

**What Tasmania Exports.**  
Tasmania exports hops, fruit in great quantities and iron, tin and galena.

**A Little Thing.**  
"It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort which by daily use has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear of him who thinks it de-unnounced it will fill like choicest music." It is a simple thing to suffer ordinary pain; but when it comes by day and night with neuralgia's cruel hurt, there's nothing better to cure it than St. Jacobs Oil, which, by neutralizing every part that aches, lessens the pain and leaves a perfect cure behind it. It's a little thing to do, but the comfort of relief from such distress will make one feel the happier hours of life.

Tamerlane was an expert chess player.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.**  
Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used, except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. **Hall's Catarrh Cure** is a purely vegetable preparation, internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine, it is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Rubber was little used except for erasing until 1820, 300 years after its discovery.

**An Important Difference.**  
To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a positive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Apples contain a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other of our fruits.

**Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root** cures all kidney and bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N.Y.

The raw silk from Kansas cocoons is said to be the best in the world.

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

It is said that tobacco seed will retain its vitality for ten years.

**For Whooping Cough** Pico's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. J. PIERCE, 67 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., November 14, 1894.

**Karl's Clover Root**, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25c a bottle. Laboratory Birmingham, N.Y.

Koreans wear paper coats.

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

**Hattie Well and Happy**  
Used to Suffer From Impure Blood and Eruptions



Hattie Dancer, Lawrence Station, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my child of impure blood and eruptions on the head. She would scratch her head so that it would bleed. The sores spread behind her ears, and the poor child suffered terribly. I doctored her the best I knew how but the sores did not get any better. But thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Olive Oil—

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**  
It is as large and healthy as any child five years old. This is all the medicine we take, for I do not think there is any better. GEORGE DANCER, Lawrence Station, N. J.

**Hood's Pills** Easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

**W. L. Douglas's \$3 Shoe** IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING. 98. CORDOVAN, 98. FINE CALF & KANGAROO, \$3.95. POLICE, 5 SOLES, \$2.95. WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE, \$2.95. BOY'S SCHOOL SHOES, LADIES' BEST DONGOLA, \$3.95. SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO W. L. DOUGLAS, BOSTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfying.

They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

**AN ALPENA MIRACLE.**

MRS. JAS. H. TODD, OF LONG RAPIDS, DISCARDS HER CRUTCHES.

In an interview with a Reporter She Reveals Her Experience and Tells the Real Cause of the Miracle.

(From the Argus, Alpena, Mich.)  
We have long known Mrs. Jas. M. Todd, of Long Rapids, Alpena Co., Mich. She has been a sad cripple. Many of her friends know the story of her recovery; for the benefit of those who do not we publish it to-day.

Eight years ago she was taken with nervous prostration, and in a few months with rheumatic and inflammatory rheumatism. It affected her heart, then her head. Her feet became so swollen she could wear nothing on them; her hands were drawn all out of shape. Her eyes were swollen shut more than half the time, her knees joints terribly swollen and for eighteen months she had to be held up by a dresser. One limb became entirely helpless, and the other was so dry and cracked that it would bleed. During these eight years she had been treated by a score of physicians, and has also spent much time at Ann Arbor under best medical advice. All said her trouble was brought on by hard work and that medicine would not cure, and that rest was the only thing which would ease her. After going to live with her daughter she became entirely helpless and could not even raise her arms to cover herself at night. The interesting part of the story follows in her own words:

"I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and at last did so. In three days after I commenced taking Pink Pills I could sit up and dress myself, and after using them six weeks I went home and commenced working. I continued taking the pills, until now I begin to forget my crutches, and can go up and down steps without aid. I am truly a living wonder, walking out of doors without assistance."

"Now, if I can say anything to induce those who have suffered as I have, to try Pink Pills, I shall gladly do so. If other like sufferers will try Pink Pills according to directions, they will have reason to thank God for creating men who are able to conquer that terrible disease, rheumatism. I have in my own neighborhood recommended Pink Pills for the after effects of the grippe, and weak women with impure blood, and with good result."

Mrs. Todd is very strong in her faith in the curative powers of Pink Pills, and says they have brought a poor, helpless cripple back to her own milk, churning, washing, sewing, knitting, and in fact about all of her household duties, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

**DIACYONOUS DIPLOMACY.**

A Portland man, who has just returned from a hunting trip in the forests of Northern Maine, vouches for the Portland, Me., Argus for the entire truth of the following story, as he had it direct from the sheriff.

A man who lives in Mount Katahdin reign went into the office of a justice of the peace a few days since, and inquired about the penalty for hunting deer with dogs, and very particularly as to whether one-half the fine did not go to the informer.

The justice consulted the game laws, and assured him that it did.

"Very well," said the man, "I want to complain of myself and settle."

The justice could not back out, and so gave the transgressor "a clean bill of health," upon payment of one-half of the penalty.

It seems that the man got wind of the fact that a game warden had got the "drop" on him on his deer poachings with his dogs, and was only waiting an opportunity to arrest him. Hence his shrewd bit of diplomacy.

**Duplicity.**  
"So you think she is two faced?"  
"Certainly. I have seen her with her own showed through."—Detroit Tribune.

**The Standard**  
remedy for all stomach and liver complaints is **WALTER BAKER'S COCOA**. One tablet gives relief, but in severe cases one should be taken after each meal until the trouble has disappeared.

The Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Mass., are the largest print works in the United States.

**WALTER BAKER & CO.**  
The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in the manufacture of Walter Baker's Cocoa. Its delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.  
WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

15 cents and this ad brings for trial 12 weeks FREE for teachers, students and busy people. Postage free. Sample. THE PATENT, Washington, D. C.

**WHICH?**

Which are the hands we love the best, Those that are folded behind our own, Or those that move us to strange unrest By feathery touch that is quickly flown? Which, ah, which, do we love the best, Hands caressing or hands caressed?

Which are the eyes we most adore, Those reflecting our every thought, Or those whose glances our hearts implore, Whose fire will neither be tamed nor taught? Which, ah, which, do we love the best, Eyes adoring or eyes adored?

Which is the heart of hearts we prize, That which sways with a passionate power, Or that which yields us a sacrifice, Gentle and generous, day and hour? Which, of all, do we hold above, Hearts most loving or hearts we love?

—The Century.

**AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.**

**E**ATE SOMERS, my old school-mate and dear friend for years after we entered upon our lives as matrons, invited me to spend the summer with her at Star Point, a little sea-coast village, named from a peculiar conformation of jagged rocky points which stretched into the ocean in the shape of a mammoth star.

Kate had lost her husband and only child of contagious fever during the winter, and I was alone during the absence of my liege lord upon a business trip to Germany; so we were desirous of avoiding the crowds at gay watering places, and spending a summer in seclusion and comfort.

Star Point, Kate wrote me in June, after she had been there three weeks, was almost a solitude, where we could sit, read, write and chat without fear of intrusive visitors, and where sea air could be enjoyed without the necessity of ten or a dozen changes of dress in one day.

So one July morning found us sauntering along the little strip of beach between two high rocks, talking quietly. As we stood looking out upon the water, calm and sunny, rolling in with curling waves, there passed us the prettiest trier I have ever seen.

The central figure was an immense dog, black and shining, with long curling hair. Upon each side of him was a golden-haired boy, of three years old, dressed only in a close-fitting suit of scarlet flannel, which left the round white arms and legs bare. The little chubby feet pattered by the side of the great dog, the little hands holding fast to his shaggy black sides, till with a merry shout the boys plunged into the water, and swam out from shore. They were buoyant as little ducks, sporting in the waves, and evidently at home there, but the great dog watched them constantly, ready to catch either, if the curling golden hair should sink for a moment.

"Did you ever see anything so pretty?" I cried.

"I knew you would say so," Kate answered. "I have seen them every morning. They live in the cottage you see beyond that great rock, with a young mother as pretty as themselves, and an old man, who I presume is their grandfather."

But the occupants of the cottage were nearer than Kate supposed, for as she ceased speaking, a suppressed chuckle behind us made us both look round with a start, to face the pretty young mother and the venerable old man, who said respectfully:

"Beg pardon, ladies, for laughing, but," and a broad grin spread over his whole face, "those are my boys. This is my wife, Margie."

Margie blushed and dropped a courtesy.

"John is so proud of the boys," she said, as if apologizing for her husband's tone.

"Well he may be," I said; "they are beautiful children. Are you not afraid when they are in the water?"

"Oh, no; Rover goes with them always, and they were taught to swim as soon as to walk."

"The ladies are wondering, Margie, how you are my wife, and not my daughter," said the old man. "You can tell them while I go down to the nets. I'll bring the lads in, if the ladies will rest after their walk."

Margie half bashfully led the way to the cottage, and gave us each a seat in the net sitting-room. When we were near the house we saw that it was a pleasant sized dwelling, made by throwing two little cottages into one, and the furniture and appointments proved that the occupants were in easy circumstances. With true country hospitality, Margie offered us fruit, cake and milk, and Kate, while eating, delicately led the conversation back to the point where John had left it.

"Well," said Margie, blushing prettily, "John seems always to think that it looks odd for me to be his wife, when I am but twenty-four and he has turned seventy; but nobody that knows him can wonder at it. You see, my father lived in the half of this cottage, when it was two houses, and John Martin, that is my husband, lived in the other half. I was but a bit of a girl when my mother died, and I used to go with father and Uncle John, as I called him then, everywhere. They were both fishermen, as all the men are around here, and both made enough money to live on in comfort. But twice a week we took fish to market at M—, where the train stops, four miles inland."

Kate nodded to signify that she knew the locality mentioned, from which point we had been driven in a cab hired at the town, to Star Point.

"You may have noticed," said Margie, "a large brick house on the right of the road, just after you leave the town?"

We had both noticed it.

"Here father and Uncle John always stopped to leave fresh fish as we went to town, and I was very often invited to stay all day to play with the children, Anna and Frederick Hall. I must tell you here, that my mother was not from this part of the country, but had lived in Philadelphia, and had come to Star Point for her health the summer she met my father and married him. She had a sister living in Philadelphia, and when I was ten years old, my aunt wrote to father to send me to her for a few years, that I might have an education."

When Mr. Hall heard of this, he made arrangements to send Anna also, and for six years we were at boarding-school in the city, my home being at my aunt's during the holidays. She was very kind to me, and I was very happy, but I was very glad to come home again to father, Uncle John and the sea. I can never tell you how I fretted for the sea. But in the six years that I had been away, father had grown very feeble, depending more and more upon Uncle John, and growing weaker every year.

"So it was that I began to carry the fish to M—, and we started a little cart and pony for the journey to and fro. I was young, and when Fred Hall, who was only five years older, began to smile at me, and find excuses for lingering at the cart, began to bring orders to the cottage for particular fish on days that were not market days, nobody found fault. I was but a poor fisherman's daughter, it is true, and his father was a wealthy manufacturer at M—, but we were all equals in position, for this is a primitive place, and I never knew anything about high and low, or money making one better than another, excepting what I was in Philadelphia."

"But though Fred Hall was young and had been to college, though he wore handsome clothes and had money, I never cared for his fair whiskers and bright face as I did for Uncle John's white hair and gentle voice. I never thought of love. I only knew that I was happy with Uncle John, and miserable away from home. I was seventeen when, one morning, I went with Uncle John to fish from a rock we call the Camel's Back hereabouts. There were but few who fished there, for it is a dangerous point, though the fish are plenty in the hollow beneath it. You see, it was a high arching rock, and hung over the water, which was very deep directly under it. To pull up a net or a line, one must almost hang over the edge of the rock, and below the waters suck the fish down, so that it requires a strong arm to pull them in."

"Uncle John and I, however, often fished there, though he never allowed me to pull the fish in. But upon this particular day Fred Hall joined us as we were going across the sands, and Uncle John kept a little aloof. He thought we were lovers, and never kept very near me when he fancied Fred was courting. And I did not understand then why this vexed me. On this day it nettled me more than ever, and when I felt a strong pull at my line, instead of calling Uncle John to help me, I leaned over the edge of the rock and tried to land my own fish. For a moment I succeeded in holding the line, then there was a sudden strong jerk, and losing my balance, I went over the Camel's Back into the water. I could swim, but in falling I struck my head against a point of the rock, and lost my consciousness."

"Fred stood still and screamed, but dear Uncle John, never thinking of his own danger, ran round the rock, and, at the base, plunged into the deep water after me. I cannot tell how we escaped, but I was dragged ashore by Uncle John, and Fred had sense enough to run to the house for the pony and cart. It was many days before I could go for fish again, but in those days I knew that I loved John Martin, that for his sake I could leave all the world, if it would make him happy. But I knew, too, that he looked upon me as a mere child, his old companion's daughter, and I blushed at my own presumption in thinking he would ever love me."

"I did not know then that John Martin had once been a gentleman of wealth and standing, had traveled in Europe, had studied in foreign colleges; but I did know that he was unlike any of the other fishermen at Star Point, even my own father. He first taught me to speak correctly, avoiding all the provincialisms of the people around us, and he would tell me of sights abroad, that I supposed he had read of, instead of having seen them. Once he told me that a false love, a false friend and sudden loss of worldly wealth had first driven him to Star Point, but that he had found rest and peace here, and hoped to die here. I never asked him any more."

"I was getting well of my injuries, when my father was taken suddenly very ill, and for two years I nursed him, through a gradual decline of his whole system, till he died. When he died there came a desolation into my life beyond even my orphanhood."

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"I must leave Star Point. My aunt wrote me to come to her, promising me a loving welcome and a home. Fred Hall, in the face of the approaching separation, asked me to be his wife, but John said nothing. Day after day I lingered, keeping with me the woman who had attended to our house after my father's illness required all my time. Day after day I saw John, with his pale, sad face, his tender, subdued manner, and he never spoke the words to keep me beside him."

"With a breaking heart I felt that I must go. The stifling city, the routine of fashionable life at my aunt's, the exile from home and the ocean, all pressed upon me, and Fred urged his suit whenever he could.

"Weary and heart-sick, I went one day to the Camel's Back to bid farewell to the sea, for I had resolved to go away the next day. I was standing on the edge of the rock, when, looking down, I saw John Martin at the base, sitting upon a rock, his head bowed upon his hands, his whole frame convulsed with deep sobs."

"I knew then he loved me. I cannot tell how I knew it, but I was sure then, as I am now, that he was weeping for me. It took me but a moment to skirt round the rock and stand beside John. I never thought about being unmaidenly or bold. I never remembered that he had not spoken one word of love to me. I only knew that the coming separation was breaking his heart as well as mine. I knelt down beside him, and put my arms about his neck."

"Oh, John," I said, "don't let me go! Keep me with you."

"Margie, little Margie," he said, "I would gladly keep you, if I could."

"Then he looked in my face, and said: "No, no. I am an old fool, dreaming, mad! The child cannot love me."

"But I do love you," I said, clinging closer to him, "and you love me. And now nobody can take me away."

"But, Margie," he said, very gravely, "there is but one way you can stay. You must be my wife, or I cannot keep you here."

"I know it, John," I said. "Your wife! To cook for you, sew for you, love you!"

"But Fred Hall?"

"Fred Hall!" I said, contemptuously. "He is nothing to me, John. You are all the world."

"Your aunt?"

"She can adopt somebody else."

"You see," said Margie, laughing and blushing, "I was doing all the courting, but there was a look in John's eyes that told me he was pleading against his own heart, and that he loved me even when, for my sake, he thought it right to send me away."

"He insisted upon my going to Philadelphia for a year, to test my own heart, and then, when I was homesick and wretched, he came to me."

"He knew then I loved him for all my life, and he loved me, dearer even than he had loved the woman who was false to him in his youth. So we were married, and came to Star Point, to the home where I was born, and where I hope to die."

Here the sound of laughing voices reached us, and looking out, we saw the golden-haired twins, all glowing and dripping, coming over the sands, one astride of the black dog's back, the other upon his father's shoulders. The old man was prancing like a horse, the dog barking and trotting beside him, and the twin boys shouting and laughing till the air rang with their merriment.

We rose to go, thanking Margie for her story, and firmly convinced that there was one woman in the world who, for true love's sake alone, is an old man's darling.—New York News.

**Four Feet of Snow in Eight Hours.**

"I have seen four feet of snow fall in eight hours," said Conductor Cobb, of the Maine Central, Thursday, "and yet it was so light that you could wade through it just as you can through water."

"It was in the Sierra Nevada Mountains—a sort of frost-like snow that falls in the night, burying everything. Twelve feet away from another man you can just see him, with a sort of halo around him as though somewhere the sun was shining through the storm. In these storms it is impossible to tell direction or distance. One is simply lost when only a short distance from camp."

"In the morning we walked down into town. One man went ahead breaking the snow, which came nearly to his armpits, as he moved through it. He would tread until tired, when he would drop to the rear and some one else would lead the procession. As we walked into the valley it grew less, and down below in the town there had been no snow and all the time the sun or the stars had shone. Such a snow goes like the dew—disappears, evaporates."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

**A Remarkable Family.**

On a pretty little farm high up among the hills of Calhoun County, Alabama, 1000 feet above the sea, lives a most remarkable family. Their name is Sadler. The family consists of a brother and four sisters, and the youngest has already turned her ninety-first year. The oldest is several years more than a century old. None of them has ever married. The Sadlers were born in the Old Dominion State. In 1831 the family moved to Alabama and Calhoun County, about fifteen miles east of Aniston. Two years later they became possessed of the property on which they now live, and there erected a log house, which domicile they have since inhabited constantly. Years ago the father and mother died, the former at the age of ninety-one, the latter at the age of seventy-five.—Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.

**Coin Dies Destroyed.**  
Sledge-hammer blows, delivered by powerful employes of the Mint, on Wednesday destroyed the dies in use during the last year. There were 512 in all, and of these 71 were for double eagles, 97 for eagles, 32 for half eagles, 4 for quarter eagles, 12 for dollar pieces, 21 for half-dollar pieces, 50 for quarter-dollar pieces, 36 for ten-cent pieces, 80 for five-cent pieces, and 108 for one-cent pieces. The dies are steel, and to destroy them it becomes necessary to heat them almost to whiteness. Then they were taken from the fire and placed upon an anvil and two blacksmiths with sledges struck them upon the face.—Philadelphia Times.

**Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?**

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

**Pumping Hot Water.**  
Water at high temperature cannot be raised any considerable distance by suction, as the vapor discharged from the water so heated follows the receding pistons of the pump and resists the entrance of the water; consequently, to pump hot water always place the supply above the pump, so that it will be supplied from a head.

**The Hair.**  
The root bulb of every hair has five or six small white filaments, which are to the bulb what the roots of an onion are to that vegetable, the means of collecting and bringing it to the proper nourishment.

The sea-cypress, a kind of coral, sometimes has 6,000 to 10,000 animals on a single branch.

We don't see what fun there can be in kissing a girl out skating when her nose is cold.

**THE ONWARD MARCH**

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address: WOOD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

**PIE'S CURE FOR COUGHS**  
CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

**LITTLE PAINS MAKE SERIOUS ILLNESS**

If not attended to in time. When HEADACHE, DIZZINESS and other symptoms tell of functional disturbance in the system, the prompt use of

**RIPAN'S TABLETS**