

# Won-derful, exclaimed a druggist, how the people stick to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills. 25 cents.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 20 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

Tribly has already reached its 230th performance in London.

Buy \$1.00 worth Dobbins Floating-Bar Soap of your grocer, send wrapper to Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 28 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

Most of Queen Victoria's subjects are Hindus.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$10 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad. Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c."

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

An Apology. A man who has a reputation for being very careless as to his toilet was elected town clerk in one of the small towns in this State some time ago, and the local paper thought it would be a good joke to announce that "Mr. Makeup will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk."

On reading the notice Mr. Makeup was furious, and demanded a retraction, which the paper accordingly made the following day. In this fashion: "Mr. Makeup requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk."

And still Mr. Makeup was not pleased. How hard it is to satisfy some people!—Our Boys and Girls.

## DOMESTIC MARTYRS.

Lots of women suffer constantly, and seldom utter complaint. Good men rarely know the pain endured by the women of their own household, or the efforts they make to appear cheerful and happy when they ought to be in bed, their suffering is really so great.

Our habits of life and dress tell sadly upon women's delicate organizations.

They ought to be told just where the danger lies, for their whole future may depend upon that knowledge, and how to overcome it.

There is no need of our describing the experiences of such women here, they are too well known by those who have suffered, but we will impress upon every one that these are the never-failing symptoms of serious womb trouble, and unless relieved at once, a life will be forfeited.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound never fails to relieve the distressing troubles above referred to; it has held the faith of the women of America for twenty years.

It gives tone to the womb, strengthens the muscles, banishes backache and relieves all pains incident to women's diseases.

"S. H. & M. or Nothing!" That's the stand to take with your dealer on the

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING question.

If he will not supply you we will. "Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

The coolness is refreshing; the roots and herbs invigorating; the two together animating. You get the right combination in HIRE'S Rootbeer.

DENSON JOHN W. MORRIS, Successful Prosecutor Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 157 West 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With kingle, klang, klinge,  
Way down the dusty dingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,  
The airy tinklings come and go,  
Like chimings from some far-off tower,  
Or pattering of an April shower  
That makes the daisies grow;  
Ko-king, ko-king, ko-kingling,  
Way down the darkening dingle  
The cows are coming home;  
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,  
And starry nights and sunny days  
Come trooping up the misty ways  
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,  
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florine,  
De-Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,  
Queen Bess, and Slyph, and Spangled Sue—  
Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,  
And clang her silver bell;  
Go-ling, go-ling, go-lingling;  
With faint far sounds that mingle,  
The cows come slowly home;  
And mother-sons of long-gone years,  
And baby joys, and childish fears,  
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,  
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,  
By twos and threes and single,  
The cows are coming home;  
Through the violet air we see the town,  
And the summer sun-a-slipping down;  
The maple in the hazel glade  
Throws down the path a longer shade,  
And the hills are growing brown;  
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringlingling,  
By threes and fours and single  
The cows come slowly home;  
The same sweet sound of woodless psalm,  
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,  
The same sweet scent of bud and balu,  
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
Through fern and periwinkle,  
The cows are coming home;  
A-loitering in the checkered stream,  
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,  
Starine, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phyl-  
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies  
In a drowsy dream;  
To-link, to-link, to-linklingling,  
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle  
The cows come slowly home;  
And through Memory's deep ravine  
Come the brook's old song and its old-time  
sheen,  
And the crescent of the silver Queen,  
When the cows come home.

With a kingle, klang, klinge,  
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,  
The cows are coming home;  
And over there on Merlin Hill  
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will;  
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,  
And over the silent mill;  
Ko-ling, ko-ling, ko-linglingling,  
With ting-a-ling and jingle  
The cows come slowly home;  
Let down the bars; let in the train  
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain,  
For dear old times come back again  
When the cows come home.  
—Agnes E. Mitchell.

## "TWIN FARM."

I stood upon the platform of the depot at a little New England village one bright June morning, having a few minutes before alighted from the train. I was on my way to accept the invitation of a relative to visit him in his country home, and had expected to find him awaiting me at the station. There had been a misunderstanding, apparently, in regard to the time I was to arrive, and the not very pleasant prospect of having to "foot it" some four miles was before me.

While I stood there a moment, gathering courage to start upon my journey, a fine-looking young farmer came riding by, and on seeing me he stopped his horse, and kindly inquired if I intended going his way. After ascertaining in what direction "his way" lay, I gladly accepted his invitation to "jump in," and was soon speeding along the pleasant country road behind the young farmer's plump iron-gray.

As I had anticipated from his pleasant countenance, I found my companion good-natured and quite communicative as we rode along. He entertained me with pleasant talk upon various subjects; and as we would pass an occasional farmhouse, he would speak of its inmates, of their character, prospects, and family history, with that freedom which characterizes the average New England farmer.

Presently, at a considerable distance ahead, there came into view the buildings of a large farm. The trim white dwelling, with the conventional green blinds, seemed to nestle beneath the protecting arms of two large elm trees. Two large barns with their attendants of various sizes, appeared close by clad in a suit of dark red; all these standing as they did amid bright green fields made a most beautiful picture, and I remarked as much to my companion.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "that's Twin Farm, and it's called the best farm in the county. It's where I'm bound for to-day, and I'm rather proud to say I work there."

I had often seen such farms as this appeared to be, and had often found them to belong to rich city merchants who worked them mostly as a means of spending their money that would otherwise go for yachts, blooded horse-flesh, etc., and so I asked if this farm was run for pleasure or profit.

big rock was dug out and the hole filled up; and he never quit this practice until every cultivated field was as free from stones as this same farm was free from profit for the first five years after the old man died.

"Old Abram Dodge had great faith in hard work and his wife's common-sense. These two things he said had made his life a success; and when one day, while in the field, he was told that his wife had died suddenly while about her usual work, he left the plough standing where it was, and never went back to it, but in less than a year he was laid at rest beside his wife, his life-work ended.

"Well, Abram left one son, John, who was the possessor of many fine fancies, and an education considerably better than that possessed by any other young man in the neighborhood, and to this son he left the farm and about ten thousand dollars in cash. Besides these, the old man left the son a good example, but John Dodge was so pleased with the farm and the cash that he forgot all about this last mentioned bequest.

"John believed in display, and began to show it. He tore down the old barn and built two larger ones, and spent nearly two thousand dollars in modernizing the house.

"The farm had always been known as the 'Dodge Place,' but this didn't sound quite fancy enough to suit John's ideas, so he gave it the name of 'Twin Farm,' on account of the new barns being alike and the elm trees resembling each other. He said pretty loudly and pretty often that he'd show the folks around there that there was money in scientific farming—a fact I believe in myself, when accompanied by a little common sense.

"He hired a large force of men, and bought about every kind of a machine intended for farm use he could hear of. He went in for fancy stock, too—spent a small fortune for a small herd of cattle of a reputed famous breed that never amounted to much except to attract quite a number of visitors to look at them. His horses were all high-priced; three of them he boasted could trot inside of two twenty; and everything else about the place showed the owner's love of 'making a spread.'

"John never had much head for figures, and so when his accounts began to get a little 'mixed' he engaged a young lady bookkeeper from the city to take charge of them. She was smart and pretty, and John told quite a number, confidentially, that if she proved to be the woman he took her to be, she might become mistress of the farm some time.

"Well, things ran along for about five years, when one fine morning John Dodge awoke to the fact that his cash had all been invested in fancy stock and scientific farming apparatus and worse still, that his affairs in general were hopelessly involved.

"There was but one thing left for him to do. He knew that by disposing of the farm he could probably save two or three thousand dollars from the wreck; and his self-conceit, which was a prominent trait in his character, prompted him to think that with this capital he could engage in some business in the city, and soon become rich enough to buy half the town in which he had been born, and where thus far he had been a failure.

"Another thing, also, he decided to do. The young bookkeeper had proved to be all he had supposed her to be, a woman worthy to be the wife of even John Dodge, and he determined to enlighten her in regard to this fact, and ask her to assist and share in his future brilliant career. He had never spoken to her upon this subject, but he took it for granted that he would receive a favorable answer, as he considered himself a prize of considerable magnitude in the matrimonial market. He entered the little office where she presided, and after his pleasant greeting had been returned, he said:

"Well, Miss Colburn, I'm thinking very strongly of selling the farm."

"Indeed?" replied the bookkeeper.

again, and this time he didn't wear a beaver hat, and his clothes were about as seedy as any I ever saw. He said he was out of money, and out of any employment that would earn him vic-tuals.

"I mentioned these facts to my wife, and she said that out of respect for past acquaintance she would advise me to start him in business. I looked at her in surprise, for, you see, although we are getting along splendidly, the place cost a large sum of money, and we were planning to pay the last few hundred dollars upon it soon; so I wondered why she should advise me to do such a thing as to let money to John Dodge.

"You don't understand me," said she; and then she explained how I could start him in business without any great expenditure of funds; and as I saw, as I usually do, the wisdom of her suggestions, I acted upon them; in short, I bought him just the best wood-saw I could find in the village, and when you get to your uncle's, if you will go around into the woodshed, you'll find him there at the only business he ever made a success of."

We were now drawing near to the house, and standing upon the piazza I saw a bright little woman, and by her side I saw two beautiful children. Upon the faces of this lovely trio, as they caught sight of the approaching wagon, there beamed a welcome, making a scene not calculated to soothe the feelings of an old bachelor like myself.

"I thank you very much for your kindness," said I, preparing to spring out of the wagon; and I congratulate you upon having such a lovely family and home."

My friend did not stop, but drove into the yard, saying pleasantly: "Your uncle lives about a mile farther on, but I shall not allow you to go until after dinner."

He stopped the horse, and the two children came running up with a merry shout, and were soon in the arms of the happy father, and next I saw them seated, one upon each shoulder, and with them thus mounted he turned to me, and said:

"There's one thing more I might tell you. About two years after Jennie and I were married and settled down here, we thought a good deal about changing the name of the farm. We liked the name 'Clover Lea' pretty well, and had almost concluded to have it painted in big letters upon the roofs of the barns, when something happened that changed our plans. You see it's quite natural for a young husband to want a son, and also just as natural for a young wife to wish for a daughter. Well, it so happened that Jennie and I got our wish at the same time, and so we made up our minds that the name of the farm 'was all right just as it was.'—Boston True Flag.

## PERSONAL Tidbits

The Prince of Wales visited the circus in Paris on Sunday recently.

The health of Queen Victoria is not so satisfactory as when she was last in the south.

It is said that Gen. Lew Wallace receives higher pay for his writing than any other living American author.

Brig. Gen. Henry Morris, a veteran of the war of 1812, died at his home in Port Chester. He was 95 years old.

Mr. William Theodore Peters, who is spoken of as "the well-known young American poet," is giving readings in Paris.

Prof. Vaughan claims to have invented a telephone by which conversations can be carried on between New York and London.

The young Khedive of Egypt is said to be an excellent amateur musician. It seems that he has ventured upon composition.

Gov. Morton of New York says that he is not the man who put that \$10,000 into the collection of the church at Middleboro, Mass.

M. Patenote, the French Ambassador to the United States, has engaged a cottage at Cape May for the summer for himself and family.

## A POSTMASTER'S WIFE.

A LEEDS WOMAN WHO ASTONISHED HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

Near to Death But Restored So Completely That She Has Been Accepted by a Life Insurance Company as a Good Risk.

From the Journal, Leicester, Me.  
A bright little woman, rosy and fresh from her household duties, dropped into a chair before the writer and talked with enthusiasm shining in her snapping, black eyes.

The people in the pretty village of Leeds Centre, Me., have watched with some interest the restoration to complete health of Mrs. W. L. Francis, wife of the Postmaster. So general were the comments on this interesting case that the writer who visited Mrs. Francis and learned from her that the statements regarding her troubles and her subsequent restoration therefrom are entirely true. All of her neighbors know what has been the agency that has performed this cure, but that others may be benefited by her experience, Mrs. Francis has consented to allow her story to appear in print.

"If there is anything on earth that I dread more than another," she said, "it is to see my name in the papers. But in this case I consider my reputation and give publicly the same credit to the savior of my life as I would to one who had dragged me from a death beneath the waves. In fact, I have exceeded my reserves so enthusiastically and unreservedly, have sought out sufferers and recommended the remedy to so many friends and acquaintances that already my neighbors jeerfully call me 'Pink Pills Francis.' My recovery is something that I consider wonderful. I know that there are so many testimonials of medicine in the papers nowadays that people do not pay as much attention to them as they should. I know those who are suffering would remember that what I say comes right from the heart of a woman who feels that she had a new lease of happy life given her."

"Eleven years ago I was afflicted with nervous prostration. My existence until two years ago was one of dragging misery. Any-thing the village will tell you of my condition. My blood seemed exhausted from my veins and month after month I grew weaker. I was able to undertake only the lightest household work, and even then I could perform it only by slow and careful movements. "During all these sorry months and years I was under the care of this doctor and that, but their medicines helped me only spasmodically, and then fell into relapses more prostrating than ever."

"In the night I used to be awakened by the most excruciating pains in my heart and side, and was obliged to use pellets of powerful medicine that the doctor gave me for relief in such attacks. At last my condition became so grave that I went out only infrequently. We live upstairs, you notice, over my husband's store, and in descending the stairway I frequently was obliged to sort of fall and slide over the steps in order to descend, such was the strain on my system resulting from even the slight exertion. Occasionally I visited the neighbors, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover breath while ascending any elevation. In short, it did not seem that I could live, such was my complete physical prostration."

"One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and although my faith in remedies was weak by that time, I sent for a box and tried them. That was two years ago. Now I call myself a well woman. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I haven't had one of those excruciating pains in the heart for a year and a half. Why, even the first box of pills helped me. I can walk miles now; can do my work easily; you would scarcely believe it, but a little while ago I was examined for an amount of life insurance and was accepted unhesitatingly after a careful examination by the physician."

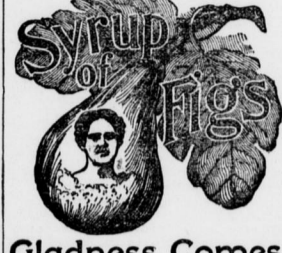
"Do you wonder that I'm shouting 'Pink Pills' all through our village? I haven't taken any of the remedy for some months for it has completely built me up, but at the first sign of trouble I know to what refuge to fly."

"Last year my aunt, Mrs. M. A. Blossom, of Dixfield, P. O., was here visiting me. She was suffering from lack of vitality and heart trouble, but she was skeptical about my remedy that I was so enthusiastically advocating. At last, however, she tried it and carried some home with her when she went. A little while ago I received a letter from her and in it said: 'I am cured, thanks to God and Pink Pills.' She also wrote that her husband had been prostrated, but had been restored by the remedy."

"We feel up this way that such a sovereign cure cannot be too widely known. That is the only reason why I allow my name to be used in this connection. I know also that I am personally recommending them, have helped many of my friends back to health, for I never let an opportunity pass when a word of counsel may direct some one."

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

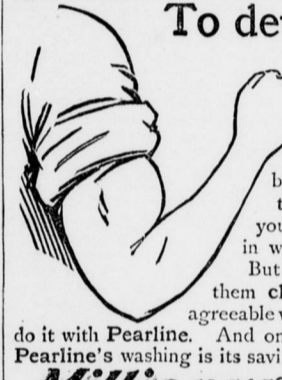
After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pilo's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 23½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.



## 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, 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.



## To develop muscle,

if that is what you're doing the washing for, perhaps the old way of washing with soap—rubbing the clothes up and down over a board—may be pretty good. It can't be healthy, though, to breathe that tainted, fetid steam, and you'd better take your exercise in ways that are pleasanter. But if you're washing clothes to get them clean, and want to do this disagreeable work easily, quickly, and safely—do it with Pearline. And one of the strongest points about Pearline's washing is its saving—its economy.

## Millions NOW Use Pearline

"Cleanliness is Nae Pride, Dirt's Nae Honesty." Common Sense Dictates the Use of

## SAPOLIO



BIG AND GOOD.

## Battle Ax PLUG

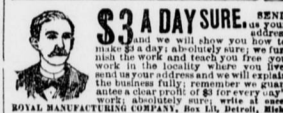
Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

Her Check. Husband—Did you get that ten-dollar check your uncle sent you cashed yet? Wife—No; I haven't been out. Husband—Well, I am sending an order to a cigar dealer for two boxes of \$5 cigars. I don't want to send money in an envelope. You take this \$10 and give me your check. Wife—Certainly. Husband (a day later)—More money! Why, my dear, what did you do with the \$10 your uncle sent you? Wife (in a huff)—You took it for cigars.—New York Weekly.

## RIPANS TABULES

"Some time ago," said Clifton Arranger (of Paris, Ky.), County Attorney of Bourbon Co., Ky., "I saw the advertisements of Ripans Tabules in the Louisville Courier-Journal, and believing it was the remedy I needed, I determined to get some of the Tabules. There was no name attached to the advertisement, so I wrote to the publishers of the Courier-Journal and was referred to the Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce St., New York, from whom I obtained a box for 50 cents. I had been greatly troubled with sick headache, but since I secured Ripans Tabules, whenever I begin to feel symptoms of sick headache or sour stomach, I take one or two Tabules and escape all the terrors of a splitting headache. One taken after eating has aided my digestion and made me feel like a different person. I find I now can get the Tabules from a local druggist. (Signed), CLIFTON ARRANGER, September 13th, 1895."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (30 cents a box) is sent to the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, Sample Val., 10 cents.



## \$3 A DAY SURE

SEND us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure, we put into the work and teach you free of charge. Write us at once 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.

## OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No pain, no cure. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

## OPIUM

and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. R. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

## PISO'S CURE FOR

URIC ACID, GRAVEL, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN. Sold by druggists.

## CONSUMPTION