welcome and appetizing dish. In favor it is much like the smelt, having the same sweet taste, but is much fatter.

Still another use to which it can be put is as a substitute for cod liver oil, which, if taken in sufficient quantity, by aiding the natural heat of the body, proves an excellent protective against the severe cold. The oil is obtained from the fish by immersing them in cold water and squeezing, the product obtained being almost equal in quality to the genuine cod liver oil.

Inherited.

"Is that young one going to stay awake all night?" asked Mr. Lushforth, indignantly.
"There is no right for you to complain," retorted his wife. "He inherits the habit from you."

Children's Column



The Nicest One.

I've got the dearest dolly.
And her name is Sally Polly.
She used to be a clothespin
'Fore she got to be a doll.
Aunt Maggie made her for me
When I had the whooping cough;
And she marked her face with charcoal,
But it's almost all come off.
Her dress is only gingham,
And she hasn't any hair,
She ain't a truly beauty,
But I tell her not to care.

For I've got a great big family
Of dollies large and small;
And Sally Polly Clothespin is
The nicest doll of all.
—Gladys Hyatt, in American Agriculturist.

A Polar Bear's Clever Trick.

For dinner a polar bear likes nothing better than a good, fat young walrus. But a walrus is not the easiest thing to catch, especially if its mother or father happens to be lingering around in the neighborhood. An old walrus is more than twice the size of a bear and a very hard fighter when pressed. So Mr. Bear calls when the old walrus are out of sight, and catches the young walrus as best he can. Sometimes he crawls up on a high cliff and lies for a long time, peeping over the edges. Presently the young walrus comes up out of the water to bask on a rock or a cake of ice. This is Mr. Bear's chance. He rolls a heavy stone to the edge of the cliff and tumbles it over. If it strikes the mark the bear has his dinner ready whenever he wants to eat it. Few animals have found a shrewder way of killing their prey.

A River on Fire.

The newspapers tell of a remarkable display at a town on the Caspian sea during a visit of the Russian grand dukes. The governor of the town had conceived the idea of greeting the guests with "a sea of flame." Accordingly he poured a quantity of naphtha on the water, where it spread over an area of several miles. After dark the inflammatory volcano was ignited and the bluish flames swept away in all directions over the dark waters of the sea. It was a striking and impressive sight, and yet it was by no means new.
Nearly every week our own despised Chicago river becomes "a sea of flames," but few people take the trouble of being on land to see the display. On the upper stretches of the river, near Bridgeport, where the water grows foul from the accumulation of masses of sewage a certain highly inflammable gas is generated, and it rises in great quantities from the water in the form of bubbles. It is a favorite sport of the tugmen and of others who visit that stretch of the river to touch a match to the gas and watch the flames shoot away in every direction over the water. The fire lasts only a few seconds, but the display is brilliant while it continues. And strange as it may seem, the fire department has been called out more than once to extinguish the blazing river.—*Chicago Record.*

The Cape Penguin.

The cape penguin is very popular at the Cape of Good Hope and the Falkland Islands. From the extraordinary sound it produces while on shore it is called the jackass penguin. Darwin gives the following interesting account of this bird: "In diving, its little plumless wings are used as fins, but on the land, as front legs. When crawling (it may be said on four legs) through the tussocks, or on the side of a grassy cliff, it moved so very quickly that it might easily have been mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea and fishing it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing, with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that I defy anyone at first sight to be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport."
These birds feed their young in a very singular manner. The parent bird gets on a hillock, and apparently delivers a very impassioned speech for a few minutes, at the end of which it lowers its head and opens its beak. The young one, who has been a patient auditor, thrusts its head into the open beak of the mother and seems to suck its subsistence from the throat of the parent bird. Another speech is immediately made and the same process repeated, until the young is satisfied. This penguin is very courageous, but utterly destitute of the better part of courage—discretion; for it will boldly charge at a man just as Don Quixote charged the windmills, and with the same success, as a few blows from a stick is sufficient to lay a dozen birds prostrate.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dogs That Wear Shoes.

In Alaska even the dogs are required to wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky where a man would freeze to death. The dog does all of the work of dragging and carrying, which in this country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins out of buckskin or reindeer skin and

ties them on with stout throngs or leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly heated up; then he bites and tears his shoes off with his sharp, wolf-like teeth and eats them up!

Wonderful animals are the dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell for \$75 to \$200 each, more than an ordinary horse will bring in this country. They will draw 200 pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys they are over fond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung up out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close up to the men who own them as possible and the miner cannot wrap himself up so close that they won't get under his blanket with him. They are human, too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.—*Chicago Record.*

A Procession of Elephants.

Marie A. Millie tells a number of "Stories of Elephants," in St. Nicholas. The author says:
"The prime minister of Nepal with the court were at that time in holy Hardwar, in order to bathe in the sacred Ganges, and perform their pilgrimage to the 'Har Ki Pyree,' or 'Steps to Heaven,' and for their benefit the elephants were made to go in procession through the sacred town.
"Can any child picture a procession of a hundred and fifty tame elephants in single file, headed by Bijji, and with Narain bringing up the rear? It was truly a grand sight. They covered a mile and a quarter of road, and were as orderly as soldiers in a marching regiment. Through the town they marched, each bent in its place, in no way disconcerted by the populace, or by the screaming children, who joined in singing their nursery rhymes at each turn of the road. They think that Ganeshin, the god of wisdom, has his existence in an elephant's body, and so they venerate the colossal beast immensely. Their little voices, pitched at the highest, sang out the couplet:
Elephant, O elephant! give us a hair of your tail!
Or, instead thereof, a sword of gold!"

It was a quaint, queer sight! The old town with its mosques and minarets; the "sacred stairs of Vishnu," leading down to the blue water's edge; the priests on the steps in gay sulphur-colored garments, feeding the sacred fish, while the sacred monkeys were swarming everywhere, swinging from branch to branch of the trees, feeding on the house-tops, screaming and playing. Below marched undisturbed the imposing procession of elephants, all bent on obedience, and wending their way regardless of all distractions.

The Turk and the Irishman.

Among the Turks employed on the line of the first Turkish railway was an old man who had a son who was a soldier in one of the regiments in the garrison at Rustchuk, whom he had not seen for a good many months. Each day the regular through train arrived and left, but the old Turk never got the chance to run up to Rustchuk to see his son, for the train just came and went at the very moment when he was engaged at his midday prayer. And so the days and the weeks passed, and the old man, between his devotion to his religious duties and his love for his son, was left lamenting the inconvenient arrangement of the railway time-table. One day he confided his trouble to the Irish foreman, whose name was Flynn.
"Ah! my friend, you do not know how sore my heart is."
"Well, baba [father], what is the matter with you now?" asked Flynn.
"Well, you see," said the old Turk, "my son, whom you know, is up at Rustchuk, and I have not seen him for so many months, and his mother is longing to hear something about him."
"Why don't you get leave, then, and go to see him?" said the practical Irishman.
"How can I?" replied the old man. "Doesn't the train come in and go away while I am at prayers? Allah wills it that I should not see him."
And so the time continued to pass, the old man telling Flynn how his heart was weary to see his son. It happened one day that, as the train drew up at the station, the old man was engaged at his devotions on his prayer-carpet close to the line, an empty truck with the door run back had stopped just opposite where he was on his knees and his forehead to the ground, and the Irishman came along. Seized by a sudden inspiration, he caught up the old Turk, prayer-carpet and all, and landed him in the truck just as the train moved off. Two days after the old man came back by the down train, his face beaming with pleasure.
"Ah! my friend," he said, as he saw Flynn on the platform, "only for you I should never have seen my son. It must have been Allah who put it into your heart to throw me into the train. May he reward you for it."—*Harper's Round Table.*

PRaises THE COUNTRY.

Former Governor of Alaska Speaks Kind Words for the Territory.
James Sheakley, who has returned from a ten years' residence in Alaska, in his last four of which he was Governor of the territory, speaks in terms of the highest praise of the country and its great gold resources. He says that the territory will furnish the country with gold for a century. The great bodies of low grade ores buried in Alaska, he says, are practically inexhaustible. The most important information brought back by the former governor, however, is to the effect that the American territory contains regions as rich in gold as the British. He urges the necessity of an early start to the mines. "When the Yukon freezes up," said Mr. Sheakley, "it freezes to a depth of six and seven feet, and blocks of ice pile up so that no boat left in the river could possibly be saved. Alaska's resources are her mines and her fisheries. The fur business is a passing industry that will disappear with all the seals in a few years unless the strictest protection be accorded the animals." Mr. Sheakley says that Alaska has no agricultural possibilities and will never have any. There is no soil, he adds,



JAMES SHEAKLEY.

and no climate. It never gets warm enough for crops to mature. Wheat and oats, even if they could be grown, would stay green until Christmas and would not mature. At present there is hardly any government in Alaska. There are no taxes, no Legislature, and no multiplicity of laws. There are a United States district court, a United States marshal, with seven deputies, a district attorney and seven commissioners or judges. But, according to the recent governor, the territory's mineral prospects are unlimited.

The Bridal Tour.
"I want to go abroad the worst way," exclaimed the young thing.
"Then you should marry. I know of no worse way."—*Detroit Journal.*

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the hair from falling out, and makes a new growth come in. You save what you have and get more. No gray hair.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
Dorchester, Mass.

(Established 1780.)

Fall Sense

If you are going to bicycle, bicycle now—don't put off healthful pleasure—it's a long time to spring—months of the best of riding days—Columbia riders wheel on certainty.

1897 Columbias, \$75 TO ALL ALIKE.

Hartford Bicycles, \$50, \$45, \$40.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Bear in Mind That "The Gods Help Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use

SAPOLIO

A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM

About the Cause of Anemia.



Everybody comes into this world with a predisposition to disease of some particular tissue; in other words, everybody has a weak spot. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the weak spot in women is somewhere in the uterine system. The uterine organs have less resistance to disease than the vital organs; that's why they give out the soonest.

Not more than one woman in a hundred—say, in five hundred—has perfectly healthy organs of generation. This points to the stern necessity of helping one's self just as soon as the life powers seem to be on the wane.

Excessive menstruation is a sign of physical weakness and want of tone in the uterine organs. It saps the strength away and produces anemia (blood turns to water).

If you become anemic, there is no knowing what will happen. If your gums and the inside of your lips and inside your eyelids look pale in color, you are in a dangerous way and must stop that drain on your powers. Why not build up on a generous, uplifting tonic, like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Mrs. EDWIN ERNO, 413 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa., says: "I feel it my duty to write and tell you that I am better than I have been for four years. I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills, and can say that I am perfectly cured. 'Doctors did not help me any. I should have been in my grave by this time if it had not been for your medicine. It was a godsend to me. I was troubled with excessive menstruation, which caused weak trouble, and I was obliged to remain in bed for six weeks. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine was recommended to me, and, after using it a short time, was troubled no more with flooding. I also had severe pain in my kidneys. This, also, I have no more. I shall always recommend the Compound, for it has cured me, and it will cure others. I would like to have you publish this letter.' (In such cases the dry form of Compound should be used.)"

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