

DONT OVER-EXERCISE.

The Danger Which Confronts the Novice of the Wheel.

When Corbett, always rugged far beyond his fellows, goes into training, no exacting exercise is undertaken at the outset, so greatly do his mentors fear the evil consequences of over-exertion. The young men of the Yale and Harvard crew, exercise gently all winter in the gymnasium before undertaking any severe work upon the water, and even the solicitous "coach" permits no man to reach the limit of his endurance. Zimmerman, king of the bicycle, as Hanlon was emperor of oarsmen for so many years, trains in precisely the same manner. When out of form in consequence of a long period of inactivity, he resumes work with the utmost care, avoiding all fatigue and over-exertion. Every few days his task is slightly increased and in the course of time he is ready for the starter with every muscle trained to its utmost capacity, and a reserve of strength up his sleeve, to use the expressive words coined by the great cyclist himself.

What a contrast there is between all this and the reckless expenditure of energy by the young woman and the young man who have just become enamored of the bicycle. With no previous training of any kind, and no attention to diet beyond that involved in consuming as much ice water, cake and ice cream as possible, reeling off miles by tens and twenties, and then go home overstrained and almost in a state of collapse to recuperate slowly and repeat the folly when they have sufficiently recovered to drive nature to another dangerous test.

Considerate Patients.

Amusing if apocryphal stories are told of the extreme care for the feelings of their physicians displayed by some patients. One such tender-hearted man, seeing his physician coming along the street, slipped into a doorway to avoid him.

"Why did you do that?" inquired his companion.

"Well," said the man, whose health had been poor until within a year, "it's so long now since I've been sick, that I'm really ashamed to meet him."

An instance of still greater delicacy is recorded of a man whose case had been pronounced hopeless by his physician, but who afterward regained perfect health. He met the doctor on the street some time after his recovery, and the latter had difficulty in making his former patient stop to speak with him.

"What's the matter?" inquired the physician, bluntly.

"Why," returned the other, "you said I was dying, and I'm ashamed to have you see me alive and well."

Such tenderness as this merits the approval with which a quack is said to have commended a conscientious swallower of his medicines.

"Ah, my dear sir," he said, with strong emotion, "you deserve to be ill!"

"Doctor Cureall."

One of the most remarkable developments of the automatic machine is a "Doctor Cureall," in Holland. It is a wooden figure of a man, with compartments all over it, labeled with the names of various ailments. If you have a pain, find its corresponding location on the figure, drop a coin into the slot, and the proper pill or powder will come out.

To Save Wood.

If potato peels are placed over night in the oven, so as to be baked quite hard, dry and crisp by morning, they will be found excellent for lighting fires and a great saving of wood. Peels so treated have no disagreeable odor.

Tobacco-Whisking Nerves.
Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It's not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac, sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of the lungs by Pilo's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN; Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1894.

Tired Women

Nervous, weak and all worn out—will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. Get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills
are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited.

The Largest Manufacturers of
**PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**

On this continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great

**Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
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Caution: In view of the fact that many imitations of the labels of our goods, consumers should make sure that our goods are manufactured by
DORCHESTER, MASS.
is printed on each package.

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**PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHOEVER ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, "Tastes Good." Use
in time. Sold by Druggists.**

A LOVE SONG.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear,
And the world—it passed me by;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way;
For heaven itself drew nigh,
Sweetheart!
For heaven itself drew nigh,
I was as lone as the loneliest, love,
With never a dream of bliss,
But not that day
When you walked Love's way
And leaped to my arms—my kiss,
Sweetheart!
And leaped to my arms—my kiss!
And dear to my life is your love—your love,
And my soul has ceased to sigh:
For sorrow seems
Like an echo of dreams,
And the stars are in life's sky,
Sweetheart!
The stars are in life's sky!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Losing of Mrs. Pettit.

BY EMITH REELEY STOKELY.

MATURE, in designing old Mr. Pettit's face, had not endowed it with a single artful furrow or wrinkle wherein a secret might hide. It was a beautiful old face, too, with a fringe of white whiskers all around under the chin, wide open, mild gray eyes and ruddy cheeks. Yet did a harmless deceit lodge there but for a moment the eyes laughed and twinkled, and all but called aloud, "Here it is"; and the next instant the secret was dislodged and scurrying off in plain sight of everybody, and nobody more surprised than Mr. Pettit himself.

Consequently, when Mr. Pettit stepped into the kitchen upon a certain June evening, and hung his hat upon the peg behind the door, Mrs. Pettit, suspending the kettle high in air from the operation of pouring boiling water upon the tea, said, in a tone of conviction: "Ephraim, you've got a letter from John."

"Well, now, I want to know!" said Mr. Pettit, throwing an appealing glance around upon an imaginary and admiring audience. "If women don't beat all! I was saving that letter till after supper."

"We can just as well have it with our tea," said Mrs. Pettit, pulling the cosy over the teapot, and leading the way to the supper table. "John must have something particular to say. We had a letter from him this week."

The two snow-crowned heads were bowed for a moment in simple grace, and then, as Mrs. Pettit poured the fragrant Hyson into the old-fashioned china cups, her husband proceeded to open the letter.

Not very much, after all. Two square yellow tickets and one of those short notes that are always portentous:

CHICAGO, Ill., June 10th, 1895.
Dear Father and Mother: I enclose you two round-trip tickets for Chicago, which I expect you to make use of right away. Our boy is to be christened next week, and the christening can't go on without you. Your loving son,
JOHN PETTIT.
P. S.—Telegraph me when you start.

Mrs. Pettit dropped her hands into her lap with a look of blank dismay. "Why, Ephraim," she protested, "I can't go."

"John wouldn't like it," said Mr. Pettit, softly, confining his gaze to careful stirring of his tea. "It's our first grandchild, you know."

Involuntarily Mrs. Pettit's gaze wandered through the open window to a tiny hillock, which, with its marble shaft showing dimly through the twilight, told its own tale of "Eleanor, aged seven."

"I have never left her," she said, with troubled eyes. "She would wish it," said Ephraim, gently. "John knows all, and he wishes it. Sixteen years is a long time for grieving, mother. She is a grown woman in heaven by this time."

Nothing more was said after this. The soft darkness of a June night began to fall. The katydids called from the grasses; a huge June bug beat itself noisily against the window screen; the cow lowed from the meadow without.

At last Mrs. Pettit pushed aside her unattractive food and said, with a pitiful tremor in her old voice: "We'll go, Ephraim. It's wicked of me to be staying at home grieving, and neglecting the loved ones that need me. We will write to John to-night and tell him so."

Thus it came to pass that a few days later a certain train pulling out of Wilson's Ferry carried with it a quaint old couple with whom we have to do. The old gentleman wore his whiskers after a good old country style, and looked over his silver-bowed glasses with the most benighted eyes in the world. As for the old lady, fellow-passengers glanced idly upon her, and then turned to gaze again. Such a sweet old face, seamed with added years and care, but beautiful withal in its frame of clustering gray curls. No one smiled at the old-fashioned bonnet, the long, slender-waisted black dress, or neatly folded shoulder shawl. No one seemed to think of the oddity of the black silk mitts with their short fingers, although they had not been put on before since Eleanor's funeral. Every one seemed kindly interested in the big brown basket with a cover and two handles. Before the journey ended it had opened wide its hospitable cover to soothe with ginger cakes and tarts the cries of more than half a dozen travel-worn babes, and had won the earnest blessings of as many tired mothers.

Six hours of rumble and noise and dust, glimpses of waving green fields and distant towns, a fleeting acquaintance

with strange faces and other lives, good-bys 'mid youth and laughter and silent good-bys with tears, and the train steamed slowly into Chicago.

It seemed to be the final destination of all humanity. Such crowds of people, such noise and bustle! But fortunately the trend of humanity seemed in a general direction.

"Maybe you ought to have telegraphed, John, as he said to," remarked Mrs. Pettit, in a dubious voice. "He would have been here to meet me."

"I know the way. We've got to take the suburban train," said Mr. Pettit, grasping the big carpetbag with one hand, and parcels, bags and the umbrella with the other. "You just keep close to me, Lucy, that suburban train doesn't wait more than five minutes."

Through the big iron gates and up the wide stairs, everybody meeting and greeting everybody else, boys shouting and cabmen crying their fares, and at last open air. That is, not open air like the broad meadows and sunny garden plots of Wilson's Ferry, but open air much like gazing up from the bottom of a good old-fashioned chimney, so tall were the buildings on either side, and so very little of the blue sky visible overhead.

It was all very new and very strange to Mrs. Pettit; yet, notwithstanding her bewilderment, she faithfully followed the guiding carpetbag, hurrying onward in its wake, until they were well out on the streets and she was quite breathless with the brisk walk.

Then, as the carpetbag shifted its position for a moment to the pavement, and its owner turned to mop his brow, Mrs. Pettit saw, to her utter dismay, that, while his hair was gray, and from the back he presented an appearance not unlike that of Ephraim, this man she had been religiously following was, in fact, an utter stranger, and that she herself, Mrs. Pettit, was lost!

Quite unconscious of the mischief he had wrought, the stranger shortly resumed his carpetbag and his pace together, and joined the great merry-go-round of people; while the old lady, like a bit of fobsam stayed for a moment in its course, clinging helplessly to the brown basket, stoic looking about in bewilderment, while people whirled and eddied and divided about her.

"I guess you lost, ain't you?" said a big, kindly voice at her side.

Mrs. Pettit smiled into the honest face of the man, who wore a blue suit with brass buttons, and a star upon his breast.

"I don't know," she said, a little tremulously, "but perhaps I am; that is, if you don't know where my son, John Pettit, lives."

"Pettit—John Pettit. I don't seem to place him just now," said the policeman, placing his hand upon his chin, in a thoughtful and reassuring manner. "You don't happen to know his street or number, now?"

"No," said the old lady; "Ephraim always directs his letters, and he has his address on a card in his pocket. But I know they've put a new wing to the house lately, and it's painted brown and has bow windows."

The old lady waited anxiously, while the officer in the kindness of his heart appeared to ruminate deeply.

"I don't seem to remember such a place," he said presently; "but we can find it. If you'll just step down to the station with me—it ain't far—where lost people stay, I'll ring up the central police."

Mrs. Pettit relinquished the brown basket into Officer Mellen's hands, and walked cheerfully along by his side. "I hope your family are all well," she said, politely.

"Well, to'ra'ble, thank'ee," said the officer, with rather a new sensation. "The baby worries some o' nights. She's only two months old, you know, and colicky like."

"Well, now, I'm so glad I brought it," said Mrs. Pettit, reaching for the basket. "Such a big bunch of catnip, too, just in the bloom; twice as much as John's baby will need. It's a sure relief for colic. And here's some young verbena plants I dug this morning with plenty of earth around them. Maybe your wife would like them."

Thereupon a paper bag and a paste-board box changed hands.

"I thank'ee kindly, ma'am," said the policeman, touching his cap. "The catnip we get at the drugstore ain't much better than dust, and my wife ain't owned a flower since she's been married." In his secret mind he was wondering where he could get enough dirt to fill a flower pot to plant them in.

The Detention Station was a large, high-ceiled room, with rows of long, hard benches along its walls, a little window behind which sat a man at a desk, and numberless policemen passing in and out, some accompanied, some alone. The man at the desk gave to each newcomer brought in, a check bearing a number, and made a corresponding entry in a large book. Mrs. Pettit found herself suddenly 58.

"You'll be called for," said Officer Mellen, touching his hat; "and it's much obliged I am for your kindness, ma'am." To himself he added as he turned away: "It's a shame for the likes of her to be put in this place."

There were dozens of people seated on the benches—men, women and children—some with heads bowed in dejection, misery, sickness or despair, others upright and defiant, many grown old in ways of sin, others but beginning to taste of temptation. Into this company Mrs. Pettit walked, with her dear old face and guileless eyes.

"Such a lot of people lost!" she thought in wonder. "It's a mercy if they all find their friends before night."

She touched a man upon the arm

who sat huddled up beside her. "Are you sick?" she inquired, anxiously. The man raised a reddened, bloated face, and gazed unsteadily at her. "Yes," he said huskily, "sick of life."

A mist gathered in the old lady's eyes. "I was once so, too," she said, sympathetically, "when my Eleanor was taken; but with the Lord's help I'm living it down. Maybe somebody's dead belonging to you."

"I'm dead to them," said the man, bitterly, sinking into his old position. Mrs. Pettit was mystified; but this was plainly a trouble that catnip cannot reach—a trouble of the heart.

"I'm sorry for you," she said, quaveringly, laying her quaintly gloved hand upon his arm; "but whatever your trouble is, with the Lord's help you can live it down."

"102," said an officer, touching the man on the shoulder.

The man rose to follow, hesitated, then held out a trembling hand. "With the Lord's help, when I get out of this I'll try to live it down," he said, huskily. He looked at the withered hand within his own a moment with twitching lips, then gently laid it down and left the room.

Moved the rows of poor humanity downed Mrs. Pettit. Ginger cookies caused baby eyes to shine, and kindly words dropped like rain upon arid hearts. The brown basket brought forth bunches of fragrant June plants, clusters of elder blossoms and packages of marigold seeds. A bottle of home made cordial and a dozen fresh eggs were put into the hands of a young woman with hectic cheeks and a hollow cough, who held a wayward brother's hand anxiously in her own. "There won't be much left for John's wife," thought Mrs. Pettit, regretfully; "but dear knows these poor creatures need it."

Two hours later the doors swung violently in, and an excited group entered. An old gentleman with a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, a tall young gentleman looking very red and excited, and two officers. A moment's conversation at the desk, and 58 was called.

But "58," close in conversation with two little vagrants, the baby girl in her lap and the boy at her side, with traces of tears still upon her old cheeks, had forgotten that she had ever been given a number.

"You will never be hungry again," she was saying, solemnly, "never beaten, never forsaken. You shall go home with me, and Tony shall own the dog, while the white kitten that will drink nothing but cream shall belong to the baby sister."

"Mother!" said a voice at her side and tears, and in a moment a pair of strong arms had her in their embrace.

"Lucey," said another voice, which sounded like Ephraim's muffled with a feather bolster, "I'll never forgive myself for losing you—never."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Pettit, "and Ephraim, too! I'm glad you've come. There is so much trouble in the world, and here I've been sitting to home shutting my ears to it. Ephraim, I know you won't care. You've never opposed me in anything in my life. I'm going to take these children home with me and keep them. There's nobody in the wide world to look after or do for them."

"But, mother, such a charge at your age—" began her son.

"John," said Mrs. Pettit, with the solemnity of conviction, "it's the Lord's call. They're sweet, handsome little things, and such a life as they've led? Ephraim, you don't object? We will call the baby Eleanor, in memory of our own."

For answer Mr. Pettit stooped and lifted the baby girl in his arms.

"I guess we've got money enough to hire a nurse if they are a charge," he said, triumphantly. "John, you're a lawyer; you can fix up the papers as soon as you like."

And so the losing of Mrs. Pettit, like the wandering of a clear brook over parched meadows, leaving fresh and grateful all behind, carried also on its bosom to a harbor of safety two tender human souls.—New York Independent.

A Growing Industry.
The other day the Postoffice authorities at Washington had their attention called to the circular sent through the mails to students in schools and colleges offering to furnish them with essays and speeches for so much per hundred words.

Many heads of schools and colleges urged the department to rule these circulars out of the mails, but after due consideration the authorities decided that they could not exclude them.

In one shape or another this business has been going on for many years. It is dishonest for a pupil to buy an essay or a speech and palm it off as his own, but there will always be youngsters who will do it at any risk. The temptation is hard to resist in some cases. Take, for instance, a bright boy who is gifted with mathematical talent. His teachers take it for granted that he can write passably well and they demand good compositions and speeches. But this is the one thing in which the pupil is deficient. He has a head for figures, but he has no command of language.

When such a boy is pushed to the wall he is tempted to borrow or buy the productions of others. He does it to maintain his standing at school. With him it is a case of necessity.

There is one good thing about this ready-made speech industry. It enables some very clever men and women to earn many extra dollars which they could not make in any other way. It helps one class though it may injure another. The ruling of the Postoffice Department is on the right line, but the business is a bad one and there should be some way to put a stop to it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Southwestern Dust Storms.
The dust storms of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona—the whole desert section in whatever State—are important factors in the chances for comfort and success of the new settler.

The signs of a coming dust storm are many. The air is electric, a feather will cling to the fingers, the sky is off-times gray and streaked, the children in the schools, even the primaries, are nervous. Suddenly the bits of paper in the street begin to whirl; soon you will see the dust coming like a rolling storm cloud; the sky is obscured; everything out of doors is "on the fly;" the slim branches of the scant cottonwood slash the air, and if you are unfortunate enough to be out of doors, your eyes, nose and 1 month will be filled with alkali dust, while you are striving to make headway against a whirlwind. If you are under cover, you will hasten to drop window and shades; but the dust is so fine it will penetrate whatever air can. The pattern of the carpet may be obliterated, and in some of the worst ones in New Mexico an eye witness has said that drifts have been formed on the floor from one to two inches in depth.

"How long does a storm last?"
Sometimes an hour, sometimes three days—coming with great violence at intervals. We have known one that continued a week, with the exception of one day for a recess. The effect upon a nervous temperament is distressing; there is a desire to hide the head like an ostrich; to creep into some hole, to cover the face so as not to see the wild turmoil of whirling things. The irritability is so great with some persons as to culminate in fits of weeping. This is followed by exhaustion.

It is not improbable that sand storms had an influence in the building of the "dillidwells."

A dust storm may occur at any time of the year, but the spring is especially prolific. When the "kamsin," the wind from the desert, "blows in," by its summer or winter, the worst kind of a storm may ride on its wings.

The huge, cone-shaped mounds of ossified structure, which stretch for miles here and there on the plains, testify to the whirling winds that over a thousand leagues of desert have had their mad sweep for centuries.

By some dust storms are considered scavengers. Some think the air seems purer just after one, and so it does, on the principle that the too'too'too feels better when it has done nothing. Some think them harmful, as dry earth is a disinfectant, but the injury to the throat and to the nerves, and the disastrous effect on vegetation seem to overbalance this consideration.—Hartford Times.

Bogus Visiting Cards.
Few of my readers have any idea of the large trade that is carried on in Europe and especially in London in bogus visiting cards. I hear that Lord Denbigh, passing in front of the windows of one of the big stationers in the west end of London, happened to see a visiting card bearing his name and title exhibited as a sample of the firm's work.

Thoroughly aware that he had never had any cards engraved at that shop, and anxious to know what possible object the man could have in printing such elaborate copper-plate specimens, he entered the store and without mentioning his name, inquired of the shopkeeper whether Lord Denbigh was one of his customers.

Quite frankly the stationer informed the peer that he had never had any communication with Lord Denbigh in his life, but that the cards in question were engraved by the firm along with those of a number of other peers and prominent persons in response to a popular demand on the part of the people who bought them solely for the purpose of putting them in their card-baskets and salvers with the object of conveying the impression that the people whose names were on the pasteboards were visitors at their houses.—Chicago Record.

Growth of the Paper-Making Industry.
None of the great industries of the country has shown a more remarkable growth than that of paper-making. In 1886 the total daily capacity of all the paper mills of the country was 6,869,388 pounds, while in 1895 it is placed at the enormous figure of 11, 102,580 pounds. The largest factor in causing this tremendous growth was the development of processes for making chemical fibre and wool pulp, enabling the substitution of these materials for rags, with a consequent large reduction in the cost of making paper. It is estimated that if the use of wood pulp should continue to increase at the rate of growth maintained in the last fifteen years, five years hence the consumption of spruce wood for this purpose will equal the present output of spruce logs for lumber in all New England and New York. The growth of paper-making is one of the most significant facts in the industrial progress of the time.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Peculiar Malady.
According to the Gartenlaube, an especially painful inflammation is caused by hairs of caterpillars entering the eye—an event not so rare as might be supposed. The inflammation is always of long duration, and often seriously impairs sight permanently. Within a few years, in one dispensary at Bonn, six cases of this peculiar malady were treated. As is well known, some species of caterpillar use their hairs as a means of defense, firing them off at will. Cases are on record, however, where caterpillar hairs entered an eye when caterpillars were thrown into faces in mischievous fun.

QUEEN OF THE WEST.

California, Where the Sun Gives Uncle Sam a Good-Night Kiss.

Glowing words of praise were uttered by Rev. E. D. Dille, of San Francisco, when he described California to the Christian Endeavorers at Boston. Said he:

"Were it not that Californians are all as modest as violets, outblushing the strawberries that grow there the year round—blushing like their world-famed fruits at praise of their own loveliness—I would tell you something of California—though had I the tongues of men, and even of real estate agents, you would still say when you come to us, 'The half has not been told!' We have a wonderful empire out there; we have arable land enough to support a population of 30,000,000, and then our population would be less dense than that of Europe; an empire of our own, as large as Spain—larger than the nine States of Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio and Rhode Island combined. Then the salubrity of our climate makes California the sanitarium, the fairer Italy of the world; its scenery is grander than any beneath European skies, and its variety of productions and climate is so wonderful as to defy even the Californian genius for exaggeration. The Sierras, those snowy bulwarks of our State, though their lower slopes are rich in gold as their crests at eve with the gold of sunset, and their farther slopes are lined with silver like such great crests at noon, yet hoard no such wealth as the soil yields in its billowing wheat fields, its clustered vineyards, its orchards and orange groves bending with fruit more golden than that of the Hesperides. Yonder the star of the empire steps in its westward course and stands still over our young State."

Even South Africa Has the Craze.
There seems to be an extraordinary craze for cycling in South Africa. A Johannesburg paper states that cycles are more generally used in that town than probably any other town of similar size in the world. There are, it adds, some 4,000 machines in use by all classes, from the head of the mining industry down to clerks and shop assistants. One firm has sold 600 in the last two years. Ladies are taking to cycling freely, and so are educated Kaffirs. When Kaffirs that are not educated follow suit, what a splendid market for wheels in South Africa there will be!

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.
As 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, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken 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, 50c per bottle.

The True Laxative Principle
Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No matter first or second. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Winnipegosis is the "Beautiful Lake of the Highland."
Dr. Kline's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y.

Chickadee is the Indian word meaning "Turkey Lick."
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

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

A self-propelling bicycle is a Swedish invention. It is run by a little gasoline motor.

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. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured. 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, 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 Know That Their is a Science in Neatness.
Be Wise and Use
SAPOLIO

A PARALYTIC CURED.

His Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation is Cured—The Method.

From the Herald, Boston, Mass.

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He went to bed one night about six years ago, seemingly in robust health. When he awoke his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves.

The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting particulars in his own way:

"The first shock came very suddenly while I was asleep, but it was not lasting if its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and trampled with rain, I went home in a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless."

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, although it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took waiting, for in all probability, a third would carry me off."

"Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to no effect."

"The only thing I found that helped me was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I verified by trial that if I had used these pills I would have been dead years ago."

"Yes, I still have a slight reminder of the last attack six years ago. My left arm is not as strong as the other, and my left foot drags a little, as the paralysis had the effect of deadening the nerves. But I can still walk a good distance, talk as easily as ever, and my general health is splendid. I am really over-seventy years old, although I am generally taken to be twenty years younger than that."

"The Pink Pills kept my blood in good condition and I believe that is why I am so well, although cheerfulness may help. I have thought of it a great many times and I honestly believe that the Pink Pills have saved my life."

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a perfectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached his sixtieth year and retired from active life. His experience is well known to a great many people in Boston, where his constant cheerfulness has won him hosts of friends. He says that in his opinion both his father and his grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been obtain