

## "Duly Feed Man and Steed."

Feed your nerves, also, on pure blood if you would have them strong. Men and women who are nervous are so because their nerves are starved. When they make their blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla their nervousness disappears because the nerves are properly fed.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

**Save the Nickels.**  
From saving, comes having. Ask your grocer how you can save 10c by investing 5c. He can tell you just how you can get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

**Not Exactly Felicitous.**  
Pusher—Gusher is not very happy in his choice of adjectives. Usher—Why not? Pusher—Miss Gummus fished for a compliment by asking him what he thought of her slippers. Usher—And what did he say? Pusher—He said they were immense.—Stray Stories.

**Finley's Eye Salve Cures**  
Sore eyes in 3 days; cures cataracts in 30 days, or money back. All druggists, or by mail, 25c. per box. J. P. HAYTER, Decatur, Texas.

The Odeon Theatre, Buenos Ayres, is heated by electricity. This is not the first theatre in the world to be so heated, but very few large public buildings have been warmed in this manner.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has placed an order with the Pullman's Palace Car Company for 1,500 box cars, and with the South Baltimore Car Works for 1,000 box cars. The cars are to be built according to the B. and O. standards.

This makes a total of \$863 box and coal cars ordered for delivery within the next six months.

**When Children Smoked**  
They Were Sent to School with Pipes in Their Satchels.

Every one has read that Hawkins introduced tobacco into England and that King James inveighed against it. Elizabeth liked to sit on a low stool and watch Sir Walter Raleigh puffing away. Once she bet him that he could not tell the weight of the smoke in his pipe, but the philosopher won. In Anne's reign almost every one smoked. In Charles II.'s reign "children were sent to school with their pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their studies while they smoked." In 1702 Jerevin spent an evening with his brother at Garraway's coffee house, Leeds, and writes: "I was surprised to see his sickly child of three years old fill his pipe of tobacco and smoke it as audaciously as a man of threescore; after that a second and third pipe without the least concern, as it is said to have done about a year ago." There were about 470 coffee houses in London, besides five chocolate houses, in Anne's time. Smoking was general in them, and intoxicants could be also obtained, as well as coffee. Bishop Trelawney was much hurt because Bishop Barnett has accused him of getting drunk in one of them on the 30th of January—a day of grief to Tories and all good churchmen.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**WOMEN DO SUFFER!**  
Even so-called healthy women suffer! But they are not healthy! The marks left by pain are on the young faces of many of our daughters. Pain that leaves its mark comes from a curable cause. If that cause is not removed its influence reaches out and overshadows a whole life. The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so uniformly successful for over a quarter of a century in overcoming the suffering of women, is that it is thorough and goes directly to the cause. It is a woman's

remedy for woman's ills.  
MISS EMILY F. HAAS, of 148 Freeman St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was down-hearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am happy to say it has entirely cured me."  
JENNIE SHERMAN, of Fremont, Mich., Box 748, writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel that I must write you and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had neuralgia of the stomach for two years, so bad that I could not do any work. I had two or three doctors, but did not seem to get any better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and improved from the first, had better appetite, and after taking three bottles of Compound and one box of Liver Pills, can say that I am cured. Your Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine."

**Stumps Imperil Trees.**  
Botanists and entomologists know that a dead stump, or dead tree, standing near living trees is a source of peril to them, by furnishing a refuge and breeding-place for timber borers and other injurious insects. Trees, as well as men, need hygienic surroundings.

**Like Finding Money.**  
The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5c you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

**Just Like a Bachelor.**  
"I do love dress," exclaimed a young society belle at a reception the other evening. "Then I should think you would wear more of it," commented a cynical bachelor acquaintance of middle age.—Ohio State Journal.

**A 50c. Calendar For Two 5c. Stamps.**  
If you will send 4 cts. to J. P. Lyons, Art Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York, he will mail you a beautiful screen calendar for 1900, size 11x16 inches, in 3 panels, lithographed in 11 colors and gold. New York stores charge 50 cts. for calendars as good.

**An Expensive Dress.**  
The most expensive dress in the world is said to be the property of Mrs. Celia Wallis, of Chicago, who, hearing that the wife of a London banker possessed a garment costing \$16,000, eclipsed this by an expenditure of \$35,000. It was trimmed with Brussels point lace, a yard wide and three yards in length, costing \$25,000, and diamond ornaments held it in place.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for anyone who can identify the man who was cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.  
W. & T. TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
W. A. WALSH, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**A Horse Palace.**  
It is evident that the emperor of Germany does not expect the "horseless age" to arrive very soon. He has under construction, in the outskirts of Berlin, what is to be, probably, the most splendid stable in the world. Outwardly it looks like a palace, and inwardly it has many of the appointments and characteristics of one. Certainly horses were never more palatially lodged than they will be here. The stable is being erected by the imperial architect, Herr Ihne. It occupies a superficial area of more than two acres. There will be roomy and comfortable box-stalls for more than 270 horses, and carriage-house space for more than 300 carriages. In the center of the whole will be a two-story building, where the imperial coachmen, grooms, stable-boys, and so forth, with their families, will be lodged. Eighty families will have quarters in the building; the drivers or coachmen will be at least fifty in number. The stable will be provided with horse elevators, telephones and electric lights, and the walls of the carriage-houses and other portions of the building will be beautifully decorated with paint and gilding by the best decorative artists in Berlin. The cost of the stable is estimated at seven millions of marks, or more than a million dollars. Three years will be employed in its construction.

**Emperor's Employees.**  
There are 1,500 persons upon the German emperor's list of employees.

**CUPID'S CONFESSION.**  
"Cupid, what are those arrows for that in your quiver lie?"  
He shrugged his dimpled shoulders and, smiling, made reply:  
"To pierce the tender mortal heart that flies from love in vain.  
These little shafts are made for that: They give delicious pain."  
"And what do you do with the golden bow Your chubby fingers hold?"  
And then he smiled a plying smile and said, "I use this old But very useful article  
To speed my arrow straight,  
To cleave in twain the tender heart And make it seek a mate."  
"And now these fragile little wings That from your shoulders sprout, Their use I also fain would know?"  
His laughter rippled out.  
"I use them only in one case:  
When two fond hearts I tie,  
And poverty enters at the door,  
I from the window fly."  
—New York Press.

## THE SPY.

The room was dingy and but poorly lighted. Around the long table in its centre were gathered the conspirators—the men who had sworn to kill the Czar. A strange appearance they had in the flickering candle-light; some with fierce faces, marked by the bitter lines of hunger and hate; some with the enthusiastic and rapt expression of dreamers; others with the cold impassivity of great generals. One of the last-mentioned, colder, more impassive than the rest, sat at the foot of the table, facing the president. His manner showed not the slightest nervousness. Yet in an hour he meant to betray the men who sat about him to the horrors of a living death, on the bleak plains of Siberia, gaining thereby the lasting favor of his imperial master. The blow that would ruin his comrades would make him, The clock struck eight as the president rose to speak.

"Brothers," he began, "we have all sworn the same sacred vow, we have all stood the severe tests of our order—we can all be trusted. It becomes our duty, therefore, to speak out. Our days of plotting are passed, the time for action has come. At last we shall strike a decisive blow for liberty."  
He paused, but no one spoke. There was not a sound in the room. Pointing to a powder-keg in a corner, the president continued:  
"Our materials are at hand; our opportunity also. The Czar visits Krasnopol Thursday."  
The noise of a scuffle in the hall outside the door interrupted him. Several of the men who sat about the table sprang to their feet; the door burst open, and an officer, followed by a squad of soldiers, rushed into the room. In an instant every one of the conspirators was covered by a rifle.

"You are my prisoners!" said the officer curtly.  
"By what right?" exclaimed the president. He alone seemed cool; the rest stood as though paralyzed. Ignoring the president, the officer glanced at the others.  
"Line up against the wall!" he ordered.  
Silently they obeyed him—powerless to resist. The soldiers raised their guns, and aimed them at the defenseless breasts of the prisoners.  
Again the president spoke:  
"What do you mean to do?" he cried.  
"To execute you at once," returned the officer coldly. Then, to the soldiers: "Take aim, fire!"  
"Stop!"  
The cry rang out loud and clear in the deadly stillness of the room, and the spy sprang forward from where he stood against the wall.

"Get back!" said the officer, sternly; but the spy continued to advance. His coldness, his impassiveness, had disappeared; his face was yellow with fear; his teeth chattered.  
"You must not shoot me!" he shrieked. "I am of yourselves! It was I who informed against these men! If you kill me it will be murder!" He groveled on the floor at the officer's feet.  
The doomed men looked at the miserable wretch with bitter contempt while in the president's eyes there was something that looked like triumph.  
"An agent of the police!" said the officer doubtfully. "You have your credentials?"  
"Yes—yes!" screamed the wretch, tearing a piece of paper from his pocket and handing it to the officer. "It is there—it is there!"  
The soldiers, drooping their rifles, sprang upon him, and bound him hand and foot.

"Brothers," said the president to the amazed men, who still stood against the wall, "brothers in a great cause like ours we can not be too careful. This little scene was devised to discover what traitors we had among us. It has succeeded. You who have proved faithful are quite safe."  
The men looked at him as though they could scarcely credit their senses; then one or two began to sob, and one man laughed.  
"And this spy?" he questioned.  
A fierce murmur ran round the room.  
"Kill him—kill him!" they shouted. The president raised his hand.  
"Stop!" he cried. "The man is mine—mine to punish as I see fit. Leave him to me. You will accompany our brother Vassiloff"—indicating the pseudo-officer—"to a place of refuge. From our friend's admission, we are no longer safe here."  
The conspirators turned, and silently went out.

Then the president was alone with the spy. He stood looking at him for a moment, a cruel smile on his white-bearded face. Presently he took from

his pocket a long fuse, placed one end in the powderkeg, and wound the other about one of the tallow candles, an inch from the burning wick. Then he placed the candle in front of the spy's face, where he could almost touch it, and turning, went to the door. At the threshold he paused.  
"Your fate will be a lesson to your fellow-apies," he said—and was gone. The spy heard his steps as he went down the passage. He counted them till they died away in the awful silence of the night. Then he looked at the candle. How long would it take an inch of tallow to burn? The police would not come till nine. He looked at the clock. Twenty minutes past eight. Would that inch of tallow last 40 minutes? If it should not, would being blown up be so painful?  
He looked at the candle again. It seemed to melt away before his eager gaze. He tried to shriek, but could not. He became unconscious. He dreamed of his mother, dead years before. He thought that he was a child again, and that she had taken him on her lap, and was telling him the old stories that he loved. It was summer, and he could hear the reapers singing. He laughed with happiness.

He opened his eyes. The darkness of the room frightened him, and he tried to call his mother. The gag was still in his mouth, and, like a flash, the whole dreadful, sickening truth came back to him. The hands of the clock pointed to 20 minutes before nine, and the candle was more than half burned.  
Again he looked at the clock. Ten minutes before nine. The candle seemed to burn lower. Would the police come in time? He strained his ears to hear their coming, but there was no sound.

It was five minutes to nine. He tried to pray. At last he could hear the soldiers approaching, but the clock was striking nine! A knock on the door and the flame had touched the fuse. He watched the spark as it crept, like a snake, across the floor—nearer, nearer, to the keg. He tried to scream. The sound of a door being broken upon! The footsteps of men on the passage, outside the door, but the spark had reached the keg. A flash!

A second later, when the soldiers entered, they saw a sight that frightened even them. A dead man, bound and gagged, lay upon the floor. His face was green with terror, his hair snow-white, and his eyes red, staring, and protruding. On the floor was the black mark where the fuse had burned, and in one corner was a powder keg, empty! The spy had died of fright.  
—Answer.

## CREED OF THE DUNKARDS.

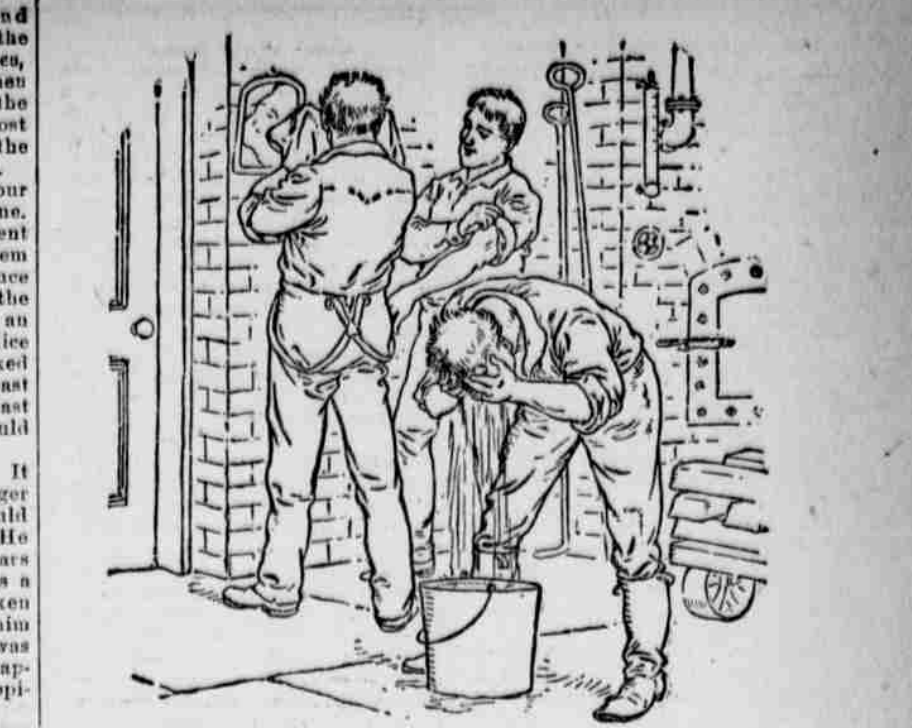
**It Prevents a Farmer From Taking Back a Horse Stolen From Him.**  
The refusal of a Dunkard farmer to receive back a horse that had been stolen from him, created a deal of discussion in the region surrounding Church town, Penn., where nearly every farmer belongs to a religious sect. The farmer whose horse was stolen made no effort at all to recover the beast. He did not make his loss known to his neighbors until they had inquired what had become of his big room. Then he said that one night somebody broke open his stable door and took the horse, but nothing else. The news soon spread and a township constable captured the animal on the Welsh mountain, but the thief escaped. When the constable took the horse back to the owner, the farmer said:

"I do not want the horse. The man who took it must have more use for the animal than I had or he would not have been driven to steal. Give it back to him. If he wants my harness and wagon, let him have them also."  
The farmer was a man of his word, and the horse was left away, and is still in possession of the constable. Strangely enough, nearly every man belonging to his special sect approves his action. They refer to the Bible as their authority. "One passage cited is Matthew v: 40: 'And if any man will sue you at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' As these sects never go to law, they simply believe that if any man takes their coat they should also freely give their cloak; or if any one takes their horse, they should also let him have their wagon. Once a thing is stolen from them they will never receive it back as their property.

The same thing holds good with the women folks. They would not think of receiving back again any property stolen from them, nor do they want any one to pursue a thief, or to have any one hand in his punishment. No matter how much a farmer may owe on his land, he will bear his losses by theft without a murmur. The farmers of these sects sometimes go into debt when buying land. In almost everything else they pay as they go.

The question as to receiving back a stolen horse has created a division in some of the other sects, however. The people who favor receiving back the stolen animal argue that the Bible does not say that where a thief steals your property you shall not receive it back; that not to take back stolen goods and not to punish thieves, is simply encouraging and inviting such crime; and that it is wrong for a man in debt not to take back stolen property which he cannot afford to lose, and which may interfere with him in the payment of his interest money.

**A Family Character.**  
Friend—Considering that your living expenses are fully up to your income, I don't see how you contrived to get such a reputation as a philanthropist.  
Mr. Spendall—Oh, I never give anything; I do the last pausing—New York Weekly.



Do not wash your hands and face with a common laundry soap, or if you do, don't complain when you find them rough, hard and chapped. Ordinary laundry soaps are good for scrubbing floors, but not for the skin. Ivory Soap makes a creamy lather that rinses easily and takes the dirt with it. The natural oil of the skin washed with Ivory Soap is not removed, and the skin is left soft and smooth.

IT FLOATS.  
COPYRIGHT 1900 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

**LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN.**  
Although Two Centuries Old, It Is Still Used as a Hostelry.  
"Rich in the historical and literary associations accumulated during two centuries of existence," says the Ladies' Home Journal for September, "the Wayside Inn, built by David Howe, still stands remote among the wooded hills in South Sudbury, Massachusetts. 'The Landlord' of Longfellow's famous tales was the dignified Squire Lyman Howe, a justice of the peace and school committeeman, who lived a bachelor, and died at the inn in 1850—the last of his line to keep the famous hostelry. Beside Squire Howe, the only other real characters in the Tales who were ever actually at the inn were Thomas W. Parsons, the poet; Luigi Monti, the Sicilian, and Professor Daniel Treadwell, of Harvard, the theologian, all three of whom were in the habit of spending the summer months there. Of the other characters, the Musician was Ole Bull, the Student was Henry Warré Wales, and the Spanish Jew was Isaac Edreli. Near the room in which Longfellow stayed is the ballroom, with the dais at one end for the fiddlers. But the polished floor no longer feels the pressure of dainty feet in high-heeled slippers gliding over it to the strains of contra-dance, cotillon or minuet, although the merry voices of summer visitors and the jingling bells of winter sleighing parties at times still break the quiet of the ancient inn."

**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup**  
The best remedy for Consumption, Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Croup. Small doses; quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Trial, 25c for 5c.

**ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER**  
Cures Coughs and Colds Prevents Consumption. All Druggists, 25c.

**LOVELY \$5.00 LAMPS**  
All hand-painted. No hand-painted lamp made. Sold at manufacturer's prices. WE PAY THE FREIGHT.  
Makes a most acceptable present. Beautiful colored catalogue of hand-painted PARLOIR or BANQUET LAMPS, free.  
Every Lamp Guaranteed. Money back if you don't like it.  
Manufactured by Pittsburg Glass Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.**  
Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.  
The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take genuine's substitute claim to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—not we, we will send a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue free.  
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

**PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.**  
Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 1275 1/2 Civil War. 15 adjusting claims, 1275 1/2 Civil War.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY:** gives quick relief and cures acute cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S HOME, Box 5, Atlanta, Ga.  
P. N. U. 44 '99

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY.**  
The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer will each obtain one large 10c package of "Red Cross" Starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" Starch, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. "Red Cross" Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It has won for itself praise from all parts of the United States. It has superseded everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, rice and corn, and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hubinger, Keokuk, Iowa, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years' practical experience in fancy laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all the grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocer for this Starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.