A DISTANT CAROL.

Mark.

Leaning from the casement dark,
How the keen-kindled light
Of the pulseless winter night
Glints upon the bosom white
Of the frozen earth,
Drear, ev'n for that wond'rous birth,
Lofty, lowly,
Human, holy,
Whereat now all earth rejoices.
Hark! a distant choir of voices
In a Christmas carol blending,
To the sparkling sky ascending.
Hear the far chimes' measured ringing,
Faintly blended with the singing;
Sinking, soaring,
Soft, adoring;
Midnight now hath found a tongue,
As though the choired stars that sung
High circling over them
That watched in Bethlehem,
Were echoing, echoing still,
Peace and good-will,
Good-will.

Peace and good-will to men,
The voices wake again.
Soft chimes their tones repeat.
Oh, far-heard message sweet,
So faintly heard as yet
That men forget,
Forget.
Come nearer; louder swell!
Soar, voices! Peal, clear bell?
Wake echoes that last
Till all the year be past!
When yuletide comes again,
Still may *Good-will to men*
Be echoing, echoing still—
Peace and good-will,
Good-will.

—[Katherine Van Harlingen, in Harper's Weekly.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

It is at once painful and perplexing to be answered with a heavy sigh where one expects an exclamation of pleasure and admiration; so it was not wonderful that Mrs. Austin, under the exact conditions, looked into her husband's face. She was holding up for his inspection a large wax doll, one of the treasures for Madge, the blue-eyed darling of four years, who was counting the days until Santa Claus should come. Every stitch of Miss Dollie's elaborate costume was the work of Mrs. Austin's busy fingers in hours when Madge was dreaming of full stockings and Christmas trees, and the last stitch set, the result was displayed for "papa's" approval.

Now papa was quite as devoted a parent to Madge and two-year-old Harold as mamma, and took deep interest in all nursery matters. It may be that the memory of two other curly heads and baby faces that had brightened the nursery for a few brief months and then been hidden by coffin-lids deepened the love for the children who came later to comfort the aching hearts. But it is very certain that the little Austins were as much loved and petted as children could be, and did not dream more hopefully of Christmas treasures than their parents did lovingly of supplying them.

So it was with some alarm, too, that Mrs. Austin put aside her last triumph of needle-work and threw her arm around her husband's neck.

"What is it, Charlie?" she asked.

He drew her into a loving embrace before he said, sadly:

"I met my father again to-day. Margaret, it will kill me to have things go on so. He was downright shabby, feeble and broken; looking so old and so sick that I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. But he would not speak to me. I said all I could say in the street, and tried to follow him home; but he stopped short and said: 'I do not know you, sir! You will cease to annoy me!' And I could not make a scene in the street."

There was a choking sound in Charles Austin's voice as he ceased speaking, but, being a man, he kept back the sob that would have followed. Mrs. Austin's tears were falling fast.

"At Christmas time, too," she said. "It is useless to send presents, Charlie; he has sent them back every year."

The story this conversation referred to was an old one, a true love marriage made in the face of disinheritance and paternal displeasure. Mrs. Austin had been a poor girl, employed in the factory of Simon Austin, then a man of great wealth and good social position; a man purse-proud, arrogant and full of his own importance. When his only child, his idolized, indulged son and heir, told him of his love for pretty Margaret Hay, a factory-girl, living in the factory boarding-house, wearing calico dresses, and earning a mere living, the old man was a maniac in his fury.

He would not see that the girl was pleasing in manner, refined in taste, well educated and sweet-tempered, one to brighten any home and make any good man thoroughly happy. He gave a fierce command that the matter should end then and there. Charles Austin, utterly unaccustomed to be crossed in any fancy, refused obedience, never before exacted, and the conversation ended in a stormy quarrel and the young man's expulsion from home.

But with a good fortune that does not often follow disobedient sons, Charles was at once taken into the employ and favor of his mother's brother, an eccentric old bachelor, who gave the young couple a home in his own luxurious house. It was a new life to the old gentleman, and he took the keenest interest in all the household affairs as Margaret managed them, loved and mourned the older children, and dying, when Madge was but a year old, left his entire large estate to his "beloved nephew, Charles Austin."

And while the sunshine of prosperity had no clouds for this wayward son, the father's fortunes had gone all awry. Some commercial panic was the first blow to Simon Austin, and an effort to repair the loss by speculation only added to the disaster. He missed the cool, clear head of the son who had of late years been his active partner, the judgment he had first trained and then trusted to guide his large business. He was angry, and his angry impulses led him into dire blunders, until he grew so involved, that there was no escape, and he failed for more than his entire fortune.

At once Charles hastened to him, offering his entire wealth to save him, only to be met by a proud, fierce refusal to be under any obligation to a disobedient child or his beggar-wife.

Over and over again, as poverty became more and more bitter to the man broken and aged, did his son implore him to allow him to help him, offer him a home, love, care, obedience even, only to be thrown back with angry scorn.

A proud man always, Simon Austin cherished his wrath as the last remnant of the old arrogance, and would not bend one inch. He found letters telling him anonymous sums of money were in the bank in his name, and wrote back refusing to claim them. He mistrusted every offer of service, as dictated by his son, and returned to Charles every scrap of aid sent to him, often perplexing his son by sending what had not come from him, though he always refused to believe this.

And being old and broken in health, he sank lower and lower, unable to fill lucrative positions, and taking the work that gave him barely food and the poorest clothing.

Very sadly the son and his wife talked of the impossibility of helping one who would not let any appeal touch him, until suddenly Margaret cried:

"Charles! I have an idea! Let me try to win your father over. I will send him a Christmas card."

"My dear, he would not open the envelope."

"But it will not go in an envelope. Don't ask any questions. Let me try, and see if your father does not dine with us to-morrow."

"Dine with us! Margaret, you must be crazy!"

"Not a bit of it. Just let me have my own way, dear."

"Do you ever fail to get that?" was the laughing query, for something in his wife's face gave a fresh hope to Charles Austin's heart.

* * * * *

It was a very mean room in a very poor house where the sun of a bright Christmas morning wakened Simon Austin. Everything in the shabby place told of the lack of woman's care and love. Dust hung upon everything, disorder reigned. There were no dainty trifles of needlework; the curtains were dingy and crooked; the carpet torn and dirty.

Very wearily and slowly the old man dressed himself, lit a fire in the grate and rang for the poor breakfast his landlady provided. Dinner and tea he was supposed to buy outside, but very often this muddy coffee, stale bread and tough chop or steak were the sole repast of the twenty-four hours.

It was Christmas Day, and no business took the old man abroad; so, after the untempting tray was removed, he took a newspaper and drew shiveringly to the fire. But before he had read one column there came a knock upon the door, and then it opened wide and closed again behind a child—a little girl in a quaint Mother Hubbard cloak and hat, with large blue eyes and clustering golden curls, and holding a large flat basket full of fresh, beautiful flowers. While the old man gazed at her in silent amazement she said, in a sweet, childish voice:

"If you please, dear grandpapa, I am your Christmas card!"

"You—you are *what?*" he said, utterly bewildered.

"If you please, dear grandpapa, I am your Christmas card!"

"Who sent you here? What is your name?"

"Mamma brought me here! I am Madge Austin, dear grandpapa—" and then, half frightened at the strange face and the poor room, the child's eyes filled and her lips trembled. "I want to go home!" she whispered.

"Don't cry!" Mr. Austin said, finding his senses and taking her into his arms, very tenderly. "Don't cry, dear, I will take you home."

"Oh, if you please, because my big doll is there and all the toys Santa Claus brought, and brother Harry. What did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Nothing!"

"Oh!" with a very deep drawn sigh, "was it because you are up so many stairs? But he always comes to our house, and mamma said, perhaps, to-day, he would bring us our grandpapa! We haven't got any now, you know, and mamma said if he did come, we would love him just the same as papa, and he would love us. And please, grandpapa, so we will." And here the child put her little arms around the head bent low before her, and lifted the face quivering and tear-stained.

"Oh, don't cry! Oh, please, men don't cry; only naughty girls and boys! Oh!" and again the terror found voice in the plea: "I want to go home!"

"Yes, yes! I will take you home. Bring your flowers, child. This is no place for flowers or—or—Christmas cards!"

Down the crazy old stairs the old man led the child, tenderly watchful that the little feet did not slip nor stumble. Through the sunny streets, unheeding the cold, she walked beside him, prattling of her home and of the dear grandpapa that she had been taught to love.

That was the crowning amazement. No child in a few short hours could have been taught to talk of the estranged parent as this child talked. She told the old man of the prayer she said night and morning, "Please, dear Lord, send my grandpapa home!" of the talks of her mother about this unknown relative whom she was to reverence and love, should he ever come home, opening to the hardened but, oh, such a lonely heart a hope of rest and affection, that he felt it would be bitter as death to thrust aside now.

There was no need to pull the door-bell of the stately mansion to which Simon Austin led his grandchild. Eager hands were waiting to open its portals wide; eager eyes were watching for the coming of the pair. Tender arms and strong hands led Simon Austin into the parlor; Margaret's kisses fell warm and caressing upon his wrinkled cheeks; Charlie's hands removed the shabby overcoat; baby Harold clung to his knees, shouting:

"Dandpa's tum! Santa Claus bringed dandpa!"

There was no pride could stand against this loving, sincere welcome, so pride collapsed.

"Do you really want me, Charlie?" the old man faltered. "It is not mere charity!"

"Hush!" whispered Margaret. "Do not grieve him by such a word. He will never be happy until you come home, dear father."

And so Christmas once again gathered up the tangled threads of estrangement and knit them into strong bands of home-love.

Take Care of Your Feet.

Some folks treat their feet as they might their shoes; take no care of them, and even abuse them, as though when they had become shapeless and almost useless they could be thrown aside and a new pair obtained. Mistake. One pair is all any man will have in this world.

The circumstances under which they serve us are, at best, very trying and not altogether calculated to keep them shapely and comfortable. Abuse them and they will retaliate ten-fold. Pinch them and they will make every nerve in one's body twinge in sympathy with their torment. Wear high-heeled boots, thus pitching the weight upon the toes, and the spine will curve, the gait will become constrained and mincing and the erect form, the forceful stride, the manly carriage of a free and well balanced figure will have been lost forever.

Begin early to care for the feet.

Wear wholesome, soft and well-made hosiery, and shoes which conform to the shape of your own feet, whether they resemble other people's shoes or not. Have plenty of changes of foot clothing, keep the extremities dry and warm, and you will have done much to conserve the health and comfort of the whole body.

JACK KIRKUP.

Graphic Description of a Typical Border Sheriff.

There was only one policeman to enforce the law in a territoiy the size of Rhode Island. He was quite as remarkable in his way as any other development of that embryotic civilization. His name was Jack Kirkup, and all who knew him spoke of him as being physically the most superb example of manhood in the Dominion. Six feet and three inches in height, witk the chest neck and limbs of a giant, his three hundred pounds of weight were so exactly his complement as to give him the symmetry of an Apollo. He was good-looking, with the beauty of a round-faced, good-natured boy, and his thick hair fell in a cluster of ringlets over his forehead and upon his neck. No knight of Arthur's circle can have been more picturesque a figure in the forest than this "Jack." He was as neat as a dandy. He wore high boots and corduroy knickerbockers, a flannel shirt and a sack-coat, and rode his big bay horse with the ease and grace of a Skobeleff. He smoked like a fire of green brush, but had never tasted liquor in his life. In a dozen years he had slept more frequently in the open air, upon pebble beds or in trencheg of snow, than upon ordinary bedding, and he exhibited, in his graceful movements, his sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, his massive frame and his imperturbable good nature, a degree of health and vigor that would seem insolent to the average New-Yorker. Now that the railroad was building, he kept ever on the trail, along what was called "the rigght of way"—going from camp to camp to "jump" whiskey peddlers and gamblers and to quell disorder—except on pay-day, once a month, when he staid at Sproat's Landing.

The echoes of his fearless behavior and lively adventures rang in every gathering. The general tenor of the stories was to the effect that he usually gave one warning to evil-doers, and if they did not heed that he cleaned them out." He cara revolver, but never had used it. Even when the notorious gambler on our border had crossed over into "Jack's" bailiwick the policeman depended upon his fists. He had met the gambler and had "advised" him to take the cars next day. The gambler, in reply, had suggested that both would get along more quietly if each minded his own affairs, whereupon Kirkup had said, "You hear me; take the cars out of here to-morrow." The little community (it was Donald, B. C., a very rough place at the time) held its breathing for twenty-four hours, and at the approach of train-time was on tiptoe with strained anxiety. At twenty minutes before the hour the policeman, amiable and easy-going as ever in appearance, began a tour of the houses. It was in a tavern that he found the gambler.

"You must take the train," said he.

"You can't make me," replied the gambler.

There were no more words. In two minutes the giant was carrying the limp body of the ruffian to a wagon, in which he drove him to jail. There he washed the blood off the gambler's face and tidied his collar and scarf. From there the couple walked to the cars, where they parted amicably.

"I had to be a little rough," said Kirkup to the loungers at the station, "because he was armed like a pin-cushion, and I didn't want to have to kill him."—[Harper's Magazine.

Animal Stories.

There are said to be about fifty buffaloes left in Wyoming.

The London Zoological Society has recently acquired a white frog.

The meduser is a fish so fragile "that when washed on the beach it melts and disappears," says a noted scientist.

A Lawrence, Mass., man has a petrified turtle a foot in diameter and five inches high, which was found on the shores of Lake Champlain.

A large snake was discovered milking a cow at Hagerstown, Md. The cow's owner had been at a loss for a long time to account for the diminution in his milk supply.

A Clinton, Me., man owns a bird dog that has distinguished himself the past summer by bringing home twenty-five chickens from the yards of his owner's neighbors.

A stork had a ring on his leg for identification. After two years' absence he returned to Germany last spring with a second ring, bearing the inscription, "India sends greetings to Germany."

The butterflies of Australia bathe. One will alight close to the water, into which it backs until the whole of the body is submerged, the forelegs alone retaining their hold on dry land. In a moment it will fly away, apparently refreshed.

A Belfast, Me., man who went trouting relates that he caught a trout ten inches long, and was looking at it admiringly when there came a great rush of wings and something took the fish from his hands. The despoiled fisherman looked up in time to see a big crow flying away with the prize.

"The Blue Hen's Chickens."

Everybody knows that natives of Delaware are called the "Blue Hen's Chickens," but not one in a hundred can tell you why they are so called. The epithet is said to have had its origin in the following. One of Delaware's most gallant fighters in the War of the Revolution was a Captain Caldwell, who was notorious for his fondness for cock-fighting.

He drilled his men admirably, they being known throughout the army as "Caldwell's game-cocks." This same Caldwell held to the peculiar theory that no cock was really game unless its mother was a blue hen. As the months wore away Caldwell's men became known as the "Blue Hen's Chickens," a title which only incresed their respect for the old game-cock Captain. The nickname became famous, and after the close of the war was applied indiscriminately to all natives of the "Diamond State."—St. Louis Republic.

Tunnel Diggers Strike Gold.

Workmen, while boring for the Kansas City (Mo.) Water Works tunnel under the Missouri River the other day, observed some brightly tinted particles in the dirt which they were handling, and showed them to an engineer who had formerly been connected with a mining company. Putting the samples submitted to him under a powerful microscope, he declared that the stratum contained free gold in quantities to make the mining of it profitable. Kansas City people are now talking about paying for the tunnel with the profits to be made by mining the stratum discovered. At any rate, an assay of the gravel has been ordered.—[Boston Transcript.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Lipan tribe of Indians in Mexico are to the other Indians in the Republic what the Parsees are to the Hindoos—the saving remnant. Though an off-shoot of the barbarous Comanches, they have many noble traits of character, not the least of which is their dignified courtesy. The tribe used to be established in Texas, and Old Castro, their chief, was a fine specimen of manly dignity. At a ball in Houston a lady said that she would give him her portrait if she had one, and the old chief replied: "It makes no difference; I have your picture stamped on my brain."

Not more than half a mile from Port Penn, Delaware, in a sheltered copse between two tidewater streams flowing into Delaware Bay, there are within an area of five acres more than fifty dugouts, or rude earthen houses, used by the Indians of the region more than a century ago. The mounds are fast disappearing, but the earth thereabouts abounds in arrow heads, tomahawks, and other Indian relics, while the bones of many savages lie buried hard by. Some of the neighboring farmers hold the land that was granted to them in the earliest colonial days, and one of the oldest inhabited houses in the United States, a substantial brick structure, is still standing near Port Penn and in good repair. Probably three-fourths of the white inhabitants are descendants of colonial settlers.

Dakota, which claims everything so large that it appeals to the imagination of the discoverer as well as that of the man who is told all about it, now announces that it has the most wonderful artesian well in the world. The water is said to spout from it a distance of 100 feet in the air, and the supply is 10,000 gallons a minute. The pressure is 200 pounds to the square inch. A land-boomer calculates that this well, which is at Huron, would furnish to each man, woman and child in North Dakota four gallons of water every hour.

Among the exhibits to be made at the World's Fair by a Paris jewelry establishment will be the extraordinary "blue diamond," which is almost unique in the world of precious stones, and two of the Mazarin diamonds. There were originally seven of the Mazarin diamonds, and they were bequeathed by the cardinal of that name to Louis XIV., who made of them the nucleus of the afterwards famous crown jewels. At the sale of the royal collection two or three years ago the other five passed into the hands of private purchasers.

The fact brought out at the late Prison Congress that crime has increased relatively in the United States and decreased elsewhere has naturally caused unfavorable comment, and encouraged inquiry into the cause of this unpleasant showing. The statement is based on the great decrease shown in the number of prisoners in Europe and their increase here. In twenty years the prisoners confined in England and Wales have fallen from 19,318 to 12,099, although there has been a large increase in population. Whereas in the United States in ten years our prison population has grown from 12,691 to 19,538.

The southern part of Washington County, Ill., is said to be peculiarly rich in Indian relics, which may be found on almost every farm. The banks of the Elkhorn, Locust, Beaucoup, and Mud Creeks, which flow through the region, were once favorite camping-places of the red men. Among the relics which have been recently ploughed up are a battle-axe of hard flint, pink in color and weighing six pounds, which is now in the possession of Mr. George Martin, of Nashville, Ill.; a pipe-stem, embellished with raised scroll work, a great variety of arrow and spear-heads, and an axe-head of green stone. More interesting than the remains of the Indian tribes is an oddly shaped piece of stone which a son of Farmer Halbert ploughed up on the bank of Locust Creek about a month ago. Observing some faint lettering upon the stone, he carried it home, and when it was washed, the inscription stood out: "D. Boone, 1785." Above the inscription, which seemed to have been made with a knife or some other sharp instrument, was the faint outline of a rude attempt at picturing an arrow, and above this an indentation the size of a large bean. It appears to be a bona-fide relic of the great hunter, Boone, who made several hunting trips to southern Illinois, and passed through the country when he moved west from Kentucky.

It seems that Christmas, as the anniversary of Christ's birth, was observed as far back as the fourth century. But we have few details of the observance, and it is not until we come to the era whose customs are preserved to us in song and ballad that we can discover many details of the festivities attendant upon the time. We learn that the good King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table made merry at the Christmas season, feasting being their principal method of observing the day, as became such a body of worthies. William the Conqueror duly observed Christmas, and since his time the more or less formal observance of the day has been uninterrupted. In the olden times, before the Christian era, the innumerable gods and goddesses of mythology had played important parts in the festivals of their believers. When the belief in their existence and influence on human affairs was swept away, popular fancy transformed them into legendary witches, elves, and good spirits, and in the earlier masks, or plays, which became a part of the Christmas observances, we find these mythical beings curiously interwoven. As early as the twelfth century spectacular plays were presented at Christmas time, and for half a dozen centuries they and their successors held sway in England. In Germany some form of pageant, spectacle, or play has been common in connection with the festivities for hundreds of years.

A Booby in Feathers.

One is reminded of the old story of the monkey compelled to pull the chestnuts out of the fire when he reads of the booby birds of the African coast. The natives keep these birds tamed and use them for fishing. A boat pushes out to the deep water and anchors; poles project from the sides on which the birds sit contemplating the waters; when one sees a fish he rises, hovers over it, dives and brings it to the surface, then he tosses it in the air, catching it right end downward, but before the fish can get half way down the bird is seized by his owner and choked until the fish is disgorged. Time after time this operation is repeated, and the bird's meal is long deferred. The naturalists aptly named the stupid creature which seems not to know enough to get away and enjoy the fruits of his own exertion.

The average size of an American farm is 610 acres.

Russian Typos Alarmed.

The type-setters of Russia, and especially of St. Petersburg, are alarmed for their trade, because they have heard that in this country certain type-setting machines are superseding the type stickers and putting them out of work. The St. Petersburg compositors, fearing that these machines may be introduced there, have sent to New York for information about them, asking if their use is profitable to their employers, and if it is detrimental to the interests of the old-fashioned compositors.

A reply has been sent from here to the St. Petersburg inquirers, telling them of the various kinds of type-setting machines that have been invented, of the extent to which they are used in the newspaper, book, or job offices in this country, and of their influence upon the interests of type-setters. A reporter who has seen this reply says that its effect will be to relieve the minds of the Russian typos.

Dudely Canesucker, a New York Society man, met with a serious accident and was taken to a hospital. One of his friends called and asked if Dudely was delirious. "Well, yes," replied the doctor, "I think he is a little out of his head. He talked very sensibly a while ago."—Texas Siftings.

Fox hunting is an attraction for winter visitors at Fayetteville, N. C.

A CURE for nearly all of the common ills—what, doctors? Pshaw! Take Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists. 25 cents.

The rent of land in England 300 years ago was about twenty-five cents an acre.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Cannes (France) perfumer uses twenty tons of violets every year.

Children Tease For It.

Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure is a boon to children who are attacked with croup or acute congestive colds. Sold by druggists or mailed on receipt of 50 cts. Address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

The State of Virginia owns about a million and a half acres of oyster lands.

A Pleasing Sense

of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs' as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

One hundred and eighty million tons of coal were mined in Great Britain last year.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer $100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Zanzibar will hereafter impose a duty on clove stems and the organs of florescence of the clove tree.

Enormous Demand for Eggs.

An egg merchant, who goes from house to house buying eggs, told us a few days since that he expected to pay 50 cents a dozen for eggs before Christmas.

Many persons who keep hens will probably not have an egg to sell when they reach fifty cents. Some one may ask, "what can a body do when the pesky old hens stop laying, and the pullets refuse to begin until spring?" Why! do as Wm. H. Yeomans, of Columbia, Conn., Editor of the Germantown Telegraph, did last winter. He says: "Last fall I made an experiment with giving our readers. Until about Dec. 1st, I was getting from twenty common hens, only one or two eggs a day. I decided to try Sheridan's Condition Powder. I confess I had but little faith in its value to make hens lay. Commenced feeding, and for nine days saw very little effect. Then the hens began laying, and in three months laid 88 eggs. Part of the time the thermometer was 12 degrees below zero, and my hens were laying a dozen eggs a day, while my neighbors (who did not use the powder) were getting none. I now, without hesitation, believe it is a valuable aid to farmers for egg-production." Well might he believe, for nearly 7½ dozen eggs, in three months, from twenty common hens, with eggs worth 50 cents, is worth having. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay). Will send, postpaid to any person, two 25 cent packs of powder, and a new Poultry Raising Guide, for 60 cents. The book alone costs 25 cents. For $1.00 five packs of powder and a book; for $1.20 a large 2½ pound can and book; six cans for $5.00, express prepaid. Send stamps or cash. Interesting testimonials sent free.

Thirty-four pounds of raw sugar make twenty-one pounds of refined. 1552

Malaria

Is believed to be caused by poisonous miasms arising from low marshy land, or from decaying vegetable matter, and which, breathed into the lungs, enter and poison the blood. If a healthy condition of the blood is maintained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, one is much less liable to malaria, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many severe cases of this distressing affection even in the advanced stages when the terrible chills and fever prevailed. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills.—For the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and efficiently. Price, 25c.

"August Flower"

What Is It For?

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia. 59

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