

Summer Weakness

Is caused by thin, weak, impure blood. To have pure blood which will properly sustain your health and give nerve strength, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Englishman's Neatness. Americans are often puzzled to account for the neatness of attire which distinguishes most English gentlemen. Few will deny that as a rule Englishmen are always well dressed. The following information comes directly from an English source, and has the weight of preponderant logic on its side:

"Most Americans buy one suit and wear it until they buy another—that is, after the first is worn too much to appear genteel. In England we do the thing differently. Instead of one suit we buy three or four, or perhaps, half a dozen, at the same time. We wear one suit to-day and another to-morrow, changing as often as the fancy takes us. Result, neatness and variety, what is called being well dressed. It costs a little more to start with, but it is economy in the end. After the first cost, it takes no more to keep up the supply than to buy single suits, as it is only necessary to add a single suit at a time. —Washington Post.

An Accommodating Road. "In Santa Rosa," remarked a commercial traveler, "the street railway company lives up to its public announcements: 'Every courtesy shown travelers on our line.'"

"The last time I was there the conductor stopped the car and sat down to read a newspaper."

"What's the matter? Broke down?" I asked.

"No; Joe Thomas wanted to collect a bill from a fellow in that shoe shop. He's owed it about three years and this is the first time Joe has seen him," explained the conductor.

"In the next block the conductor waited for Will Keenan to buy a steak for dinner and look up his blacksmith shop. It's an accommodating company." —San Francisco Post.

His Golden Wedding. Jonesley—Coming around to my golden wedding next week? Brownkins (indignantly)—Your golden wedding? Why, man, you're not 35. Jonesley—No, but I've bagged an American heiress.—Judge.

LEAVES ITS MARK every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well! That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates and promotes all the womanly functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels the fumes, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

LOOK for our advertisement in NEXT issue of this paper. It is a sample of our

DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS. It would take several pages to describe about these perfect machines. Send for illustrated pamphlet mailed free. For address, write to: DAVID & FRANKLIN BLDG. AND MFG. CO. Sole Manufacturers, Chicago.

RUPTURE CURED ELASTIC TRUSS. POSITIVELY HOLDS RUPTURE UP. It is an Adjustable Truss which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. This Truss is guaranteed by Dr. J. C. Davis, 111 Broadway, N.Y. City.

LINEE. The "LINEE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn. They are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and last well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents. A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Five Cents. Name and size. Address: REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 17 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kelly St., Boston.

PENSION JOHN W. FORBES. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner, Pension Bureau. 1714 14th St. N.W., Washington, D.C.

DR. HIGGINS' CURE FOR GORES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cures for Gores. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IMPERIAL GRANUM. THE BEST FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN. JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

RED CLOVER. Robin, stilt on the apple-tree, Singing your love to the waking world, What is the sweetest thing you see From the quivering bough with the dew impregnated?

Do you love the golden daisies best, Or the roses glowing with splendid fire? What do you tell your mate in the nest Of the flowers that bloom for your heart's desire?

Robin, winging across the dell, That the rippling wind goes swaying over, As you dip and rise to the long sea-swell Of the waves that pass o'er the blush-red clover.

I think you say to your mate in her nest, And she, I fancy, chirps back to you, That the lowliest blooms you both love best, While over your brood the sky is blue. —Harper's Bazar.

ANSON'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

ANSON HOLBROOK had a disposition that was subject to as many variations as is some familiar tune when turned over wholly to the mercy of a trapeze performer in notes, scales and operatic thrills. Even his best friends never knew how to take him. The morning might find him railing down on his neighbors' cataclysmic showers of the milk and honey of benevolence and human kindness heavy with fragrance of Zion's shores, while by night his temper would be so full of kinks and snails that the most expert of travelers would labor in vain to untie it. During the intervening hours the intermediate stage at which he could be found was a subject for more daring speculation than the buying of a lottery ticket.

His views on all subjects were apt to undergo equally kaleidoscopic changes. If he were a Republican to-day the chances were ten to one that he would be a Democrat to-morrow. If he hoisted his flag for free silver one week he would be pretty sure to haul it in and stand out fair and square on a gold platform the next. If he were a Baptist on Monday, Tuesday invariably found him switching around to some other denomination, and so on.

There was only one opinion in which he never wavered, and that was his dislike for his sister-in-law, Julia Holbrook. She was the widow of his younger brother, Horace. Anson had never favored her. During the day of Horace's courtship he had opposed the prospective marriage so bitterly and so persistently that the young couple put an end to his constantly striving to separate them by repairing to a little town beyond the State line and there uniting themselves, with the assistance of the matrimonial attendants, in holy bonds of matrimony so strongly welded that all the angry brothers in Christendom could not put them asunder. That defiant setting aside of his self-imposed authority over his brother only served to put a keener edge onto his aversion for the bride, whom he denounced in terms that would hardly have passed muster in a gallery of elegant expressions, as an unscrupulous schemer of the first water, who had entrapped Horace as a necessary adjunct to the \$10,000 which was his portion of the Holbrook patrimony.

Horace carried out the very law and spirit of the Biblical injunction bidding him leave all and cleave only to his wife, and the brothers effected a complete division of their property, the pair of youthful culprits leaving Winterset for the far West and Anson settling down in the old home and devoting all his misdirected energy to the building up of a grocery and general merchandise trade from which he had been unappetently diverted by the disturbing romance.

There were some people who were unkind enough to say that the intense bitterness manifested towards his sister-in-law was engendered by a rejection of an old-time embryo suit of his own, but those people were mostly stanch friends of hers, and as the only thing they had ever heard to make them harbor such an opinion was a few chance remarks of hers in which she scornfully alluded to "dogs in manglers" and "sour grapes," the story never gained much credence among Anson's neighbors, who unanimously voted him too vacillating to pay court to any lady long enough for her to get a chance to reject him.

If Anson Holbrook caught a hint of the trying rumors about him that were trying to find a foothold in the neighborhood he never betrayed any evidence of the knowledge, but went on measuring out sugar and coffee and butter and kerosene with as much equanimity as though criticism of his conduct was a possibility as far remote as the fixed stars.

For ten years the estrangement continued without a word or sign of recognition having passed between the two branches of the family. Then one Saturday afternoon the telegraph operator's blue-coated, brass-buttoned boy brought Anson a message. It was sent from a little town in Western Wyoming, and read:

"They tell me I am dying. Come at once. HORACE."

Whether or not Anson experienced any revulsion of feeling towards his sister-in-law for the time being is a matter for conjecture, but certain it is that when the news of the imminent dissolution of his only near relative reached him the ties of consanguinity proved infinitely stronger than any barriers that had arisen through years of strife and dissension, and at the end of a few moments' deliberation he decided to go. He hurriedly made preparations for leaving the business

in charge of an employe of the establishment during an indefinite period of absence, and when the westward bound train left Winterset that night, Anson Holbrook, bent on a mission of reconciliation, was numbered among the passengers.

Through what would seem to be some special intervention of Providence, though perhaps it was but the natural course of things, Horace Holbrook's life was prolonged through the four days required for Anson's journey, and he was given strength enough after his arrival to make the desired disposition of all his possessions which could not be taken with him into the world beyond.

His last will and testament was a verbal one and was far from intricate. He had not prospered during the last few years, and after a meeting between the brothers, which was not an effusive one, owing to the swift-coming death of the younger, Horace made it plain in a few words that the only legacy he had in his power to bequeath to any one was his wife, and he unreservedly and unconditionally turned her over to his brother Anson to do with her as he thought best. In view of all that had passed she was not a particularly welcome acquisition, but as Horace, having expressed his last wish on earth, breathed a sigh of contentment and so contentedly died, he had no one to remonstrate with against the summary disposal of such an undesirable piece of property, except the widow herself, and as common humanity forbade his addressing his objections to her he accepted the charge with the best grace possible.

Perhaps if Julia Holbrook had possessed the spirit and independence with which she had been endowed when her affection for her dead husband led her to marry him in the face of all difficulties, she would have received this sudden transfer from one Holbrook to another with more bitterness than did Anson, but the trials that she had undergone had been many and severe, and the first days of her widowhood found her in a state of indecision and despondency surprising at variance with her former self-reliant character.

She resigned herself into the keeping of her former enemy without a murmur of dissatisfaction and the day after the funeral she started under his guardianship for Winterset. The very sight of the old home seemed to bring back a touch of her lost energy.

"I don't want to burden you any longer than I can help," she said, nervously, to Anson the evening of their arrival in Winterset. "There are many things that I can do, and as soon as I have had a little rest I'll look around for a position and relieve you of all responsibility concerning me."

Again Anson Holbrook's many-sided disposition had a fierce conflict within itself and again his better nature conquered.

"I'd rather you wouldn't think of such things yet," he said, kindly. "There's plenty of time to talk about that after a while. And if we do come to the conclusion that you can't be satisfied unless you are paying your own way I think I can find something for you to do in my store, if you don't mind going in with me. I've been thinking of getting a bookkeeper and accountant for several weeks and so far as I know you will fill the bill. At any rate, you can think the matter over."

She rebelled against the idea at first, but times were hard and at its best Winterset was not a place where lucrative positions went begging, so from sheer force of necessity she accepted the proposition. The position of bookkeeper and confidential clerk to Anson Holbrook was not a difficult one to fill, so far as the actual duties themselves were concerned. His sister-in-law put more conscientious thought into her work than employes are generally given the credit of doing, and the grocery and general merchandise trade was looked after with a scrupulous care that would have made the concern the happiest, most prosperous business house in Winterset had it not been hampered by that one irremediable drawback, Anson's unreliable temper.

For six months she put up with his whims and caprices, meeting all his carping and unjust criticism with an uncomplaining meekness which he wilfully misconstrued as a studied disregard of his wishes, and then came the threatened eruption of years. Both were on their mettle, and it was a wordy warfare on either side. She declared herself unable longer to endure his intolerable boorishness, and he met her accusations with a counter charge of non-compliance with his dictates as her employer.

"I ought to have known better than to come here," she said at length, shutting down her desk with a bang and beginning to tie on her veil with fingers all a-quiver with the angry passion that surged through her. "I've done my best and I've served you faithfully, and you can't deny it. But I might have known that a man whose whole life has been marked by an utter disregard for another's rights and feelings could not so far reform himself as to deal in a considerate, fair-handed way with any one dependent upon him, even though his last words to a dying brother was a promise of pardon and kindness."

It was her parting volley of ammunition, and the shot told. Anson tried to frame an equally telling answer, but the rapidity with which she had hurled the words at him stemmed the tide of his thoughts, and before he could recover himself sufficiently to reply she had rushed out through the back door of the office, and was heading for the opposite side of the street.

When the people of Winterset had anything they didn't want or wanted anything they didn't have, they let that great, cosmopolitan body, the public, know about it through the columns of the Winterset Herald. Mrs. Holbrook was not slow to avail herself of the opportunity which judicious advertising in that worthy journal might bring to light, and the Sunday after the sudden resignation of her position the "situation wanted" column was headed by the following comprehensive advertisement:

"A lady who is an experienced bookkeeper and accountant, and who is thoroughly familiar with all kinds of office work, wishes a situation. Address A B C, Herald Office."

Not wishing to trust entirely to possible answers, she also studied the "help wanted" notices, and finally selected one which gave promise of being in her line, and dispatched a letter to X Y Z, setting forth her qualifications in well-chosen sentences, and then she settled down to await the developments of the next few days.

Tuesday morning, when she called at the Herald office and inquired for her mail, she was given one letter. She looked critically at the peculiar style of the address and the blood rushed over her face in a great wave of crimson. She did not open it until she reached her own room and locked the door, then she broke the seal and read:

"I am in need of an office assistant and think we can arrange matters satisfactorily. Call on me at your earliest convenience. ANSON H. HOLBROOK."

She finished it with an exclamation of anger and tore the paper into shreds.

"It shall never come to that," she cried, brushing away a few rebellious tears that would creep down her cheeks. "I'll do anything rather than yield to him. I shall pay no attention to this, and then he will never know that A. B. C. is his despised sister-in-law."

At that same hour X. Y. Z. was reading the letter which advised him to address or call on "Mrs. Julia Holbrook, 165 Westlake avenue," and after a second perusal he decided to act on the latter alternative and call.

A few minutes after 7 that evening Julia Holbrook received a summons to appear in the boarding-house parlor. The gentleman had declined to give his name, the messenger said, wishing only to be announced as a caller on a business errand, and she hastily smoothed back her rich brown hair and went down to meet him. She opened the parlor door and stepped over the threshold, then stopped short, with a half-stifled cry of surprise.

"You—you" she stammered, looking at her visitor in unconquerable confusion. "Why do you not let me alone, Anson Holbrook? I have given you no cause for this intrusion."

"I beg your pardon," and Anson coolly produced her letter from his pocket, "but I have here an invitation of yours to call. How could I disobey?"

She stared first at him, then at the letter, and vice versa, while anger, pride and grief all fought for mastery. The latter at length held sway, and she sobbed audibly.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A BLEACHING GROUND. Bleaching powders, chloride of lime and chemicals are damaging things to use on good fabrics. They will inevitably decrease their wearing qualities, and unless used with the utmost care are likely to make holes in the goods. For all-round bleaching, a grass plot is the best of all places. To spread the linen out on the green turf and keep it well sprinkled with soapuds for a few days is to insure a bleach as perfect as one could ask. Failing of this, a great deal can be done on the roof of a porch or on the lines in the yard. Many housekeepers do not seem to be aware that if clothes are hung out of a suds dripping, and allowed to drain and dry in a bright sunshine, they will bleach almost as well as on the grass. They may be sprinkled again and again, and for this purpose a force-pump that can be used in a pail of water is of very great advantage. In localities where there are no drying grounds or bleaching facilities of any other sort, a good deal may be accomplished by hanging a little frame from the window and putting the pieces to be bleached upon this. One ingenious woman has had a hinged frame attached to the outside of the window sill. The frame turns up against the wall and is secured with a hook. Whenever it is necessary either to bleach or dry anything, the frame is let down, a strong cord fastened at the other end and drawn through a ring at the top of the window keeping it in position. Here stained table linen or other articles are hung out and kept wet with soapuds, bleaching out in a very satisfactory fashion.

Any of these ways are far superior to the chloride of lime bleaches or any of the thousand and one labor-saving compounds with which the market has for the last few years been flooded. —New York Ledger.

TO CAN VEGETABLES. The manner of canning one kind of vegetable applies to almost all kinds except corn, and by mixing corn and tomatoes no difficulty is experienced with these. Tomatoes are the easiest to can, and are invaluable in a household. They make delicious soups and sauces. Mrs. Henderson gives the following recipes:

To Can Tomatoes—Let them be entirely fresh. Put scalding water over them to aid in removing the skins. When the cans with their covers are in readiness upon the table, the red sealing wax (which is generally too brittle and requires a little lard melted with it) is in a cup at the back of the fire, the teakettle is full of boiling water and the tomatoes are all skinned, we are ready to begin the canning. Put enough tomatoes in a porcelain preserving kettle to fill four cans, add no water. Let them come to the boiling point, or let them all be well scalded through. Fill the cans with hot water first, then with the hot tomatoes, wipe off moisture from tops with a soft cloth and press the covers on tightly. While pressing each cover down closely with a knife, pour carefully around it the hot sealing wax from a tin cup. Hold the knife still that the wax may set. Put the blade of an old knife in the fire and when it is red hot run it over the tops of the sealing wax to melt any bubbles that may have formed. There will be juices left after the tomatoes are canned. Season this and boil it down for catchup. Self sealers are very convenient, but many think that heat hardens the rubber rings so that they are unfit for use in a year or two, and for this reason they prefer the cans or jars with a groove around the top for sealing with wax.

String Beans—Next to tomatoes the vegetable easiest to can is the string bean. Remove the tough strings at the sides and break the bean into two or three pieces. When ready throw them into boiling water for ten minutes and can like tomatoes.

Corn and Tomatoes—Scald, peel and slice tomatoes in proportion of one-third corn and two-thirds tomatoes, put in a porcelain kettle and let boil fifteen minutes and can immediately in glass or tin. Some take equal parts corn and tomatoes, preparing them in the same way. Others, after cutting corn from the cob, cook it twenty minutes, adding a little water and stirring often, cooking the tomatoes in a separate kettle for five minutes, and then adding them to the corn in the proportion of one-third corn to two-thirds tomatoes, mixing well till they boil up once, and then canning immediately.

Canned Corn—The following process is the one patented by Mr. Winslow, and is the best for preserving the natural flavor of green sweet corn. Fill the cans with the uncooked corn (freshly gathered) cut from the cob, and seal them hermetically; surround them with straw to prevent striking against each other and put them into a boiler over the fire with enough cold water to cover them. Heat the water gradually and when they have boiled one and one-half hours, puncture the tops of the cans to allow the escape of gases, then seal them immediately while they are still hot. Continue to boil them for two and one-half hours. In packing the cut corn in the can the liberated milk and juices surround the kernels, forming a liquid in which they are cooked.

Whole Tomatoes—Fill a large stone jar with ripe, sound, whole tomatoes, add a few cloves and a sprinkling of sugar between each layer. Cover well with one-half cold vinegar and one-half water. Put a piece of thick flannel over the jar, letting it fall well down into the vinegar, then tie down with a cover of brown paper. These will keep all winter, and if moist collects on the flannel it will do no harm. —American Agriculturist.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Reason Why. Little Willie—I was going fishing Sunday, but my papa wouldn't let me. The Rev. Dr. Saintry—That's the right kind of papa to have. Did he tell you the reason why? Willie—Yes, sir. He said there wasn't bait enough for two.—Life.

Glass Floors. A new warehouse in Paris has been built with glass floors. The initial cost is considerably over that of the ordinary floor, but in view of the fact that toughened glass is so much longer lived than wood, the experiment is likely to prove cheaper in the long run.

Good Definition of a Genius. A genius is an artist who knows instinctively how to touch the heart and mind at the same time.—Galveston News.

Dolly—I told Mr. Niesfellow that I bet Reggie twenty kisses our boat would win a race at the regatta! Daisy—Well, wasn't he shocked? Dolly—No, I let him hold the stakes.—Boston Globe.

Don't make a nasty muss by blowing your brains out. If you want to kill yourself, drink lots of ice water.

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions. Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to swear off. No-To-Bac is the only guaranteed tobacco habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, destroys irritation, promotes digestion and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk. No-To-Bac is sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

For Whooping Cough, Whooping Cough is a successful remedy. —M. P. DIETZ, 67 Thorpe Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1893.

They Call It Overwork. Business requires a clear head; yet how few business men—with all their sense—realize what is the trouble with their heads. They call it overwork, worry, anything but what it really is—indigestion. This stealthiest of ailments usually comes disguised as something else. Wouldn't you be convinced if a box of Ripans Tablets cleared your head and brightened up the sun in your outlook?

The average height and weight of Indians is no greater than of other people. Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered from little recovery rapid. —E. F. JENKINSON, Lubbock, Texas.

No Indian tribe north of Mexico had domesticated any animal but the dog. Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N.Y.

The great temple of the Sun at Cuzco, in Peru, was attended by 4,999 priests. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

In all Spanish America the Indians form the great mass of the population. W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "A sufferer with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Calboun was so absent minded that he often forgot he was in company. The fair Rosamond was an English blonde, with fair hair and blue or light gray eyes.

Italy's King Is Economical. No royal or imperial court of the old world is conducted on so economical or short-handed a scale as that of the Quirinal, King Humbert being desirous of setting an example of saving and good management to his people, especially in these times of financial distress in Italy. This is all the more to his credit since he does not hoard the money thus economized, but gives it away to charities. It is doubtful whether there is a monarch in Europe who thus distributes so much as he does, besides which he has paid off the enormous debts left by his father and saved from ruin and disgrace several of Victor Emmanuel's principal associates in the organization of Italy, as now constituted, by means of the payment of their debts as well as by the purchase from their political foes of documents, calculated to compromise and destroy their good name. King Humbert himself is the treasurer of his household, and not a day passes without his going over the accounts of the palace, personally controlling every cent of expenditure.

SYRUP OF FIGS



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, dispels 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.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

How it looks,

to the women who wash with Pearlina, when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap—rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these Pearlina women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to "wear a fool's cap unawares."

Everything's in favor of Pearlina—easier work, quicker work, better work, safety, economy. There's not one thing against it. What's the use of washing in the hardest way, when it costs more money? 189

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HIGH GRADE IN EVERY PARTICULAR! LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, LIGHTEST WEIGHTS!

HAVE YOUR MECHANICAL FRIEND examining these machines, as we desire to show the work and material to men who know what good work is. We state our business reputation of over five years that there is no better wheel made in the world than the Lovell Diamond.



Manufacturers and Jobbers in ARMS, BICYCLES AND SPORTING GOODS. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, Mass.

Warranted in every respect. All prices, sizes and weights. Call and see them. Catalogue free. If there is no agent in your place write us.

Bear in Mind "The God's Help Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use. **SAPOLIO**