

Paving blocks of paper pulp are to be laid on a short section of a street in Topeka, Kan., as an experiment. The blocks are said to resemble vitrified bricks, but are much lighter.

One Thing Left Out.

In aerobic, gymnastic and athletic training one thing seems to be entirely left out; a thing which, if practiced, might prevent many serious consequences and thereby become the useful part of training. How to fall down easily and gracefully, with the least amount of resistance by the muscles, might be made a fine art. Why not adopt a slide and practice falling with these objects in view. Everybody knows that at this season the worst injuries result from not knowing how to fall. There seems to be nearly always a complication of injury in every fall, such as sprain, bruise and often broken limbs. It is true that for all these mishaps, either separately or in complicated form, and especially for sprains, St. Joseph's Oil is the best known and best cure. Speaking of sprains, the very worst one results from falls, because the muscles sustain such violent twists from resistance. But whether there is resistance of the art or not, the great remedy for pain is sure to cure.

Cesar did not say "Et tu, brute!" Spectators say he died silent, fighting like a Wolf.

Small nostrils are said by physiologists to indicate small and weak lungs.

Spring

Is the season for purifying, cleansing and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's gray grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's turning life, renewed force and awakening power.

Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should, but have accumulated in the blood.

Spring

Is, therefore, the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.



RIPIANS TABLETS

A gentleman of a meticulous habit, who had adopted the practice of retaining a copy of every prescription issued by his family physician, became interested as time went on to note that the same ingredients were pretty certain to be prescribed at some point of the treatment of every case. For a poor appetite, or a sore throat, for restlessness which disturbed the baby's sleep, and for troubles which beset the aged grandparents, the favorite remedy was always turning up, although slightly modified from time to time and used often in conjunction with others. One day our friend happened to observe that the formula of a certain advertised remedy was identical with the latest prescription he had received from his own physician, and in some surprise he stated the case to him. The family doctor, after listening to what he had to say, replied: "The case is about this way: Whenever there is a disturbance of the functions of the body, no matter of what nature, it is pretty certain to be accompanied by a derangement of the digestive organs. When they are all right the patient gets well. That particular formula that you have observed me to write more and more frequently is the result of an age of careful experiment, and is pretty generally agreed upon now by all educated physicians who keep up with the times. The discovery of the past few years of the means reducing every drop of a powder and compressing the powder into little lozenges or tablets, or tubules if you prefer, which will not break or spoil, or lose their good qualities from age, if protected from air and light, is the explanation of how it has come about that this prescription is now for sale as an advertised remedy. It is the medicine that nine people out of ten need every time they need any, and I have no doubt that making it so easy to obtain, so carefully prepared, and withal so cheap, will tend to actually prolong the average of human life during the present generation."

Ripans Tablets are sold by first grade, or by mail if the price (\$4.00 a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 19 Spruce St., New York, Sample with 10c.

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ALABASTINE
DURABLE AND BEAUTIFUL
WALL COATING.

OPIMUM and **WHISKEY** habits cured. **TROSKA** sold by Dr. E. WOODLEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY LITTLE WORLD.

My little world—it lies away
Past meadows musical with May,
O'er pleasant fields where wild doves wing
And birds breast-deep in blossoms sing,
And morning glories climb and clime,
And there love's banners are unfurled,
Love reigneth o'er my little world.

I pray you, mark in fields and glens
The curly-headed citizens!
On every brow the morning glows,
And every pattering footstep knows
The way to white realms of the rose!
And still their steps, where'er they be,
Make pathways to the heart of me.

And lo! in freside lights serene
Her graces majesty, the queen!
She watch love's own diviner;
Her gentle hands no jewels gem,
But love bends low and kisses them.
Sweetheart and mother—friend and wife,
Queen of my world and of my life!

Fare with me to my little world
The sleepy citizens are curled
And cuddled now in snowy coats;
The twilight shales the garden pots,
But not these sweet forget-me-nots!
For they are smiling in their dreams,
And on my world the morning beams!

Fare with me to my world, and rest
There where the Love is sweetest—best;
No shadows dim its walls of light,
No clouds drift o'er its morning bright
Whose rose rays bring heaven in sight!
Enter from thorny ways and sad,
—And kiss the Queen's hand, and be glad!

—F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

AN AVERAGE MAN.

COTTER was in love with the pretty girl who was staying with Mrs. Chase on Minetta street, and he hardly knew what to do about it. He thought that this was his first attack. Indeed, he felt sure it was. He reasoned to himself that the others could have been nothing but fancies, because he had not been so anxiously careful to

conserve his attitude toward them. He had not lain awake at night wondering how he could pay them attentions which they would accept as leading up to serious things, without attracting the notice of his sister-in-law, and inviting the consequent ruin of his hopes.

Cotter could not tell what tactics his sister-in-law employed to keep him still a widower, but he knew they were efficacious. She never said anything to him; she employed herself entirely with the party of the second part. Any number of times in the years since he began to "take notice" of her, she had seen girls whom he had found charming, and who had displayed just that piquant spice of consciousness, when in his vicinity, which can sometimes add twenty per cent. to the value of a pretty face. One at a time had filled him with an emotion which he called interest. One by one he had seen them grow chilly, indifferent, and commonplace, after the blight of an interview with his sister-in-law. And now that he was as he told himself—honestly in love at last, he lay awake nights thinking of ways in which he could lead up to a declaration and yet leave Mrs. Shears in ignorance.

If any man has tried to keep a secret in a town of ten thousand inhabitants, he knows how hopeless a task Cotter had before him.

It may sound strange to say that Cotter had never been in love before, although he had had a wife; but it only sounds so because it is an unconventional thing to put on paper. He had married at twenty-three—or, more properly speaking, had been married, being passive in the matter. He had been a lanky, rather shy young man who had never had a home in his life, and who knew nothing of the ways of women. He was a serious fellow, to whom vulgar dissipation meant nothing as a temptation, and who lacked the vanity to read the innocent advances of young girls. So until he met Miss Clinch he had hardly known a woman. She was thirty, small, compact, with curls, sympathy, a lip, and arched eyebrows that gave her an expression of childish wonder. She treated Cotter as though he were head and shoulders above any other man; and the sensation being new to his simple heart, he drank it in like a sponge.

Miss Clinch, under her semblance of youth, was wearily reminding herself that it was "now or never." Her charms had never been those that appealed to maturity. Men like young girls, but they like them in a natural state of bud, giving promise of luxuriant bloom; not as stunted little roses. At thirty, with Miss Clinch, it was a boy or nobody, and Cotter was at her hand. Heaven knows, his conquest was easy! She married him in less than six months; before another year she was dead, having done Cotter no particular harm, and leaving a not unpleasant fading memory behind her.

It is a wise provision of nature which makes so many men the victims of a youthful passion for a woman older than themselves. She educates them, keeps them free from entanglements, and lets them go, with open eyes and their eye teeth cut entirely through; but in the freemasonry of femininity the older woman who married the boy is a traitor and a "cat," and when the inevitable arrives, and the boy, grown a man, realizes that he has been tricked out of the prize of life, she gets the scorn instead of the sympathy of her sex. No warning in the Book of Proverbs is bad enough to fit her fate. But happily Mrs. Cotter died, leaving—less fortunately—the legacy of a sister-in-law to keep her memory green.

Mrs. Shears, who had been the eldest Miss Clinch, was a power in the community. She managed all the church fairs and mothers' meetings. Her rather aggressive nose was carried triumphantly, not only into, but through, the affairs of everybody, and Cotter was by no means least in her regard. She always spoke of him as "my brother, Mr. Cotter," and took credit for his prominence. In the fifteen years between twenty-four and thirty-nine, he had never been able to throw off her yoke. He had established meek little Mr. Shears in his bank—for Cotter had grown rich in these passing years—and was educating her boys, taking upon himself the good natured obligations of a brother. And Mrs. Shears exercised her sisterly prerogative by keeping him from marrying again.

"If I only knew what she said to them!" Cotter said as he doubled his pillow under his hot head, and looked through the maples at the lady moon sailing by his window. "I'll ask Lucy Hitt!" And then he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

Now there is an unwritten law in Clarksville that no man shall call on a married woman alone, and that no married man shall call at all. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a citizen to ring a neighbor's door bell, the person who answers it stands in the door with the inquiring air, waiting to be told the essential business. That it might be social in character is out of the question. So Cotter he saw Lucy Hitt.

Cotter could not see anything but a pink lip twisted under the clutch of white teeth, but a hot drop splashed on his thumb, and brought him around the table as if he were an automaton and his spring had been touched.

Two or three minutes later, when there was a calm, Cotter asked, "What did Mrs. Shears say to you, anyhow?" "You know—I married Tom," she began hesitatingly. "Yes!" he said impatiently. Tom did not seem to belong here.

"I—would you like it now, if I—if anybody were to tell you that I kept all of Tom's things by me and kissed his photograph good night, and—"

"No," Cotter's voice was cold. "Lucy went on rapidly. 'Do you remember the story of the bride who cried and explained that she couldn't be happy, because, if her husband loved her as much as he said he did, he couldn't be sorry his first wife died; and if he wasn't that made him too brutal for her to love?'"

"Well?" "I'm not a bit like that!" "Know this," Cotter said solemnly; "I never knew what love was until I knew you; I never loved any woman but you."

Lucy looked at him. As a sage long ago discovered, whatever a woman may doubt, that statement she always believes. "Those others?" "Figments of my imagination." "She held both his hands, and looked into his face, with hers against his coat.

"I know it," she whispered, "when you came in and asked that question. I think I always knew that you would come." Cotter was standing where he could see out of the window. The pumpkin plant was going by, with the pretty girl from Minetta street sitting by Mrs. Shears and looking rather unhappy. For the thousandth part of a second Cotter had a sinking of the heart. It was all up again! Mrs. Shears was telling that girl that he kissed his wife's picture good night. He gave a "st" of indignant amazement; and then he remembered, and looked happily down into Lucy's face. —Munsey's Magazine.

Continental Currency. Several attempts were made to have the Continental currency funded or redeemed, but without success. The Continental Congress had no power to tax, and being accustomed to paper issues as the ordinary form of money, naturally turned to that expedient.

The outpour of currency began in 1775, and \$9,000,000 had been issued before it began to depreciate. In 1776, when the depreciation set in, Congress adopted stringent measures to sustain the bills, but at the end of 1778 the value of a paper dollar had fallen to sixteen cents in the Northern States and twelve cents in the South. In two years more its value had fallen to two cents, and before the end of 1780 it took \$10 in bills to make one cent in value. It is hardly necessary to add that the currency soon ceased to circulate. It was then that the expression, "not worth a continental," was adopted as indicative of absolute absence of value. —Boston Cultivator.

Refused His Parole. James Johnson, a lifetime convict in the Indiana State Prison at Jeffersonville, has refused a parole from the Governor, saying he is not guilty of murder, the crime charged, and will accept nothing less than an unconditional pardon. He was sentenced in 1893 for killing Leslie Pell, but claims it was done in self-defense. It is the only case on record where a parole was refused by any prisoner, as it is practically the same as a pardon. —Kansas City Star.

The Turkish Needle. A curious needle with a polished triangular eye large enough to carry strips of beaten gold and for use upon embroidery of linen was once shown to an American woman in Constantinople. The particular interest attaching to the needle was the assertion of its owner that it had been in the possession of his family more than 300 years.

thought better of it. "And you took me home," she went on lamely. "I bought that coat," Cotter said. "It's out on the farm now." "There was silence for a moment. Wagons lumbered along Center street and storekeepers called sociably from curb to curb. Cotter drummed on the table with his fingers, and smiles tucked themselves under his mustache. "Do you remember the picnic at the island, when we rowed home in the moonlight, and—"

"Our skiff stuck fast on a sandbar—"

"And I had to carry you ashore before I could get it off?" Mrs. Hitt laughed, but the white territory of her forehead took on the red, as Cotter, still smiling, still looking straight into her eyes, with an expression that made her uneasy, went on, "I was choking over—the chokeable words, when that skiff stuck. I suppose if I had gotten them out, I should have asked you what Mrs. Shears said—only I did not connect her with it then."

A look of disdain swept the blush out of Mrs. Hitt's face. "It took dozens of times before you awoke to that, I suppose?" "Not exactly dozens—"

"And"—furiously—"you would have married dozens of girls if she had let them alone, I suppose?" Cotter leaned across the table and took her hands. "Lucy," he said, "would you have married me if she hadn't meddled?" The stiff bosom of Mrs. Hitt's lavender shirt waist heaved once or twice, and her sailor hat bent down until it nearly touched her forehead. Cotter couldn't see anything but a pink lip twisted under the clutch of white teeth, but a hot drop splashed on his thumb, and brought him around the table as if he were an automaton and his spring had been touched.

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Kept His Promise. Much is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by the rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is narrated by a prominent Western lawyer.

His 12-year-old son, a boy of great spirit but with no overabundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting instructions, placed one restriction upon the boy's amusements during his visit. "I don't want you to go out in your cousin's canoe," he said, firmly. "They are used to the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere, as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have, and the horses and dogs, you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time, and keep your mother from worrying all the while you're away."

The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthusiastic over the pleasures he had enjoyed. "And I didn't mind canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was the last day to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise, and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across!"

Best of All. To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family, and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

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The Turkish nose bears a tolerable close resemblance to the Semite type.

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

We think Fiso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Consumption—LITTLE'S PINKETTES, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1884.

"I am sixty years of age and from girlhood have been familiar with the name of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Five years ago, I became nervous, sleepless, and lost flesh. I took a variety of medicines without benefit. At last I began a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I became stronger, gained flesh, and..."

"A Word in Season" The season is Spring. Spring when you call on your body for all its energy, and tax it to the limit of effort. Does it answer you when you call? Does it creep unwillingly to work? It's the natural effect of the waste of winter. So much for the season. Now for the word. If you would eat heartily, sleep soundly, work easily, and feel like a new being, take...

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