A Choice Occupation. They were making out the dance list or a prospective ball and were put-ing down lancers, waitzes, two-steps, to, when they were interrupted. "What are you doing?" said the new-

"Don't you see?" replied the wit of the family. "Picking hops."-North American,

Even Worse than Death. ""Why are the Dashleigh girls in mourning?" "An uncle of theirs was accepted as a juror last week."

Oh, What Spiendid Coffee. Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., Writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry coating 15c I grew 900 ibs. of better coffee than I can buy In stores at 30 cents a h." A. C. 5. A package of this coffee and big seed and plant catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis, upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

Foor Baby

Will not strangle and die with Croup if Hoz-ale's C. C. C. is used No oplum to stupefy, no ipeone to nausente. W centa.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-pess after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, Strial bottle and ireatise free Da. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 201 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

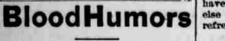
The rate of the growth of human hair varies. In some cases it has been known to exceed two inches per month. The average for man and woman is about half an inch every 30 days.

To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Lazative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All ruggists refund money if it fails to cure. Sc.

The cat was considered a sacred ani mal by the ancient inhabitants of Heli-opolis, Egypt. When one of these ani-mals died in a private residence, the occupants shaved off their eyebrows.

Chew Star Tobacco-The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

Great Britain has 135,000 fillterate voters.



Spring is the Cleansing Season-Don't Neglect Your Health

You Heed to Take Hood's Sarsa

parilla Now Spring is the season for cleansing and newing. Everywhere accumulations of waste are being removed and preparations for the new life of another season are being de. This is the time for cleansing your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Winter Humors, Boils, pimples, eruptions, and that tired feeling are the results. Hood's Samaparfile expels all impurities from the blood and makes it rich and nourishing. It bailds up the nervous system, creates an appetite, gives sweet, refreshing sleep and ewed energy and vigor. It cures all spring humors, bolls, pimples, eruptions.





a slong willig Б

One Woman's Way.' Mrs. Skinner-Oh, but I wish I was a

Mr. Skinner-"Why so, my dear? Mrs. Skinner-I was just thinking to Mrs. Skinner-I was just the happy I day if I was only a man, how happy I could make my wife by giving her a diamond necklace for a birthday pres-JDO

The Proper Way to Do. Brown-How is your friend Green setting along in the grocery business White—He's not making his sait. Brown—Wily, what's the trouble? White-Oh, nothing; he buys it.

fige of Pronunciation

It is always diverting to watch how wave of small intellectual reform will from time to time sweep over a "set" or a community, or, indeed, an entire ocality, says the New York Sun. It is so catching, so inevitable. Every-body goes down before it. Anything novel or out of the way in expression is the popular infection just now. For example "half after four" instead of "half past four," "keen" for "quick" or "eager" and "delectable" for any thing from "nice" to "just too perfectly lovely for anything." This fashion has however, less to commend it that it is not so much a tribute to good English as to stilly Americans -namely, the Anglomaniacs. Pronunciation affords a fine instance

of the way that women all follow suit like a row of bricks or a flock of sheep or anything else that symbolizes hav mony and accord. Just let a club president or any acknowledged leader start dent of any acknowledged leader state in by saying appendicytis or co-quetry, or anything else foreign to the appen-dicectis, or coquetry that they have all been saying for so many years, and presto! the sleight-of-hand man couldn't make quicker work of R. All this isn't eaving that it mu't highly laudable and well intentioned. Like everything else culture itself bas to have's start and not unlike everything else the ant to be funny while it's so refreshingly new.

make a good stout poker trunk? Trunkmaker-What do you mean by

Jack Potts-One that holds four trays.

It is often a hard matter to convince a brass band that it isn't the entire procession.

cession. There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put logether, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurrents. For a great many years doctors proponential to a section of the section of the cure with local treatment, prononneed if in-cure with local treatment, prononneed if in-curding the local treatment, prononneed if in-curding the local treatment, prononneed if in-curding the local treatment prononneed if in-curding the local treatment for the requires constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, mannhecured by F. J. Chenry & Co., Toledo, Ohio, Is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a baspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They ofter one hundred dollars for any case it fails to ours. Send for circulars and testi-monials. Address F. J. Chenry & Co. Sold by Draggists, 75: Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Syrap for shifter torthing, softens the gums, reducing infammu tion, alleys pain, cures wind collo. So.s beta

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.-RALPH ERING, Wil-liamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1833.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

"DBAR MRS. PINKHAMI-I cannot be gin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without failing. I had womb trouble and such a bearing down feeling ; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain

"THE RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE."

We walk in a world where no man reads The riddle of things that are,— From a tiny fern in the valley's heart To the light of the largest star,— Yet we know that the pressure of life hard And the silence of Death is deep, As we fall and rise on the tangled way That leads to the gate of Sleep

We know that the problems of Sin and Pain. And the passions that lead to crime, Are the mysteries locked from age to age In the awful valid of Time;— Yet we lift our weary feet and strive Through the mire and mist to grope And flad a ledge on the mount of Paith In the morning land of Hope, —William H. Hayne, in Harper's Weekly.

day. I will get a carriage, and we will take the children out. A run on

the seashore will do us all good, for

"Well, as you wish, "said Fred, pity-

ing the pale face and really fearing that he was growing heartless. "We

can take the children down to Bath

the days preceding it for six long months, a silver-haired old lady sat

knitting in a cheerful sitting room.

In a sleeping room beyond a lady lay

upon the bed, resting after an excit-

"you always look cheerful here, mother."

cerely, but after my first shock of pain was over I thought of him safe

in God's care, happy, released from all the sorrows of this life, and was com-

forted. God has left me my wife, my

two noble boys and my own home,

health and strength. It seemed to me

monstrous and wicked to see no light

hopelessly. She hugged her grief to her heart till the whole world was

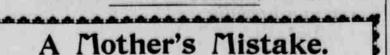
dark, and would hear no word of com-

"Have you told her what you have

just told me of your own source of

take the

came into the room.



there.

afterward."

In a darkened room, where the afford to take a few leisure hours to-shutters were closely bowed and tied with broad black ribbons, a lady was unfolding and stroking with tender the seashore will do us all good, for hands the contents of a small trunk Not packed for a traveler's comfort, the trunk contained only the posses-sions of a babe a year old, who had "gone before" to the heavenly home.

For six months the bereaved mother had made a weekly visit to the trunk, unfolding and refolding every baby garment, packing carefully the baby toys and stroking tenderly every tiny object endeared by the touch of the little one she had lost. Yet, on the day when the sixth month had rolled by, her tears fell upon the dainty em-broideries, the worn socks, the broken toys as fast as on the day when she first put aside the clothes Baby Willie would never wear again. Her dress of heavy black, loaded with crape,

or neavy block, loaded with crape, snited well her pale, tear-stained face, heavy eyes and grief-drawn mouth. While she was yet busy at her mournful task the door opened softly and two beautiful boys of four years old, her twin sons, Eddie and Charlie, came into the room. Seeing their mother busy, they softly stepped to her side and stood quiet until Eddie spied a tin horse and wagon on the floor. A moment later he had grasped

it and was pulling it down from the summit of a pile of little garments. Down toppled the whole pile, the cart rattling noisily. The mother looked around with a quick frown.

"You naughty, heartless boy!" she cried, sobbing. "How can you touch your poor, dead brother's things? I think you are old enough to know think you are old enough to know poor Willie is gone, never to come back, and mamma is so sad—so—..." Here the sobs choked her, and the

ky, mamma. "Is Charlie bad boy, too?" asked

were in disgrace and ready to be comnurse.

And the mother, rocking to and fro,

sobs more pitifully because I do not share her feelings. You advised me to be patient, to let time carry its healing to her. I have been patient

draperies still clinging around her, but her face lifted with a look upon it that went to Fred's heart. It was the expression of so much penitence, such heart-stricken remorse, that he held out both hands, to gather her closely in his arms. Then she spoke: "Forgive me, Fred, and stay with me! I did not mean to be an eaves-

dropper, but I heard all you said, and I see how wickedly selfish I have been. You were so kind, so tender, that I did not realize what I was doing in not realize what I was doing in not go away, Fred!" "Never, Susy, if you bid me stay." "I do. Mother, you will help me to keep him."

"Not now! I must give my answer this morning. I am off now, but I will be home to dinner."

the weather is getting hot." "Oh! Fred, drive me to Greenwood. It is nearly a month since we were It was still daylight on the summer afternoon when Fred Aiken came home. Before he entered the house he drew a deep sigh of relief, seeing the shutters of every window opened and the light shaded only by inner curtains. In the sitting room Eddie and Charlie, long banished because they were noisy, were building block houses. Their dress showed plainly that Nannie had no longer sole con-Nearly a month after the day de-scribed, which was a fair specimen of trol of their appearance, and on each little face was a serene happiness, as if some long-felt restraint was gone.

Susy, in a dress of black, thin goods, had put snowy ruffles at wrists and throat and, for the first time since her baby died, had arranged her hair fashionably and becomingly. Upon ing talk, weary with crying and half sleeping. While the old lady plied her needles with her sweet, placid face clouded by some troubled thought, Fred Aiken her face, still pale and thin, w smile of welcome for Fred, and the kiss of greeting he gave her was cordially returned.

"Papal" the boys shouted, "see us tumble down the tower mamma "Oh!" he said, kissing her fondly, built."

And down came the rattling blocks, without any quick cry of restraint for their noise or the gleeful shouts of the little ones.

It is nearly seven years now since Baby Willie was laid to sleep in Greenwood. Two little girls are playmates for Eddie and Charlie in Mrs. Aiken's nursery, and another little grave marks a second bereave-But the mother has learned ment. well the lesson impressed upon her heart when the selfish sorrow so near-

ly blighted her home. The little ones God has taken can never be forgotten. Tears still fall over their pictures, the silent souvenirs of their brief lives, but the duties to the living are never forgotten in sorrowing for the dead. What God to Susy. I respected her sorrow and tried to comfort her, but I tell you frankly that I shall become insane has taken to His own care the mother has learned to resign submissively, thanking Him for the blessings spared. if I do not get away. It is useless for me to tell you that I loved my boy, my little Willie, as fondly as ever father loved a son. I grieved for him sinshutting out no sunlight He gives and treasuring gratefully the memories of brightness with the sorrow of the little lives ended. -New York News,

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Indian ink comes from China, and consists of lampblack and glue.

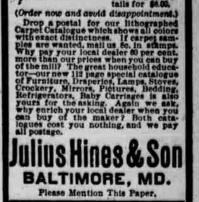
A partridge with white wings has been eluding the best English sportsmen about Ledbury.

or hope in life because a babe had The longest continued cataleptic returned to Heaven pure and spotless. sleep known was reported from Ger-many in 1892. It continued four and But Susy would not see the loss in this light. It became her religion to one-half months. mourn for her baby ceaselessly and

Curupay is a Paraguayan wood of reddish color and extremely hard. It lasts for years under ground or in water and is chiefly used for railway leepers.

The Good Habit society now has 2000 members. It was started by Harvey Prentice, a Chicago school boy. Its chief pledge is to treat everybody with kindness.

In the jungles



No. 088

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Order now and andd d

rawer U

er measures inches high, inches wide, inches deep

blece of furni-ure which re-alls for \$5.00,

Looking Backward.

"You must feel very happy in this

lovely cottage you call your own?" "How can I when I think of my famlly timt owned an estate of thousands of acres, with a castle and a whole reg iment of servants?"

"Why, when did they lose it?" "During the eleventh century."-Brooklyn Life.

A writer says that brains will tell. Sometimes they do, and sometimes it is brains that keeps a man from telling.

SITTING DHURNA IN INDIA.

The Mahratta Method of Settling Debte.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad delfs; but even a pro-fessional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Mabrattas at least, if travelers' tales ----

are to be trusted. a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his delitor, that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby, in some mysterious way, becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He nother himself eats nor allows his debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the slege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be canceled.

However strange it may appear to Europeans, this method of enforcing a demand is an established and almost universal usage among the Mahrattas, and seems to them a mere matter of course. Even their "Scindiah," chieftain, is not exempt from it.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant takes with him a number of hie followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed of his adversary, to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence for the man who imposes the ordeal; and, of course, the strongest stomach wins the day. After all, we have little right to ridicule this absurdity; for our own laws provide, nominally at least, for starving a jury into a verdict.

A similar custom was once so lent in the province and city of Be nares that Brahmins were sometimes systematically put through a course of training to enable them to endure long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich person, where they publicly made a vow to remain fasting until a certain sum of money was paid, or until they perished from starvation. To cause the death of a Brahmin was considered so helnous an offense that the cash was generally forthcoming; but never without a resolute struggle to determine whether the man was likely to prove stanch, for the average Oriental will almost as soon give up his life as his money.

"I am glad you still love your old home, Fred," was the reply. "Yes. Have you seen Susy to-"She was here this morning, and "Has she told you I am going to scept Bussell's offer and take the California branch of the business?" "She said you thought of it. But, Fred, I hope you will think better of it. You are doing well here, and your

first duty is to your own home.' "I have no home." "I have no home." "Fred, you shock me!" "There is a funeral vault up town where I live," was the reply, "but the home I had there is gone. I have been patient, mother, as you advised me. I have not said one harsh word to Sase I repeated her source and

children, terrified, began to cry, too. "Eddie sorry," one sobbed; "don't

the other, with a piteous wail in his voice, that should have gone straight

to the mother's heart. "Go to the nursery," she said, and the little ones trotted off, hand in hand, vaguely conscious that they forted by rosy-cheeked Nannie, their

"And, dear knows," said that warmbearted individual to the cook, "it is a shame for the poor darlings. It's not blaming Mrs. Aiken I am for crying her eyes out for the beautiful boy she lost. Didn't I love every curl of his hair, the pretty pet. But look at the two that's left. Wouldn't they be a comfort to anybcdy, and Mrs. Aiken only speaks to them now to set them crying. Sure she can't expect babies like them to remember their brother more than six months, and if they were downright wicked she couldn be harder than she is if they laugh or romp. She'll break their spirits en-

with the picture of her dead boy clasped to her heart, was thinking:

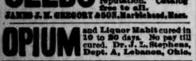
comfort?" "Over and over again, but she only "Everybody is forgetting Willie but me. But I will never forget. I will never, never cease to mourn for my

fort.

Bren Worse man Beats. Jack Potts-What will you charge to

"poker" trunk?





Ladies Wanted. TO TRAVEL for ald ortablehed hot

NSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS JOHN W. MORRIS, Statute Ton, B. O

LKING MACHINES, Illustrated diroular

piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal

better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would ake your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:

"DRAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlarge ment and displacement of the womb. had the backache constantly, also headache. and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choic ing me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart

I was so weak I could not do any thing.

"I have now taken several bot tles of Lydin E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three pack-ages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pink-ham's medicine had not helped me."

OALOIMO FRESCO TINTS ATING WALLS AND GETLIN CALCING from your so by machinery and milled concortign of Gius and Whit-as Miller wray Goup Warman This material is made on solentific principles by machinery and m the material is made on solentific principles by machinery and m in twenty-four tists and is superior to any concording of Glue and V ing that can possibly be made by hand. To an arrefo wrm Gazo W. W works POE sample COLOE CARDS and if you can be this material from your local dealers let ge know and we at you in the way of obtaining it. BURALO CO., NEW BEIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

"Bon't Put Off Till Te-merrow the Dutles of Te-Day." Buy a Cake of POLIO

darling. Oh, Willie! Willie!" Breaking in upon her sobs came a whistle, a merry whistle of a popular tane, and the door of the darkened

some, and the door of the darkened room opened again noisily. "Where are you, Susy? Oh!" Voice and face fell, and Mr. Aiken stood silently at the door, his eyes slowly gathering the mournful expression suited to the funereal aspect of the scene before him.

"I was hoping you had gone out when I did not find you in the sitting room," he said, "but Nannie told me you were upstairs. I wish you would not spend so much time in this room, Susy. It is wearing away your health."

"Oh, Fred," the mother sobbed. "how can you whistle! I don't expect would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to ait up in bed nights in order to breathe. so dearly."

"So I did, Susy, but I made a most fortunate investment in business a few weeks ago, and today I was able to pay off the mortgage on the house. I did feel light-hearted when I thought I had secured a home for my family." "Oh, Fred! how can you think of oney and houses when our beautiful boy lies dead!"

The young husband stood shame-faced and penitent. In the shadow of the darkened room, with Willie's picture on the wall, Willie's clothes revealed by the open lid of the trank, Willie's town standing on the door it Willie's toys standing on the floor, it did seem cruel and heartless to think did seem cruel and heartless to think of anything but the lost child. And Fred had loved his beby boy with all a father's fondness and grieved for him deeply and truly. So he stood silently waiting while Susy dried her eyes and came to his side. Carefully closing the door of the room where she kept the precious souvenirs of her boy, she fullowed her husband to the dining room. Everywhere the bowed shutters kept out God's sun-light, and the house was as dark and gloomy as if a corpse awaited burial there.

A wed by the father's grave face, the mother's look of wee, the children ate allently, gladly scrambling down and escaping to Nannis and the nursery when the dinner was over. te dinner was over.

but I am losing my own powers of usefulness in the dreary atmosphere of my once pleasant home. My boys wing pale and thin in the natural suppression of their baby spirits. Susy has actually persuaded them that it is a sin to romp, to make a noise or laugh, and I have seen Ed-

die put his finger on his lip and say to Charlie: " 'Don't laugh! You forget baby bruzzer.

"Fred!"

"I assure you I do not exaggerate. The house is like a prison. Every room is kept darkened, and the whole atmosphere is heavy and actually chilly in this glorious summer weather. Susy nurses her sorrow till it is becoming a monomania."

"Cannot you coax her out?"

"She will go nowhere but to Greenwood, and the last time we were there she fainted on Willie's grave."

"She is not strong.

"Because she shuts herself up closely in the house, dark and gloomy as a vault, destroys her appetite and weakens her whole system. I cannot use any sternness, exercise any strong authority, for it seems like actual bru-tality and want of feeling for her sor-row. But I must escape. I am be-coming unfit for business, and-

Mother, I have actually been tempted to join bachelor parties to get rid of the necessity of returning home to meet only darkness, tears and repining!"

'Oh, Fred, you frighten me!"

"I frighten myself! It is because I am losing my strength to resist such temptations that I am considering this California offer. Susy will then have no one to consider, and I will have at no one to consider, and I will have at least air and light out of business hours. Mother, advise me! What can I do? If it is cowardly to run away, shirk my duties as husband and father, I will stay; but I tell you frankly I am afraid I shall be driven to neglect home, wife and children if I find nothing there but gloom and darkness." darkness."

There was a rustling noise in the sleeping room as Fred caused speak-ing, and the door, which had stood ajar, was pushed open. Susy stood was pushed open. Susy the threshold, her heavy

est spiders are found. Some of the largest specimens measure eight inches across the back and have seventeen inches of leg spread.

What is probably the most venerable piece of furniture in existence is now in the British Museum. It is the throne of Queen Hatsu, who reigned in the Nile valley some 1600 years before Christ.

Temper lamp chimneys by putting them in a pan of cold water on the range and bringing the water to a boil, letting the glasses cool in the water after being removed from the heat. If the brass catches are not too tight, breakages will be few.

A female towncrier fulfils her duties in the Scottish town of Dunning, Perthshire. She is a hale, hearty old dame of seventy, locally known as the "bell wife," and is very proud of having proclaimed the Queen's birthday for fifty-three years running.

Formerly in India, Siam and other Eastern countries, Malay men driven mad by opium hasheesh or other drugs, would run about frantically, sword in hand, striking at any one they might happen to meet and crying, "Amok, happen to meet and crying, "Amok, amok,"-kill, kill. The phrase "to run amuck" comes from that.

Fred Bird of Quitman, Kan., has brought suit against James Glover of the same town for \$5000 damages. Bird alleges that in a public place, with crowds to see and multitudes to laugh, Glover did, with intention and malice aforethought, pull a chair from under him as he was about to sit down. The joke resulted in a broken leg, and Bird wants pay for the leg.

Three Dollars a Head for Coyotes.

The people of western Kansas are organizing to exterminate the coyotes, which have multiplied by the thousand. Hundreds of sheep and young calves have been killed by them. The commissioners of Pawnes county of-fered a bounty of \$3 for every scalp brought to the county treasurer. Sportsmen are organizing to join in the fight against the coyotes, which are simply a species of prairie wolf. At \$8 a head hunters can make good wages. Dogs are of no value, because one coyote can whip three dogs. calves have been killed by them.

The Hotbed.

Glass gives more warmth to hotbed than any other covering, but where plants are desired to be grown that are somewhat hardy, such as lettuce or early cabbage, a light frame covering made of olled muslin answers well and is cheap. It can be prepared by stretching the muslin and painting it on both sides with bolled linseed oil. It is claimed that cheap frames, covered in this manuer, can be successfully used for forcing strawberry plants. If a warm hotbed is required, fresh horse manure should be placed at the bottom of the frame and covered with rich soil that has been sifted.

