Spring Cleaning

they shorten sail from the deck up

What an ordinary man eats and the way he eats it would be enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich—unless the os-trich were wise enough to as-

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the Public Eye Today. Rather Incompetent.

A lot of old mariners were sitting of a pile of freight at the wharf spinning yarns of the seemont of sea serpents and hairbreadth escapes, but of the troubles they had had with inexperienced crews.

"When I was a captal."



nple Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Name style and size. Address REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, klin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

\$3 SHOE HIS THE BEST. TIT FOR A KING.
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FRENCH A ENAMELLED CALF.
4.93.90 FINE CALF & KANGARON,
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COURS WRITE ALL LISE FAILS.

Seet Cough Syrup. Tractes Groud. Use



Every now and thet.
And always at a time
Most inoportum.
One of the propertum of the proper

I haven't had one for six months now, I have a talisman That protects me.
I get it at the drug store.

Ripans oTabules

Is the name—three dozen in a box! Swallow one after dinner. Or just before bed time, About once a week and You will be annoyed no more. But more beautiful! If you Would believe that resulble.

ing for Easy street. et! Easy street! The street so

hard to find! No sign boards show the route to go save

THE PLACE CALLED EASY STREET

the ways that lie behind But fortune's smile is worth the while, so never know defeat,

never know defeat, When the very next turn for you may earn the way to Easy street.

the way to Easy street.

From little Queer street through Hard Times
Court to the Highway of Success,
Is the nearest way, I've heard some say, and
it's true, I guess.

So through Poverty Place my way I trace
(with Queer street left behind),
But in Hard Times Court the way's cut
short—it ends in an alley blind.
In the Lane of Chance I sometimes glance,
but the risk seems all too great.
To turn and stray down its winding way and
blindly follow fate.
So, with courage high, I strive and try, seeking with weary feet,
My way to grope, nerved still with hope, the
way to Easy street!

Easy street! Easy street! Where happy

street! Easy street! Where happy Out of the strife of work-day life and the battles of buy and sell. Wearing good clothes, having no foes, with

life's good things replete, Oh, happy fate! to dwell in state, at last, on Easy street!

We will all of us live on Easy street when

and hairbreadth escapes, but of the troubles they had had with inexperienced crews.

"When I was a captain on the New York and Hong Kong clipper line I lost my mate," said one of them, "and I had to get a new one at Hong Kong. He same well recommended, so he was given the berth. The third day out he came down to my cabin, woke me up and explained that a gale was coming up and he thought we were carrying too much canvas.

"All right," says I. "Shorten sail a little.' In about an hour he came down and woke me up again. "It's blowin' harder every minute, captain,' says he. "All right," says I. "Take in some more sail and don't bother me any more. Use your own judgment."

"In about an hour I felt the vessel pitching and rolling about like a cork. Things were hopping on deck and I thought I had better get up. When I got on deck the only bit of canvas spread was the main skys".

"'I thought I told you to shorten sail.' I took in the biggest first, an't that bein' the smallest on the vessel, I let her stay.' "Then I commenced inquiring where he had obtained his nautical education, and, bless my soul, if he had ever been on anything but a Chinese junk, where they shorten sail from the deck up." things have gone our way,
When fortune and fame shall attend our
name and leisure comes to stay,
Through the deal achieved we've had our
minds the long last year or two;
Giving us zest to fluish the rest of the things-

Giving us zest to finish the rest of the thingswe-are-going-to-do.
With the toil of these struggling days forgot,
and in our happiness all complete,
No trouble or care will bother us there when
we live on Easy street! Where the skies
are always blue,
And all of the schemes of our well-loved
dreams are ever coming true.
We'll live at our case and do as we please
and find that life is sweet
When through toil and pain at last we gain
our way to Easy street!

—Puek.

-Puek.

JEAN'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH



could not be done; that is, all but Jean. She insisted that it could, even though Jack ranged himself on the side of those who called her

And Jack was the scheme impractio-scheme impractio-scheme impraction and Jack was the young fellow, a telegraph operator, to whom she was to be married the next

Constantinople.

There is the sea all around, and in various shapes—a magnificent port in the Golden Horn—a broad, winding river in the Bosphorus—and, again, with its islands and capes, and open horizon, the Sea of Marmora, covered with ships of all sizes, and showing the greatest variety of flags I have ever seen. In its beauty I think I was disappointed; but not in its grandeur. Then, when you get into it, there is still plenty of Oriental life to be seen; there are crowds, partly in a state of the most perfect quiescenice and meditative repose, partly in a state of violent action—pushing, josting, and especially screaming and yelling, with confounding energy; there are veiled women, shoveling and silding along in their yellow boots; there are veiled women, shoveling and rezzes; there is also the great estate of the dogs, the free and independent dogs, who never get out of the way for man or horse.

The Turks have been Europeanized of late, and there is a stupid mongrei air about these crowds, and, with the exception of some old-fashioned, grave, proud-looking, green and white turbans, who disdain to show their remarkably ugly legs in tight white pantaloons and straps, the Turks look like people who hardly know whether they are standing on their heads or heels, and this, I believe, is pretty much the case with them. They seem to me like people who are put out of their way and don't know how to behave themselves, as if Stamboul was transported bodily into Regent Street or the Rue do Rivoli, and they feel in their own city the sort of awkwardness and soggezione that they would feel in the West.—Life and Letters of Dean Church. whom she was to be married the next week.

When marriage was seriously discussed as the end of their long courtship, it had been suggested that they should either live with Jean's father—Jack's folks being in Connecticat—or take a couple of pleasant furnished rooms until they saw their way to go to housekeeping. Then it was that Jean gave the first curious proof of her woman's impracticability.

"No," she said, "I want to go to housekeeping as soon as we are married."

"So do I," said Jack, "but how are

ried."

"So do I," said Jack, "but how are we to manage it? Setting up house-keeping means turning your rooms into a kitchen."

"No, I den't mean that sort of makeshift housekeeping," interrupted Jean. "I mean taking a small flat, furnishing it, and beginning life as housekeepers on our own account."

Jack laughed rather uneasily.

"It's all very well to talk of furnishing," he said, "but you know very well, Jean, I haven't any money for turnishing a flat, and I'm sure you haven't."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Jean. "You keep what little you've got saved up, Jack, and add to it as much as you can, dear. I'll furnish the flat."

"You?"

"Yes, sir, I. I've got \$100 saved up, and with \$100 I'll furnish a flat of four rooms—parlor, bedroom, dining room and kitchen—and I'll furnish it so nicely that we'll noither of us be ashamed to ask our friends to visit us in it."

At this Jack burst out laughing, and thought it was so good a joke that he thought it was so good a joke that he

Oh! what is the way to Easy street—which turning shall I go? For many a day I've sought the way that no one seems to know.

and was not a bit like most janitors, willingly ran ahead to attend to the illumination.

It had been a week's hard work of finding and fitting for Jean, but she was amply repaid when she saw the look of surprise which the folks wore when they walked into her parlor grow into one of wonder as they passed into the bedroom, and deepen into one of amazement as they saw the dining room and kitchen.

"Well, I must say it beats me," said Jean's mother, while her father pulled hard at his eigar and felt for the check in his vest pocket as he walked from room to room, and Jack gave her a hug right before them all, and said he always knew she was a wonder.

"Now, then, my girl," said her father, when they had made the grand tour, "tell us how you did it all."

So Jean took them to the parlor, and while the others sat down she moved around, pointing out each thing, showman fashion.

"Those curtains," she began, "are, of source, imitation Nottingham, but

"Those curtains," she began, "are, to focurse, imitation Nottingham, but the pattern is copied from the real article and they are good enough to begin with. The two pairs cost \$3,3 and the poles and rings, which I put up myself from the janitor's step-ladder, cost twenty-five cents a set. This bookcase, oak with movable shelves, cost \$2; the books are mine and the drapery is from an old crepe neckerchief. That table in the centre cost \$2.48, without the work basket, of course, which used to be yours, mother. The smaller two of those three pictures, which are imitation etchings in real white frames, cost thirty-nine cents apiece; while the larger ones, which is a good photogravity of the second of the second

"Well, I don't know about that," father.

"Well, I don't know about that," father.

"You got saved up, Jack, and add to it as much as you can, dear. I'll furnish the flat."

"You?"

"You?"

"You?"

"You?"

"First I thought I would get an oak shamed to ask our friends to visit us in it."

At this Jack burst out laughing, and thought it was so good a joke that he told the old folks, and they had great sport at Jean's expense.

"That's all right," said Jean. "I don't read the newspaper advertisements and look into store windows and visit bargain counters for nothing. I want to tell you folks that right here in New York you can furnish four rooms comfortably, nicely and neatly for \$100.

"Yes," said her mother, "with a lot of second-hand stuft."

"No," replied Jean, "I mean with all now, good materical; and without is dea her cray quilt for 'gress nu."

"In want to tell you folks that right here in New York you can furnish four rooms comfortably, nicely and neatly for \$100.

"Yes," said her mother, "with a lot of second-hand stuft."

ceipted bill for every article in the apartment."

"I'll do it," said Jean, stoutly, "and, more than that, I'll do it in three days, and I won't ask a cent's worth of assistance or advice from any of you—not even of Jack."

That was on Sunday. The flat was I make three are plenty that are worth of assistance or advice from any of you—not even of Jack."

That was on Sunday. The flat was I found by Wednesday afternoon, and they saw very little of Jean for the next three days. She was very quiet and very tired each evening, but her mother took charge of her simple trousseau so as to give her some resting time, and on Saturday evening when they had all sat down to tea Jean said very quietly that she should be very glad if they would go over with her to Fiftieth street to see her house. They saw that she was rather nervous, and so spoke of other things as they walked over from Sixth avenue. When they reached the flat house, Jean, who knew the value of effect, asked the janitor if he would not light up for her before she took her people up stairs, and the janitor, who had been taken largely into her confidence, and was not ab it like most janitors, willingly ran ahead to attend to the illumination.

It had been a week's hard work of finding and fitting for Jean, but she was amply repaid when she saw the was amply repaid when she saw the look of survise which the falk work.

dress to pay for the tacks. My kit-chen, as you see, is very simply fur-nished, and I intend to keep it so. The store cost \$4, utensils \$5.54, and the table and chair just \$2. Fortun-ately, there are stationary washtubs, and, as the floor is painted, I don't see any need to cover it, and, "concluded Jean, with a whinsical smile, "I don't know that I should have been able to, even if I had wanted to. And so, dad, there's my \$100; now where's

so, dad, there's my \$100; now where's yours?"
"Well, I must say, my girl," said her father, "you've done wonders. But a bargain's a bargain, you know. Let's see the recipted bills first."
"Here they are," said Jean, bringing out a bundle of papers, very much thumbed and very much covered with calculations in irregular peneil fig-

calculations in fregular pencil ngures.

So down they sat again, and, when the old man had called out each item and Jack had set it down, they made up the following summary:

Just as they were about to cast up the addition Jean's mother came in from the kitchen with a look of mischief upon her face.

"The landlord has provided washtuba," she said, "but I don't see that he has put in a refrigerator."

At that Jean turned pale, and she began to tremble a little,

"Oh dear, oh dear," she cried. "I do declare I forgot the refrigerator."

And when she saw failure before her, and knew she was wrecked in port, she laid her head on Jack's shoulder quite distressfully. But her father came bravely to her rescue.

cue.

"Hold hard a minute," he cried,
"you're all right, Jean. You've made
a mistake here. You've only spent
\$99.99 and I'll sell you our old refrigerator for a cent and be glad to
get anything for it."

And then he added this item:

A Cough That Slew Thousands,

A Cough That Slew Thousands.

Recent history proves to us that it was a cough that was mainly responsible for the immense amount of bloodshed that attended the coup d'esta whereby Napoleon III obtained his throne. The field marshal in charge of the military operations was unwilling to assume the direct responsibility of ordering the troops to fire upon the people. So when the moment of action arrived, and the mob began to show signs of sweeping the troops, the generals under his orders sent an officer to him at headquarters for instructions. Just as the field marshal was about to respind he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which lasted several moments. When at length he ceased, he managed to gasp with a violent fit of coughing, which lasted several moments. When at length he ceased, he managed to gasp the words, "Ma sacree tour!" ("My cursed cough!") The officer waited to hear no more, but returned post haste to his superiors with the news that Saint-Arnaud had said, "Massacrez tour!" ("Massacre everywhere?") These commands being carried out, thousands of people were shot and bayoneted in consequence.

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Fortunes in Old Bottles.
Out of the bottles that you and your neighbors throw away there are four or five dealers in Pittsburg that divide up a matter of \$53,000 in profits every year. Then the old-bottle business is not thoroughly worked in this city, but in other large cities of the country the profits are many times greater. In this city the callesters wither up something over 5,000,000 bottles a year. The profits range from half a cent to three cents on each bottle. According to the figures given by a dealer yesterday, the average profit on each bottle is three-fourths of a cent. There is considerable money invested in the business here, and it gives employment to a large number of men. Dealers here collect over three hundred classes of bottles and have a fixed price for each grade. Half of them are sold here, and the remainder are sent to New York and Brooklyn, Hugh Quinn, in the latter city, being the largest dealer. He has fifty warehouses there, where he receives and stores bottles.—Pittsburg Post.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was the Bach-elor Painter and the Raphael of Eng-land.

The less money a man has, the more he talks about finance.

Hew It I. Done.

The simple reason why the hurts of prize fighters show no sign and disappear so quickly is because in the treatment of training the flesh is hardened. They can stand a blow like the kick of a horse and not show a bruise. Other men's bruisa heal slowly, but if they trould use St. Jacobs Oil, they would find there's nothing in the world like it to heal and restore. It acts like magic. All athletes should use if. It's the great renovator. The same with cuts and wounds, if need according to directions, it will heal surely and make the parts sound again.

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the physical machine must be in good running
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In Paris one person in 18 lives on charity. There are 54 metals.

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A Stab from Behind. Blueblood Britisher—I came from a ine old English aristocratic family, I

assure you.

Miss Keenune—Ah, really? Did they give you a good character when you left them?—New York World.

Usurped Fashions.

"If there is anything I dislike," said one citizen, "It's to see a man effeminate in his attire."

"It is unpleasant," was the reply, "and yet about the only way for him to keep from being so in these days is to put on petticoats."—Life.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispois colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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"Better Work Wisely Than Work Hard." Great Efforts are Unnecessary in House Cleaning if you Use

SAPOLIO

At this Jack burst out laughing, and thought it was so good a joke that he tood the old folks, and they had grean and they had grean and they had grean and see, mother, there are four more of each in the close there. The appointment of Prince Lobaustreet and look into store windows. They are the pills per excellence. They are the pills per excellence. They are the pills per excellence. They are the pills per excellence and look into store windows. They are the pills per excellence and look into store windows. They are the pills per excellence and look into store windows and look into store windows and look into store windows the work of the work