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### Tricky Lions.

Some of the most dangerous tricks of animals are those simulating kindness. Charles Montague, in "Tales of a Nomad," says that hyenas often follow lions, and finish a car. Sometimes, however, the hyenas are too eager, and steal bits of meat while the lions are still at their meal.

I have been told that the lion rids himself of the nuisance in the following way: He throws a piece of meat aside. When the hyena dodges in and rushes off with the meat. Presently the lion throws another piece of meat, this time a little nearer. The hyena takes that also. At last the lion throws a piece very near indeed. The hyena, having become reckless, makes a dash at this also, but the lion wheels round and lays him low with a pat of his paw and a growl of annoyance.

I remember at the Usutu on one occasion hearing at night the cries of a hyena in pain, mingled with an occasional short growl from a lion. This went on for about twenty minutes. The next morning we found the carcass of a hyena bitten across the neck, and marked by the claws of lions. They had evidently caught it and played with it some time before killing it. I suppose this was done in revenge for the annoyance they had sustained from the hyenas.

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### SILVER AND GOLD.

Farewell, my little sweetheart, Now fare you well and free; I claim from you no promise, You claim no vows from me. The reason why?—the reason Right well we can uphold— I have too much of silver, And you've too much of gold.

A puzzle this, to worldlings, Whose love to lucre flies, Who think that gold to silver Should count as mutual prize. But I'm not avaricious, And you're not sordid-souled, I have too much of silver, And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason Too plainly can be seen; I am the Winter's bond slave, You are the Summer's queen. Too few the years you number, Too many I have told; I have too much of silver, And you've too much of gold.

You have the roses for token, I have dry leaf and rim; I have the sobbing vesper, You, morning bells at chime. I would that I were younger, (Yet you grow never old)— Would I had less of silver, But you no less of gold.

—Edith M. Thomas.

### BACK FROM THE TOMB

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

HE guests fled slowly into the hotel's great dining hall and took their places, the waiters began to serve them leisurely, to give the tardy ones time to arrive and to save themselves the bother of bringing back the courses; and the old bathers, the yearly habitués, with whom the season was far advanced, kept a close watch on the door each time it opened, hoping for the coming of new faces.

New faces! the single distraction of all pleasure resorts. We go to dinner chiefly to canvass the daily arrivals, to wonder who they are, what they do and what they think. A restless desire seems to have taken possession of us, a longing for pleasant adventures, for friendly acquaintances, perhaps for possible lovers. In this elbow-to-elbow life our unknown neighbors become of paramount importance. Curiosity is piqued, sympathy on the alert, and the social instinct doubly active.

That evening, then, as on every evening, we waited the appearance of unfamiliar faces. There came only two, but very peculiar ones, those of man and woman—father and daughter. They seemed to have stepped from the pages of some weird legend; and yet there was an attraction about them, albeit an unpleasant one, that made me set them down at once as the victims of some fatality.

The father was tall, spare, a little bent, with hair blanched white, too white for his still young countenance, and in his manner and about his person the sedate austerity of carriage that bespeaks the puritan. The daughter was, possibly, some twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. She was very slight, emaciated, her exceedingly pale countenance bearing a languid, spiritless expression; one of those people whom we sometimes encounter, apparently too weak for the cares and tasks of life, too feeble to move or do things that we must do every day. Nevertheless the girl was pretty, with the ethereal beauty of an apparition. It was she, undoubtedly, who came for the benefit of the waters.

They chanced to be placed at table immediately opposite to me; and I was not long in noticing that the father, too, had a strange affection—something wrong about the nerves, it seemed. Whenever he was going to reach for anything his hand, with a jerky twitch, described a sort of zig-zag before it was able to grasp what he was after. Soon the motion disturbed me so much I kept my head turned in order not to see it. But not before I had also observed that the young girl kept her glove on her left hand while she ate.

Dinner ended, I went out as usual for a turn in the grounds belonging to the establishment. A sort of park, I might say, stretching clear to the little station of Auvergne, Chateauguay, nestling in a gorge at the foot of the high mountain, from which flowed the sparkling, bubbling springs, hot from the furnace of an ancient volcano. Beyond us there, the domes, small extinct craters—of which Chateauguay is the starting point—raised their serrated heads above the long chain; while beyond the domes came two distinct regions, one of them needle-like peaks, the other of bold, precipitous mountains. It was very warm that evening and I contented myself with pacing to and fro under the rustling trees, gazing at the mountains and listening to the strains of the band, pouring from the Casino, situated on a knoll that overlooked the grounds. Presently, I perceived the father and daughter coming toward me with slow steps. I bowed to them in that pleasant continental fashion with which one always salutes his hotel companions. The gentleman halted at once. "Pardon, me, sir," said he, "but may I ask if you can direct us to a short walk, easy and pretty if possible?" "Certainly," I answered, and offered to lead them myself to the valley through which the swift river flows—a deep, narrow cleft between two great declivities, rocky and wooded.

They accepted, and as we walked we naturally discussed the virtue of the mineral waters. They had, as I surmised, come there on his daughter's account. "She has a strange malady," said he, "the seat of which her physicians cannot determine. She suffers from the most inexplicable nervous symptoms. Sometimes they declare her ill of a heart disease, sometimes of a liver complaint, again of a spinal trouble. At present they attribute it to the stomach—that great motor and regulator of the body—this protean disease of a thousand forms, a thousand moles of attack. It is why we are here. I, myself, think it her nerves. In any case, it is very sad."

This reminded me of his own jerking head. "It may be hereditary," said I; "your own nerves are a little disturbed, are they not?" "Mine?" he answered, tranquilly. "Not at all; I have always possessed the calmest nerves." Then, suddenly, as if he were thinking himself: "For this," touching his hand, "is not terrible, but the result of a shock, a nervous shock that I suffered once. Fancy it, sir; this child of mine has been buried alive!"

I could find nothing to say; I was dumb with surprise. "Yes," he continued, "buried alive; but hear the story; it is not long. For some time past Juliette had seemed affected with a disordered action of the heart. We were finally certain that the trouble was organic, and feared the worst. One day it came; she was brought in lifeless—dead. She had fallen dead while walking in the garden. Physicians came in haste, but nothing could be done. She was gone. For two days and two nights I watched beside her myself, and with my own hands placed her in her coffin, which I followed to the cemetery and saw placed in the family vault. This was in the country, in the province of Lorraine.

"It had been my wish, too, that she should be buried in her jewels, bracelets, necklace and rings, all presents that I had given her, and in her first ball dress. You can imagine, sir, the state of my heart in returning home. She was all that I had left; my wife had been dead for many years. I returned, in truth, half mad, shut myself alone in my room and fell into my chair dazed, unable to move, merely a miserable, breathing wreck."

"Soon my old valet, Prosper, who had helped me place Juliette in her coffin and lay her away for her last sleep, came in noiselessly to see if he could not induce me to eat. I shook my head, answered nothing. He persisted. "Monsieur is wrong; this will make him ill. Will monsieur allow me, then, to put him to bed?" "No, no," I answered. "Let me alone."

"He yielded and withdrew. "How many hours passed I do not know. What a night! What a night! long since burned out in the great fireplace, charged with an icy frost, howled and screamed about the house and strained at my windows with a curiously sinister sound. "Long hours, I say, rolled by. I sat still where I had fallen, prostrated, overwhelmed; my eyes wide open, but my body strengthless, dead; my soul drowned in despair. Suddenly the great bell gave a loud peal. "I gave such a leap that my chair rattled under me. The slow, solemn sound rang through the empty house. I looked at the clock. "It was two in the morning. Who could be coming at such an hour? "Twice again the bell pealed sharply. The servants would never answer, perhaps never hear it. I took up a candle and made my way to the door. I was about to demand: "Who is there? but, ashamed of the weakness, I myself and drew back the bolts. My heart throbbed, my pulse beat, I threw back the panel sharply, and there, in the darkness, saw a shape like a phantom, dressed in white. "I recoiled, speechless with anguish, stammering: "Who—who are you?" "A voice answered: "It is I, father."

"It was my child, Juliette. "Truly, I thought myself mad. I shuddered, shrinking backward before the spectre as it advanced, gesticulating with my hand to ward off the apparition. It is that gesture which has never left me. "Again the phantom spoke: "Father, father! See, I am not dead. Some one came to rob me of my jewels—they cut off my finger—the flowing blood revived me." "And I saw then that she was covered with blood. I fell to my knees sobbing, sobbing, laughing, all in one. As soon as I regained my senses, but still so bewildered I scarcely comprehended the happiness that had come to me, I took her in my arms, carried her to my room and rang frantically for Prosper to rekindle the fire, bring a warm drink for her and go for the doctor. "He came, running, entered, gazed at a moment at my daughter in the chair, gave a gasp of fright and horror and fell back—dead. "It was he who had opened the vault, who had wounded and robbed my child and then abandoned her; or he could not efface all traces of his deed; and he had not even taken the trouble to return the coffin to its niche; sure, besides, of not being suspected by me, who trusted him so fully. We are truly very unfortunate people, monsieur."

He was silent. Meanwhile the night had come on, enveloping in the gloom the still and solitary little valley; a sort of mysterious dread seemed to

fall upon me in the presence of these strange beings—this corpse came to life, and this father with his painful gestures. "Let us return," said I; "the night has grown chill." And, still in silence, we traced our steps back to the hotel, and I shortly afterwards returned to the city. I lost all further knowledge of the two peculiar visitors to my favorite summer resort.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Artificial ear drums are a success. Insect eggs have the greatest vitality. The four gourd trees of Africa are the oldest living vegetation. The apple contains a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit.

The United States has a lower percentage of blind people than any other country in the world. Microscopists say that the strongest microscopes do not, probably, reveal the lowest stage of animal life. There are 100 students taking the course of electrical engineering at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. It was twenty-nine days from the casting of the Lick objective glass before it had cooled sufficiently for safe removal.

The Electrical Review says the electrical purification of seawater "is a complete success, chemically and bacteriologically." The South Sea Islands is the home of a worm which emerges from its hiding place only one day of a certain change of the moon in October. The East Indian ship worm will in a few months destroy any vessel by eating out the interior of the beams and planks. They will be left a mere shell that can be shattered by the fist.

The onion has virtues to which thousands of people will swear. This is its ability to ward off attacks of malaria in any form, and to cure cases as rapidly as the strongest doses of quinine. A New York lady has so contrived matters that she can, before getting out of bed, start a fire in the kitchen by turning on the current, and when she comes down stairs finds the kettle boiling and the place comfortably warmed.

J. J. Hogan, a mechanical student of Yale College, has invented a remarkable instrument, called the Kinesimeter, which is used to measure the slightest motion perceptible to the test of touch. The measure is one millimeter per second. The important discovery has been made by Doctor Backeland that the addition of a minute amount of a soluble fluorid to yeast will preserve it for more than six months. Doubtless other important applications will be made of this remarkable property of the soluble fluorids.

Mr. Graham, the great British electrician, has invented a "loud-speaking telephone," an apparatus which gathers and materializes the wave sounds to such a wonderful degree that they can be heard any place in a large room, even after traveling over the wires hundreds of miles. How Hard Times Make Soldiers. It is an interesting fact that hard times usually bring plenty of recruits to the United States Army. A recruiting sergeant told me that it is easier now to recruit a good class of young men and plenty of them than it has been for years. "You see," he said, "there are hundreds of young fellows who usually earn good enough wages in the mills and factories of New York, Newark and other cities in this vicinity, who have been out of work during the past winter. When every other resource seems to be exhausted many of these young fellows turn to Uncle Sam and enlist in his service. "It isn't patriotism nor love of adventure that impels them to put on the blue. It is stern necessity. The pay is poor and the task is hard, but they enlist, many of them, rather than turn to beggary or theft."—New York Herald.

### Strange History of a Cherry Tree.

In the management of a cherry tree the late Almoner Higby, of Walsloe, Lewis County, may be regarded by some people as wise in his day and generation than the youthful George Washington. When nine years old he planted a cherry stone, from which grew a tree that was known by his parents as "the boy's tree." When it began to bear cherries he picked the fruit, sold it, and saved the money. This he continued to do during his entire life. Last summer, at the age of fifty-nine, his health declined, and the tree also began to decay. So he cut it down, and the trunk sawed into boards, and with his own hands made a pretty cherry coffin for himself. A few days ago he died, and all of his funeral expenses were paid from the money that he had saved as the proceeds of the sale of the cherries.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### Oil of Eggs.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolks of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the substance is on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and the oil may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of North Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, etc.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

### GOLDEN HOURS, GOLDEN DAYS.

Everything has beauty in it. In the world that round us lies. Lifting up each waking minute, Giving joy to longing eyes, That shall fill the hours with praise— Golden hours make golden days. By our joys are ever flying. Let us make our hearts their snare! Let us share the sweetness lying All about us everywhere! Let us walk in happy ways— Golden hours make golden days.

Troubles come but they are fleeting; Soon their shadows will go by, As the clouds the sunlight meet, Pass and show the azure sky. Life is full of sunny rays— Golden hours make golden days. —George Hildseye, in Detroit Free Press.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A trying situation—The cloak model. It is seldom difficult to appear natural when you have no desire to please.—Puck. It frequently happens that the fire of genius has difficulty in making the pot boil.—Puck. My neighbor calls his cat "The-baby"—because from it hangs a tail.—Arkansas Traveler.

Strange as it may seem, it sometimes happens that an old salt gets into trouble by being too fresh. Almost every woman we know would like to know what some other woman has got to be so proud of.—Acheson Globe. Paddy's latest feat was to pawn his gun, preparatory to a day's shooting, in order to buy cartridges.—London Truth.

There is plenty of room at the top; but there isn't enough for one-tenth of the people who think they ought to be there.—Puck. The peace maker is a commendable character, but he is not esteemed by the fellow who is getting the best of the fight.—Puck. The part of a man's salary that he usually doesn't spend is the part he would receive if he were getting what he is worth.—Puck.

"Galton had his lawn mower stolen last night." "Great Caesar! What a lucky fellow he has always been."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Speaking of bereavement, Jones affirms that no death ever affected him so sadly as that of his wife's first husband.—Salem Gazette. Two words sometimes make a long sentence. For instance, when the judge remarks to the prisoner: "Twenty years."—Truth.

You may speak as you will of pedigree generally, but in a sleeping car it is a man's berth which raises him above his fellow passengers. An exchange tells "how to make a fountain pen work satisfactorily." Another way is to give it to one of your enemies.—Texas Siftings. There is that in a woman's disposition that induces her to give anything she has to the poor, providing they will use it her way.—Acheson Globe. I kissed her a dozen times last night, And now it makes me sore To think that if I'd only stayed, I might have had one more. —Lilo.

A woman's idea of loyalty is to loan her best silverware to a neighbor who is giving a party, and say nothing when she hears it praised.—Acheson Globe. Jack—"What sort of a girl is she?" Jim—"Oh, she is a miss with a mission." "Ah!" "And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."—Spare Moments. The lightning flashed, the lightning crashed, The skies were rent asunder, With shriek and wail loud blew the gale, And then it rained like thunder! —Puck.

Willy Wilt—"Do you know, I fancy I have quite a literary bent." Van Demmitt—"All right, my boy; keep on and you'll be worse than bent—you'll be broke."—Puck. Madge—"Er—Miss Laura, I hope I am not talking too much about myself." Miss Laura—"Oh, no. You have to be talked about by somebody, of course."—Indianapolis Journal. No wonder the modest violet Drops shyly out of sight If it hears all the poems People about it write. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Honskeeper—"Are you sure that this tea isn't half copperas?" Dealer (convincingly)—"We couldn't afford to sell copperas at the extremely low price we charge for this tea, ma'am."—New York Weekly. L'Enfant Terrible—"Have you got another face?" Mrs. Homeleigh—"No, dear; why do you ask?" L'Enfant Terrible—"Mamma said you are two-faced; but I thought if you had another one, you wouldn't wear that one."—London Tid-Bits. In the gloaming, O my darling, Where the nights are six months long, If I stayed till midnight, darling, Would you think that it was wrong? Would you work the old gags on me? Would you murmur, soft and low, That I might be late for breakfast? Or the clock was six weeks slow? —Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—"Now, Johnnie, you may tell us: Suppose your mother had told you to come home at five o'clock, and you did not go; what would you be doing?" Johnnie—"I don't know whether it were swimmin' or playin' baseball."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. "What have you named your new boy?" "William. I wanted to get a name that would be sure to fit." "I don't quite catch." "Why, don't you see, if he grows up to be a real nice, good kind of young man he will be called Willie, and if he should happen to turn out pretty tough he can be called Bill."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Betrayed by a Bird.

A trifle sometimes leads to the detection of a fault or crime. A theatrical musician owned an ebony flute with silver keys; he valued it highly, but as one of the upper notes was defective, he seldom uses it. A young man lodged with the musician, and between the two a close friendship existed. One night the ebony flute disappeared, having no doubt been stolen. Suspicion fell on several persons, but nothing could be proved against any of them. Not long afterward the lodger went to live in a town a few miles off, but as the friendship between the men still existed they occasionally visited each other. Nearly a year afterward the musician paid his friend a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful buffnitch, which could distinctly whistle three tunes. The performance was perfect with this exception, that whenever he came to a certain high note he invariably skipped it and went on to the next. A little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the buffnitch was imperfect was the deficient one on a lost flute. So convinced was he, that he at once sharply questioned his ex-lodger on the subject, he at once tremblingly

### Who Was the Fool?

A young man returned home a few days ago from a trip to South Africa for his health, and in narrating his adventures to his father he told him he had bought a silver mine for \$5,000. "I knew they'd swindle you," exclaimed the old man. "So you were fool enough to buy a humberg mine?" "Yes; but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company and sold half the stock to a Londoner for \$7,500. "Yes—you did?" gasped the old man, turning white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it." "I know you are," coolly observed the young man, as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.

The small boy with the seat of his trousers torn is not a landlord, but he frequently raises the rent by standing on his head.—Danville Breeze. A NEW YORK paper advertises a great reduction in burial lots. Now is the time to die!

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sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
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when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them. One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

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