

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper food, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, 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 the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Have They Your Name? The National Circulator Distributors' Association had a convention at Philadelphia recently, and in the reports and papers which were read some rather remarkable facts were developed. In 1895 nearly 65,000,000 circulars were distributed by the members of the association. Various methods are reported to by which new names and addresses are obtained. One of those which has been the most successful is the buying of letters from customers to manufacturers and dealers. At least 50 bureaus make a practice of buying and selling letters. One Philadelphia letter broker has a collection of addresses which is worth \$250,000. It includes 400,000 catarrh cases, 85,000 one-armed men, 65,000 one-legged men, 11,500 amateur detectives, 7,800 inventors, 22,000 "new" doctors, 14,000 hair dye men, 38,000 bald heads, besides many other classes of possible buyers.

WHAT HEADACHE IS. THE DANGER SIGNAL THAT NATURE GIVES TO WOMEN.

It signifies that serious female trouble is imminent.

Most female diseases manifest their presence by a headache. When a dull heavy ache in the head is accompanied by disordered stomach, bad taste in the mouth, dull eyes, pains in back and groins, lassitude, nervousness, despondency and irregularity,

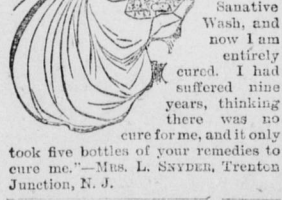


It is time to locate the trouble and remove it. We will tell you right now that the symptoms indicate positively that serious womb trouble is imminent.

Don't let this fearful disease get you in its power. If you are uncertain, write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., giving full symptoms. Your letter will be read, acted upon and answered by one of your own sex, and without charge.

Note Mrs. Snyder's letter to Mrs. Pinkham. "Before taking your remedies, day after day I would read the testimonials of women who had been cured by the use of your Vegetable Compound.

"At last I decided to write and tell you my condition. "I had been examined by physicians who told me that my womb was very large and prolapsed, and also said there was a growth on the inside of the womb that must be cut out; menstruations were so painful that I suffered for three days of every month, and it was impossible to get any rest. For two months I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, Blood Purifier and Sensitive Wash, and now I am entirely cured. I had suffered nine years, thinking there was no cure for me, and it only took five bottles of your remedies to cure me."—MRS. L. SNYDER, Trenton Junction, N. J.



OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. No matter how long you have been addicted to the use of any ill cure, DR. J. STEPHENSON, Lebanon, Ohio,

A SONG OF JOY.

Sing songs of gladness Merry and gay Mad, with the madness Of life's roundelay; Lay down to lightness, Sweet as the day, Full of the brightness Of love's holiday.

Sing songs of gladness Joyous and free, Scatter life's sadness Mid jollity; Make music's measure Bollic and ring, Tent with the pleasure Of youth and the spring.

Sing songs of gladness Merry with mirth, Laugh away sadness, Gladten the earth; Burst out in singing, Sing all the day— Ere life may be bringing Death to the play. —University of Chicago Weekly.

A POOR RULE THAT WILL NOT WORK BOTH WAYS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

ELL, Vincent, what does she say?" Mrs. Morrison asked the question with conscious pride. She was quite certain that the impending verdict would be in her favor. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? She sat there in the cool shadow of her jasmine-covered porch, a book in her lap, a lily fastened into her belt. Her housekeeping tablets were on the bamboo stand beside her, and a recipe for "snow pudding" was half copied on its last leaf.

She had just taken the helm of her household, and she took a true womanly delight in its management. And this soft summer day had been especially sanctified and set apart by the fact that her husband's mother had made the first visit on it. It had been a little embarrassing, too. Young Mrs. Morrison had scarcely known what to say. She had only very prettily asked the elder lady's advice about this, that and the other thing.

She had written down one or two infallible recipes in the tablets as to tooth-catch furniture, fermenting preserves and cheese-cloth bed comforters. The dinner had been very nice. Bridget had not committed a single solecism in waiting, and Mrs. Morrison could not think of a single flaw in the day's entertainment. So that now, when Vincent had returned from driving his mother in a little basket phaeton to the railroad station, she claimed her meed of praise with eager smiles.

"What does she say, Vincent?" Mr. Morrison laughed, and kissed the fresh, upturned face. "She says, Polly, that you are a very nice little woman," he responded. "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Morrison. "You know very well that that isn't what I mean at all, Vincent. About the house, you know. And the dinner, and all that."

"She thinks, my dear," said the young husband, a little awkwardly, "that you do very well considering your inexperience." "Oh, considering my inexperience!" said Mrs. Morrison, with something of a pout. "Well, what else?" "But she suggests that you ought to keep but one girl," added Mr. Morrison, bluntly.

"Why so?" "Oh—hum—ha!" hesitated Mr. Morrison. "The family is small, you know, and my mother thinks—that is, it has a ways been her experience—" "Well, go on!" cried Polly impatiently.

"That every housewife ought to understand practically the workings of her own household machinery." "But I don't comprehend," said Polly, arching her brows. "Does she mean that I ought to black my own stoves, and scrub my own kitchen floor, and wash my own dresses?" "I suppose so," said Vincent. "And really, it's a capital idea, when one comes to think of it. So I told her, Polly," rubbing his hands a little guiltily, "that we would send Bridget away and get along with little Betsy. Betsy is very quick and handy, you know; and, as my mother says, there's no reason why a strong, healthy young woman like you should sit with folded hands doing nothing."

"Oh!" said Polly. "Now don't go to getting vexed," said Mr. Morrison, with a blustering sort of perception that all was not right. "Because, of course, you must see that there's a good deal of sense in this view of affairs."

"Does your mother think that I do nothing at all?" cried Polly, with a rising tinge in her throat. "Well, she thinks—don't you see?—that every woman ought to have a practical knowledge of—"

"Pshaw!" cried Mrs. Morrison. And she jumped up and went into the house. Vincent looked after her, with a low whistle. "Now she is angry," said he to himself. "And the right of the matter is no evident, too. Women are queer!"

But presently Polly came back, the smiles restored to her face once more. "Forgive me, dear," she said. "I lost my temper for just one half-quarter of a second. It's all right now. Did you say you had given Bridget warning?"

"Well, yes. That is—"

"Very well," said Polly. "I'll go

and get some fresh milk and pound cake for you. You must be dreadfully tired and thirsty after that dusty drive. And," she added, demurely, "I dare say there's a great deal of good sense in your mother's advice." "You'll take it, then?" said Mr. Morrison, much relieved. "If you say so, dear," said the obedient wife.

But when Mr. Morrison was smoking in the little porch after tea, Polly sat down and wrote an affectionate, confidential little note to her husband's uncle, Commodore Chesson, who had taken a father's place to him since he was ten years old. She wrote:

"DEAR UNCLE—Do come to me at once. The roses are in bloom, the cherries ripening on the trees, and I do need you so terribly! I want counsel—help, advice. Do come! Affectionately, "PAULINA MORRISON."

Commodore Chesson smiled on the hurried note as he read it. "What is the matter with the precious little humming bird now?" he said to himself. "Is there a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand across the horizon of her domestic bliss? Well, well, I will go to her. I never had a daughter, but when I am with Paulina I can imagine how a father's heart is stirred with the depths of tenderness."

He went to Brier Lodge and he had a long chat with Polly before her husband came home. Vincent was glad to see his uncle. He was always glad to see the bland, courteous old veteran; but he was a little moribund when Polly joined them, after tea, with an infinitesimal smudge across her nose.

"My darling," said he, "what is that on your face?" Polly glanced at the glass. "Oh!" said she, rubbing it off with her pocket handkerchief, "blacks! I've been doing the kitchen range. Such a job!"

Vincent cleared his throat, with some embarrassment. "Glad you give us a little music, Polly?" he said. "But Mrs. Morrison shook her head. "Couldn't possibly," said she. "I ran a little splinter into my finger this morning scrubbing the kitchen-closet floor, and it has been polished ever since. Besides, since I have been doing Bridget's share of the cooking I never get any time to practice. One can't do two things at once, you know."

Mr. Morrison rose quickly. "Shall we go down to the stables?" he said to his uncle. "The roan horse has something the matter with his foot. Perhaps you could advise me about it."

But once arrived at the stables only one stunted little lad could be found in charge of the premises. "Owen!" Mr. Vincent called, somewhat impatiently; "Owen! What can have become of that lazy fellow? Where are you, Owen?"

"Oh," said Commodore Chesson, carelessly, "it is Owen Linn you are calling. I sent him about his business this afternoon. A great, lazy, hulking fellow that don't care his bread! What do you need of anybody more than Billy here?"

Vincent stared. "But who is to groom the horses?" he said. "Do it yourself," said the commodore brusquely. "Why, when I was your age I could have groomed a whole stableful of horses before breakfast every morning and not even felt it. An able-bodied man like you has no business with such an army of retainers. A man is best served when he serves himself. That is my maxim."

Mr. Morrison winked involuntarily, as if an unexpected shower-bath had descended on his head. "And about that horse's foot," said Commodore Chesson. "It's the shoeing, I dare say. Nobody seems, nowadays, to understand how to shoe a horse."

"Wixen, down by the windmill, has a pretty fair idea of his business," began Mr. Morrison. "But his uncle interrupted him sharply. "Nonsense!" said he. "Do it yourself."

"What! Shoe my horse?" exclaimed Mr. Morrison. "Why not? A man ought to know everything about his own stables," said the commodore. "Get the iron. Set up a little forge. Make your shoe, and you'll be sure it is properly made. Shoe your horse, and you'll be certain he's not crippled by clumsy hands."

"I'm a little afraid that it might be the other way," said Vincent, rather ruefully. "I don't know anything such things."

"Then you ought to learn," said Commodore Chesson, with a cheerful air. "I shall miss Owen dreadfully," grumbled Mr. Morrison. "Don't accustom yourself to be dependent upon any one," said the commodore. "It is never a good plan. Here's this fence falling down. Are you going to allow your property to go to ruin in this sort of way?"

"I'll speak to the carpenter to-morrow," said Vincent, faintly. "Do nothing of the sort," said the commodore. "Buy a plane, a hammer and a pound of nails, and do it yourself."

"My dear uncle, I am not a carpenter." "But you should be!" shouted the old gentleman. "Every man ought to understand practically the details of his own establishment."

cal," remarked the commodore. "A strong young man like you should not be afraid of work."

But this time a truant twinkle in his eye betrayed him. "Uncle!" cried Vincent, "this is a plot! You and Polly are in a league together against me!"

"Not in the least," said Commodore Chesson. "She simply told me what your mother said. Now, I think it's hard if your uncle also can't have a finger in the family pie. If she has got to be practical in her kitchen, why shouldn't you be practical in your stables and garden? I don't suppose she likes to drudge any better than you do."

Vincent Morrison pulled his mustache thoughtfully. "No," said he, "to be sure not! But isn't it strange, uncle, that I never thought of the matter in this light before?"

"Yes," said the commodore, half smiling, "it is strange what a selfish world this is! But now listen to me, my lad. Take my advice not to take other people's advice. Owen has only gone to Pennacasset, to bring Bridget back again. Your wife is your companion, not your drudge. Don't try to mould her fresh young bloom after the dried-up pattern of a hundred years ago. She's simply perfect as she is now."

"I think so, too, sir," said Vincent, with enthusiasm. Bridget came back before it was dark. Owen resumed his old place in the stables, and not a word was said about the mysterious changes in the household machinery. Except that Vincent Morrison stopped just long enough to kiss his wife as he went up stairs after a fresh box of cigars that evening.

"Forgive me, dearest!" he whispered. "I see that I have been wrong. Hereafter my wife is too precious to be made a slave of."

Polly kissed him back again, with true, widely tenderness. "It's all right, I see," said Uncle Chesson, when his nephew was gone. "Yes," said Polly, brightly, "it is all right!"—Saturday Night.

Wood for Resisting Fires.

A report from Consul Robertson on the fire port system of Hamburg, just published by the State Department, contains the curious item of information that in the great new warehouses constructed in the German port wood is being substituted for iron to secure better protection against fire.

These buildings were originally provided with iron beams and girders, but when one of them was burned some years ago it was found that the iron had been so bent and twisted by the heat as to become a source of great danger to the adjoining structures. "In all the warehouses, therefore, which have since been built," observes Mr. Robertson, "it has been deemed advisable to substitute wood for iron as much as possible." Probably a heavy wooden beam, imbedded in some non-conducting material that would exclude the air, would be as nearly fireproof as anything except brick or stone. It might be charred on the outside, but the interior would probably remain sound in any ordinary fire. It is a curious speculation to imagine what would have happened if the present method of construction in Chicago had been in vogue before the great fire. A twenty-five story, steel-cage building, warping into a corkscrew and boring a hole in the sky would be a spectacle worth going miles to see.

Wind Your Watch in the Morning.

Few people seem to realize what a delicate instrument a watch is. This is shown by the fact that nine men out of ten persist in winding their timepieces at night when they retire, instead of when they get up in the morning. According to a well-known watchmaker, the winding should be done in the morning, so that the spring will be at its strongest tension during the day, when the watch is more liable to jolts and shocks of various kinds. At night the comparatively weak spring will have nothing to disturb it. A watch should be oiled every eighteen months. It might run years without any lubrication, but the wear and tear on the works will in the end work devastation. The watchmakers are also rejoicing in the fact for women's watches, especially those who do a great deal of repairing. The average woman may be depended upon to neglect her watch, particularly in the small matter of winding it. In proportion to the number sold, there are twice as many women's watches brought back for repairs as men's.—Philadelphia Record.

Leo Ephraim's Sevens.

Certainly the figure seven has marked the career of Leo Ephraim, of Roanoke, Va., to an extraordinary extent. He was born in the year 1877, on the seventh day of the month and on the seventh month of the year and seventh hour of the day. He has seven letters in his surname and it requires seven letters to spell the name of the State in which he was born. He has lived in four cities, and the name of each one contained seven letters. He has seven sisters and brothers, and one time drew a valuable prize on the number 77. Oddly enough this prize was not \$777.—New York Press.

Derivation of Whiskers.

The word whiskers is derived from which, and the Anglo-Saxon which, which means a slight brush. Less than a century ago the expression was understood of the whiskers as well as the mustache being spoken of as part of the beard. It was only when the latter was divided, and the true whiskers disappeared as well, that their name was changed to the mutton chop part of the beard left on the cheek.

Odd Provision for Safety of Liners.

"Do you know," said a prominent shipping man, who had been discussing the St. Paul disaster with a party of friends, "that it is a rule with the big transatlantic steamship companies that the wife of the captain shall not travel in his ship? It's a fact. The company strongly prohibits its captains from taking their wives aboard with them. The supposition is that if anything should happen to the ship the captain, instead of attending to his public duty, would devote his attention mainly to the safety of his wife. So that if the wife of a captain wants to go aboard she must take passage in some other vessel. This rule also holds in many of the freight lines."

Sure Sign of Success.

"Look at Norden!" said a keen observer. "Look at that Plymouth Rock jaw! No wonder she is on top to-day! Will power is written all over her intelligent and sweet mug."—Musical Courier.

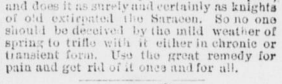
Favorite Flowers of Statesmen.

Harrison's favorite flower is the orange blossom, McKinley's the forget-me-not, Allison's the snowball, Reed's the tiger-lily, and Morton's the ever-green blossom.

When a little man can sing, his voice never harmonizes well except with the voice of a very tall woman.

Driven From the Citadel.

The warmth of spring and summer may do much to relax the muscular system and make many feel much more comfortable, but there is this about the old enemy rheumatism, that when he once takes hold, he tries to hold the Citadel at all seasons of the year. But whether this arch enemy lurks in the masses, joints, bones or the nerves, he is such an enemy to human happiness that he must be driven out of an stronghold. It was planned long ago to do this, and St. Jacob's Oil has in battle has scored wonderful victories. At all times he is ready to overcome and conquer this kind of pain, and how it is cured and certainly as knights of old extolled the Saracen. So no one should be deceived by the mild weather of spring to trifle with it either in chronic or transient form. Use the great remedy for pain and get rid of it once and for all.



"The Wooden Hen" is small in size, but really large when we consider that the "Wooden Hen" is no larger than a live hen, yet has double the capacity of a live hen. It weighs only 100 lbs., but has a capacity of twenty-eight gallons, and will not only hold, but will keep, the best quality of water. We suggest that every reader of this paper get a copy of the "Wooden Hen" and ask for a copy of his handsome little booklet "A," describing the "Wooden Hen" and its large catalogue of the Model Excelsior Incubator. All sent free. Mention this paper.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a humming sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send circulars free.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, also on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

I could not get along without Pile's Cure for Constipation. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. MORTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 23, '91.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomas's Eye-water. Druggist's at 50c per bottle. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays a painful croup, cures wind colic. See a bottle.



Mr. Charles S. Patterson, the publisher of *Newsweek*, says that it is not often that he gets so enthusiastic as he does over Ripans Tablets. Almost with the regularity of clockwork he used to find, at a out eleven o'clock, that something had gone wrong with his breakfast, especially was this true if he had had a restless night, as is no uncommon thing with head-workers. "My stomach," said Mr. Patterson, "is under the standard as to strength, and it seems at these times to not only indifferently, and finally to stop. Clouds come before my vision and a slight nausea is felt. Then I reach out for my Ripans. (Years of the sort of thing relate I have made me know the symptoms as well as my name.) Down goes one of the blessed little concentrated lozenges, and in a few minutes the visual clouds lift, discomfort passes away, stomach apparently resumes operations, and at 12.30 or 1 o'clock I go out for my usual rather heavy luncheon—all in delightful contrast with my former practically ruined attempts—that I sought to escape by fasting and various doses."

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail for 50c a box or \$1 a box. The Ripans Tablets are sold by all leading druggists. Sold by all paint dealers. Write for card with samples.

WALL PAPER FREE.

Would be dearer than ALABASTINE, which does not require to be taken off to renew, does not harbor germs, but destroys them, and any one can brush it on. Sold by all paint dealers. Write for card with samples.

ALABASTINE CO. Grand Rapids, Mich.

In all nocturnal animals the eyes are placed to look forward, as in the case of man.

If you have tried Dobbin's Floating-Borax Soap you have decided to use it all the time. If you haven't tried it you owe it to yourself to do so. Your grocer has it, or will get it. Be sure that wrappers are printed in red.

General Booth's campaign in India is being attended with great success. 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, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Russia has the greatest amount of live stock of any country in Europe.

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

The United States pay \$900,000 a year for its weather service. "Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES are" specially adapted for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness and all throat troubles. Sold only in boxes. The United Kingdom spends yearly \$750,000,000 on tobacco and cigars.

Poets Break Out

In the springtime of the year I always take your Sarsaparilla as I find the blood requires it, and as a blood purifier it is unequalled. Your pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with.....

in the springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Battle Ax Plug

Off for a Six Months' Trip.

Battle Ax Plug

When you spend a dime for "Battle Ax" Plug, you get 5 1/2 ounces. When you spend the same amount for any other good tobacco, you get 3 1/2 ounces, or for 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade brands for 10 cents.

COCOA CAUTION

If "La Belle Chocolatiere" isn't on the can, it isn't Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, DORCHESTER, MASS.

How to Grow HOUSE PLANTS

A Valuable Book Covering the Whole Subject. Worth many \$'s to lovers of flowers. Send 10 cents. GOLD VALUE OR MONEY RETURNED stamps taken. Refer to any kind of bank. A. W. PERKINS & CO., Box 14, Rutland, Vt.

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SEND \$1.00. For box of Associated Six Shells. (See ad on page 10.)

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. E. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

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PURSE WHERE ALL RISE FALLS. Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, etc. Sold by druggists.

CONGESTION

C & B GERMAN ALL DRUGS ELIXIR, CRUC For Skin and Blood Disease.

VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP one gal. can sent to any address on receipt of \$1. JAMES A. TALLEY, Rutland, Vt.