

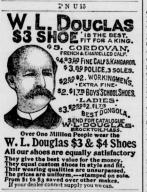
In Old Age vigor so earnestly craved for is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because restores the vitality and purity of the blood, and thus strengthens and

the blood, and thus strengthens and sustains all the bodily organs. "I could fill a newspaper with words of praise for Hood's Sarsaparilla for it is the best medicine for the blood. I am an old man 79 years of ago and I feel very thank-Hood's fil to Hood's Sarsaparilla, for 1 believe it saved my Sersaparilla severely with my stomach and from disordered blood, having sores on my cheek. Some thought I had a can-cer but Hood's Sarsaparilla Rich Bom thought I had a can-cere rut Hood's Sarsaparilla ured me. The pains in my stomach left me, it regulated my bowels and that dull feeling was driven away. The scores on my check healed I am in every way greatly improved. I cannot find words grood enough to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla." Anomn McAllinger, Young Hickory, N. Y.

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ENSION JOHN W. MORRIS. ccessfully Prosecutes Claims. rincipal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. a last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.





To-day I inset alone: And—e'en our sunniest moment takes Such shadows of the bliss we knew— To-day his throbbing song awakes But wisthi, haunting thoughts of you; Its very sweetness is but sad, You gave it all the joy it had. —A. St. J. Adcock.

CARMEN. DY GERTRUDE B. MILLARD. ARMEN stood in

SINCE YESTERDAY.

A state the dearth; Ho read the music of his lay In light and leaf, and heaven and earth; The wind-flowers by the wayside swung, Words of the music that was sung.

he mavis sang but yesterday A strain that thrilled throu

In all his song the shade and sun Of earth and heaven seemed to

In all his song the shade and sun Of carth and heaven seemed to n Its joy and sorrow were as one, Its very sadness was but sweet; He sang of summers yet to be; You listened to the song with me,

The heart makes sunshine in the rain,

Or winter in the midst of May, And though the mavis sings again

His self-same song of yesterday, I find no gladness in his tone; To-day I listen here alone.

ARMEN stood in the door of the cock-house, her had shading ber eyes, and gazed intently over the praine twoward the West. The level rays of the sun cast a brown checks, and gave a reddish trage to the coal-black hair falling straight over her shoulders, after the tribe. Carmon was a Spanish Indian half-breed, and a beauty. She was known at Star Camp as Jake Ringer's squaw-wife. When Jake came back from Maxico, after the to toulo about his hiting Longhaired Ike had blown over, he brought this woman with him. Jake was not a man to be lighty to his pistol when he was presed be-yond his liking; but it was whispered among the boys that he had stolen his dusky bried from her mother's lodge on the nuptials with Big Grizzly.

among the boys that h he had stolen his ducky bride from her mother's lodge on the night that was to have communications of the mated her nuptials with Big Grizzly, the young Apache chief. Jake was carrained have been best acquarter. As for Carmen, her soft, brown eyes followed her rough lord with mote state with coming danger. As for Carmen, her soft, brown eyes followed her rough lord with the brishet between the steady faithfulness of a dog; no white stady faithfulness of a dog; no white steady faithfulness of a dog; no white the been alone for a week now, while the herders were off on the range, rounding up the horses for their yearly branding. To-night she looked for them home. There was a sound of baking sizzling in the big fright pro-the door. "Fire! Fire!" he shouted. "Guck, cut of this, or ye'll snother like rats ma hole!" Roused from his heavy slumber, insens, and Carmen left the door for a meme cooked well, and the boys found her presence a welcome on, free the bissuit coloring delicately inside. Car-men cooked well, and the boys found then of irksome stawing over the store when they rode home tired hungry. Bake and enced through the window as

them of irksome stewing over the stove when they rode home tired and hungry. Bie glanced through the window as she rose from her biscuit inspection, then hastily returned to her post in doorway. Far off on the edge of the prairie a tiny moving cloud made its appear-ance, creeping snail-like toward her; gradually it rolled and swelled and came rushing over the intervening plain, taking shape into rounded puffs ever falling and renewing. At last there came a thunder of quick hoof-beats, and then the ex-cited herd dashed after their leader into the big corral. The heavy gates banged, the chain rattled over the staple. Five hungry men sprang from their saddles, and, hastily picket-ing their ponies, made a bee-line for the cook-house. They greeted Carmen with boister-ous jollity, fung themselves upon their benches, and, without further ado, began to devour the food set be-fore them.

"To-morrow and Friday's the brand-in', but Saturday I'll make the boys get out the plow on fix us a fire-break. The grass is uncommon long jest now, on it's dryin' fast. Ef we don't look out, we'll have the whole camp goin' up in smoke." He strode through the starlit dusk toward his sleeping shack, and Car-men, shutting sofely the door of the cook-house, followed slowly in the same direction.

news, shutting softly the door of the cock-house, followed slowly in the same direction. The air felt stifting and oppressive. A stift breeze came out of the south, but its hot breath filled the frame with uncomfortable languor. Old Tom Griffin, standing in the door of the boys' shack, halloed to Jake as he passed him. Carmen slipped by them and into her own little shanty. "Look her, Jake," growled old Tom, in an undertone, "the boys is sucozin" a ready, but I can't turn in fer think-in' er that pesky long hoss-fod out yander. With this here breeze, a fire oud come agallopin"-what d'yer say ter you'n me goin' out now and burn-in' Off a bit? Jest fer luck!" "Pahaw, Tom, 'tain't so awful dry

cut come a-gallopin'---what d'yer say ter you'n me gon' out now and burn-in' off a bit? Jost fer luck!"
"Pshaw, Tom, 'tain't so awful dry yet, neither. Turn in, man, en quit botherin'. After the brandin's done, wo'll up and plow a good breakin'. You bet I'm tired, en I ain't no mind ter go burnin' off this time o' night."
In He turned on his heel and disappe peared into the smaller cabin. Old Tom shook his head. "Them boys g ain't keerful enough," he muttered ; i "seems to me them critters yander air y oncasy." He glanced once more toward the corral, where an unusual, stamping and pawing seemed to cont firm his words; once more he shook a his head doubtfully; then, after a r look all round the horizon, where no hu ncommon sign was manifest, he at g last sought his bunk. Tired nature soon drowned his fears in sleep.
Five hours later a slim, red tongo that bounded the horizon of Star Samptor the south. It writhed this way and that among the long grass t steme. Another and another followed it, then a wall of flame, reached you. Jake Binger stirred uneasily in his dsleep, and west as far as the eye could follow, rose over the ridge and boro down, with race-horse speed, upon the y devoted little settlement below.
Jake Binger stirred uneasily in his dsleep, and flang a protecting arm over the quiet figure beside him. A g glare of lurid light filled the little room with the brightens of nonday; but still they slept on. Ontaido in the or the settle met we do the star or super second the settle met settle met we have a same or the star be speed.

bawled, and made a break for the cook-house. Old Tom laid a powerful, restrain-ing hand on his shoulder. "Too late, my lad!" he shouted above the din of the frantic penned-in herd. "That furnace ud reach us afore 'twas even started." Indeed, the flery breath of the ad-vancing flames already scorched their faces. "We must trust to our good horse-flesh!" spoke up Dick Elland, quickly. A rush for the picketed ponies—in an instant more each man was riding for his life. Jake Ringer was first in the saddle;

A russ for the picketed polics—in an instant more each man was riding for his life. Jake Ringer was first in the saddle; he ourbed his frightened steed with one strong arm, and with the other swung Carmen's light form to a seat behind him. It was old Tom who stopped at the corral, snatched the chain from its hook, and, flinging wide the gates, gave freedom to the poor, crazed crea-tures within the walls. Fear lent wings to their feet—the ridden and the riderless together dashed eagerly toward the dark north-ern horizon, where, miles away, lay safety in the cool waters of the Brazos. No one looked back in time to see how, with a leap and a roar, the hungry flames pounced on the deserted buildings, and, in one short moment, licked up every trace of man's handi-work. On and on, mile after mile of dry prärie slipping back from their swift-beating hoofs, sped the fleeing band.

vain Jake plied the spur, in vain he swore and he pleaded; the good old horse was spent. In one last, despairing glance back-ward, Jake saw that the flames were upon them; his brave beast still stag-gered forward, but at that pace noth-ing could save them. Carmen's face was buried on his shoulder. With parched lips the man mattered; "At least we die together!" A wild scream ran through the pall of grass smoke. Old Tom on the river-bank heard it-"Adios, caro mio, one alone may be saved!" The clinging arms relaxed; relieved of the woman's weight, the horse sprang.forward. For a second her figure stood haloed, as her hair and light garments blazed unward: then the awirling. bilows

For a second her figure stood haloed, as her hair and light garments blazed upward; then the swirling billows shut out the terrible picture. Jako Ringer covered his eyes and fell forward on General's neck. He did not know that his hair was singed and his clothes already smoldering as his horse plunged into the Brazos. He did not know that his comrades lifted him gently up the opposite bank as the fire swept to the water's edge and died into sudden darkness. But whon he came back ν conscious-ness, then he knew that Carmen had given her life for him.—Argonaut.

WISE WORDS.

A still tongue will tell in the end.

Look out for retributive injustice. The mortal who is not sensitive is cruel. There is a great deal of human na-ture in a mule.

Do not expect the worst, but be prepared for it.

Temptation is the beautiful door way to a wretched interior.

A blunt trath is sometimes sharper than a two edged sword. It isn't what we think we are that other people think we are.

If one would be just he must begin with good nature as a basis. It is easier to be polite to our cred-itors than it is to our debtors.

Give every man a chance, and if he oses give him another chance. A PLEASANT REMEDIAL ROME, So few women are great geniuse ccause so many women are so that.

It is rarely necessary to say about others anything you could not say to them.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." A word to the fool is more than he vants.

There is not a wide margin between saying a mean thing and doing a mean thing.

A great man may stand on the top of the ladder and be in a hole at the There are always some weak-minded people to applaud any man who knows how to boast.

Something more than finite power is needed to prepare mankind for an infinite condition.

infinite condition. A man will follow a' word with a blow, while a woman will follow a blow with a great many words. A woman sets her mind to do a thing without thinking whether other peo-ple's minds are set that way or not. It isn't clowars that may much here It isn't always the man who has

money who has a smiling countenance; it's the man who wants to borrow it. Whether a deed is a crime or merely a mistake depends very largely upon the relationship we bear to the person who committed it.

Waited Ten Hours For His Picture.

Waited Ten Hours For His Picture. The other morning an English lady who desired to take the portrait of a ragged but "picturesque" Moor whom she met on the street in Algiers, got him in position, but found upon ex-amination that she hal neglected to bring an important part of her kodak. So she ran back to the hotel, two blocks away. She thero met some dear friends from London who had just arrived; so she forgot all about the Moor and the kodak. After din-ner, 8 o'elock, she remombered; so with an escort she hurried to the spot. "Long time take picture," he said. "Le had been there since 10 o'elock a. m. of that day, but the business of sitting still suited him. The English lady, of course, gave him a penny to go and buy a farm with. -Chicago Post. Magnetic SanJ.

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A WOMAN'S WATCH.

ravels All Over Her Person in 8 of the Fashionable Resting Pl of the Fashionable Resting Place. The watch feminine, says the New York Times, shares the prerogative of caprice with its wearer; it is, like her, free from monotony. Last week it swung from the belt by a chatelaine clasp, yesterday it was tucked in the corsage by a slender fob chain, to-day it perches on the left shoulder, steady-ing itself by a matching brooch, or tucks itself under a fligree circle of gold or silver; to-morrow, according to the fashionable jeweler, it will do neith-er nor any of these things, but suspend the fashionable jeweler, it will do neith-er nor any of these things, but suspend itself from a short chain, which is strongly attached at each end to a gold pln. When these pins are caught to the bodice of a gown the watch swings be-tween, the length of the chain being sufficient to allow the slight leeway. \mathbf{K} is an idea already developed by ane woman that the for the moment uscless ich chain can be advanted to this

uscless fob chain can be adapted to this new attachment by a very simple means. Let the catch that snaps to the watch be removed, carefully be ed for future use, and a decorative pi made fast in its place. The tiny bal at the other end is mounted on a pin and the thing is done.

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"A Free English Complexion." That healthy pink and white might just are well be the typical American complexion, if people would taky reasonable cars of their health. Ripan Tabules go to the root of the trouble, because a stomach in good order produces good hood.

Lockport, N. Y., saloonkeepers serve go stew for free lunches.

Board 6 cents a day in India.

21

Working Jones for It. "Smith is a good-natured man." "Why do you say so?" "Jones is telling him all the cute things his baby says and Smith is latighing heartily and seems interest-ed." The "nvalids' Hotel and Surgical Inst tute of Buffalo, N. Y. From the Boston Herakl. Into of Burhalo, N. Y.
Firm the Burbaio, N. Y.
Firm the Burbaion Herakal.
What can be accomplished by juditions entranses, when hacked up by ability and proterrates, when hacked up by ability and probuilding of the invalids' Hole and Surgical
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just now and I couldn't let him have it."-New York Press. So many do their charity work by advising others to give.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cur all Kidney and Bladder troubles Pamphlet and consultation free Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

There is an immigration boom in the tate of Washington.



Zeeland, hluch, has he hary the STATE or Onto. Citry or Toledo, Jac. FRANK J. CHENEY UNALCOND, Internet the first of the Construction of the City of Toledo, Contry and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOL-LARS for each and every case of Cuareh that Const. See the City of Cuareh that Presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886 { meat } A. W. GLEASON, Brand Publics



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-so the soap makers say, es-62 pecially if you're washing delicate hings. Now, in the name of things. common sense, what's the use? When you can get Pearline, in powder form Da for this very reason, why do you want to work over

soap, which, if it's good for anything, gets very hard and difficult to cut. Besides, **Pearline** is vastly better than any powdered soap could be. It has all the good properties of any soap—and many more, too. There's something in it that does the work easily, but without harm—much more easily than any other way yet known.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." ITS FALSE-Pearline is never peddled. if your grocer send you an imitation, be honest-stend if back.



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Parsain eabmen are not allowed to smoke pipe while on duty.

St. Patrick's.

Two St. Patrick's days in succession-that of 1894 and 1805-have been remarkable for being clear and cloudless. Nevertheless, there were typical wind flurries, and while the cld Science of the been define while

there was to prove which during, and which serpents, he has never succeeded in driving out rheumatism and like pains and achies, which hold their own at this time of the year. No, it has been loss to another Saint to recomplised for rheumatism of , uncer promptly. Don't trust the weather, but have bottle handy all the time.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.-RALPH ERIEG, Wil-liamsport, Pa., November 22, 1893.

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

My heart is very sad to-night,

I cannot tell just what it is

It is dyspepsia.

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will dispel it.

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BLASTIC TRUSS

Unrest is in the air,

Dyspepsia or despair.