

You

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will realize the greatest amount of good in the shortest time and at the least expense by taking Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate

E. A. Ross, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 7-10.

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.

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

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

Assaulting with a Sunbeam.
The smart, mischief-loving youth, who seeks out many "witty" inventions, outdid himself recently; but an unsympathizing judge made him pay dearly for his preeminence. The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette reports the case.

We have heard of a man being assaulted with almost every conceivable weapon, from a lighted lamp to a brickbat, and we even recall an old song in which the singer was wont to threaten to strike his audience with a feather or to stab them with a rose, but it remained for a Cambridge young man to be fined for assaulting a lady with a sunbeam reflected from a mirror held in his hands.

Such a case appeared before a judge of the police court at East Cambridge, and it was proven that the young man had intentionally annoyed the lady in question by casting a reflection from a mirror on her window across the street.

The judge weighed the evidence, and found the young man guilty of assault. The amount of the fine fixed was, we believe, \$10 and costs.

Mohammed's Only Male Descendant

The only male descendant of Mohammed is Elsad Ahmed Effendi Abdel Khalek Sheikh-el-Sadat, who lives in Egypt and is a prominent Arab gentleman in the Khedive's country. The sheik's house in Cairo is an ancient affair and his ancestors have occupied it for eight centuries. He is typically oriental except that he is of an enormous stature. His face is very red, his hair short and curly and sprinkled with gray, his eyes small, beady and black, with heavy lids. His face is sensual, with thick lips and heavy, jowl, stolid and expressionless except when moved by anger or pleasure.

AN OPEN LETTER.

WHAT MRS. I. E. BRESSIE SAYS TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

Speaks of Her Melancholy Condition After the Birth of Her Child.

"I feel as if I was doing an injustice to my suffering sisters if I did not tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me, and its worth to the world.

"From the birth of my child until he was four years old, I was in poor health, but feeling convinced that half of the ailments of women were imagined or else cultivated, I fought against my bad feelings, until I was obliged to give up. My disease baffled the best doctors.

"I was nervous, hysterical, my head ached with such a terrible burning sensation on the top, and felt as if a hand was drawn tightly across my brow; inflammation of the stomach, no appetite, nausea at the sight of food, indigestion, constipation, bladder and kidney troubles, palpitation of the heart, attacks of melancholia would occur without any provocation whatever, numbness of the limbs, threatening paralysis, and loss of memory to such an extent that I feared aberration of the mind.

"A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and spoke in glowing terms of what it had done for her.

"I began its use and gained rapidly. Now I am a living advertisement of its merits. I had not used it a year when I was the envy of the whole town, for my rosy, dimpled, girlish looks and perfect health.

"I recommend it to all women. I find a great advantage in being able to say, it is by a woman's hands this great boon is given to women. All honor to the name of Lydia E. Pinkham; wide success to the Vegetable Compound.

"Yours in Health, Mrs. I. E. BRESSIE, Herculaneum, Jefferson Co., Mo."

P. N. U. 23 06
WELL Drilling Machines for any depth.
Late Improvements. All Made Makers. LOOMIS & NYMAN, Triffin, Ohio.

AULD LANG SYNE
It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

"Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whatever betides, Thy love abides,
Our God forevermore!

—John W. Chadwick.

A JUDGMENT OF THE PLAINS

Needless brown level, boundless except for the rim of steely blue sky that came down and touched it in the far distance. In the center of the plain a corral, with a stockade of dusky euphorbia about it, the thorny spines of the cactus warning man and beast against too careless approach.

Inside the corral a half dozen adobes, low, long, brown, like the earth from which they were made, grouped about a bare plaza that lay naked to the sun. Beyond these an olla podrida of half broken mustangs, of sleepy burros, of swarthy vaqueros in fantastic dress, and of idle, ragged, careless dependents, such as swarm about every Mexican establishment. Over all, an air in which was a strange commingling of vigilant activity and of that heedless insouciance that makes Mexico and Mexicans the land and the people of to-morrow.

The sun was but a half hour high. Hardly had the brilliant tints of dawn left the sky, yet an awful burning heat glared from it. The men in the enclosure who were not busy saddling horses or packing the hampers that almost hid the little burros from sight, sought the cool shade in the angles of the adobes.

In the center of the plaza stood a single figure. Six feet tall, heavy of bone, somewhat spare in flesh, tanned to a dark amber by fifty years' unceasing exposure to Mexican suns, dressed in buckskins and a loose jacket that had seen much service, a wide brimmed Panama for head covering, and a broad belt with two great pistols looking from it, Benito Torrez looked a man born to command. And, indeed, it was said throughout all the Manadillo that none other in Sonora received so implicit obedience from those who served him.

Now was a time to test this thing. For weeks the sky had been as brass. The plain, always dry, had become parched. The grass had grown less and less, leaving the land more and more brown. The "bull holes," those curious provisions which nature makes for holding wells of water in an arid land, had gone dry. The one stream, at best but a thread wandering through the vast sandy expanse, had grown narrower and more and more shallow, until it had been almost wholly lost. And now, because there was neither grass nor water sufficient for their needs, the plain was being strewn daily by the carcasses of the beasts that perished for want of them.

In such a strait your ordinary Mexican rancho would have drawn his scrape about him and squatted in the angle of the adobe and waited. Some time the rains would come. If the cattle were not all dead by that good. But if they were—well—man could not order the seasons.

But Torrez had waited long enough. He had sent his men out to learn, and they had come back and told him how wide the region of the drought was. Something more than a hundred miles to the west they had found a valley where the rains had come. It was fairly watered and the grass was green. It was not of such extent that it could feed all the cattle for a long time, for there were many thousands in his herds. But that did not matter for not half would live to reach that land of promise.

This was the morning upon which they were to start. The scattered herds had been gathered from far and near; and now, at some distance out upon the plain, you could see a turbulent mass of moving creatures, kept well together, forging slowly ahead, and held to their course by a dozen noisy, vagabondish riders, who raced and circled and doubled, who called and whooped and swore, and wasted much energy that might well have been saved for the serious work ahead.

Torrez was giving his last orders to those who were to remain. "You will be on your guard," he said to old Domingo, the major domo who had been in his service a score of years. "The Yaquis are about, and so nearly starved they may happen to have some courage. Keep a strong watch at night." Then he went toward a group that stood in the doorway of the most pretentious of the adobes. In their midst was his daughter, Yasabel, and about her the women of the household.

Torrez put his arm about the girl. "I shall come back as soon as I have seen them safely there," he said. "There will not be any danger. Domingo will look after you well." Then he kissed her and turned away, and the gate of the stockade opened and

he rode out, accompanied by his men, and by the pack animals that carried the provisions for the long journey.

But before the gate closed, of the two who were nearest Torrez, one turned and rode back quickly. Throwing himself suddenly from his horse he knelt upon the ground before Yasabel, lifted her hand and touched it gently with his lips. Then he swiftly rejoined his companions.

So skilfully and quietly had this manœuvre been performed that Torrez apparently had not observed it. But the other who rode by him had, and scowled savagely. As the gallant rejoined them the other said beneath his breath:

"Ah, Machecho, this is your little day. But, by the saints, my turn will come."

Machecho laughed and muttered a reply that made the other scowl still more. There was a sharp exchange of words, stopped only when Torrez turned to them and spoke:

"What are you two quarrelling about?" he demanded; "let be. We shall have work enough before us without that. You, Machecho, ride ahead. Tell Pedroz to drive quietly. The cattle will not stand much urging. Then go on and choose the place to make our stop to-night. It must be where there is a taste of water, or we shall not have beasts enough left at the end to pay for our trouble."

Machecho was off at a word, putting spurs into his mustang as if he were off on a race for life. Torrez and the other watched him silently, a little curl of scorn about both mouths. Not until he was well out of sight, absorbed in the maze of the cattle that crawled on toward the west, did either speak. Then Torrez asked:

"For what did Machecho turn back, Sancho?"

"Does not the patron know?" asked Sancho, truculently, in answer. "I did not look, but think it was to kiss the senorita's hand."

He stole a look from the corner of his eye as he said this, but had not the satisfaction of reading any change in the immobile face of the older man. It was not until some time after, and when he seemed to have forgotten both the question and reply, that Torrez again asked:

"Are you going to let Machecho prove himself the better man? Look, Sancho! You asked me if you might wed Yasabel. So did Machecho. I told you it must rest between yourselves and the girl. I know what girls are. Machecho has the dash. You let her without a word. Machecho rode back and saluted her like a cavalier. He is always doing things, the picturesque, the reckless. I do not think you are less brave, but you do not prove it to her."

"The opportunity does not come, patron. Machecho always stumbles upon it."

"The opportunity, Bah! Men make opportunities."

The long day drew on. The cattle moved forward in a cloud of dust, fretful, uneasy, hard to keep together. As the sun climbed higher in the sky and sent his rays down more directly the vaqueros rode less gaily, and the ready oaths came less freely from their throats, choked and parched by the dust of the plain. At night they made camp where Machecho had found a hollow with a few pools of stagnant water, into which the cattle plunged eagerly. They lay down after that, but were not quiet, and Torrez joined the herders in riding about them and stilling them with his voice. Machecho was ever alert, officious, doing double duty, and keeping himself beneath the eye of the patron. Sancho, silent and morose, noted this, and drew more into himself. Those who did not know him would have said he shirked his share of the common duty. But the men here knew him too well to venture such words.

Another day passed and another night, and yet other days and nights after these. They were but the repetition of one another. Sometimes a little more water or a bite of parched and stunted buffalo grass to revive the half starved and tortured beasts, but oftener less than more. On the eighth morning Torrez said:

"We shall be there to-night."

Perhaps the cattle heard him. Perhaps, over that deadly plain, came a scent of flowing waters and of living grass. Perhaps the poor worn brutes went mad with the joy of it; that now they should hunger and thirst no more. What I was I know not. But a sudden cry of alarm went up from Machecho, riding along at their head as carelessly as he had ridden days before out from the corral. And at this cry every vaquero tightened the cinch of his saddle girths, and with his knees took hold a little more firmly the beast he bestrode. Torrez looked ahead and set his face stolidly as he struck spurs into his horse. And Sancho, riding to the left of the herd, and well in advance of the others, felt his heart give one great bound of delight as he saw the living mass break into a wild stampede—and knew Machecho was alone in their front.

Machecho's cry had been one of warning and of summons to his companions. At the instant his own danger had not been uppermost in his mind. But now, half turning in his saddle, he could see the hot, angry, maddened eyes of the cattle so near he fancied they were gazing upon him. In a breath, it seemed as if the whole had been turned into a rushing, turbulent whirlwind of brute force, ungovernable, filled with a single impulse—to charge forward with relentless force and unmatchable fury.

Sancho was more near to the head of the herd than any of the others. He should have ridden against the leaders, and by every art of which he was master have striven to turn them. At the beginning they might have yielded. But soon they knew the unconquerable joy of freedom and of mastery; an effort had it been then employed, would have been in vain. But

Sancho only looked backward to make certain he was alone, and none others so near they could know what he did. And what he did was this. Straight forward he rode, keeping his horse level with the head of the herd, so that he might not lose sight of the man in front. It required his best skill to do this. The cattle rushed forward like the wind. They were more fleet than the horses. Sancho gauged his own pace in comparison with theirs, and thought, with sinister joy, that Machecho's mount was less fleet than his own. It would be impossible for him to keep long ahead of them. And they were so near that to turn and try to cross their path was certain death. And now Machecho looked backward again, turning his head to the left. And in the instant, amid the rush and turmoil of the race he caught a glimpse of Sancho riding there and knew that his rival was trying to compass his death. Before he had ridden only for life; now he rode for life and for revenge.

But as he rode a new horror rose up and frothed him. In the distance something glittered. He looked again and saw a stream of water lying like a silver band across the landscape. Upon either side it was edged with green. It was the valley toward which they had been wending. It was this the cattle had scented, that had filled them with madness.

Machecho had never seen the place. But he remembered the other vaqueros had told him of it, and how it was skirted by an abrupt cliff and that only a narrow trail led down to it. And now the herd was driving straight for the cliff, and carrying him before it. Certain death lay beyond.

They were upon the brink. Machecho could feel the hot breath of the cattle. He shut his eyes and made one short prayer and his horse plunged into the abyss. And after him went the herds, beasts by the hundred and the thousand, piling up their carcasses on the green sod they had come such a weary way to find and hiding poor Machecho forever from the eyes of men.

Sancho watched, and drew rein and waited. When the patron and the vaqueros came up he told them the story in his own way.

"I did all that man could do. He was ahead of them. I saw the danger and warned him. And in trying to turn them I was almost carried under their hoofs."

He ran on volubly, protesting this again, until the patron stopped him with a word:

"It would have saved us trouble if you had been," he said; and Sancho quailed before him and was silent.

They did not search for the body of Machecho. Piled deep above him were the carcasses of the beasts he had so long herded.

They turned homeward. All day the patron rode silently at the head of the cavalcade, but they who knew him best knew he was not silent because of the loss of his herds. That night they made camp beside a pool surrounded by dwarf, stunted trees. They were the best the desert plain afforded. The patron examined them carefully; laid his hand upon one, and calling to his men said:

"This will do."

"For what, patron?" they asked.

"To hang this hound upon," he answered, turning suddenly upon Sancho. "Not because he let my cattle go over the bluff, but because he killed Machecho."

He gave his orders rapidly. Some of the men came forward and seized Sancho. One produced a lariat and placed the loop around his neck. Another swung the other end across the low limb of a tree. In a moment his feet dangled above the ground. When they rode on in the gray of the next morning, the vultures gathered and began the picking of Sancho's bones.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Obedient Orders.

A drill instructor of a certain regiment, being of a thirsty nature, often took the men he was drilling round near to the canteen, to be far from "the maddening crowd." He would march them up to the canteen door, call "right about," then dive into the canteen, always emerging in time to give them another command before they reached the end of the parade ground. One day, however, as he was drinking, some of it almost choked him. Out he rushed, spluttering and coughing, just in time to see six of the men marching through a gate and the rest standing marking time, with their faces close to the wall. Before he got his throat clear the Colonel came upon the scene and at once commenced to make inquiries. That man does not drill the recruits now. The six who disappeared were discovered about a mile off, still marching, and were complimented for obedience to orders. London Telegraph.

The Coyotes Recovered Their Pups.

An amusing incident occurred the other day on the Lemon farm, near Garfield, Wash. Burt Lemon and an employe of the farm were plowing, when they came across three young coyote pups which had not yet opened their eyes. While they were examining them the old ones appeared and approached to within fifty yards. Mr. Lemon went to the house for a gun and a sack, and placed the young ones in the sack, which was tied up and left in the field until time to go in from work.

The old coyotes kept a respectful distance from the rifle, but hovered around. Several turns of the field were made with the plow, and, finally, when the men came in sight of where they had left the sack containing the young coyotes, they saw one of the old ones with the sack, puppies and all, streaking it over the hill, and that was the last seen of them."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Oh! Oh! Oh!—She Had One—Her Pleasing Way—Answered—Solicitous—His Turn Now, Etc.

Oh, for a frost covered ambush!
Oh, for a corner on ice!
Oh, for a shivering snowdrift,
Or any untimely device!
Oh, for a boreal guster!
Oh, for a cool, shady spot!
Oh, for most anything frigid!
The weather is so blamed hot!
—Judge.

SHE HAD ONE.
She—"This road is very steep. Can't I get a donkey to take me up?"
He—"Lean on me, my darling!"—Tit-Bits.

ANSWERED.
Judge Quick—"Why do you make such foolish answers?"
Witness—"You ask such fool questions, sir."—Truth.

HER PLEASING WAY.
"Nan, why do you invariably ask the sodawater clerk which flavor he considers the best?"
"So I can irritate him by taking some other kind?"—Chicago Record.

HIS TURN NOW.
Hoax—"What, you buying a bicycle? I thought you detested them."
Joax—"So I do, but I've been run over long enough. Now I'm going to have my revenge."—Philadelphia Record.

AT AN OFFICIAL BALL.
"Sir, allow me to shake hands with you, just by way of showing that I know somebody here."
"With pleasure, sir, as I am precisely in the same boat as yourself."—Le Gaulois.

SOLICITOUS.
Servant—"Shure, mum, Rover's just a fatter bitin' the leg off av the butcher bye!"
Missus—"Dear, how dreadfully annoying! I do hope he was a clean boy, Mary!"—Tit-Bits.

QUALIFIED.
Perry Pattie—"If any feller was to call me a liar I would go to work and beat his head off, wouldn't you?"
Wayworn Watson—"I might beat his head off, but I wouldn't go to work. No, never."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PRECARIOUS POSSESSION.
Gawge—"How much does your bicycle weigh?"
Cholly—"Fifteen pounds, the agent said; but so long as the last installment isn't paid it weighs about two tons on my mind."—Somerville Journal.

A POOR SHOT.
Judge—"Are you crazy? You testified a moment ago that the defendant was trying to kill him, and now you say the killing was accidental."
Witness—"Wal, that's right. When he hits anybody it's er accident."—Truth.

SARCASTIC.
"I found a good bargain in men's shoes to-day," said Jorkins, after he had picked everything on the supper table to pieces."
"You have had better luck than I ever had," retorted his wife.—Detroit Free Press.

HENRY GEORGE SUSTAINED.
Miss Culture—"What do you think of Henry George's single tax idea?"
Miss Gussington—"Well, I see no reason why he should not tax single men, but I don't think he ought to tax single women—it isn't our fault."—New York Weekly.

A SHREWD SCHEME.
Mr. Hiland—"I wonder why Mr. Halket has become so deeply interested in palmistry, Miss Breeze?"
Miss Point Breeze—"Don't you really know, Mr. Hiland?"
"No, I don't."
"It gives him an excuse to hold young ladies' hands."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE UNDERTAKER'S COMPLIMENT.
"I see that another undertaker has opened an establishment near yours, Mr. Graves," said Spudkins.
"Yes," replied Mr. Graves dolefully.
"There isn't business enough for one, either. I made the mistake of opening in a most disgustingly healthy part of the city, and now comes a rival. Live and let live is my motto, but it doesn't seem to be his."

A BAD LOT.
Irishman (whose mate has just fallen overboard with the bucket while swabbing the decks)—"Plaze, Captain, do ye remember that Scotchie ye tuk aboard the same toime as ye did me? I mune him, we'd had the lot of Good Character Papers, an' me that never had a blisid wan?"
Captain—"Well."
Irishman—"Well, he's off wid yer pail."—Punch.

REWARD OF MERIT.
Teacher—"And how, James, was hosiery made in former days?"
James—"Don't know."
Teacher—"Next."
The Next—"Er—er—er—"
Teacher—"Next."
The Next—"Dunno."
Teacher—"Master Flipp, do you know?"
Master Flipp—"Nit." (Is sent to the head.)—Judge.

Over \$5,000,000 is spent yearly by Londoners on funerals.

Queen's Extensive Family.
Princess Helene, the Duchess of Sparta's baby, is Queen Victoria's twenty-second great-grandchild.

Buy \$1.00 worth **Dobbin's Floating Soap** of your grocer, and wrappers to Dobbin's Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postpaid, a Wire-Resistor Pocket Dictionary, 250 pages, bound in cloth, promptly illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

The leaves of the common clover often close upon the approach of a storm.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomas' son's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Whoopingcough annually destroys about 250 lives in every 10,000 in England.

A Child Enjoys
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

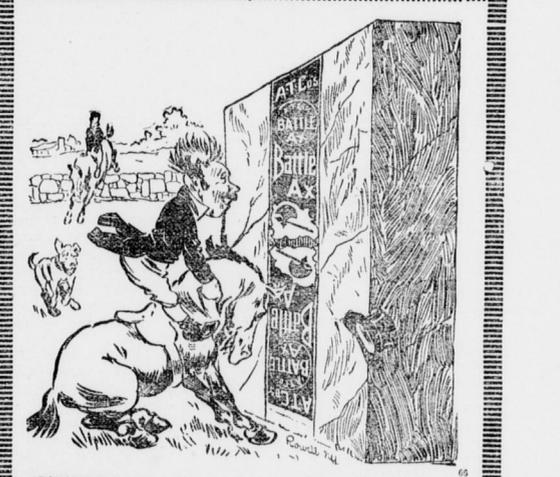
Black pigs usually have tougher skin and are less liable to disease than white ones.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a Pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic as they did their religion—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



STOP! You have run up against a Good Thing.

Battle-Ax PLUG

The best reason in the world why some things sell so well is because they are good. That is one reason for the great sales of "BATTLE AX."

But good quality is only half the story. The other half is the size of a 5 cent piece. It is as big almost as a 10 cent piece of other and poorer kinds.

Facts are facts. You can buy and see for yourself. Five cents isn't much to invest.

EVERY FARMER IN THE NORTH CAN MAKE MORE MONEY IN THE MIDDLE SOUTH.

He can make twice as much. He can sell his Northern farm and get twice as many acres for his money down here. We sell improved farms for \$25 to \$200 an acre. Plenty of railroads—four of them. No droughts. Neither too hot nor cold—climate just right. Northern farmers are coming every week. If you are interested write for FREE pamphlet and ask all the questions you want to. It is a pleasure to us to answer them.

SOUTHERN HOMESEKERS' LAND COMPANY, Somerville, Tenn.

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for an Untidy House."
Use

SAPOLIO

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, Hires Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. Best by any test.

A physician in a New York town, not far from Albany, writes September 20th, 1895: "I had a case recently that will be of interest to you. An old gentleman had suffered from flatulency, due to indigestion, had been so annoyed by it that he had consulted all the doctors in the vicinity without securing any benefit. Finally he came to my office. I prescribed several remedies which failed utterly. I then prescribed Ripans Tablets, which he reported gave him immediate relief, and he is now nearly cured. I think it would be an excellent thing for you to make a strong feature of 'flatulency' in your advertisements, as I find them excellent in almost every case of that sort."

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price does not cover a box. The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10c/25.

DROPSY

Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands and cure present. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms disappear. BOOK OF testimonials of cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. L. GREEN & SONS, Succubette, Atlanta, Ga.

CELERY PLANTS \$1.50 per 1000.

Box of How to Grow Celery. Free for stamp. Union Seed Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

OPIMUM

and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

P. N. U. 28

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

PURES THROAT AND ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Pleasant Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.