March

April, May are most emphatically the months for taking a good blood purifier, because the system is now most in need of such a medicine, and because it more quickly responds to medicinal qualities. In winter impurities do not pass out of the body freely, but accumulate in the blood. The best medicine

April

to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, and thus give strength and build up the system, is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands take it as their Spring Medicine, and more are taking it today than ever before. If you are tired, "out of sorts," nervous, have bad taste in

May

the morning, aching or dizzy head, sour stomach and feel all run down, a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will put your whole body in good order and make you strong and vigorous. It is the ideal Spring Medicine and true nerve tonic, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents.

The branches of the Mississippi have an aggregate length of 15,000 miles.

Frost, Frolic and Business.

The wind over frozen pounds and lakes, over snow-fields of plains and open country, is heavily charged with frost and fine particles of frozen matter. It is the most penetrating way for chill to set in. Sudden warmth, sudden chill, and severe colds. Girls and boys skating, driving for pleasure or business, and men at work afield know the difference in temperature. Yet the youngsters skate away and with mouth open laughing take in a dose of sorethroat. Drivers and workmen throw aside wraps and all know the next day from soreness and stiffness what sudden chill means. Now the best thing to do when housed is to rub well at once with St. Jacobs Oil. If you do, you will not have sorethroat; or if you are stiff and sore, it will cure by warming the surface to throw out the chill.

The World's Earliest Potato.

That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 28 days. Salzer's new late potato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at $1 a bushel—$4000. That pays. A word to the wise, etc.

NOW IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, 10 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our mammoth seed catalogue. (A.)

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

PNU 9

Solid Silver Watch Free!

to any man, woman, boy or girl who will solicit orders for our **Werline Broom Attachment**, which sells for 15 cents each. It makes sweeping a pleasure. Mop, Duster, Window Washer, etc., all made from one broom. Address for particulars,

Werline Novelty Co., Lancaster, Pa.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 151, Detroit, Mich.

100 SALESMEN to sell New Cash Register (cut price). Big pay. National C. Co., Winston, N. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

AS YE WOULD.

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare—
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray—
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

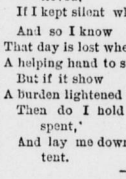
If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart—
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I send,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,'
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

—Edith Virginia Bradt.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

BY CAROLINE CAMBLOS.



QUITE high up in a high house, in a poor quarter of Paris, lived a little old man. He blew a horn every night in the orchestra of a theatre. It was rumored he had saved considerable money. What he would do with this money no one knew; only the mothers in the house hoped he would remember their children when he died. For he loved the children in the house.

There were many children, for many families lived there, so he had much to love. When he went to rehearsal he had to clear a passage on the stairs, the little ones crowded so to meet him. He usually had a paper of sweetmeats for them. Again, when a child of the house was missed, its mother would trudge up the many stairs to the topmost room and say: "M. Clerville, my little one should be here," and, sure enough, there it would be.

When the little ones were disobedient, you had but to say: "Ah, if M. Clerville could see you now," and the naughtiest one became an angel of goodness.

His love for their children made the mothers hope he would some time bestow some of his savings upon Jaqueline, Armand, and the like. For he had lived here for nearly eighteen years, had worked all that time and spent but little, so he must have saved much. And for what? No one ever came to see him, he went no where but to the theatre, and he had no friends save the children.

They did not know that the little old man was hoarding and saving for a child he had never seen.

It was like this: He had once thought that he could compose a great opera. For years and years he had dreamed about it, worked at it. In these years he had earned but little money, his wife toiling hard to support herself and her daughter. At last, just before the daughter's marriage, M. Clerville finished his opera, sent it to a manager, and had it returned to him. His wife was angry; she had stood so much. She and her daughter left the disappointed man, and he had never seen them from that day to this.

He knew that his daughter had married, that a little child had come. He determined to work and save for this little child. He put away his opera, and went into an orchestra. This was eighteen years ago. He had lost sight of his wife and child, and grandchild; they had drifted somewhere. But one dream remained to him; he would some time have a goodly sum of money, and then he would hunt out his grandchild and give it to her, thus proving he had not been entirely useless in the world. He always thought of her as a little child. For this reason he loved all children.

Now, one night as he returned from the theater and was going up to his room, he heard a sweet voice singing a tune he had not heard for years. He stopped on the stairs. The song rose on the quiet air; it was an old Provencal song his mother had sung years ago, the tune he had sung to his wife in the early happy days, the tune she in turn had sung to their child.

The door opposite where he was standing opened—a young girl stood there.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I thank you for the song; my mother sang it to me when I was very young."

In his garret he thought of the song and of the young girl—what a sweet face hers was. Was it really like a face he had once known? He thought and thought about it until he fell asleep.

Now Marie, the young flower maker, was alone in the world, and had moved into the house that very day. It pleased her that she had pleased the little old man. So the next night when she heard him toiling up the stairs she again sang the old song.

"It must be pleasant for him to be reminded of his mother," she thought. "My mother sang it to me, too, and now she is dead."

The old song took the old man way back to happier days.

"And where have I seen a face like this young girl's?" thought he.

Night after night he heard the song when he came home from the theater; he would leave his room door open that he might hear it to the end. Once—it was a soft spring night, and the lilacs were blooming—he felt it more than ever.

"Oh, my dear grandchild," he said, "will I ever, ever find you? And will you ever, ever love me?"

Again, one day he met Marie as he went down the stairs, the children all about him.

"Are you quite alone, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Quite alone," she answered. "My parents are dead. I had a kind grandmother, but she died, too. And this is my birthday, monsieur. I am seventeen years old."

He stepped up to her, raised himself on his tip-toes, and kissed her pure white brow.

"It is thus I would have embraced my grandchild," he said to himself, as he hurried away.

After that he did not see her for a long while, though he often heard her singing the old song when he came back from the theatre. Yet, when he was practicing, up in his room, when the children were with him, when he was blowing his horn in the theatre—at all times he thought of Marie, and the thought of her brought back the old feelings he had once had, till he brought out his opera again, and dreamed once more of being successful.

One day, when he held a sleeping child in his arms and looked down upon its flushed face, he thought, "Marie is young, and should have some one to protect her. I am old—why, I am old enough to be her grandfather. Her grandfather! How strange.

"My own granddaughter may be as old as she! I never thought of that before." He leaned over the sleeping child, and presently something sparkled on its round cheek. May be it was a tear that fell from the little old man's eye.

Just then, Marie, making flowers down in her room, lifted up her voice and sang the old song of Provence. After that the little old man was braver in his clothes, and some times he even had a flower in his coat.

"I must look well," he said. "Marie shall teach me how my granddaughter would like me to look. My granddaughter! Ah, soon I shall go to her. I have saved a good deal."

But he did not see Marie for a good while, and only her song told him she was near. It bade him be hopeful of yet meeting the granddaughter who should love him as he already loved her. Then one night he came home and the song was silent. Startled, he hurried up the stairs. In the doorway of Marie's room stood a young man. Marie stood there, too, and seeing M. Clerville, she began to sing the well-known song. But the little old man passed on to his garret.

"Oh," he thought, "my granddaughter may not love me when she knows me—there may be someone else."

The next day the room was locked; the children knocked on the door and called, but he did not heed them. At night, when he went home, Marie was singing the song, but he hastened to his room and closed the door. Three weeks went on, and M. Clerville often saw the young man talking with Marie, and he thought that it might be thus with his granddaughter, and then she would never love him.

At the end of the three weeks Marie spoke to him as he came home from rehersal.

"The good people in the house remember that to-morrow is your birthday, monsieur," she said. "I was telling Raymond here that you kissed me on my birthday."

The young man at her side nodded.

"I kissed you as though you were my granddaughter," said the little old man, "as though I were your grandfather."

"My grandfather!" and she frowned. "My grandfather was a useless, foolish creature, not right in his mind, with the insane idea that he could write an opera. I should despise him if I knew him."

It all flashed upon the little old man—her old song, her familiar look. Here is the grandchild he had been saving for for years; the grandchild whom he had longed for for years, and whom he had loved and whose love he had been sure of. And she called him useless, foolish, not right in his mind, and vowed that she should despise him if she knew him!

"How old and feeble he is," said the young man, Raymond, watching M. Clerville go up the stairs.

On the morrow Marie and Raymond went up to the garret. Marie had a parcel in her hand. The old man's room was full of smoke—he had burned his opera.

Marie handed him the parcel. With trembling fingers he opened it. There was a little wreath of forget-me-nots.

"I made it for your birthday," said Marie. "It is my last work. For to-morrow I shall be Raymond's wife, caring for no one else."

"Caring for no one else!" repeated the old man. "Now suppose your grandfather should be living—"

"I should despise him," interrupted Marie. "He was useless in the world."

M. Clerville took a paper from his breast and gave it to her.

"The savings of many years," he said; "it is your wedding gift."

He put the two happy young people out and closed the door. He heard Marie singing the old song as she went away. He held the wreath of forget-me-nots in his hand, and he looked at the grate where smouldered the ashes of his opera. He listened to Marie's song growing fainter and fainter; he did not know that the children had opened the door and stood looking in at him.

In vain Marie waited to sing for him that night; his step did not sound on the stairs. She grew uneasy. At last she had Raymond go with her up to the garret. She carried a candle, and that was the only light in the room when they reached it. And there on his bed lay the little old man. The wreath of blue forget-me-nots was pressed up against his heart that beat no more. Under the candle light he looked almost young.

The house was roused, and men and women sorrowed. Had he not loved their children?

The clock struck twelve.

"It is not too late," said Marie, with streaming eyes. "He kissed me on my birthday; I will kiss him on his—as his grandchild might do." She leaned over and placed her face beside the white one on the pillow. "No one to love him," she wept, "and loving nothing but the memory of his mother who sang the old song I sing."

Ah, but Marie did not know.—Home Queen.

Statue Hidden by Verdigris.

An Egyptian statue, the finest of the kind existing, and as a work of art ranking with the Venus of Milo and the Venus de Medici, has just been discovered in the Egyptian Gallery of the Louvre, almost by accident. It is in bronze, and is the portrait of a queen of the thirteenth dynasty, named Karomana. This statue was covered with a thick coating of verdigris, which concealed its most striking beauties, so that visitors constantly passed it without even suspecting what a treasure was before them.

An almost invisible trace of gold having been detected on the surface, it was thought that perhaps some gilding lay under the verdigris, and the statue was scraped a little with extreme care.

Something was brought to view far different from gilding. When the beautiful queen was relieved from her verdigris she was found to be clothed in a robe damascened in gold and silver. The workmanship is of the most exquisite description, surpassing anything known in ancient or modern art. Indeed, the artists in work of the kind in Paris often stand for hours before this marvel in an ecstacy of admiration and despair. The face has a caressing fixity of purpose, not unlike that of the wonderful Venus of Milo in the same building, but even greater delicacy of outline. It sets one dreaming as to its meaning and mystery.—Boston Traveler.

Artisan's Discerning Eye.

A stranger in the city stood in front of a Columbus avenue apartment house in process of construction, apparently interested in what he saw, and picked up a brick which he turned over in his hand once or twice.

"I will give you a job if you want it," said the foreman, who had observed the stranger.

"What kind of a job?" asked the other, as he shook the brick dust from his gloves.

"Laying brick, of course," was the answer. "I know from the way you picked up that brick that you are a brick mason, and we are short handed, with the cold weather on us."

"Thank you," answered the stranger. "Once I would have jumped at your offer, for thirty-five years ago I wandered these streets looking for such a job and couldn't find it, though I needed it as much as any poor fellow in the city. I took Greeley's advice, and went West, where I have laid tens of thousands of bricks, and employed men to lay millions for me. Now I don't need the work, but am pleased that you recognized in me a member of the craft."

The stranger was William McManus, one of the largest contractors in St. Louis.—New York Herald.

Mexican Cemetery.

A correspondent describes the queer cemetery of the Mexican city of Guanajuato. There is hardly room in Guanajuato for the living, so it behooves the people to exercise rigid economy in the disposition of her dead. The burial place is on the top of a steep hill, which overlooks the city, and consists of area inclosed by what appears from the outside to be a high wall, but which discovers itself from within to be a receptacle for bodies, which are placed in tiers, much as the coufines of their native valleys compel them to live. Each apartment in the wall is large enough to admit one coffin, and is rented for $1 per month. The poor people are buried in the ground without the formality of a coffin, though one is usually rented in which the body is conveyed to the grave. As there are not graves enough to go round, whenever a new one is needed a previous tenant must be disturbed, and this likewise happens when a tenant's rent is not promptly paid in advance. The body is then removed from its place in the mausoleum, or exhumed, as the case may be, and the bones are thrown into the basement below.—Boston Traveler.

One of the Charms of Music.

"Do you find your orchestra a paying investment?" I asked of the proprietor of a restaurant.

"Indeed I do," he answered. "It's the best investment about the restaurant. It makes my patrons more comfortable and better pleased with themselves. People always feel more liberal when hearing music; so they eat more. Then the rhythm of the music increases the appetite, particularly for delicacies, and materially increases the orders. Besides, the music both draws customers from the street and holds them after they have entered. Yes, it does pay."—New York Herald.

Natural Reins and Bridle.

Certainly the bearded freak of the United States is James Brown, who lives near the village of Bealington, Braxton County, W. Va. His mustache is the longest in the world, being exactly six feet from tip to tip. Brown hasn't shaved since the war. He is more than six feet tall and has the built of a Hercules.

A Divided Jury.

A man was on trial in Lake County recently on a charge of grand larceny. He was accused of stealing a hog. An old rancher whose interest in the case was due to the fact that he owned a big drove of hogs listened attentively to the impaneling of the jury and then left the court room with undisguised disgust.

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired an attorney.

"That jury's goin' to disagree," he declared, emphatically.

"What makes you think so?"

"Think? I don't think nothing about it. I know it."

"Well, then, how do you know it?"

"Why, they've got six hog men that raise hogs and four men that I knows has stole hogs on that jury, an' nobody ever know'd a hog raiser an' a hog thief as would agree on a hog case."—San Francisco Post.

They Were Not Miracles.

M. Littre, of Paris, who recently investigated a number of alleged miraculous cures, says that they can be accounted for without supposing a miracle. He explains that in many of such cures there is a muscular action of the affected part. The muscle contracts energetically; it breaks down the pathological adhesions, if they exist, and restores the bones violently to their place.

A MOTORMAN'S LIFE.

FULL OF HARDSHIPS, EXPOSURE AND CONSTANT DANGER.

The Great Strain on a Man's Nerves Sufficient in Itself to Wreck Him in a Short Time---The Experience of a Well-Known Motorman.

From the Cincinnati, Ohio, Enquirer.

The life of a motorman is not a bed of roses. He is subjected to many hardships, especially in the winter, when he is exposed to the cold and snow. Even in the summer he must bear the intense heat which beats down upon him. Considerable nerve and self-possession is necessary in a good motorman, for the lives and limbs of his passengers are at stake. One of the best known electric motormen in this city is William Frazer, who is at present running a car on the Cumminsville electric line. He is not only well known to his fellow employes but to the people who travel on his car. Mr. Frazer is a young man about twenty-six years of age and resides with his wife and child at 144 Betts Street, Cincinnati, O. About a year ago Mr. Frazer was taken with serious stomach troubles. He bought several kinds of medicine which were recommended to him, but none of them seemed to give him even temporary benefit. An enthusiastic admirer of that famous remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People told him to try them. Frazer was almost discouraged, but took the advice. To a reporter of the *Enquirer* he said:

"I can most heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are all that is claimed for them, in fact they advertise themselves better than any medicine I ever saw. I was seized some time ago with a bad attack of indigestion. My stomach hurt me nearly all the time and I could not digest my food. The pain was almost unbearable and I found nothing that would give me relief, I confess that when I bought the first box of Pink Pills I hadn't much confidence in their efficacy because I had tried so many things without success that I was almost discouraged. Before I had taken one box I was decidedly better. Two boxes cured me entirely. While I have been under the weather from other causes my indigestion has never returned. If it ever should I know just what to do. I have so much confidence in the efficacy of Pink Pills that if I ever get real sick again with any disorder I shall use some of them. It is a pleasure for me I assure you to testify to the excellent qualities of the Pink Pills. They not only tone the stomach but regulate the bowels and act as a mild cathartic."

Mr. Frazer's testimonial means something. He speaks from personal experience and any one who doubts that he received the benefits stated can easily verify the assertion by calling on Mr. Frazer or seeing him some time while he is on his car.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Earliest Vegetables Always Pay.

That's so, the editor hears Mr. Market Gardner say. Well, why don't you have them? Simply because you don't plant Salzer's Northern grown seeds. His vegetables are bred to earliness and they never disappoint you. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetables, farm seeds, grasses, clovers, potatoes, etc.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c. postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone, 5c. postage. (A.)

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

An association has been formed in Baltimore for a statue to Edgar Allan Poe.

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

Prince Bismarck is extensively engaged in the paper business.

THE GENUINE "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs and Throat Troubles.

The Prince of Wales has his life insured for $3,250,000.

The object of the manufacturers of Dobbins' Electric Soap has been for 31 years to make this soap such *superior quality* that it will give *universal satisfaction*. Have they succeeded? Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

Laplanders often skate a distance of one hundred and fifty miles a day.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces Inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—E. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

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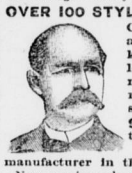
OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.



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The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

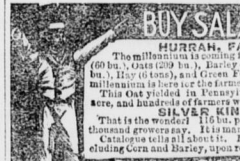
"Plain, but athletic."

(After sketch in New York Truth.)

Evidently the picture of a woman cleaning house for the first time with Pearline. She finds that what has always been the hardest kind of hard work is now comparatively easy, pleasant, quickly done—and in her joy and enthusiasm and high spirits, she kicks up her heels.

Probably this is an extreme case. Still, it may be there are numbers of women who, when they clean house first with Pearline, manifest their pleasure in the same way. You don't hear of it, though. They simply tell you that in all their lives the work of house-cleaning has never been so light, so satisfactory, so soon over, so thoroughly well done.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 407 JAMES PYLE, New York.



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HURRAH, FARMERS—SHOUT FOR JOY!

The millennium is coming for the farmer, for with our new creations in Wheat (60 bu.), Oats (209 bu.), Barley (116 bu.), Corn (207 bu.), Rye (70 bu.), Potatoes (1,200 bu.), Hay (6 tons), and Grass Fodder (10 tons per acre)—we say with such yields the millennium is here for the farmer! SILVER MINE OATS—$200 IN GOLD! This Oat yielded in Pennsylvania (sworn statement) 378 bu. from one measured acre, and hundreds of farmers who tested same are sure 250 bu. is possible in 1896. SILVER KING BARLEY—$100 IN GOLD! That is the wonder! 116 bu. per acre in 1895 and 150 bu. is possible in 1896. So one thousand growers say. It is marvelous, wonderful. Oh, the millennium is here! Catalogue tells all about it. It is mailed you with 10 grain and grass samples, including Corn and Barley, upon receipt of 10c. postage, or Catalogue alone for 5c. postage.

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