

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES



Dyspepsia, Intense Misery
No pen can describe the suffering I endured ten years from dyspepsia. I had almost given up of ever being any better when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am entirely cured and advise anyone suffering from dyspepsia to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Natural Food.
Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from natural food source.

Scott's Emulsion
is a condensation of the life of all foods—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and almost as palatable as milk.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you clean and dry. It covers the entire outfit. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

SHILOH'S CURE.
THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST CURE FOR
SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 50c. In vector free.

THE KIND THAT CURES
MRS. REV. A. J. DAY,
No. Easton, N. Y.
SCROFULOUS ECZEMA FOR 20 YEARS!
DANA'S SARSAPARILLA
I have taken one bottle myself and find it a splendid alleviator.
REV. A. J. DAY,
Pastor M. E. Church, No. Easton, N. Y.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

All Gone—Putting It Up—Teddy's Sacrifice—Cruelly Used—Parliamentary—All He Desired, Etc.

The nights are cold, The skies are gray, The frost king now is on his way. We miss the birds, We miss the bees; We miss the flow'rs And leafy trees.

We also miss, 'Tis joy to state, The spoons who sag The old front gate. —Washington Star.

PUTTING IT UP.
"What are you doing now?"
"Putting up a building."
"To occupy yourself?"
"No; at auction." —Detroit Free Press.

NOT A FEMINE ERROR.
May Sayit—"Three-fourths of her acquaintances take her to be five years younger than she is."
Jack Askit—"Do you mean to say that only one-fourth of her acquaintances are women?" —Puck.

PARLIAMENTARY.
Facetious Creditor (opening the door)—"I am about to introduce a little bill."
Harassed Debtor (shutting the same)—"And this body has determined to adopt closure." —Chicago Record.

TEDDY'S SACRIFICE.
Mamma—"Now, Teddy to-day we must all try and give up something while times are so hard."
Teddy—"I'm willing."
Mamma—"What will it be, dear?"
Teddy—"Soap." —Inter-Ocean.

CRUELY USED.
Tommy's Mamma—"So Johnny grabbed your apple, did he? The naughty boy! Why didn't you grab it from him?"
Tommy (in tears)—"I did. I grabbed it from him first." —Chicago Record.

ALL HE DESIRED.
"My dear sir," said the grateful father, "how can I reward you for dragging my only daughter from a watery grave?"
"Simply do not expect me to marry her," replied the hero. —Detroit Free Press.

A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE.
Weary Watkins—"I don't want no more sleep again for a year."
Wandering Willyum—"Wot's eatin' you?"
Weary Watkins—"I slept las' night and dreamed I was workin'." —Chicago Record.

NO TIME TO LOSE.
Plankington—"Come out to dinner with me to-night, old man. We've got a new cook."
Von Blumer—"Don't believe I can to-night. Won't to-morrow do?"
Plankington—"Oh, no. She leaves to-morrow." —Life.

THE BOOK THAT HELPED HIM.
"Would you oblige me," said the reporter who gets novel interviews, "by telling me what book has helped you most in life?"
And after a thoughtful pause the great man answered:
"My bank book." —Washington Star.

SHARING HER BURDENS.
Jags—"It's a shame to make your wife work so hard. Why don't you help her?"
Bags—"Why I do! I make the fire every morning."
Jags—"But who carries the coal upstairs?"
Bags—"We use a gas stove." —Puck.

THE PARTY ABASHED.
Fanning—"So you went out to congratulate your old chum on being a father, did you?"
Channing—"Yes."
Fanning—"I suppose Thompson looked like a fool when you did it."
Channing—"No. He was very dignified—or the baby looked awfully sheepish." —Judge.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.
"Say," said the regular customer of the side street restaurant as he stopped at the desk to pay his check, "where did you get that beef you are serving to-day?"
"What's the matter with it?" aggressively asked the cashier, who scented another kick.
"There's nothing the matter with it; that's why I asked." —Life.

REASSURING HER.
She was a little bit afraid of the big waves, but the presence of her big cousin from the country reassured her a good deal.
"Now," she said, "if I get frightened I shall make a vociferous appeal for assistance."
"No," he said, heartily, "don't do that. Jest you holler fur help, an' I'll be on hand." —Washington Star.

OFFENDED SENSIBILITIES.
"Certainly," said the farmer's wife to Meandering Mike, "I'll give you your breakfast."
"Thank you, ma'am, fur ever an' ever."
"Suppose," she went on, "with a glance at the wood pile, 'that you start in with a chop.'"
And he turned haughtily away with a remark to the effect that nothing was so offensive to a man of taste as an untimely and unseasonable jest.

IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS.

"I assure you, gentlemen," said a convict entering the prison, "the place has sought me and not I the place. My own affairs really demand all my time and attention and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends I see no other course but to submit."
And he submitted. —New York Mercury.

A PRUDENT MAID.
"Henry," she began, in a sweetly timorous voice, "what's all this talk about gold and silver?"
Henry, who read the papers, and was about as thoroughly ignorant on the subject as everybody else, plunged in bravely, but she stepped him.

"I don't want to know that," she faltered, "but is gold getting so awful scarce?"
"Awful scarce," echoed Henry, dismally.
"And is it all being taken away?"
"It is," said Henry.

"And if they continue to take it away, there won't be any left in this country by-and-by, and we'll have to use silver?"
"Yes," sighed Henry. "I told you that I would give you my decision in the winter—but I repeat, it is Y—yes, Henry. Don't—don't you think," she continued, after a moment's silence, "that it would be well to get the ring now, before all the gold is taken away?" —Harper's Bazar.

HE CAME AT LAST.
"John," exclaimed the nervous woman. "There's a burglar in the house. I'm sure of it."
John rubbed his eyes, and protested mildly that it was imagination.
"No! it isn't. I heard a man down stairs."
So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the burglar covered him with a revolver and became quite sociable.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.
"A—er—a little bit," replied John.
"You're too late, anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window, and my pals have carried it off."
"Oh, that's all right. I'd like to ask one favor of you, though."
"What is it?"
"Stay here until my wife can come down and see you. She has been looking for you every night for the last twelve years, and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer." —Washington Star.

A Tame Chick Looon.
"Last fall, when my chum and I were in the Maine woods," says a sportsman, "we captured a chick loon. The old birds flew away as we went out with our boat, leaving the chick to take care of itself. It couldn't fly, so it tried to get away by diving, but by chasing it about here and there we tired it out and at length pulled it into the boat. The little fellow just squatted down and took life easy. We stroked its back and talked to it, and then told each other what fools we had been for capturing it, and put it back into the water. Well, sir, that loon followed us as if we had been its parents, and wanted to come into the boat again. If we had known what to feed it we would have kept it, but we didn't, and we left it at the further end of the lake. We heard the old birds before night, so I guess it was taken care of. From that experience I am sure you can tame loons." —New York Recorder.

Waltzing Mice.
Lately the employes at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden have been amused by the antics of some queer little animals which are not on public exhibition, says the Inquirer. The newcomers are black and white Japanese waltzing mice, seven in number. When let out of their cages they wink at each other and step gracefully forward with a movement which some of the beholders declare is a bow. Head Keeper Manley whistles "Annie Rooney," and the mice skip away in pairs with a queer whirling motion. When he strikes up "The Bowerly" they revolve so fast that nothing can be seen but little gray balls. "A-tar-a-boom-de-ay" causes them to "swing corners" and dance "all hands around." Once the owner ventured to play the "Dead March" while they were dancing. With a whistle of their tails the little rodents fled to their cages, like a man pursued by a nightmare.

Wallapai Charley.
"An all-round no good" is what the Arizonians say of Wallapai Charley, and his own copper-skinned tribesmen, in compliment to his duplicity, say, "his tongue is forked." This chief of the Wallapai Apaches recently wrote a touching letter to President Cleveland telling the woes of his tribe and asking for aid. One of the business methods of this astute and pre-eminently lazy Indian is the precise line followed by Dickens's Noah Claypole and his faithful Charlotte. It is to persuade a stranger ignorant of the law to buy whiskey for him and then have his benefactor arrested for giving whiskey to an Indian. His own experiences of the law include a sojourn in Yuma Penitentiary, and in various Indian troubles of the past he has the reputation of having impartially betrayed both the whites and his own people. —Detroit Free Press.

A single trip of an ocean steamer requires \$7000 worth of coal.

HARVESTING THE APPLE

HOW THE WINTER FRUIT IS GROWN AND GATHERED.

Apple Raising in Western New York Does Not Reward Its Grower as It Formerly Did.

Barrels and barrels and barrels and barrels. Barrels piled on barrels. Barrels in big loads and barrels in little loads—not great clumsy painted barrels for the reception of oil or whisky or pork or lard, but light, graceful barrels shortly to be filled with what is, all things considered, the most delicious fruit in the world.

The passage of loads of apple barrels along the highways and byways of an apple producing region indicates that the time for picking is at hand. "One of the liveliest, drivest times they is in the hull year," as an apple grower, who is proud of his success as such, described the apple harvest the other day. Apples grow in most parts of the United States north of a certain line, but there are some regions where they are a staple crop, and there you may see such rows of trim, well-kept apple trees, such wide extending orchards, as, if you are a new comer, will make you open your eyes for pure wonder.

I shall never forget the first time I saw the orchards that lie between the famous ridge road and Lake Ontario in level Western New York. Orchards were not an unfamiliar sight to me, but such orchards I had never dreamed of. It was in June. The air was heavy with perfume and vibrant with the notes of song birds, for it was before the ugly English sparrow had come to America and driven the native feathered musicians from their own. My boyish eyes had always been used to picturesque irregularities of hill and valley, but the everywhere extending fruit farms of this, to me, new region more than made up for lack of diversity in the landscape.

At the time of which I write the raising of apples was at its best as a profitable business. Two, three and even four dollars a barrel was obtained for the fruit every fall, and every year the acreage of the orchards was largely increased. Fortunes, as money was then and there counted, were being made by apple raisers, and year by year the crop was greater in quantity and finer in quality. Peaches, which had before this time been one of the standbys, were being abandoned as the peach orchards passed beyond the limit of full bearing age and the trees were uprooted to make way for the victorious apple.

Here and there throughout the region were long, low sheds, under which men worked from early spring until near the end of the harvest making barrels for the crop, and where coopers, choruses, more genuine than that in the opera "Boccaccio," were to be heard every day. The apple buyer was a factor, and a most important one, in every community, and his trips of investigation among the orchards at various periods of the season were subjects of animated discussion at the informal and incidental evening meetings of the farmers at the stores and postoffice.

In September and October the harvesting of the apples went forward, and the weeks given up thereto made up a period of strenuous exertion, which is another way of repeating my former friend's assertion that apple picking is the "drivingest time in the hull year."

To be a good apple picker a man had to know just how to put up long ladders quickly and securely. He had to know just how and where to place his ladder so that he could clear a tree without having to take time to move often that was absolutely necessary. If he could tell almost instinctively what apples were marketable and what were not, so as to leave the latter to be shaken off for cider making later, he was just as much more valuable to his employer, for the time of the packer was valuable, and the fewer apples he had to throw out in putting them into the barrel the more he could put up in a day.

I have used the past tense in what I have had to say about apples and apple picking, but the orchards are still there and so are the apples and the barrels, and doubtless plenty of pretty girls help in barring the apples these later years the same as they used to. But the big prices and large profits of apple raising are no more, and, unfortunately for the farmers this hard year, the crop is a light one in many sections. —New York Advertiser.

Trenching Tool Attached to Rifle.
The "rifle-trenching tool" of M. de Laven, which was recently tried at the Armory House Parade Ground, Finsbury, and is expected "in one sense to revolutionize the warfare of the future," consists essentially of an arrangement by which a spade or such like tool can be fixed to the butt of a rifle without preventing the weapon from being ready for use either with shot or bayonet. To this end there is a receptacle in the butt, and the spade fits into it with a spring catch. Of course, the stock and barrel of the rifle become the handle of the spade.

It is claimed for this appliance that it will enable every infantry soldier to be his own sapper and rifle-pit maker, and the tool weapon will become unnecessary. Moreover, if there is no time to fix the bayonet the spade itself will be a makeshift, and when not in use it can be carried in a leather case, slung across the chest of the soldier, thus balancing the weight of his heavy sack and forming a breastplate against sword, bayonet, lance, and possibly bullets. M. de Laven, we may add, is a Frenchman, married to an Englishwoman, and settled in this country. —London Globe.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"Ar' Brudder Lightfoot in de hall dis evenin'?" asked the President as he looked anxiously around.
"Yes, sah," answered the brother as he bobbed up with energy and dispatch.
"Please step dis way, sah. Brudder Lightfoot, I understands dat you has lately been callin' yo'self purfessor?"
"Yes, sah. I plays on de fiddle."
"Oh, dat's it? You has also been wearin' mighty high collars."
"Yes, sah."
"Got good clothes?"
"Yes, sah."
"Talkin' 'bout rentin' a box in de pos' office, I hear?"
"Yes, sah."
"An' you is smokin' reglar cigars?"
"Y-yes, sah."
"Ar' dat a dimun pin you has on?"
"N-not quite, sah."
"Am' dat watch chain all gold?"
"N-not all, sah."
"Now, Brudder Lightfoot, look-a-yere. You is behind in your rent, head ober heels in debt, an' your chillen hain't got shoes to go to school. I hear of you loafin' 'bout saloons an' standin' on de corners. I'm gwine to gin you jist one week to drap dat purfessor bizzness an' hunt fur a job. If you do it, well and good. If you don't do it, dis club kin dispense wid your presence. A purfessor ar' all right when he purfesses, but a purfessor who saws a fiddle fur beer while his wife rubs a wash-board fur grub am' about de mos' onery critter on airth. De meetin' ain't noy disjourned." —Detroit Free Press.

Interesting French Investigations.
In a communication to the Societe Medicate du XIIe Arrondissement de Paris, Dr. Rosenblith shows that the effects of blood in sprains are very rapidly reabsorbed by massage. In practice the injured articulation is at first immersed in very warm water in order to dilate the superficial vessels, after which preparation of the affected region massage is performed outside of the injured part; it is then gradually approached, a very gentle stroke being applied to it at first, followed by more vigorous friction, thus gradually producing insensibility. When partially obtained a more or less energetic kneading is pursued, according to the varying degree of sensibility experienced by the patient, and to the massage part is finally applied a compressive bandage, with wadding, which is wrapped in a danel or linen band. If the strain occurs in the inferior limbs Dr. Rosenblith—contrary to the ordinarily commended practice of avoiding movements for a shorter or longer period—advises the patient to walk as soon as he can do so without feeling great pain. Walking, he says, adapts the articular surface in a natural way and actuates the venal and lymphatic circulations by the muscular contraction.

But It's Her Bright Side.
The inhabitants of this earth have never seen but one side of the moon. The explanation is this: The moon makes one revolution on her axis in the same period of time that she takes up in revolving once around the earth, thus the same geographical region of the lunar surface is always toward us.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured.
With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must use medicines. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free. C. H. CHERRY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

The United States has a lower percentage of blind people than any other country in the world.

In Olden Times
People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

In 1700 he first public library was opened in New York.

For Pneumonia, no other cough syrup equals Hales's Universal, 25 cents at drugists.

The Chinese loon came from China to Europe about 1750.

Becham's Pills cure indigestion and constipation. Becham's no others. 25 c. a box.

The first street railway was laid in New York in 1822.

Inflamed with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Great Eye Dropper, 15c. per bottle.

In B. C. 2,600 the Empress Lee-Ling-Chi first manufactured silk.

ALL RUN DOWN. Tired, Sleepless, Discouraged. Swamp-Root Cured Me.
Amsterdam, N. Y. June 9, 1893.
Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Gentlemen—I ought to have written you long ago of the great good your Swamp-Root has done for me. For a long time I had been troubled with a Disordered Stomach, Inactive Liver, Pain in the Back and across the kidneys and was generally run down, had no ambition to do anything; in fact, my life was a burden; could not sleep nights, was completely discouraged and gave up of ever being any better. I took SWAMP-ROOT and am now able to do most of the work as usual and feel like a different person. Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root Cured Me.

It has helped me more than any other medicine I have ever used and I beg of you to accept my sincere thanks for the wonderful benefit I have derived. Mrs. H. Mabey Sulta.
At Druggists, 50 cent and \$1.00 size. "Invaluable Guide to Health" Free—Consultation free.
Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Dr. Kilmor's U & O Anointment Cures Pile. Trial Box Free. —All Druggists 50 cents.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
Should be used wherever yeast has served heretofore. Yeast acts by fermentation and the destruction of part of the gluten of the flour to produce the leavening gas. Royal Baking Powder, through the action of its ingredients upon each other in the loaf while baking, itself produces the necessary gas and leaves the wholesome properties of the flour unimpaired.
It is not possible with any other leavening agent to make such wholesome and delicious bread, biscuit, rolls, cake, pastry, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, etc.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

The Population of the Earth.
In an appendix to "Pettermann's Mittheilungen," just issued, there are complete statistics of the population of the earth, in which a table of the great cities (with more than 100,000 inhabitants) is of great interest. Of such cities England has thirty, Germany twenty-four, France and Russia each twelve, Italy ten, Austria-Hungary six, Spain five, Belgium, the Scandinavian States, Roumania and the Balkan Islands each four, the Netherlands three, Portugal two; the total in Europe being 116 great cities. Asia has 105, China having fifty-three and British India thirty. In Africa there are seven, in America forty, of which the United States have twenty-six, South America nine. Australia has only two large cities.

Time to Kill Off Some.
At the time of the Crimean war the aggregate strength of the armies of the great powers of Europe did not exceed 3,000,000 in round numbers. To-day it is more than 20,000,000.

German Syrup
Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO. Dorchester, Mass.

MERCURIAL
Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Arkansas, says of "MERCURIAL":
"About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poisoning. Leading physicians prescribed medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering for four years I gave up all remedies and began using S. S. S. After taking several bottles I was entirely cured and able to resume work."
S. S. S. is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market.

THE WALL PAPER MERCHANTE SMITH SELLS THE BEST, THE CHEAPEST WALL PAPER
Good Papers, 4, and 5—Gold Papers 2c., 5c., and 10c. Send 3c. stamps for samples. 341 Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

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Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

10 CENTS (SIX WEEKS) for best home medicine. PEOPLE'S JOURNAL: A year on trial at address in the "Agent's Directory." Our patrons get bushels of work. Dr. D. G. Cassel, 234, Davenport, Ill.

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE
For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Blood Purifier, Disordered Stomach, Liver and Bowels.
S. S. S. TABLETS get gently and promptly. Perfect digestion follows their use. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Box 16, Buffalo, N. Y. Price, 25c. per box. For free sample address S. S. S. MEDICAL CO., New York.

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"SANTA MANTRA OF THE WORLD'S FAITH," large size, nearly 100 pages; 1000 illustrations by the famous artist, HERMAN F. B. F. (Art. 322). Half Russia, 4.00. Agents wanted. Apply to PINK & WAGGONER CO., P.O. Box 190, New York.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examined in Patent Office and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for circulars or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Well Done Outlives Death." Even Your Memory Will Shine if You Use SAPOLIO

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Constipation. It has cured thousands. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup.
Sold everywhere, 25c.