

"In Union There is Strength."

True strength consists in the union, the harmonious working together, of every part of the human organism. This strength can never be obtained if the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard prescription for purifying the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it 75c.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

In the last three years the United States has sold abroad \$1,300,000,000 more than it has bought.

Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Wages in the locomotive department of the English and Welsh railway lines increased 5.2 per cent during the last half year, and the cost of coal was augmented by 18 per cent.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at the request of numerous business organizations of Baltimore and Philadelphia, has arranged for a ten days stop-over at each of those cities under the usual procedure of the passenger depositing the ticket with the ticket ten days stop-over at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Wislow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

European Signs.
Note from a letter just received from an observing American who noticed the signs on a trip from Liverpool to Naples. In Liverpool a sign reads: "Shaving, 1d.; shaving, with clean water, 2d." In the Anglo-American bar, at the Grand Hotel, in Rome, the popular American drink thus masquerade on a sign: "Handsome Cooler, 1 lire." Travelers on a train from Paris to Rome were informed by placards that "Travelers may not put their heads and hands from the window in case of accident." To what straits a nation with no W in its language is reduced is shown by theatrical posters on the walls and fences about Naples which stare one in the face, reading: "Teatro Mercadante, Etc., Etc., Etc., Amletto, 5 atti, etc., etc., G. Shakspere." Shades of the departed William!—New York Times.

See Water for Street Sprinkling.
The Merchants' Association of San Francisco, says the Popular Science Monthly, has been trying the experiment of sprinkling a street with sea water, and finds that such water binds the dirt together between the paving stones, so that when it is dry no loose dust is formed to be raised by the wind; that sea water does not dry so quickly as fresh water, so that it has been claimed when salt water has been used one load of it is equal to three loads of fresh water. The salt water which is deposited on the street absorbs moisture from the air during the night, whereby the street is thoroughly moist during the early morning and has the appearance of having been freshly sprinkled.

BACKACHE is a symptom. Something makes the backache and that something requires attention or the backache can never be permanently stopped. "I suffered for years with a long list of troubles," writes Mrs. C. KLENK, of Wells, Minn. (Box 151), to Mrs. Pinkham, "and I want to thank you for my complete recovery. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for women."

"I had severe female complaints causing terrible backache and nervous prostration; was dizzy most of the time, had headache and such a tired feeling. I now have taken seven bottles of your Compound and have also used the Sanative Wash and feel like a new woman. I must say I never had anything help me so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I sleep well at night, and can work all day without feeling tired. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all the credit, for I know it has cured me of all my troubles. I would not do without your remedies for anything."

Mrs. E. FURTON, of Meade, Mich., writes: "Two years ago I was troubled with constant backache and headache and was very nervous. I resolved to try your medicine and took two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and on taking the third a tumor was expelled. I was a little frightened and sent for the doctor; and he said that it was fortunate for me that it came away. I got quite well after that and have your Compound alone to thank for my recovery."

Multitudes of women suffer constantly with backache. Other grateful multitudes have been relieved of it by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

"Cleanliness is Nae Pride, Dirt's Nae Honesty. Common Sense Dictates the Use of
SAPOLIO

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Pirate Poodle.
Once there was a Pirate Poodle,
And he sailed the briny seas
From the land of Yankee Doodle
Southward to the Caribbees.

He would boast with tales outlandish,
Of his valor and renown;
And his cutlass he would brandish
With a fearful pirate frown.

So ferocious was his manner
All his crew looked on, aghast
And his sable pirate banner
Floated from his pirate mast.

He reiterated proudly
Naught had power to make him quail;
Yet when thunder roared too loudly
He would turn a traitor pale.

And when a storm portended
He'd betake himself below;
So much fear and color blended
Did a pirate ever show?

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

An Indoor Game.
A very jolly game is the royal ambassador. The children sit in a circle, one of them having been chosen as leader. The leader, having prepared some little "horns" of paper that can be attached to the heads of the players, like waving plumes, begins by addressing to the boy or girl seated on his left in the circle a speech, which all the players must repeat after him, word for word, on pain of receiving the name of horned ambassador instead of that of royal ambassador, which all hold in right of the game. The speech is as follows:

"Good morning, royal ambassador—always royal. I, the royal ambassador—always royal—come from his royal majesty—always royal (indicating his right hand neighbor)—to tell you that his eagle has a golden beak."
The second and following players repeat this formula, and when any one fails a paper horn is pinned on his head for each blunder, and in the following round, instead of saying, "I, the royal ambassador—always royal," he says, "I, the one (two or three, according to the number of horns he has received) horned ambassador—always horned," etc.

By the same rule, when speaking to the winner of any horn or horns, instead of saying, "Good day, royal ambassador—always royal," it is necessary to say, "Good day, one (or more) horned ambassador—always horned." At each following round the leader adds and the others repeat after him a new quality, to that mentioned as possessed by the king's eagle—such as, for instance, brazen claws, diamond eyes, silver plumes, etc. The last act of this game is the paying of forfeits in proportion to the number of horns that have been distributed. —Trenton (N. J.) American.

Dorothy's Caller.
Nobody went to the door. Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, again and again little Dorrit heard it. She began to feel the "fidgets" creeping up the spine of her back, she told Tortoise. But what did Tortoise care? The fidgets might creep up little Dorrit's back and clear down again, and Tortoise would only lie on the soft fur rug and purr suavely.

Rat-tat-tat! It sounded distinct and imperative. It must be at the back kitchen door. Nora must be asleep or gone off somewhere.

"Oh, my soul! If I could only go to the door!" fretted little Dorothy. "Somebody's there—a-trying to come in and make a call, and they'll think my mother isn't polite. I don't know," she shook her fluff of gold-colored hair a little severely. "I don't know as it's any polite to stand at folks' doors and keep a-knocking and a-knocking, when it makes the fidgets creep on folks' spines. Seem's if that isn't polite, too."

Rat-tat-tat. Again!
"Oh, my! doesn't she want to get in dre-adtfully! Maybe she s'poses we're the doctor!"

Tortoise blinked sleepily on the rug. Little Dorrit—that was what papa called Dorothy—lay back in her invalid chair, despairing. Her little crutches were out of reach and Tortoise was nothing but a lazy cat. She must wait for mamma—hark!

"Mamma! O mamma!" she called. Yes, mamma was coming downstairs.

"Well, then, Dorothy?"
"O mamma, there's somebody knocking like everything. She's been doing it most forever. I can hear her just as plain through the crack of my window. Do go quick and let her in!"

Mamma listened, too, and pretty soon a little smile curled her lips up. But she only said, "I'll go and see about it, dear."

When she got back again, the smile had grown into one of mamma's big cheery laughs.

"She didn't want to come in, after all, little Dorrit," she said. "I invited her and invited her. But she is only Mrs. Woodpecker out doing a little marketing for dinner."
How little Dorrit laughed!

"But I guess the butcher keeps his door locked, mamma," she said, "'ording to the way she keeps knocking at it." —Youth's Companion.

The Wide World.
There is one little mouse who does not live behind the pantry door or in a dark corner of the kitchen. He has the whole wide world for a home, and the tops of wheat straw is the spot he usually selects to build his house. This house of the field mouse is a dainty ball, woven of grasses and made soft inside. The inside is filled with lots of baby mice. There is one small hole where the little master contrives to get in and out, and the whole

establishment is fastened firmly among the heads of a few wheat straws—a pleasant, airy home for these mites in the summer.

These pretty creatures don't look like the little brown mice which live in our houses. They have a reddish back and a soft, white breast. And they have a very, very long, curly tail which helps them in climbing around among the wheat quite as much as one of their legs.

Perhaps the farmer does not think this little mouse so pretty, for it eats the farmer's wheat, and although a meal for such a small creature takes very little food, still when the mouse families are numerous the farmer discovers that many litters make a good deal, and that his wheat crop is the smaller for the number of these little red atoms that live among it.

In the fall, when the wheat is all harvested and the angry farmer has killed as many of these rogues as he can get hold of, there are still many left. What does Mr. Harvest Mouse do then? Well he and his grown up children dig a snug little house under the ground. It is a spacious mansion for the little fellows. It has one large parlor, with long passages leading to it, and cozy little corners all about, where the entire family can go to sleep in warm beds of the hay or straw which they have stolen from the long suffering farmer. There they lie, with their eyes shut tight, until the warm sun shines again and the spring comes around. And on some balmy, sun-shiny day, pretty soon now, we can fancy Mr. Harvest Mouse taking a peep out of his front door and sneaking to his pretty little wife.

"My dear, just open your eyes and look out! It seems to me that old Mr. Brown is over in that field plowing. It is such a short distance; let us hope he is going to plant wheat." —Brooklyn Eagle.

Mrs. Sparrow and Mrs. Swallow.
"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Sparrow. I'm glad the winter is over and we can begin our nest building."

"So am I, Mrs. Swallow. My old nest under the eaves is getting rather shaky. Those March winds nearly shook our whole colony out of their ancestral home."

"Dear me, it seems to me you use big words. What is an ancestral home? I don't see but your nest looks just like other nests."

"Why, you know very well that our folks have lived here for many years, and then date back to good old days when we were English sparrows, while you are nothing but a common chimney swallow. You haven't any pedigree, while I pride myself, as I have a right to, on my ancestry. My fathers and mothers came from England in the good old days."

"Yes, and I heard Farmer Brown say he wished they had stayed there."
"Well, well, birds, like folks, have to bear ill will, but I'm sure no bird ever deserved it less than the sparrow. We only ask for a chance to make a good living. If we were always foraging in the corn fields, picking out the corn as soon as it is dropped in the field, like Mr. Crow, or tearing open the wrappers of the young corn to get the sweet kernels, as does the blackbird, it would be different."

"I suppose all birds have their trials," replied Mrs. Swallow. "Just as we get nicely settled in a good comfortable chimney, even when we have waited patiently for warm May weather, some shivery grandma thinks it is cold, and the grandchildren make a fire in the grate, and then where are we? Why, smoked out. It's never quite safe in this climate to nest in chimneys."

And Mrs. Swallow solemnly shook her head.

"Then why don't you build as we do, under eaves?"

"We have our ancestral customs as well as you," said Mrs. Swallow. "If our fathers and mothers didn't come from England, they did teach us where to build our nests. Besides, but yesterday I saw Mr. Brown's hired man knock down a whole neighborhood of sparrows from the eaves of the barn. So you're not much better off than we."

"That's some so. I tell you what, Mrs. Swallow, I would like to turn into a hired man, or even a little boy, for just one summer, to teach bird manners, which, as you know, are much better than those shown us by boys and men, especially the hired men. They seem to be our bitter enemies."

"Well, good morning, Mrs. Sparrow. I think I'll risk building in Mr. Smith's parlor chimney. I heard Mrs. Smith tell her maid she wasn't going to have a fire in her parlor this summer because the chimney smoked."
"And I'll away to neighbor Johnson's barn. I believe we'll move our family and begin a new colony. We're getting pretty thick under the eaves where my great-great-grandparents lived."

And the two birds were soon busy, each in her own place and way, while Jack Thompson, who overheard their talk, went on his way to school and told this story to his teacher, who luckily chanced to be myself. That is how I came to have the story to tell my readers. —Christian at Work.

An Englishman's Grievous Joke.
An Englishman, who had a splendid house about a dozen miles out of London, had a practical joke which he was fond of playing at the expense of visitors. In a dark room over one of his stables he kept a full-sized Peruvian mummy sitting bolt upright on a bench. When he had shown a party of visitors his house, his picture-gallery, his horses and his dogs, he would lead them into this dark loft and chuckle with delight at their discomfiture when suddenly confronted with this mummy from an ancient tomb in Peru.



Some persons say they are never influenced by an advertisement.

It is not expected that any one will buy Ivory Soap solely because it is suggested by an advertisement, but if you have never used Ivory Soap, you may be induced to ask some friend about it; should you find—as you probably will—that she is enthusiastic in its praise, then you may try it.

Millions of people use Ivory Soap; they use it because they like it. You too will like it. There is a difference in soaps.

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LARGEST KITCHEN IN WORLD.

Built by George IV at Windsor Castle in 1828.

The last of the works of the much-maligned George IV, to be mentioned here is the enlarged and improved royal kitchen (at Windsor castle). It stands—perhaps the largest single kitchen in the world—on ground where royal kitchens have stood from time immemorial. George IV. it was who in 1828 gave it its lofty roof and top-light ventilators, its splendid clock let into the stone walls, and its generally medieval appearance. At the other end of the kitchen is fixed an immense and venerable smokestack, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. One of these annually has the honor of roasting her majesty's baron of beef.

The hot-plate table in the center of the kitchen measures no less than 14 feet by nine feet. The batterie de cuisine, in its brilliant array of glittering copper, is large enough to cheer the hearts of a small army of gourmands; and to show its office is no sinecure, one may mention that it has to make an annual visit to the manufacturer for restoration and repair. Lady Bloomfield says of this kitchen in 1842: "The fire was more like Nebuchadnezzar's burning fiery furnace than anything else I can think of now; and though there is now no company at Windsor, there were at least 15 or 20 large joints of meat roasting. Charles Murray (comptroller of the household) told me that last year they fed at dinner 113,000 people."

—Pall Mall Magazine.

There was nothing Napoleon was so fond of as boiled mutton with onion sauce, and he frequently indulged his taste to such an extent as to make himself ill.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The Samuel J. Tilden residence at Grammercy Park was sold the other day for \$150,000, which was \$320,000 less than it cost.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 50c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The capital of Herzegovina has a man named Gjujga, who is 100 years old, and boasts of 125 descendants.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. 25c trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief, such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$100 for each movement; it is such a relief."
ATLANTA, GA. 100 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Irritates. ... CURE CONSTIPATION. ... Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 301

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Are the best. Ask for them. Cost no more than common chimneys. All dealers. PITTSBURGH GLASS CO., Allegheny, Pa.

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Received medal and highest award at World's Columbian Exposition. Farquhar's threshing engines are the most perfect in use. Have extra foot brakes and two injectors. Are very strong and durable and are made as light as is consistent with safety. There is no record of a Farquhar boiler ever exploding.

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Most accurate set works made. Quick receding head blocks and lightning gait back.

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