

A Perilous Paragraph.
"Our country might, should be kept right; if wrong should be put right," is a political maxim which paraphrases applies to other conditions of life, thus, our health if right, should be kept right; if wrong should be put right, especially in bodily ailments, such as pains and aches, which St. Jacobs Oil promptly cures. Many out of work should need to give it a chance to enter and it will give them a chance to go to work cured. Another adage: "be doeth best, who doeth well." Well, of course, you want to be well from all sorts of ailments, and the best thing to do is to use the great remedy. He who does so is doing well indeed.

The heads of venomous serpents were an ancient cure all.

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.

Ripans Tablets.
Slip a vial into your vest pocket and your life is insured against the torments of Dyspepsia and all kindred ailments. One gives relief.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. \$1.

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

If afflicted with sore eyes see Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

The law of Ashantee limits the King to 1,333 wives.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles, Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Chattanooga made the first Bessemer steel that was manufactured in the South.



Mr. James H. Ashton

I Am Well

Thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured me of rheumatism and ulcers on my leg, which I

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
had for years and could not cure. I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills standard medicines. J. H. ASHTON, night watchman on Islington bridge, West Rochester, N. Y.

Take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla

P. N. U. 49 '04

Don't leave home mad
if your breakfast doesn't happen to suit.

TELL YOUR WIFE
To have

Hecker's BUCKWHEAT CAKES
For breakfast to-morrow.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE
IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH MANUFACTURED.
\$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
\$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
\$2.12 29 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES' \$3.25 \$2.12
BEST DONGOLA, SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe.

Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

COOK BOOK
FREE
350 PAGES ILLUSTRATED.
One of the largest and best Cook Books published. Mailed in exchange for 25c. See list of our other Free Premiums. Write for list of our other Free Premiums. WOODROW WOOD CO., 450 BROAD ST., TOLEDO, OHIO.

COUNTRY EDITORS who begin the New Year with my continental "Ed copy" won't regret it. Republican, Democratic or Independent. Send for samples, etc. G. T. HAMMOND, Newport, R. I.

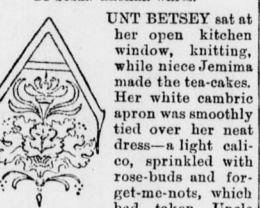
PATENT TRADE MARKS Examination of inventions and advice as to patentability of inventions. Send for circulars. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D.C.

PISCO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

A SONG OF SECRETS.
What secrets in a drop of dew
That on the daisy glows:
O' sun and air and skies of blue—
And yet, the daisy knows!
Here are the daisies at Lova's feet
To love they yield their secret sweet:
What secrets in a flash of sun
That gives the rose its red:
O' spaces where the rainbows run
And where the stars are led!
Here is the rose with crimson tips
It gives its secret to Lova's lips.
What secrets in all earth and heaven,
O' time and change and chance!
Yet unto simplest Lova 'tis given
To read them with a glance!
Here is God's world, His heaven above—
And earth and heaven are thine for Lova!
—Frank L. Stanton.

HOW KITTY SAID YES.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.



UNT BETSEY sat at her open kitchen window, knitting, while niece **Jemima** made the tea-cakes. Her white cambric apron was smoothly tied over her neat dress—a light calico, sprinkled with rose-buds and forget-me-nots, which had taken Uncle

Jerry's fancy on his last visit to town, and which he could not be convinced was "too young" or gay for his wife. She was pleasant and comely to behold, with her smooth bands of silvery hair displayed, as the breeze blew back her cap-border, and the expression of goodness and kindness upon her still rosy face.

She hummed cheerfully to herself, as she knitted, something about "a rest beyond the skies," while **Jemima**, mixing and rolling dough, occasionally took up the refrain.

Presently there came strolling across the grass lawn in front of the house two persons—one a handsome, manly-looking young man, and the other a pretty girl, with a laughing face and mischievous dark eyes.

They sat down on the green bench on the porch, shaded by the trellis of multiflora rose and white jasmine, and Aunt **Betsy**, in a pause of her song, heard them talking together.

"Dear me," said she to **Jemima**, "why, there's Joe courting **Kitty** again!"

"Well," answered **Miss Jemima**, "it's more'n I would do. How often he's got to ask that gal before she consents to marry him, I'd just like to know."

Unconscious of these comments, **Joe** was pleading his cause with the pretty girl of the bright, mischievous eyes.

"Kitty, I don't like to hear you talk about going home. Couldn't you be content to stay here and make your home with us always?"

"Well," answered **Kitty**, slowly, as if deeply considering the question, "I like the country, and if—"

"If what?" said **Joe**, eagerly.

"If I had a handsome country-house and a fine carriage—"

"Kitty, will you be in earnest for once? You know that I can't afford a fine house and carriage. But I love you, **Kitty**, and will do everything for your happiness that it is in my power to do. Don't you believe me?"

"Well, I don't accuse you of telling untruths, **Joe**. But what is the use of always talking about such things? We're so young. I am only eighteen and you twenty-three. Surely there's plenty of time for us to wait."

"I've waited over a whole year," said **Joe**, gloomily.

"Dear me! it is so long! But after all, what is a year to us, when we have all our lives before us? Why, we may both of us live to be a hundred years old, like that couple we were reading of in the papers last night, and then we may regret that we didn't enjoy our youth longer, instead of getting married so young. Besides, I believe in waiting. It is a test of constancy."

"My constancy needs no test!" said **Joe**, with firmness.

"But perhaps mine does. How do I know but that I could like some one else better than I do you?"

She looked at **Joe**, with her laughing eyes just visible above the bunch of wild-roses which she was holding to her pretty rousseuse nose.

Joe regarded her sternly in reply, and viciously chucked away an innocent lady-bug that was crawling on the multiflora.

"How can you be so cruel, **Joseph**?" said **Kitty**, solemnly. "That poor insect never harmed you."

"I dare say I do tease **Joe** too much, but I can't help it. I suppose it's my nature, and just—as **Tabby** there likes to tease the mice that she catches. But I don't mean to give up **Joe**—not I! And I'll be kinder to him to-morrow."

She heard the tramp of a horse, and looking out saw **Joe** riding away on his beautiful bay, on which he always appeared so well.

"Oh, so he's gone to the Harveys!" said **Kitty**, with a toss of her head as she watched him turn into the orchard road. "That's to pay me off, I suppose, and excite my jealousy. Well, he'll see. As if I cared!"

Cousin **Jemima** might as well have carried out her threat of not producing the tea-cakes, for though **Kitty** made a point of devouring two or three of them with a great show of relish, they had lost their charm for her, and more than once she felt as though they were choking her.

The next morning she made a point of not going down until **Joe** had finished his breakfast, and she exulted as over the stair banisters she saw how he lingered about the porch and hallway, pretending to be looking for missing articles, before he finally followed his father to the cornfield. It was a busy time, and they did not come home to dinner.

Kitty thought it the longest day she had ever spent, and she hardly knew what to do with herself.

But in the evening she put on a white lawn dress, with a rose in her hair, and went down stairs to where **Joe** was sitting on the porch steps, pretending to read a paper.

He looked up wistfully, but **Kitty** passed him and went out to the little front gate, where presently she was engaged in an animated chat with young **Dr. Bowers**, who happened to be passing.

Joe knew that the doctor admired **Kitty**, and while they stood chatting together, he sat on the steps, scowling like a thunder cloud.

When the doctor had taken leave and passed on, he strode down the walk and stood by her side.

"Kitty, did I hear you promise that—that follow to go with him to the picnic next Tuesday?"

"What follow?" said **Kitty**, icily.

"You know who I mean!" **Joe** was pale with jealousy and wrath. "And you know that there was an understanding that I was to escort you."

"I presume that I can go with whom I choose," answered **Kitty**, haughtily.

"So you can, and I want you now to make your choice; but I tell you, once for all, that if you throw me over for that **Bowers**, you'll be done with me forever!"

Kitty was almost frightened at his vehemence. She drew back a little as she said:

"My goodness, **Joe**, what a temper you have!"

"You've driven me to it; you've made me desperate," he retorted.

"This thing must come to an end between us one way or the other, for I will bear it no longer."

She looked at him, and her cheeks flushed scarlet.

"What right have you to speak to me in that tone? I am not your slave and I shall go with **Dr. Bowers** to the picnic."

Joe looked steadily into her eyes for an instant.

"Very well," he said, shortly.

And, turning on his heel, walked off in the direction of the barn.

"**Joe**," called his mother from the kitchen window, "come in, **Joe**! Supper's ready. Come, **Kitty**, child, before the rolls get cold."

"I don't want any supper, mother, and mother"—**Joe** paused a moment, and his voice seemed to lower and falter—"don't expect me home to-night. I'm going over to Uncle **Thomas**'s."

And he walked on very fast, as if not wishing to be questioned.

As **Kitty** entered the cool dining-room, where the family took their meals, **Miss Jemima** was standing at the window with her arms akimbo, gazing after **Joe**.

"That boy," she said solemnly—"that boy ain't himself. I shouldn't be surprised if he's driven to do something desperate."

And she looked resentfully at **Kitty**.

"You don't eat anything, **Kitty**," kindly said Uncle **Joe**.

"Maybe you think the weather's too warm for hot rolls and cakes? Well, take some iced milk and berries and—why, bless me, what's the matter with the child?"

"Please, uncle—excuse me," she said, and hastily left the room.

She did not go up stairs, but out of doors, where she could relieve her heart by sobbing unseen and unheard.

Passing through the garden and the orchard, she followed the little foot-path which led to a pretty strip of woodland, where in a cool ravine, ran a narrow but rather deep stream between mossy banks.

This was a favorite haunt of hers. There had been a little rustic bridge leading to the hillside beyond, but this had been lately washed away after a heavy rain.

She could see as she approached the spot one of the posts still standing; and—wasn't that **Joe** leaning against it like a statue, his arms folded and his eyes bent upon the deep little pool which the rocks had just here bent in?

A sudden fear seized **Kitty**. Surely, surely **Joe** could not be thinking of drowning himself?

She stood still and breathless, watching him. Presently he started as if from a reverie, and with lips compressed into a look of firm resolve, picked up a coil of rope which lay at his feet.

Then he walked round and round a tall and straight tulip tree growing close to the edge of the stream, looking up into its thick foliage, as if for a convenient branch to which to attach it.

Kitty's heart froze with horror. For a moment she felt paralyzed; but, as she saw **Joe** carefully make a noose on one end of the rope and prepare to climb the tree, the spell was broken.

She rushed forward with a wild shriek, and threw her arms about him.

"Oh, **Joe**—dear **Joe**—don't do such a dreadful thing! Don't hang yourself, **Joe**—for my sake, don't! Oh, forgive me—forgive me, dear **Joe**, and I'll never, never tease or grieve you again!"

A strange expression came over **Joe's** face. He looked down into the white eyes of the sobbing girl, and his stern eyes softened. But then he said, gloomily:

"How can I believe you, **Kitty**? You have as good as told me that you did not love me. And without you I don't care to live."

"Don't talk so dreadfully, **Joe**! I—I do love you!"

"Answer me truly, **Kitty**! Do you really love me?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Indeed I do, **Joe**! Please, please throw away that dreadful rope!"

"Not yet, **Kitty**. Do you love me above everybody else in the world?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"And will you marry me, **Kitty**?"

"Yes, I will, **Joe**—indeed I will!"

"When?"

"Any time—to-morrow—now," said **Kitty**, in desperation—"if you will only throw away that dreadful thing and come home with me."

"There, then!"

And **Joe** flung the coil of rope into a thicket of laurel on the other side of the stream, and drawing **Kitty** to him, kissed her solemnly.

"Remember, you have promised to be my wife, **Kitty**."

"Yes," she answered, meekly.

And so, hand in hand, they returned through the orchard and the garden to the house.

"Of all the unaccountable creatures on the face of the earth," said **Miss Jemima**, surveying them from the pantry window, "I recommend me to a young couple! I don't believe they know their own minds five minutes at a time, anyway!"

Uncle **Joe** was sitting on the top step of the porch.

"Well, **Joe**," said he, cheerfully, "he's fixed that gun-tree with the rope all ready to pull it down in the right direction?"

"No, sir," answered **Joe**, quietly.

"I'll attend to it to-morrow."

"Well, don't forget it, for the sooner that bridge is finished the better, if we want to get the hay over in good time."

Kitty stopped and looked straight up into **Joe's** face.

"You've deceived me!" she said, indignantly.

"No, **Kitty**, I haven't. You deceived yourself, dear, and I'm very glad of it, I assure you."

"Glad?" said **Kitty**, reproachfully, and with her face all crimson with blushes.

"Because but for that I might never have gotten you to say 'Yes,' and we might both have been forever miserable. But now how happy we are going to be for the rest of our lives!"

"Still it was a dreadfully mean trick!" **Kitty** murmured, as she allowed **Joe** to kiss her again behind Uncle **Joe's** back. "And if you ever say a word about it to any one, I'll never forgive you—never!"—Saturday Night.

A Hard Working Monarch.
The activity of the German Emperor is well known, but it will probably surprise many to read the following table of his movements during the year ending August 15: He was in Berlin or Potsdam, so the table states, 166 days and traveling 199 days. He gave twenty-seven days to manoeuvres and reviews in twenty different places, from Kiel and Salzwedel to Stuttgart, Strasburg and Metz; he went for State ceremonial to four cities; to the funeral of Duke Ernest and to the wedding of the Grand Duke of Hesse; he hunted in Sweden, Wurttemberg, Upper Silesia, Baden and Hungary; his trip to Abbazia, including a visit to Pola, Venice and Vienna, occupied three weeks. He visited the North Fjord and England, traveling together during the five years over 18,750 miles, or an average of ninety-five miles for each of the 199 days he was away from Berlin.—London Chronicle.

Gulls Perched on Cedars.
The Captain of a steamer that plies along the coast and that was passing one of the rugged, lonely islands off the Maine shore pointed to an enormous flock of gulls that whitened the rocks, the surface of the sea, and the branches of the cedars that cling to the hard soil. "There," said he, "what do you think of that? And yet if you turn to a book on natural history they'll tell you that gulls won't perch on trees. Some fool sailors believe that the petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, never alight, even on the water, but are always on the wing. They don't use their eyes. And some of these scientific fellows are as bad as the sailors."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

There Were Two Kinds of Fish.
Mr. Broker says he has changed his restaurant downtown, "so he can know what he's getting." His mind got uncertain about his old place after an experience he had last Friday. Friday is "fish day" at this place, and Mr. B. likes fish when it is "just right." So he cast his eye over the bill of fare, and remarked: "Lizzie, how is the boiled codfish to-day? If it is good, you may bring me some—but, you mind, if it isn't good, I don't want it—do you see?"

Lizzie saw and departed, and then, Mr. Broker says, he heard her call down the shaft of the dumb-waiter in the rear: "One boiled cod, please, off the new fish!"—New York Tribune.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Eyes.
Artificial eyes were first made in Egypt, of gold and silver, and subsequently of copper and ivory. Hundreds of years later, in the sixteenth century, when they were made in Europe, porcelain was the substance used, and the maker usually stamped his address on the white of the eye.

Should Be the Mud City.
New Orleans is the crescent city, from its situation on a bend of the Mississippi.

N Society
women often feel the effect of too much gawdy—balls, theatres, and teas in rapid succession find them worn out, or "run-down" by the end of the season. They suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The cure is a good and pure tonic and good spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and nerve, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants for it regulates and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures.

Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or to disorder of the special functions. The waste products should be quickly got rid of, the local source of irritation relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." Do not take the so-called celery compounds, and nervines which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting cure with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"FEMALE WEAKNESS."
Mrs. WILLIAM HOOVER, of Belleville, Richmond Co., Ohio.

"I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness'; I tried three doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. I took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet over a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."

Imperfect Drainage
is a fertile source of disease. Is YOUR blood suffering from defective sewerage? Impurities cannot accumulate if you will use ordinary precaution and

Ripans Tablets,
the modern remedy for a sluggish condition of Liver and Blood. Try it now! Don't procrastinate.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness indigestion
dyspepsia bad taste in the mouth
sick headache foul breath
bilious headache loss of appetite

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.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes, consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

"Use the Means and Heaven will Give you the Blessing."
Never Neglect a Useful Arille Like.

SAPOLIO
FOR BUSINESS YOUNG MEN

Babies and Children
thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow strong, plump and healthy by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for twenty years. No secret about it.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.
Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.